

form to the memory of those three great men, Carey, Marshman and Ward, was interesting. Behind the door in the Sunday School room was the little pulpit Carey used to preach from. It seemed to be made of sheet iron, was semi-circular and only large enough for one to stand in. Of course, we could not be in Calcutta and not go down to Serampore. We left on a noon train and drove directly to the college, which is well known to the natives.

Entering the gateway in a large compound, we saw several large buildings and being directed to the one where the Principal lived, were met by Mrs. Page, wife of the Principal. First we entered a quadrangle of which this house formed one side and the opposite side contained the house accommodation for four native professors. The other two sides of the quadrangle facing each other were the students' hostel and dining room, etc. Everything looked so fresh and clean, and while decidedly Eastern, had an English touch.

Crossing the road which runs through the compound, we entered a large building, which was Carey's little workshop, and the original school. Here we saw the wonderful old library and how we wished for time to take a peep into these old books,—some of these were Carey's translations of the Bible or portions of the Bible into several different Indian dialects and also Chinese. Off the library in another room are a number of old relics—the first pulpit used by Carey at Serampore, and made of canvas, his crutches, old armchair, and also Mrs. Carey's chair and a chair of Marshman and Ward's. In glass cases were some old translations by Carey of the Bible into Hindoostani, Hindu, Nepali, Beryali, Chinese, etc., and part of a dictionary in several languages. Returning through the library, we passed

into the spacious front hall from which ascend two wide wrought-iron stairways with brass balustrade (a gift from Burma) to the floor above; here is a good-sized auditorium and on either side of it class rooms. On coming out of the building, and walking down the drive to the iron gateway, we were told to turn and face the building, and were surprised at its beauty, and almost magnificence,—immense doric pillars stretch from verandah floor up the two stories to the roof, giving it a very fine appearance. Beside this building was the home of the three, Carey, Marshman and Ward, now used as a residence of the English professor. We questioned as to why had Carey built such a structure for the education of the poor native Christians, and the answer was, "Carey said he built so that the building might convey to the heathen people around some idea of the greatness of the God whom they worshipped and studied about."

Then to the cemetery to see the tombs under which were laid the remains of these three great men of God. It seemed so wonderful to really look upon these places and be actually among the surroundings where these men suffered and endured so much, worked and accomplished so much in the Master's service, and of whom we had read and known something all our lives. To those who have not read the combined lives of these three men there is a book worth reading yet.

Leaving Calcutta at 5.30 p.m., we found ourselves next morning, having crossed the sacred Ganges, at the foot of the Himalayas. Here the narrow gauge line took us up and around back and forth among the mountains, sometimes looping our own track on the ascent of 7,500 feet. The scenery was perfectly magnificent, but it grew steadily colder until on reaching Ghoom we were chilled to the