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OVER 50,000 PLEDGES.

The Pledge Crusade Celebrates its Jubilee.

'Messenger' Crusaders who have worked so hard to get signatures to the Pledge, will rejoice to hear that the total received at the 'Witness' office to date is fifty thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine.

The Crusade will, of course, continue to grow. Blank pledges will be supplied free of charge so long as there is a steady demand for them. The already large returns might easily be doubled before the end of the year. For pledges, address John Dougall & Son, publishers, Montreal.

Pictures From Muttra City, N. W. Province, India

(Rev. H. Patterson, in the 'Baptist Missionary Herald'.)

I.—Krishna's Birthplace.

These three figures are supposed to rest on the sacred birthplace of the great Krishna. The spot is sacred to millions of devout Vaishnavas. Near to this was born the one who has been called 'the most interesting incarnation of Vishnu.' The figures to the right and left represent Basudeva and Devaki, the father and mother; and the smaller figure in the centre represents the child Krishna. The building is a small, square one, made of bricks and stone, absolutely without ornamentation of any kind, and is visited by thousands every year from all parts of India. I hinted to the priest that this could not have been the exact spot where Krishna had been born, and to this he at once agreed.



KRISHNA'S BIRTHPLACE.

Any memorial buildings relating to the event, or the original building itself, must have been a little to the east of this, but all had been destroyed by the Emperor

Aurungzebe. As a matter of fact, he destroyed every temple and idol in Muttra in 1670. The priest reasoned that the thousands of pilgrims who come to worship demand to be shown the place of his birth, and as the original spot was taken from the Hindus by the Emperor of Delhi, the priests of that time selected the present spot, and, as their present representative says, 'it serves the purpose just as well as any other.' What is certain about the spot is that it is one of the oldest religious sites in India, and has been identified with the site of the ancient Buddhist monastery of Upaguptu. The priest, for his kindness in allowing us to go so near to the place, was promised a copy if the photograph proved a success. He said:—'If you send me one I shall worship it as I worship the original.'

II.—The Potra Kund.

This heading might be translated 'Baby-Clothes Tank.' It is close to the birthplace of Krishna. It has been de-



THE POTRA KUND.

scribed as a 'magnificent masonry tank, with high walls, and steps rising about fifty feet from the water on three sides, the fourth being an inclined plane down which animals descend to drink.' It is the scene of a curious festival. Crowds of women, on a certain day, come with bits of cloth and rags and wash them there in remembrance of the use to which the tank was put.

III.—The Sacred Monkey.

These creatures are the pest of everyone. Nothing is safe from them. Doors cannot even be left open unless someone is on the watch. Vegetable and fruit sellers in the market and on the street must hold a stick in one hand and deal out their goods with the other. It is a common sight to see a man or woman going along with a covered basket on the head and a big monkey jump up from behind and knock it down. A score of other monkeys will be ready to scramble for a share of the contents. As a rule, however, every person near helps to drive them away. The Hindus will abuse them in the vilest manner but will nei-

ther kill them themselves nor allow others to do so. The killing of a monkey would cause a riot.



THE SACRED MONKEY.

Half-a-Sovereign, or Honor?

(By Mrs. France, in 'Light in the House'.)

The breakfast in James Lee's home one bleak November morning was scarcely worthy the name—only some nearly colorless tea and a little dry bread—and the family party consisted of himself and his daughter Mary, a young woman of twenty, whose naturally buxom appearance had on it the pathetic stamp of hard struggle with poverty and of scanty food. She watched her father with tender solicitude as he rose wearily from his seat and pushed his chair back from the table. He was an unwilling victim of a long-continued 'strike,' and heart and flesh were well nigh failing, but not his faith in God. That still burned with a steady though quiet glow, and though sorely tested it was tracing on his face lines of calm endurance, that gave to the wasted features an aspect of noble heroism.

'Are you going out this morning, father?' Mary asked in a rather hopeless voice.

'Aye, lass—I'll not give up trying; something may turn up, and you can be praying at home.'

'I'd like work to do more than that,' she said, 'if only I could get a bit of charring. But nobody can afford to hire just now.'

James did not reply, but walked mechanically towards the peg where a good warm coat was wont to hang, and then pulled himself up with an involuntary shiver, as he remembered that its absence had paid for the last few scanty meals.

Mary watched him go out into the damp air, and her first impulse was 'to have a downright good cry,' but, wise woman that she was, she followed her father's suggestion instead, and kneeling down, she prayed very definitely and very earnestly that some work might be put in his way that morning.

The prayer was answered almost before it was spoken, for, as James turned out of the little street into a public thorough-