

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

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## INDIA IN FAMINE TIME.



TYPICAL MOSQUE, INDIA.

The most recent and most vivid account of Britain's great Indian dependency is that by the late lamented G. W. Steevens, the famous war correspondent, who died at Ladysmith in January. He had recently made a comprehensive tour through India, whose varied characteristics he sketches in his own graphic style. He thus describes his landing at the plague-smitten port of Bombay:

The first sight of India is amazing, entrancing, stupefying. Different beasts and birds in the street, different clothes to wear,

different meal-times, and different food—the very commonest things are altered. You begin a new life in a new world. You pin your eyes to the little fawn-coloured, satin-skinned, humped oxen in the carts, to the blue crows that dance and spar in the gutters.

When things begin to come sorted and sifted, Bombay reveals itself as a city of monstrous contrasts. Along the sea-front one splendid public building follows another—variegated stone facades with arch and colonnade, cupola and pinnacle and statuary. At their feet huddle flimsy huts of matting, thatched with leaves, which a day's rain would reduce to mud and pulp. You sit in a marble-paved club, vast and airy as a Roman atrium, and look out over gardens of heavy red and violet flowers towards choking alleys where half-naked idolaters herd by families together in open-fronted rooms, and filth runs down gullies to fester in the sunken street.

In the drive from the Apollo Bunder to Malabar Point, all India is unfolded in one panorama. First the business houses and the great buildings—those the richest, these the stateliest in India, and challenging comparison with almost any city in the world. A proud and comely city, you say, the Briton feels himself a greater man for his first sight of Bombay.

Cross but one street and you are