

before he spoke to the worshippers of his higher Truth, and sought to lead them for all time to come to ask through Him whom the Father heareth always.

Now as to what I saw while there. When I appeared, a Baboo, a friend of mine, cleared a way through the dense crowd which blocked up each door, and led me to one of the half dozen chairs placed beside the "pulpit." As the Church is not yet completed, these few chairs were the only seats available. In front of the pulpit, some 50 or 60 of the declared Brahmoe were sitting in native style on the floor, while all the rest of the building was filled by a standing crowd, who seemed to be there chiefly for the purpose of sight-seeing. The pulpit is at the side of the Church, which is long and narrow, and capable of holding between 400 and 500. A gallery runs all along one side, and there are two end galleries, one of which was occupied by the singers, and the other, fenced from view by a red screen, by the wives of such Brahmists as were not afraid to take them outside of the Zenana. The choir was singing a drawling, dragging Bengali hymn, and it must be confessed that Bengali music is not enchanting. At times it reminded me of some of the more drawling Gaelic tunes I have heard in Pictou and Cape Breton, and when I say that I say as much as a clear conscience will permit by way of compliment. I mentioned the Pulpit. This was the only part of the building which would lead me to suspect I was not in an ordinary unfinished Protestant Church. It is not a Pulpit in our sense of the word, but rather a large table about 3 feet high, covered with a rich and bright coloured cloth. In the centre, on this cloth, was a small mat. I was rather puzzled by this arrangement, for everything else was so European, and our native Christians so persistently ape our fashions, that I was not prepared for anything purely *native*. But the explanation soon came. The music ceased, Keshub stepped forward, and then stepped on the pulpit and sat down crossed-legged in thorough native fashion, and like an ordinary native Guru (or teacher). I was glad to find a remnant of the fashion of the country thus preserved, and I sincerely wish our native Christians would preserve their nationality somewhat more, and not monkeyize themselves as they too frequently do by imitating Europeans in dress, manner of worship, and everything else. The consequence is, that they have arrayed all the best *national* feeling of the people against them, and identified the words Christian and Englishman. The result is disastrous. Men—the best men—will not listen to a Religion which appears to demand the sacrifice of all those little things which are dear to them because interwoven with their lives, which are connected with some of their worthiest thoughts and feelings, and the giving up of which seems to imply a betrayal of country and national customs. After seating himself on the little mat on the pulpit, Keshub read out the names of about a dozen young men who were to be admitted as members of the Brahmist Communion. By some of them the word "Baptism" is employed to express this initiation; indeed it is said some of them apply water. The infants of Brahmist parents are also admitted, thus showing that on this point at least they are not advocates of the "Baptist" theory. The address (in Bengali) to these young men—who all seemed profoundly affected—lasted for about three-quarters of an hour. Immediately on its close one of the newly initiated engaged in prayer, chiefly in its aspect of confession. And now began a scene which put me strangely in mind of some of the wildest "revival" scenes I witnessed in Scotland in 1861-2. The young Baboo engaging in prayer became more and more excited in manner, his voice rose to a shrill falsetto: the tears rolled down his cheeks; and he presented all the appearance of a man in agony of soul crying out under the conviction of sin. Suddenly one of those near him became affected in like manner; then another, and another, till in a minute or two forty or fifty men were crying out, groaning, sobbing like children in exactly the same way, (though slightly more demon-