

Missionary World.

FOR CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

LETTER FROM REV. NORMAN RUSSELL, INDIA.

Mussorie, Himalaya Mtns., May 2, 1894.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Only those who have experienced the scorching, shrivelling heat of the plains of India during the months of April, May and June, can fully realize the feeling of relief and prayer of thankfulness with which we climb up into the cool breezes that blow across the Himalaya hill-stations. Five of our missionaries, Misses Calder, Duncan, Turnbull, Mrs. Russell and I, are spending the summer in Mussorie and we expect to be soon joined by Miss McKellar. All of us are more or less broken down; we have run away from the plains with a double purpose of escaping the heat and trying to recuperate.

Mussorie is an old hill-station dating away back before the mutiny, in fact it was owing to the presence of a great many of the officers' wives and children here in the hills that the massacre of that awful summer of '57 was not a great deal worse; the hills at that period formed a refuge in a double sense. It would require a pretty clever man to describe the geography of Mussorie; it is built on part of a mountain chain from either side of which spurs run out in different directions. The highest point is Landour which really forms a separate station and is occupied chiefly by the military and I might add missionaries, for it is on this hill that most of the societies have their hill houses. The altitude of Mussorie is about 6,000 feet, Landour being 1,000 feet higher. I cannot begin to describe to you the general appearance of the place, it does not make the slightest pretension to regularity; bungalows are perched here and there on the hill-sides wherever nature, assisted by excavations, offers enough level ground to erect four walls. The houses are built in some cases almost on top of one another, in fact it would be no difficult feat to jump from the verandah of one on to the roof of the next. The whole place is a maze of narrow pathways amidst which it is almost impossible to thread your way. A friend's house may be so near to you across a gorge that you can see in at the windows and yet it may require an hour or more hard tramping to reach it.

From the top of Landour on a clear day you get an uninterrupted view of one hundred miles or more of the snowy range in the mighty gorges, of whose frozen sides are born the cool breezes that bring new life and vigor to the fever-beated refugee from the plains. Though even here we do not get away from the Indian sun, and must wear sun helmets all day, yet morning and evening we can go for delightful walks, in which the beautifully wooded hill-sides and gorges round about abound. It is most delightful also, and especially to us who are so much shut off in Central India, to have the society of so many excellent people for the summer months. Amongst these we were specially pleased to find our good friend Dr. Kellogg who, with Dr. Hooper of the C.M.S. and Mr. Lambert of the L.M.S., is engaged in re-translating the Bible into Hindi. Dr. and Mrs. Woods, also our new missionaries, preceded us about a month in coming to Mussorie, and are living not far from us with the genial pastor of the Union Church, Mr. Evans. Quite a number of the American Presbyterian Missionaries are also spending the summer here, in fact Mussorie forms a part of their large field. We find that they, and in fact most of the missionaries in Northern India, deem it wise to spend at least a portion of every year in the hills; perhaps we would have had less sickness in our own mission had we followed their example.

Mussorie is famous for its schools for European children. Woodstock one of the finest girls' schools in India, is under the management of the American Presbyterian Mission and has been the Alma Mater of not a few of its missionaries. It has a beautiful large building situated on a wooded slope just across the valley from where we were staying, and its hundred or more young lady pupils

look very happy and healthful, especially for European children in India. Another school that we have visited is Dun-Edin, situated just beneath and within a stone's throw of our bungalow. It is a school for the children of people of limited means; some pay only \$1 per month, some nothing at all. The school is otherwise supported entirely by voluntary subscription. It has had a peculiar history; started amidst much adversity, it finally lost its all by fire. This calamity, however, proved a blessing in disguise; the distressing circumstances called out many friends, among whom was a wealthy gentleman, who gave them sufficient to buy their present home. One of the directors told me that though often at the very end of their resources they had never yet gone into debt. They have at present about eighty children, but have to refuse many more from lack of means. I spent an afternoon with them two weeks ago, in their Christian Endeavour meeting, and seldom have I heard more earnest prayers from the lips of even older children than these little ones offered up for guidance and help. Such an institution is, to my mind, a great blessing to India, and I wish there were many more like it; it is just fitted to the needs of a class that is often very worthy but through force of circumstances has sunk into poverty; the poor English and East Indian community.

Mussorie is also not without its mission work, conducted by several missionary bodies and also by private individuals. The hill men are a peculiar people, strong, robust but densely ignorant and superstitious. The other day I visited one of their villages where we held a little service; they listened well and seemed interested, but I could see from the questions they asked me afterwards that Brahmin influence and Hindoo idolatry had gained a considerable hold over them. There is another work in which some of our Canadian people may be interested. In the hills we do not travel in carriages, the men usually walk or ride and the ladies are carried in dandies, a sort of cloth seat slung between two poles and which is carried on the shoulders of coolies. As it requires from three to six men for each dandy, a not inconsiderable crowd of them gathers outside of the church every Sunday morning and evening, in fact the congregation is sometimes almost as large outside as inside. On Sunday evening I stopped to have a talk with these men while service was going on. I found a young man busy preaching to them, who gave his name as John Alexander; he is a hill man by birth and speaks the Paharrie tongue or language of the hills. He tells me that he is supported by the Y.P.S.C.E. of St. James Square church, Toronto, and I was pleased to see that the people listened to him with evident interest. I have not had opportunity of talking with him privately, but I am sure he must be doing a good work as he is under the immediate supervision of Dr. Kellogg.

Union Church is our spiritual centre. As you will see by its name it is interdenominational, only the Church of England and the Methodist having churches of their own. There are two services on Sunday and a Sabbath school, the pastor, Mr. Evans, preaching in the morning and Dr. Kellogg in the evening. On Wednesday evening the Society of Christian Endeavour meets; and for the ensuing half year Dr. Woods, our Canadian missionary, has been chosen president. It is an interesting and active society of young people. On Thursday evening we have the regular congregational prayer-meeting, and it is a most blessed privilege, especially to those of our number who attend nothing but Hindi services the whole year round.

Though there is much that might prove interesting had I more time and space, I have already made my letter sufficiently long. A hill station always draws a mixed multitude and in its train all the thousands and one peculiar things that belong to India, shopkeepers, pedlars, and tamasha wals. This state of things will last for about six months when almost the entire community, shopkeepers and all, will migrate to the plains and leave Mussorie and its few perennial inhabitants to the loneliness and cold of winter. I am thankful to say that we are all attaining the object of our visit to the hills, and hope to return strong and well to our work at the beginning of the rains.

Faithfully yours,
NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

Phillips Brooks: Only he who puts on the garment of humility finds how worthily it clothes his life.

Bible Reader: We believe in mixing religion and politics, provided religion is put in politics and not politics in religion.

New York Observer: To speak the truth without reserve is right, but to speak it in love is equally imperative if its utterances are to carry convincing power.

Lutheran Observer: There is a prevailing propensity among many persons to obtain things cheaply, and they are ever on the alert to secure "bargains." But it is a painful reflection that often the bargains are the result of wronging the poor.

Herald and Presbyterian: Some one says that gentleness is the best dress for a journey, and is never out of style at home. It is the best oil to prevent friction, the best salve to heal bruises, the best provender for a long journey, the best testimonial to a good character.

Cumberland Presbyterian: "Pray that I may have the grace to stay at home." It was a volunteer missionary, a young woman, who made this request. She had offered herself to the Board of Missions of her church and, being physically too weak to go, she had been rejected, and her prayer was for grace to yield to the inevitable. To the truly consecrated Christian, called to service, it is harder to stay than to go. Why should it be esteemed heroic for the divinely called Christian to go as a foreign missionary?

Zion Herald: He is considered a fool who tries to act up to the spirit of Christian love in the marts of trade, and refuses to take advantage of the weaker. Nevertheless we are fully persuaded that to have an eye to other people's interests as well as our own, to be ready to lend a hand and cultivate bowels of compassion—in a word, to be Christlike—is to be on the winning side in the long run even from a temporal point of view; and in the light of eternity what a dreadful mistake all others are making!

J. Hudson Taylor: What can you give to hungry people when you are yourself starving? Empty words and doctrines won't save the world; it must be the living Christ; it must be the power of the Holy Ghost. I do not want to be misunderstood; no one values doctrines more than I do. I have not a bit of sympathy with the people who would do away with creeds. But this I do say, that mere head knowledge of truth, however pure it may be, will do nothing without life in the soul—without the power of the Holy Ghost. And when we can speak in that way, we shall not find unimpressionable hearts anywhere, I believe. I do not mean to say that you may expect to save every one in this way. Even the Lord Jesus did not do that. But I am satisfied that we shall not go anywhere with our heart filled with the love of Christ without seeing fruit to eternal life.

Rev. R. E. Knowles: We have recently heard much criticism through the press against the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN of Toronto. And why is it called bigoted and intolerant? I protest in the name of Presbyterianism against the alleged reason. That paper has a right to its views, and its views are these, that we are not called upon to recognize as a sister church one which scoffs at the ecclesiastical existence of our own. I am as liberal as any man toward the Catholic Church, but I say that a church of the history and standing of our own, does not need to ask condescending favors of any other church, high or low, Protestant or Catholic. Besides, it is time that this liberality became mutual, and until the Catholic Church is prepared to meet us half way, it is folly to clamor for expressions of fraternal feeling which we know all too well can never be returned.

Teacher and Scholar.

June 11, 1894. THE WOES OF THE DRUNKARD. {Pro xxiii 1894. } GOLDEN TEXT.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.—Prov. xxiii. 31.

This lesson, which occurs in one of the appendices to the first main collection of the book of Proverbs, may be regarded as a connected short poem conveying a warning against intemperance.

I. Characteristics of the Drinker.—In a series of animated questions, six features are referred to, which in the answer are ascribed to the drinker. Woe and sorrow are literally interjections (R. V. margin), Who hath cause to cry oh, and to say alas. Sometimes woe and sorrow darken the life because of matters beyond the control of the individual, but the drunkard brings them on himself. The characteristics which follow may be regarded as some of the woes alluded to. They are both mentally and bodily, for drink leaves its mark on the entire nature. The sorrow of the drunkard is not limited to remorse on his own account, or the bitterness of realized degradation. It should be the more intense because of the sorrow his conduct causes to his family and friends. Again, drinking begets contentions. The mind stupefied by drink is usually under no restraint as to either giving or taking offence. Like the fool, the drunkard uttereth all that is in his mind, and with his inflamed passion and weakened will, is often ready to find ground of quarrel where no offence was intended. The babbling may refer to his sorrowful complaint (R. V.) over the losses which he is thus inflicting on himself. The contentions lead on with very slight provocations to drunken brawls, in which wounds and bruises that have no justifying cause are incurred. Redness (R. V. margin, darkness) of eyes, refers to the dim obscure vision which is the accompaniment of the drunkard. The answer which connects these characteristics with drinking (v. 30) indicates the tendency drink induces to prolong indulgence in it, and to seek satisfaction in what is increasingly intoxicating. Long carousals (Isaiah v. 11.) will be followed by seeking after mixed wine, which has its intoxicating power increased by spices and drugs, probably the strong drink of Scripture.

II. The Deceitfulness of Drink.—The attractiveness of the wine-cup to the eye and taste (v. 31) is contrasted with the real issue of indulgence in it (v. 32). The description indicates those characteristics of wine which make the very sight of it a temptation to the drinker. The red wine (that which shows itself ruddy) is most highly esteemed in the East. To give its color (lit. eye) is to sparkle in the cup. The sparkles or bubbles are like the pupils of little eyes, and their formation when wine is poured out, is regarded as a sign of its strength. Another quality highly appreciated by drinkers is mellowness, that is, the property of going down the throat smoothly (R. V.) with no feeling of roughness. To him who indulges, these things seen or called to mind, make even looking on wine a source of temptation. With all this attractiveness of appearance it is like the brilliant-colored, flashing-eyed, smoothly gliding serpent, and in the sequel poisons with the serpent's bite. More specifically, it is likened to the sting of the adder, the most venomous of serpents. In the East, which is wofully cursed with poisonous reptiles of all kinds, the impressiveness of these images would be very vividly realized. What is at the first a pleasing stimulus, leads on at last to a goading, unquenchable fire of desire and a ruined life.

III. Consequences of Drink.—It attacks directly what is highest in man, blunting the moral sense and defiling the imagination so that the drunkard readily gives way to the lower lusts of his nature. It attacks the intellect, dethroning the reason, so that the heart of the intoxicated person utters he knows not what. All manner of incoherences and perversities may be given forth. The recklessness is seen not only in utterances, but in actions. Regardless of danger, he is as one that seeks sleep in the midst of a strong sea, where a stupid, careless sleeper may easily fall overboard. Or he is like one in great exposure, asleep at the mast-head, where the rocking and reeling are much more violent. The striking imagery indicates the great actual danger of the drunkard, together with his utter insensibility to it. This is further indicated by the words put into the mouth of the drunken one. He ridicules the admonitions of his friends. Warned of blows and wounds, he expresses a drunken insensibility to bruises. His resolve to seek the cup again after the drunken stupor is slept off, strikingly shows the uncontrollable appetite, which will trample over everything to reach strong drink.