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Peepul Tree at Agra.

(J. G. Potter, in the 'Baptist Missionary.')

The enclosed photograph, taken by Mr. Barrell, of Bombay, shows a remarkable Peepul tree which stands in the cemetery at Agra. The heavy stones, now lifted from the ground and imbedded in the trunk of the tree, formed part of a massive old tomb. If it is asked how came these stones to have been broken up and carried several feet above the ground, the answer is, that many years ago a small seed of the sacred Peepul tree found its way into a crevice in the tomb, probably dropped there by a little bird. There it remained till the summer rain moistened it and caused it to grow. After a while a few green leaves

and quiet villages, among the women of the Zenana, and the children of our schools. Here a little and there a little, yet the Word we speak is the living and incorruptible seed of the Word of God. Only a text of Scripture, yet the big Peepul tree grows from a tiny seed. The Peepul tree is worshipped as the abode of God; truly such is the case with the Word which we proclaim, and hence its power over the hearts of men.

And just as its power has been seen in Europe, so shall it be seen in Asia, for the idols he shall utterly abolish. Paul preached that Word at Athens, and at the time it did not appear to have much effect; yet as the little seed at Agra conquered the massive tomb, so the Word preached at

is a Christian who studied her Bible prayerfully. That is her first qualification, but her management also is effective. She told me once that when she takes a class say of girls, she tries to forget it as a class and think of it as so many personalities, whose lives she must touch. She said: "Each girl must first like me if I am really to help her. Then if I am drawn towards her, she will be drawn to me, and I can lead her from that point where we have met."

'It is not knowing Sarah to call at her home and find out that her mother has the rheumatism and her father is a policeman, and the family are in a third storey flat. She studies Sarah and reflects that the despondent look in her eyes means something besides indifference toward the lesson she is teaching. She soon gets a hint that Sarah is ambitious, can't go away to school, but must mend, cook and be a home worker. She does not set to work at once, with premature sympathy, sure to offend, but soon speaks of some interesting book, "O you have not happened to see it. I know you will like it, Sarah—I'll bring it to you." Not said in the "I want-to-do-you-some-good" sort of manner, but simply as you would lend the book to a friend. Sarah is pleased, begins to like Miss Cruttenden. Very soon there is some verse in the lesson like: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

'Miss Cruttenden has two brief illustrations, one that must impress the class and one that may find Sarah where she lives (not in the third story flat, but in her disappointed, growing-morbid girl heart). She tells of, let us say, Doré's picture of the "Christian Martyrs," or a night after their slaughter in the Coliseum—the clear, cold starlight, the rows of empty seats, the dead and dying that strewed the ground, the wild beasts left to prowl among them, but over all angelic forms and the triumph of those who losing life have found glorious immortality. Sarah's ears are open and she hears what follows:—"Women and girls lost their lives then for Christ's sake, and they may lose them now. If one of us has an ideal life that we could make quite possible by self-seeking—a life all bright with pleasure or travel or study, if only we let go a duty to a mother, or a father, to children we must care for, or a brother who wants to get an education,—and we, for Christ's sake, lost that beautiful life, Jesus knows it and we will here gain a life into which his love and joy will surely come." Sarah gets an uplift.

'Another thing. Miss Cruttenden takes her class as individuals, but she is careful to cultivate a class feeling in them. In one class she adopted a constitution. It was a disorderly Bible class. There were perhaps six regular members, four or five who came occasionally, several who habitually came in for the opening exercises and then went out, while visitors used to drop in freely. The contribution envelope



PEEPUL TREE AT AGRA.

were seen above the surface of the tombstone, which showed that the seed had become a plant. By and by, as the plant grew and the roots pushed their way down between the stones of the tomb, the heavy stones were pushed aside, being conquered by the living tree. Years passed, and some of these heavy stones were lifted above the ground, till in course of time they came to occupy their present strange position.

What a picture of the victory of life over death! As such it has often cheered me as a missionary in India, where the systems of Hinduism and Mohammedanism are as massive and imposing tombs. Beautiful to look at sometimes, and as fair as whited sepulchres, yet, like all sepulchres, full of corruption and death within. What can a few missionaries do in a country like India to overthrow the error and superstition that abound? Thank God, we can do what the little bird did—namely, drop the seed into such openings as we find in bazaars and market-places, crowded mélas

Athens by Paul led to the overthrow of its fine temple and many idols. To-day the great centre of Hinduism and Mohammedanism appears to be little affected by the work of the Missionary; yet in all of them the seed has taken root and is growing, which shall, in due time, conquer them all. As the conflict is between life and death we have no fear about the result.

Agra, N.W.P.

One Teacher's Ways.

(The Westminster Teacher.)

'I would take a class, Aunt Mary, if I could keep its members together, but it is very humiliating to have them drop away or stay and be quite indifferent and listless,' remarked a young lady, continuing, 'Now there is Miss Perry, she is a consistent Christian, but while Miss Cruttenden always builds up a class, Miss Perry's class invariably runs down on her hands.

Aunt Mary replied: 'I don't know Miss Perry or her methods, but I do know some of Miss Cruttenden's ways. You know she