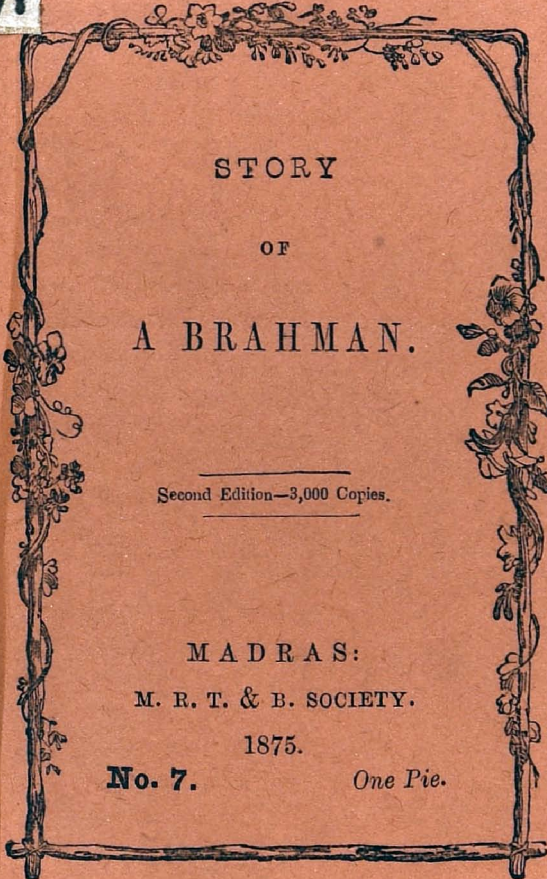


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A decorative border of grapevines with leaves and clusters of grapes surrounds the text. The border is drawn in a simple, engraved style.

STORY  
OF  
A BRAHMAN.

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STORY OF A BRAHMAN.

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In the Oriya country, there is a sacred place which takes its name from the temple of Jagannath. Multitudes of people from all parts of India make pilgrimages to this shrine. Some years ago, a Brahman, named Gangatharan, was living in that place. This Brahman, fully believing the image of Jagannath, which is set up in the great temple there, to be truly God, worshipped it constantly. One day, however, he happened to buy a small book, which treated of Christianity. In it he read, that the image of Jagannath is not God, and that all idolatry is vain and sinful. This at once excited

him to anger. "What sort of talk is this!" he exclaimed in a rage, "do they dare to say, that this image, which my forefathers and I have so long adored, is not a god?" But as he reflected more and more upon the arguments set forth in that little book, doubts began to arise in his mind. Again he read it, and again he pondered its contents. He also prayed, that God would reveal to him the truth. His doubts increased and gained strength from day to day. He was plunged in deepest sorrow, and felt unhappy as one, who, beaten about by the rough waves of the sea, is unable to descry the shore. Then he remembered the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the sufferings He endured for sinners. Day after day he reflected upon the

matter. "The image I worship," thought he within himself, "cannot remove my sins, nor do any good to my soul: Jesus Christ, the meritorious Guru, who loved me and gave His life for my life, is the truly gracious One." For some time, he was thus tossed from side to side, filled with anxiety and finding no relief. Finally he determined upon his course of action. Going out, he purchased the ramrod of a gun, and sharpened one end of it to a point. Carefully concealing his intention, he waited till nightfall. Then, dreading lest he should be discovered, he crept secretly and silently into the vast temple, and, carefully picking his way into its innermost recesses, placed himself behind the image which squatted there.

“Now,” said he to himself, “I shall test the power of this idol: I must know whether it is a god, or a mere helpless block: I am determined to resolve the question, though I die for it. This doubt and this sorrow I am unable longer to carry.” And with that he lifted the iron in the air. But just then a great fear took hold of him. “Believing this image of Jagannath to be truly God,” thought he, “my parents, relations, and ancestors all worshipped it as such, and taught me also to do the same. If what they have told me is true, my life is not worth a moment’s purchase, for this image will destroy me in the twinkling of an eye.” Filled with apprehension, he stood transfixed, his heart palpitating with fear, his body

quivering and bathed in a cold clammy sweat. "Come what will, my doubts must be solved, now or never," said he at last, and summoning up all his courage, he, with the energy of desperation, thrust the sharp point of the rod in Jagannath. Jagannath remained perfectly still. He neither moved nor shrieked, nor so much as asked why he had been stabbed. Thereupon the Brahman recovered from his terror and bewilderment. Running rapidly around, he struck and stabbed Jagannath on every side, until thoroughly satisfied that he was a mere block and no god. Then issuing forth from the temple, he publicly avowed Jesus Christ as his God and Guru, and soon after joyfully embraced the Christian religion. Subsequently he preached

the Christian Veda far and wide, and, by his faithful exhibition of its truths, caused large numbers of his countrymen to renounce heathenism, and become followers of Jesus the Saviour.

Beloved ! Cast away as false and worthless the idols which can afford you no help, and seek at once the divine Guru, who is in every way qualified to save you. Know Him, believe in Him, attach yourself to Him, and thus through Him reach the shore of heaven. There is only one such Guru. His name is the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the Friend of the soul, and the Destroyer of sin. He is the Sovereign of the Universe, the only true and living God. From the love He bore to us, He descended to the earth, and became

incarnate as a man. He came as a good Shepherd to seek and to save us, who are wandering like lost sheep in this wilderness world. His majesty and grace transcend all powers of description. While incarnate upon the earth, His holy mouth gave utterance to the sweet words of true knowledge. He shone a pattern of unsullied holiness. He effected the removal of sin, and opened the way to heaven. He clearly manifested His divine power. He alone is the celestial Guru. He alone is the High Priest of the world. He alone is the heavenly King, fitted to rule and nourish and guide our souls. He showered mercies upon all who sought His gracious assistance. By His all-powerful word, the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb



spake, and the lame walked ; while devils and fiends fled, unable to endure the majesty of His presence.

This Jesus Christ, whose glory infinitely transcends our reach of thought, underwent great poverty and humiliation for us. For us, He suffered cruel persecutions and a terrible death. If you would know why, listen earnestly, while I unfold the reasons to you.

All men have the bitter consciousness, that they are sinners. Should any venture to declare himself sinless, who would believe his declaration ? Do not men tell lies ? Do they not deceive ? Do they not give way to anger, hatred, envy, malice, and the like ? Do they not fondly cherish these wicked dispositions ? Do they not use foul language ? Do they not practise obscene

actions? Thus they have become utterly corrupt in thought, in word, and in deed. Nothing is more certain than that all men are sinners.

We cannot of ourselves expiate the sins we have committed. We cannot save ourselves from the result of those sins, which is eternal hell. We cannot procure for ourselves the bliss of heaven. Hence all men in all lands agree in acknowledging the need of a sacrifice to remove sin. This is a good and proper acknowledgment. Such an expiatory sacrifice is indispensable to us all.

The Lord Jesus Christ has offered Himself up as such a sacrifice to remove our sins. The humiliation He experienced, the persecutions He underwent, the death He suffered, all had this one end

in view. He bore the burden which we should have carried. He who knew no sin, assumed our sins as His own, and Himself endured the penalties due only to us. To remove our guilt, He gave His life for us on the cross. The anguish and the death, which He suffered, while hanging nailed through His hands and His feet to that cross, constitute the true and only sacrifice for sin. On the third day, He rose again alive from the tomb, appeared with glory upon the earth, commanded His disciples to proclaim His Holy Word in all lands, and then ascended up through the air to heaven. From that day to this, His servants have been preaching His love all over the earth, and inviting men every where to accept

the way of salvation procured for them by the sacrifice, which He offered for their sins. The people of many lands, believing the gracious message, have accepted Him as their God, their divine Guru, the Redeemer of the soul, the Saviour of the world. And now those good tidings have been sent to you also in this land.

Oh friend! reject not this holy instruction. Jesus Christ is the one only Saviour, who is able to remove your sins, rescue you from hell, and bring you to heaven.

Beloved! Renouncing idolatry with all other forms of sin, believe in Jesus Christ, and walk in the way, which He has pointed out to you. By so doing, you will escape hell, and gain the eternal joys of heaven.

I D O L S.  

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Their gods but gold and silver are,  
The works of mortal hands;  
With speechless mouth and sightless eyes  
The molten idol stands.  
The pageant has both ears and nose,  
But neither hears nor smells;  
Its hands and feet nor feel nor move,  
No life within it dwells.

Such senseless stocks they are, that we  
Can nothing like them find,  
But those who on their help rely,  
And them for gods design'd.  
Let all, who truly fear the Lord,  
On Him they fear rely:  
Who them in danger can defend,  
And all their wants supply.

