

see his father start forward with an exclamation of pleasure, and grasp Mr. Plumb's hand.

"My dear old friend," he cried; "don't you remember your old college-mate?"

"Clemmens, is it you?" responded Zimri's father in a broken voice. "I thought all the world had forgotten me."

"I lost sight of you when you went out west," said Mr. Clemmens, heartily. "You have had many troubles, old friend. But now that your boy has brought us together again by saving my son's life—well, we won't talk about that now; but, first of all, you and Zimri are coming first of all, you and Zimri are coming home with us, and afterward we shall see, eh, Oliver?"

Through Mr. Clemmens' influence, Professor Plumb obtained an excellent position. Zimri and Oliver have gone to college together, and where you find one you will find the other not far distant; for they are known as "The Inseparables."—*Charles Lotin Hildreth, in the Independent*

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

AMONG THE GREAT HINDOO SHRINES.

Far down in the extreme south of India, among the Tamil-speaking natives, are the largest and finest Hindoo temples in the world. Benares is the sacred city of the Hindoo, and contains thousands of their places of worship; but none of them can approach these southern buildings in size and splendour.

After a very rough night, spent in crossing from Colombo, on the Island of Ceylon, to Tuticorin, the comfortable lounging coaches on the train en route for Madura are very enjoyable; and the pleasure is much enhanced by the sights afforded from the open windows. The cars glide past fields of rice and hemp, jute and indigo, plenty of graceful pumpas grass waving in the bright sunlight, acacia-trees in full bloom and fine hedges of large aloes on each side of the track. The ride is through a flat and fertile country, with low hills in the distance.

The Prince of Travancore, with his harem and suite, was on the train on which the witer rode, and at every station was surrounded by a crowd of curious and picturesque natives. At Madura the royal party alighted, the ladies resplendent with jewels of many colours, and were met by a band playing "God Save the Queen,"—for this is an English country now, and you hear our own familiar tongue spoken everywhere.

At Madura is one of the finest temples, built in honour of Minakshi, the wife of Siva, the third person in the Hindoo triad. The Choultry, which serves as an entrance to the temple, is a splendid granite hall built by the munificent rajah Trimal Naik, in the seventeenth century at the cost of a million sterling. It is three hundred and thirty-three feet by eighty-two feet, and rests on a hundred and twenty-eight stone pillars, handsomely, although rudely, carved. The great pagoda, or temple, covers twenty acres of ground, with nine finely-carved and gorgeously-covered towers. But these towers are among the wonders of India, where there is so much that is strange and marvellous. They rise from the roof of the temple some twelve or fourteen storeys high, tapering towards the top, carved in beautiful and fantastic designs with innumerable niches, in which sit or stand some of the many gods of the Hindoo pantheon. Every square inch is carved, and the whole is brilliantly coloured. As seen under the marvellous skies of India, it is indeed a sight to be long remembered.

In the centre of the temple, surrounded by long, pillared alcoves, in which sit more gods, and overshadowed by the wonderful towers, is the "Tank of the Golden Lotus," so called from the golden bench on which candidates for degrees used to sit. The tank is an inseparable adjunct to all Hindoo temples; at least, water in some way they must have for their numerous ablutions and religious ceremonies.

Madura is a very old place, and the remains of the Hindoo university founded about A.D. 500 still exist. Trimal Naik's palace is one of the sights of the town. It is stuccoed, and in the Saracenic style, with handsome pillars and coloured roof. In the great dome, ninety feet across, the judge holds court where the rajah used to sleep. Once, so tradition runs, a robber made a hole in the ceiling of the palace, and came down a rope, while all were sleeping, and carried off many valuable jewels. He was discovered, and, instead of being punished, was rewarded for his cleverness.

Outside the palace is "Trimal Naik's Tank"—a lake with a pretty temple in the centre of it. Walking through the grounds, and in and out of the temples, is an elephant with the holy mark on his forehead, picking up coins from the ground when any are thrown him. There is quite a prosperous American mission at Madura, numbering some seven thousand converts, and with a normal school attached. A pleasant day was spent at the mission, breakfasting with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and Miss Swift, principal of the girls' high school. Many of the pupils were away on a vacation, but those at home were bright, intelligent-looking girls. Mr. Herrick and Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, from the Parsamully boys' school, only two miles away, were also with us. Dinner was taken at Dr. Root's hospitable home, and many of our American vegetables were eaten and enjoyed, although it was middle of winter. The mission houses are very comfortable, and all the inmates seem happy; but, of course, they must encounter numerous privations and disagreeable things.

Tanjore is another interesting place, standing on a plain, inside two forts, one six miles around, containing a great fourteen-storey pagoda, two hundred feet high and eighty-two feet square, with wonderfully carved and coloured towers, like those at Madura. The natives tell you that it is three thousand years old, but it really only dates back to the eleventh century. Among the carvings and gods on one of the towers is a European with a wideawake hat on. It was prophesied three thousand years ago, the Hindoos say, that such men would at some time conquer India. In the courtyard of the temple, under a stone canopy supported by pillars, and standing on a stone platform, all finely carved, is a sacred stone bull, about fourteen feet high, in a recumbent position, carved out of the solid black granite, and decorated with strings of bells cut in the rock. This temple is sacred to Siva and Ganesha, the elephant-headed god, his first son. Fine carvings and many paintings adorn the temple walls.

The church at the tank was built by Christian Friedrich Schwartz, one of the most energetic and successful missionaries of the eighteenth century, and who did so much to make

the name and character of Europe respected and trusted in India. He founded the mission here, and was the tutor of the Rajah Serfojee. The latter was an extraordinary man in many respects, a poet and a musician, and spoke both English and French. He had the sculptor Flaxman make a statue of Schwartz in marble, representing his death-bed, which adorns the church he founded. Schwartz is buried in a second church at Manamootoo, outside the fort. A marble statue of the rajah adorns his palace, which is an interesting place, with picturesque audience halls and finely coloured columns. Here are shown the last rajah's clothing and fittings, and here still reside eleven of his widows. Vast rice-fields cover the delta of the river Cauvery, near here, the waters of which are navigated by boats made of basketwork and leather. At Trichinopoly is Schwartz's first mission church. Here, too, Bishop Heber was drowned in 1826, being seized with paralysis while bathing in a tank just after preaching in St. Johns Church, and holding a confirmation in Tamil in Schwartz's mission church. He lies buried in St. Johns Church.

The fort of Trichinopoly is on a granite rock two hundred feet above the Cauvery, and reached by some eight hundred steps cut in the rock, and painted in stripes of red and white. Here is another temple in honour of Siva, who is a very important part of the Hindoo triad,—holding his place by fear, his name signifying "The Destroyer." From the top of the rock is a fine view of the town, the hills, and the Cauvery and Coloroon Rivers. Trichinopoly won much renown in the wars between Lord Clive and the French in 1751-52.

Two of the most famous Hindoo temples are on the island of Seringham, between the Cauvery and the Coloroon Rivers, just outside the town. One of them stands in the centre of a vast space composed of seven square enclosures, three hundred and fifty feet from each other, so that the outer one extends nine hundred and sixty by eight hundred and twenty-five yards. Each enclosure has high gate towers in the middle of each side, carved and coloured like those at Madura and Tanjore. In a gold dome in the centre is the god Vishnu, the second person of the Hindoo triad. A walk extends around the top of the building, affording marvellous views of the palm-trees and hills in the distance, and near at hand the wonderful towers, shining dome, and enclosures of the temple. The temple is a wealthy one, and its jewels and treasures of gold are only to be seen by an order from the collector, sent the day before to prepare the way. The visit is most interesting and entertaining. One is received at the entrance by a most dignified man, one of the high priests in charge, and presented with a lime as a mark of courtesy. On being ushered into the courtyard, two temple elephants meet the visitor, having the sacred Vishnu mark on their foreheads, shaking their big trunks, and begging as well as they can for some coins for the service of the temple. Then one is escorted to an open space in the centre of the court, which is roped off to keep away the common crowd, and seated on chairs, while obliging attendants draw forth from boxes and bundles the glittering treasures. The jewels are truly magnificent—a dazzling profusion of diamonds, sapphires, emeralds and rubies of immense size, both cut and uncut; long ropes of fine pearls, moonstones, and turquoises, until one is fairly satiated with precious stones. Then follow ornaments and vases for the temple service, some of great size and all of pure gold; a golden umbrella studded with jewels, to hold over the god's head when he is taken out in solemn procession; and many other things both beautiful and costly. After inspecting the treasures, wreaths of the sweet-smelling temple flowers are hung over the visitor's shoulders as a mark of what they call "temple respect," and bouquets of the same are placed in the hands. Then the whole procession starts to show the temple—a motley crowd of Hindoo men, women, and children, guides, priests, sacred elephants, and a good-sized band of music, all to escort some two or three American travellers, who feel entirely out of place in the midst of so much ceremony and display.

Outside of the temple is one of the cars of the terrible god Juggernaut, before which hundreds of devotees, it is said, used to prostrate themselves as the god was pulled along the street, and allow the heavy car to be hauled over their bodies, often maiming and killing themselves by the operation, but resting happy in the thought that by so doing they obtained a sure passage to heaven. This ceremony has been stopped by order of the British Government, although it is still occasionally done in out-of-the-way provinces. So greatly do these people need the Gospel of Christ!—*Harriet M. Ogden Nevins, in Sunday School Times.*

A TRENTON MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE CURE IN A CASE PRONOUNCED HOPELESS.—AN ESTIMABLE YOUNG LADY RAISED FROM A DEATH-BED AFTER BEING GIVEN UP BY SEVERAL DOCTORS.—A SIMPLE STATEMENT OF FACTS.

Trenton Courier.

At intervals during the past year the proprietor of the *Courier* has been publishing newspaper reports of miraculous cures occurring in various parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps among the most notable of these were the cases of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton, Ont.; Mr. C. B. Northrop, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Charles A. Quant, of Galway, N.Y. Mr. Marshall's case was more prominently fixed in the public mind by reason of the fact that after being pronounced incurable by a number of eminent physicians he was paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance, and some months afterward was announced his almost miraculous restoration to health and active life. The case of Mr. Northrop created equally as profound a sensation in Detroit, where he is one of the best known merchants in the city. Mr. Northrop was looked upon as a helpless invalid, and could only give the most desultory attention to his business on days when he could be wheeled to the store in an invalid's chair. In his case the same simple (yet wonderful) remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall restored Mr. Northrop to a life of active usefulness. The case of Mr. Charles Quant is perhaps the most marvellous of all, inasmuch as he was not only perfectly helpless, but had had treatment in one of New York's best hospitals, under such eminent medical scientists as Professor Ware and Dr. Starr, and in Albany by Professor H. H. Hun, only to be sent out as

incurable and looked upon as one who had but a few months before death would put an end to his sufferings. Again the same remedy which restored Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northrop was resorted to, with the same remarkable results, and to-day Mr. Quant, restored to health, anticipates a long life of usefulness. The remedy which has succeeded, where the best physicians had failed, is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—and a name that is now a familiar household word throughout the continent and a remedy that apparently stands without a rival in the annals of medical science. Having published, among others, the cases above alluded to, the curiosity of the publisher of the *Courier* was aroused, and he determined to ascertain if any one around Trenton had been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. In conversation with Mr. A. W. Hawley, druggist, he was told that the sale of Pink Pills was remarkable, and steadily increasing. And Mr. Hawley gave the names of a number within his own observation who had been benefited by the use of this remedy. Among others Miss Emma Fleming, granddaughter of Mr. Robert Young. It was stated that Miss Fleming had been raised from what was supposed to be her death-bed after all other remedies and physicians had failed, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This statement was so startling that the *Courier* determined to investigate it further, and if true set the facts before the public for the benefit of other sufferers. Mr. Robert Young, grandfather of the young lady, was first seen, and in a reply to an enquiry said it was a miracle the manner in which these pills had restored his granddaughter. As a last resort, and with a prayer in his heart, he had purchased a box of Pink Pills at Mr. Spaulsbury's drug store, and so much good resulted that the remedy was continued until his granddaughter was as well as ever she had been. Miss Fleming's aunt was next seen, and she corroborated what had already been told the *Courier*, giving as well some additional particulars. Miss Fleming was next seen, and we must confess to being surprised, and at first somewhat incredulous, that this young lady in the bloom of womanhood and health was the person whom we wanted to interview. Miss Fleming, however, soon convinced us that it was she who was so miraculously saved from death, and cheerfully consented to give a statement of her case. Her father, she said, was for years miller under Mr. Spence, and afterwards at Gordon's Mills, near Trenton, and is now miller at Union. Three years ago Miss Fleming's mother died of consumption. Up to four years ago Miss Fleming stated that she had enjoyed good health, but taking a severe cold then she had not had a well day since, until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last December. She was reduced in weight to 90 pounds, but now weighs 111 pounds; a gain of 21 pounds. She consulted a number of doctors and took their remedies, but never obtained more than temporary relief. A physician at Newmarket whom she consulted said she was going into a decline, and that he could do nothing for her. Her Trenton physician said that a sudden cold would go to her lungs, and he had no hope of her ever getting better. She felt very miserable, strength continually failing, suffered so much distress from food that she had no desire for it and lost all appetite. She kept continually growing worse until last fall she was not able to stand without support, and gave up all efforts to help herself. In December she was taken with inflammation of the bowels, and Dr. Moran was called in. He gave her medicine that relieved her and cured the inflammation but her strength was gone, and she had to be lifted in and out of bed, and could not sit in a chair at all. She had taken her bed, expecting never to rise again, and this was the opinion of all her friends. It was at this juncture that her grandfather, having read in the *Courier* of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resort purchased a box, and urged his granddaughter to take them. Miss Fleming had been before this recommended by a friend in Toronto to try Pink Pills, but declared she had no faith in them. Now, however, to please her friends she consented to take the Pink Pills; on the seventh day after beginning the use of Pink Pills, she was able to walk down stairs, and has not gone back to a sick bed since. The effect upon her system was truly marvellous. Her appetite was gone, strength gone, prostrate upon her supposed death-bed, in seven days she was able to walk down stairs, feeling renewed strength and a better appetite than ever before. Miss Fleming continued the use of Pink Pills, daily gaining health and strength, until she was able to take part in the household duties without the least injurious effect. Miss Fleming still continues to take one pill after each meal, and now feels as well as she ever did in her life. She feels truly grateful for what this great remedy has done for her, and only a sense of gratitude enables her to overcome her modest scruples in giving this testimony to the wonderful virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Miss Fleming has recommended Pink Pills to a number of lady friends who say they are doing them much good.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or the hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.