

A PICTURE.

BY FRANCES MELBOURNE.

A beautiful morning in August, the farm-house is bathed in the rich light of the rising sun, the doors are open, the inmates move in and out with serious faces; we hear no laughter, no sweet music except from the birds in the old apple-tree. At the front by the little garden gate is a team, the wagon is filled with boxes and trunks which are being securely fastened. The driver climbs in and arranges a seat while the younger man re-enters the house. He shakes hands with some friends in the hall. He goes in the sitting room, his mother sits by the window, she does not feel like standing this morning, her limbs are weak and trembling. Her son steps toward her. "Mother"—We turn away, she is parting with her only son, her first-born, perhaps never to see him again, for he leaves her to cross the ocean to India.

At the wagon he meets his father, he looks 'more feeble than usual, his hand trembles as he gives it to his son, the tear trickles down his cheek, the "God bless you my boy," falters on his lips. The young man's voice is husky and broken. He takes his seat and they drive away.

The father enters the house; together he and the mother watch them drive down the road, around the corner out of sight. After a little time they will talk of their noble boy, of the meeting up yonder and of God's love, but just now their hearts are rent and torn. They do not see the sunshine, nor hear the bird's song. They are left alone—alone in their old age, then comes stealing softly to their hearts the sweet comforting promise which also encouraged the young man to go forward, "Lo! I am with you always."

Sisters, as an inspiration to further sacrifice, behold that lonely mother as she prays day after day with tearful eyes but submissive heart "Thy will be done, O God!"

THE EVENING BAZAAR.

BY THE REV. J. B. BUTTRICK.

The Evening Bazaar is an institution, which, I presume is common to all populous Indian cities and towns. Visited by a noisy, moving, changing throng of human beings, as it is on every fine evening, it teems with interest to a foreigner who seeks an insight into the ways and characteristics of the various nationalities which constitute this extensive and populous empire. It affords ample opportunity for the study of human nature. It brings together all sorts and conditions of men, and so presents a wide and varied field of study. The evening bazaar specially referred to in this article is that of the Bangalore Petta.

It is the evening bazaar in marked contrast to the bazaar of the early morning held in the same place. In some respects both are alike, but in many points they differ. In the morning bazaar large quantities of fresh fruit and vegetables, such as the natives specially use, are exposed for sale. Before evening most of this produce has been sold, and probably consumed. Then other traders with more solid merchandise take the place of the vegetable vendors.

It is a place of trade, and has the reputation of cheapness. That is, the would-be purchaser will be surprised and disappointed if a high price be demanded

for any article upon which he may fix his eye and his desire. In spite, however, of prevailing low prices profits are made, and that, no doubt, on every bargain struck by even the most penurious or miserly purchaser. Some merchants expose their goods to view in low-roofed and open stalls. Others spread their limited stock upon the ground and under the open sky. The diversity of goods offered for sale may well awaken both surprise and wonder. Here can be obtained hardware and soft materials, perishables and imperishables, material for the clothing and food for the nourishment of the human body, articles serviceable and articles ornamental, goods of native design and workmanship and goods of foreign manufacture, merchandise unsullied and new, merchandise worn, tarnished, and unmistakably second-hand. The category would not be complete did we not add that whilst much that is displayed for sale has been acquired by the dealer honestly, the detective is often abroad, for he knows that to this place are often brought for disposal the spoils gathered by the thief and the burglar.

It is a place where repairs of many kinds are done. The chucker cobbles away at dilapidated shoes, the blacksmith hammers into shape and union broken ironware, the tinsmith solders the leak in some useful household article, the medicine man dispenses his palatable concoctions designed to repair the broken-down human frame. These are all seated in true native style ready for any work which may offer.

It is a place of attraction for *sightseers* of all classes. Multitudes come and go in a single evening. People of every caste and of no caste jostle against one another in the crowd. The citizens of Bangalore and the stranger from afar meet there. Some come without money expecting to buy nothing. Others bring a little money in purse or knotted in one corner of their cloth, uncertain as to its being needed for the purchase of some object which they may chance to see, and which they may regard as obtainable and at a bargain, a secondary thought being its probable utility.

These are all features of interest, but to me the principal attraction of the evening bazaar lies in the fact, that it is an extensive field for the sale of *Christian literature*. Vendors of literary productions of other faiths, and of compilations of fables and superstitions, regard it as a suitable place for the profitable display of their wares. The Mohammedan bookseller is to be seen seated behind rows of Hindustani books. The Hindu bookseller is there with a spread of vernacular religious books in front of him. And during the past year and a half, on four or five evenings of each week, Christian workers have been there with the treasures of the Gospel in type, for which there has been a larger sale than was at first anticipated. Colporteurs and others had visited the place often before, with small parcels of scripture portions and tracts, but their sales had been meagre and often *nil*. About 20 months ago I visited the bazaar with a somewhat extensive stock of literature, and discovered ready at hand an uncatered for market for religious literature of the purest sort—Gospel literature. My plan of work I will briefly describe.

Nearly two years ago a brother missionary of our own church designed and superintended the construction of a small but roomy handcart. It stands on two wheels, has light springs and is easily moved. The body of the cart is an oblong box, with a roof made up of two sloping doors, which meet in the centre and