SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—About seven miles south-west from Vizianagram, and about thirteen miles north-west from Bimlipatam, beneath the shade of two motherly trees, in a small white bungalow, with my fountain pen for a telephone, I am settled for a little talk with you. Listen, and you will hear children playing, Mr. Shaw's native preachers laughing, women arguing as they pass, crows cawing, birds singing, crickets chirping, men shouting, our cook breaking sticks for a fire, and the cooling breeze blowing through the leaves! You will also hear from the very tip-top of that high tree, that green bird with a crooked red bill screeching. The boy leaning against the front gate says it is a rahmachiluka—a parrot. But you cannot hear that squirrel stealing along the top of the wall. His back is striped like our ground squirrels at home, and the fur on his bushy tail is all tipped with white, as Santa Claus' whiskers are tipped with frost.

The name of this day is Tuesday. We came here yesterday. Part of the way we came along the road that goes from Vizianagram south-westerly to Coconada. But after we had come on that road five miles, we turned off to the west and along a reddish road, made straight for the setting sun. Mr. Shaw is coming on a preaching tour, and I am coming with him to learn.

At one picturesque spot on the way, the road dodges under a thick canopy of trees that seem like one magnificent temple for the worship of God. There is a majesty about these over-arching branches that hushes the soul with awe. Never had church a sublimer roof than this, which in living rafters and interwoven garlands, curves up from the trunks of giant banyans, built by the Maker of the ocean and the stars. Their lofty grandeur, their silent strength, their artless symmetry, possess the soul with a consciousness of the strength and loveliness of God. Beneath their outstretched arms, angel robes and descending benediction, I could not help bowing my head. A striped squirrel, frightened by our wheels, ran up the trunk of one of the trees and hid among the leaves.

Near the end of our journey a river ran across the road, and was too deep to cross. By the time we had found a shallow place down stream, the night was falling fast. As our coolies' feet splashed through the running water, we could see up the river the big stone piers of the half-finished railroad bridge. When we climbed up the opposite bank we saw a lantern burning for us in the travellers' bungalow.

That was last night. This morning, with Mr. Shaw's native preachers, we wended our way up along the high bank of the river, passed through the main village—Bhimasinga—and where the river bent off to the right, we also turned off in the same direction, and travelled in Indian file along the bank of a muddy canal that is hedged with palmyra palms. As we passed, a heathen was wading through the canal.

Soon we came to a haystack village of cow stables. In the heart of the village, under a big tree, was a crowd of men and boys. Under the palm-leaf eaves of this stable, all around the barn, red and white cows were lying down chewing their cud. Under the low eaves of this stable a flock of red and white sheep are lying down, also chewing their cud. It has been raining a little this morning, and they have not yet been turned out to pasture.

A pleasant, important looking man tells a young man to bring us out some seats, and we sit down beneath the tree. When we commence to sing, women and children come out of the stable doors, and babies creep out amongst the cows and sheep. Indeed these stables are houses where the people and the cattle live together. Here were over forty people, and Mr. Shaw and his preachers explained to them the Gospel. I talked to them too, what little I could. The boys and girls were all sitting in a row on the ground. When I stepped up closer to speak especially to them, one little fellow jumped up and ran as if he thought I would cut off his ears. But I told him I would not hurt him, and he came back and listened.

Then we came back again to the main village and visited a school, which Mr. Shaw had started there. Sitting on benches without backs were about sixteen boys and one girl. On the floor, under the bench, at each pupil's feet, was his slate with a pencil lying on it, and a small pile of books. The teacher called the roll, saying over each scholar's long crooked name, and they answered in English, "Present!" "Present!" It almost made me think I was back in our old school-house again. But we boys always let the girls say, "Present," and we said, "Here!" We thought it sounded more like men. You would have laughed to hear them pronounce the English alphabet. For "A" they said "Yay"; for "E," "Yee"; for "N," "Un," &c. Mr. Shaw had them examined in their Bible studies. They answered up sharply. There was one very bright-eyed boy. You seldom see a better looking boy at home. His father and mother have moved away, but they have left him here to go to school.

After coming out of school we preached to a crowd of over sixty men, women and children; got a pair of spectacle bows mended at the native jeweller's; passed by men weaving long webs of red and white cloth stretched on long frames; saw a man with another man for a mill, turning a bed-post; another man grinding a knife on a little grindstone, &c., &c., &c.

We came back to the bungalow hungry, thirsty, tired and happy. A cup of lime-juice and hot water, a good meal of curry and rice, and a sweet-nap on our cots, make us good as new. We arise, study Telugu with the munshi, and wait for the cool of the day.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we hear heathen music, thumping and squealing past. Ahead of the crowd two boys are leading a lamb. When they come back again, the boys are carrying the lamb by the legs. Its head is cut off and laid on its breast. The blood from its throat is dripping along the road. A man in the throng says that they took it up to their little temple to kill it and now they are taking it back to eat. He says that killing it is worship and eating it is worship.

The temple is only a few rods away on the bank of the river. Here it is with its white walls—about as large as a smoke house—beneath this big tree. Like the back sliding Jews, the Hindus worship idols "on every high hill and under every green tree." Here in front of the temple door, on the grass, is the pool of red clotted blood where the lamb was slain. Inside, against the back of the temple, on a mud bench, is a row of a dozen sticks about a foot high. Each has a notch cut around the top for a neck, and has red and yellow spots for eyes and nose and mouth. These sticks are the goddesses before whom the lamb was slain. Near them are some little branches, and in front of them are two sticks burning in two patty-pans of oil.

Yours truly,

L. D. MOORE.

Bhimasinga, Oct. 11.

P. S.—Although I am writing at Bhimasinga my address is always Bimlipatam, Madras Pres., India. L. D. M.

Busy Bees and Busybodies.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

There are two kinds of activity; one is to be commended and the other is to be condemned. The first is the activity of the honey-bee; the other is the activity of the hornet or mosquito. The first class of active folk are described by the Apostle as "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." This class is the joy of every pastor and the sheet-anchor of every church. The Master ordained His Church on the principle of the sub-division of labor, and there is a place in it for everybody, rich or poor, who believes that if he eats he ought to work. Dorcas serves that Master as efficiently with her needle as Apollos serves Him with his tongue; Tertius uses his pen to be Paul's stenographer, and Phebe uses her satchel to carry the completed Epistle to Rome. Everything from Christ, Everything for Christ, is the true Christian motto. The same holy consecration of talents which leads Maclaren to compose a splendid sermon and Bonar to compose a sacred song, led George Williams to establish Young Men's Christians Associations, and Dr. Francis Clark to organize societies of Christian Endeavor. He or she that will not labor for Jesus, shall not eat of that bread which cometh down from heaven. The simple reason why so many church members have no relish for prayer, or for the Word of God, or for the "body of Christ" as set forth on the sacramental table, is that they have not worked hard enough to give them an appetite. The hardest toilers are the hungriest feeders; they banquet on food that the world knoweth not of. "My meat," said their Master, "is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work."

Next to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, what our churches most need is the development of all the members. While pastors are often overworked, a large proportion of the people are underworked. In every church-hive there is a lamentable lot of drones. In seasons of revival, nearly every member is alive and busy; but what we call a "revival" ought to be the normal condition of every healthy church. A gift to every man, and no one neglecting his gift; a place for every one, and every one in his place. And the special place for each Christian is the one that God made him for, and for which the Holy Spirit converted him. To mistake it is a sad blunder; to desert it, is a disgrace and a crime. My friend, are you a honey-making bee in the Lord's hive, or only a drone?

(2) Nearly as great a nuisance in the church as the drones is that class of whom the Apostle wrote: "We hear of some that walk among you disorderly, that work not at all, but are *busy-bodies*." The latter class are not exactly slothful, but they are serving the evil ones. When writing to Timothy, Paul photographs them at full length in this wise: "Withal they learn to be idle, going about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." It seems that we could write certain names under these photographs, they are drawn so actually to the life. Peter also points the same character when he says, "Let none of you suffer as an evil-doer or as a busy-body in other men's matters." He, too, would seem to have been stung by the hornets, and he hits the secret of their mischievousness in that word "other." Instead of minding their own business, they meddle with the affairs of their neighbors, not in the line of needed aid or timely sympathy, but in the line of officious interference. Instead of visitations of mercy, they go out on visitations of gossip, sowing the tares of tattling and scandal. Gentle spirited Albert Barnes is moved to pungent indignation when he declares that "one of the most pestiferous of all persons is he or she who has nothing to do but to meddle in the affairs of their neighbors."

The Apostles' cure for this disease of the meddlesome finger and tattling tongue was an "alterative." Them that are busy-bodies he exhorts by the Lord Jesus that "they work with quietness and eat their own bread." That is, they should devote themselves to their own duties in their homes, in their business, and in their appointed places of church activity. Then they would have no time to pry into their neighbors affairs, or to produce scandal through the community. In that day, as in our day, the principle held good that the best antidote for wrong-doing is to keep head and hand, and heart busy in right doing. The grace of God can make a busy bee in the church-hive out of the same material that Satan had made a troublesome hornet.—*Evangelist.*

— Neal Dow, the "father of prohibition," is about to issue a history of the Maine liquor law. The book is to be of large proportions and is to contain biographical sketches of prominent men who have been identified with it. The book will be handsomely illustrated.

COLUMBUS AND CAREY.

[An address delivered before the Rhode Island Baptist State Convention, by Rev. Thomas D. Anderson, of Providence.]

It is a happy coincidence which calls the attention of American Christians to commemorate during the same year the services of Christopher Columbus and of William Carey. These two names signalize two great movements of modern times. The one movement manifests itself in the exploitation of a continent and the development of American civilization; the other manifests itself in the exploitation of heathenism and an enlargement of the kingdom of God. It is true that, as "brave men lived before Agamemnon," so there were discoverers of America before Columbus, and missionaries even to India before Carey; but it is also true that in the one case, as in the other, the great movement dates from the great man whose name we honor.

The coincidence of these celebrations is most fortunate, because, while we are counting our physical resources, and glorying in the advance of our material civilization, we are also reminded of our moral resources, and the marvellous development of the kingdom of God. Again, these two movements are so similar in character, and the methods of procedure are so much alike, that from a study of the one process we may gather much which will be suggestive and helpful while we are engaged in carrying on the other.

In both movements, we see illustrated the triumph of faith, yes, the triumph of faith in bursting the trammels within which even wise men were trying to confine the life of their day and generation. In the fifteenth century, learned doctors, dwelling in the North Temperate Zone, taught that as there were, to the north, hyperborean regions where man could not live on account of the cold, so there were, to the south, regions of flaming fire, through which man could not pass, on account of the heat. But the hardy voyagers of those days, feeling the impulse of a dauntless energy, trusting in their power to make wind and wave subservient to their will, pushed their vessels farther and farther southward, until they passed the equator and proved the falseness of the dictum of the wise men, by reaching those cooler latitudes which had been declared to be inaccessible. Just so, in the eighteenth century, did religious doctors teach the impossibility of Christianizing the heathen before they had been civilized, but the doughty missionaries, feeling the impulse of a genuine Christian life, and trusting to the mighty co-operation of invincible spiritual forces, pushed into the midst of heathenism and proved the falseness of the position of their adversaries by making Christianity a forerunner and a promoter of civilization.

FAITH AND REWARDS.

But it is in the two great pioneers themselves that we seek the greatest triumphs of faith. Columbus is making his way farther and farther out on the great waste of waters, his new hopes are long deferred, his men are mutinous, he stands alone, not only without sympathy, but in the midst of opposition; his only hope, his only encouragement, springs from his invincible faith that the earth is spherical and India must still be before him. The honor of Columbus is not that he was the first to believe in the sphericity of the earth. Expression of this belief we find even in the works of Aristotle. In the work "On Heaven," we read: "Some stars are seen in Egypt or in Cyprus, but are not seen in the countries north of these; and the stars that in the north are visible while they make a complete circuit, there undergo a setting. So that from this it is manifest, not only that the form of the earth is round, but also that the sphere is not large. Wherefore we may judge that those persons who connect the region about the Pillars of Hercules with that about India, and who assert that in this way the sea is one, do not make assertions unworthy of credence." Similar views were expressed by other writers, both before and after Christ, and were made prominent in Europe after the revival of learning in the thirteenth century. The glory of Columbus is not that he was the first to believe in the sphericity of the earth, but that he was the first to illustrate this faith in the supreme venture of his life.

Similar illustration of faith's triumph we find in William Carey. He was not the first to believe in God's love for the heathen. This truth was rung out again and again by the great apostle to the Gentiles. Intimations of it were received by the most spiritual of the Hebrew prophets. It is not the glory of Carey that he preached a new Gospel, but that he gave a new illustration of faith. The words come echoing down the centuries, from the Hebrew prophet of olden time, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes, for thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles." And still the words come, "Thy Redeemer is the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall He be called." The old truth had been too often forgotten, but now one man believes it so firmly that he determines his life by his teachings, and gives one more illustration of the triumph of faith. Thus, from the deck of the Danish East Indiaman, we hear sounding out the words, "I show my faith by my works"; while from the nations of the American continent, and from the church of Christ in India, we hear the antiphonal response, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Turning now to the results of these two great modern movements, we note the similarity of the rewards. A new world is brought to view in either case. The faith of Columbus is severely tried, but it is rewarded, when, at last, he sees the land-birds circling in the air, and when, in the flotsam upon the surface of the waters, he begins to taste the powers of a world to come. So Carey, after the long trial of his faith, when for more than six years he had kept straining his eyes for the ends which he came to seek, was rewarded as, in Krishna Pal and Yoknl, he saw the first fruits of the world which was to come.

After the first joy of discovery, the rewards of conquest and possession accumulate. But these are found, not simply in the gold stored in the palaces of the Incas, but also in the harvests of corn, of wheat and of cotton, in the yield of timber in the forests, in the output of copper, of iron, of silver and of gold from the mines. So in the religious enterprise, the rewards are found, not only in the returns from the indigo factory, or from the work of the college professor, but also, and far more, in the abolition of Sati, and of the custom of throwing children to the Ganges, in the discontinuance of cannibalism in the South Sea Islands, in the bursting of the shackles of superstition and ignorance under the influence of Western education, and in the development of a warm, generous Christian love in the hearts of heathen, under the influence of the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

RAPIDITY OF PROGRESS.

Looking back over the history of these two movements, we notice how in both the advance is slow at first, but is accelerated in geometrical ratio as time moves on. There are persons half-hearted in their faith who complain of the slow advance of Christian missions; but note, by way of comparison, the slow advance of America in the first century after her discovery. Spanish adventurers have extended their conquests to the city of Mexico and to the capital of Peru; slaves have been stolen from their homes, and ingots of gold carried off in Spanish galleons; a few discoverers have tramped through the peninsula of Florida, and made their way to the banks of the Mississippi. But yet, in 1592, Jamestown had not been settled, the keel of Hendrick Hudson's vessel had not yet plough-ed its way up the river which bears his name; Plymouth was a wilderness, and the peninsula of Shawmut was unfamiliar with the foot of civilized man. What, by the way of comparison, are the results of a century of missions? Consider our thousands of preaching stations, our schools (those of our own denomination numbering more than a thousand), our native preachers, our published copies of sacred Scripture, and our 750,000 Christian converts. Were there more representatives of European civilization in America a hundred years after Columbus set sail from Palos than there were representatives of the kingdom of God in heathendom within a hundred years after the sailing of Carey from Dover?

But the rate of progress is accelerated as time moves on, and from the accelerated progress in the one movement, may we not be led to expect an accelerated progress in the other? Follow the historical evolution of our great American nation. In 1692, civilization had furnished only a scattered fringe along the coast from New England to South Carolina. New York was a small town on the southern extremity of Manhattan Island, and Philadelphia a village ten years old on the banks of the Delaware. In 1792 civilization had scarcely more than crept over the Alleghanies. But now the momentum was gathered, and by 1892 civilization has swept across the continent to the Pacific, and dropped seeds, pregnant with a mighty future, all over our great interior basin. Shall we expect less rapid advance in the kingdom of God? When the hoary religious systems of the East shall have been quickened through intercourse with a civilization, which is, at least, nominally Christian, and when rash numbers of individuals shall have been transformed by the coming in of a better hope, may we not expect that then one shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight? In view of what has been "done in a green tree," may we not have large hopes as to what shall be "done in a dry"?

INFLUENCE ON THE CHURCH.

Thus far, we have noted the parallel in the two movements; may we not yet be able to trace the parallel in the response which both movements awaken? The progress of America has quickened and strengthened the faith of Europe. Does Europe believe in America? What is the answer given by the hundreds of thousands who pour into our country from Europe every year? Here is the answer from the poor and from the middle class. But do the rich also believe? Witness the large amount of European capital which is invested in American securities. Does England believe in the future of America? For answer, I do not point to an occasional speech of John Bright, or to a magazine article from the pen of William E. Gladstone, but I point to the millions which England has invested in our farms and in our mines, in our railways and in our commerce.

What now, I ask, will be the influence of the progress of missions upon the faith of the Christian church? Do we believe in the future of the kingdom of God? Are we willing to invest in its securities? The American Baptist Missionary Union, in asking its constituency for a million dollars this year, appeals to us to show our faith by our works. Shall the faith of Europeans in the future of America so far transcend the faith of American Christians in the future of the kingdom of God? Shall it be millions for the exploitation of Nature, and only thousands for the exploitation of Man?

From the days of Columbus until now, men have invested in America, because their faith in the world that it has been quickened by their forestaste of the powers of a world to come. Shall the followers of Christ exercise less faith? We rejoice in the results which have been produced in the evolution of nature; shall we, as the disciples of the Son of Man, hesitate to believe that far richer results will be produced in the evolution of mankind? The exploitation of man is a grander work than the exploitation of nature, "for the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God." Give yourselves to this work! Lay down this million of dollars as evidence of your faith that, out of the womb of the world that is, there will be born to God the fairer world that is to be. Believing profoundly in the future of America, and ready to contribute to the fuller development of the American nation, believe even more profoundly in the future of Christianity, and all the more readily give your time, your labor and your means for the fuller development of the kingdom of God!

The American nation may decline and perish like many of its predecessors, but those who place their trust in the kingdom of God shall not be put to shame, for this kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and will conserve that which is entrusted to it. As the Roman Empire was the depository in which the heritage of antiquity was conserved for the enjoyment of mediæval Europe; as the Roman church has been the depository in which the heritage of the Roman Empire has been conserved for the benefit of modern nations, so, I believe, the kingdom of God is the depository in which has been conserved the moral heritage of the past, and from whose nursing-ground will spring to richer fruitage the moral heritage of the future. Institutions crumble, riches take wings, enterprises collapse, nations perish, but the kingdom of God remains. As, then, you plan the investments of your labor and your means, do not fail to buy the opportunity to labor where you are assured your labor is not in vain, and to lay up your treasure where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

"For not like kingdoms of the earth
Thy holy church, O God:
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad,—
"Unshaken as the eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands."

—*Watchman.*

The Religious Novel.

Our friend, Robert J. Burdette, has given one of the best hits we have seen anywhere at the class of novels which are so popular now-a-days with certain people. He writes thus:

"You have some imagination," said the editor, kindly, "but you are no poet; I wouldn't try any more poetry if I were you. I think I know what you can do. Are you at all religious?" "Not a bit," replied the young woman, for it was she. "But you know something about religious people, don't you?" "Very little; I might say not at all," said the young woman. "I have never been associated very intimately." "You must know something about the different denominations, and the points of difference in their creeds and practice? You know what the Baptists believe, for instance, and what the Methodists are, don't you?" The young woman sighed. "I couldn't tell a Unitarian from a Democrat," said she. "I don't know much about church matters; all that I know positively about denominational practices and creeds is that the Methodists baptize only in running water; and only once, while the Presbyterians baptize in baptisteries, three times, face downward. Oh yes, and I know that the Universalists believe that all men are foreordained to be damned." "Good," cried the kind-hearted editor, aglow with pleasure: "I knew you were just the person who could do it. I want you to write us a theological novel, something on the 'Robert Elsmere' style, you know, to run through five or six numbers of the magazine. We'll call it the 'American Robert Elsmere,' and it will go off like hot cakes. You can do it; but don't be afraid; just go for the Puritans and old fashioned religion as though you knew all about it. You know plenty enough to write a novel about it."

"Young Man, You Will Do."

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He had been a member of a Christian church; had pious parents, brothers and sisters; his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started out on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath one of his fellow travellers said to him:

"Come, let us be off for a drive and see the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then, slapping him on the shoulder, said:

"Right, my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words and you will win."

The boy went to church, all honor to him, in that far-away place and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by his manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*Mid Continent.*

Helping the Minister.

Wallace is seven years old. Ever since he was three he has been a Sunday-school boy. He loves Sunday-school, but till lately he has not liked going to church.

It was so much pleasanter, he thought, to stay at home, as he was sometimes allowed with mamma, who was an invalid, and listen to her stories.

One day last spring a great change came into Wallace's life; his papa, a machinist, was suddenly killed.

When the next Sabbath came Wallace asked: "May n't I come home after Sunday-school and stay with you?"

But this lonely, heartbroken mamma had the courage to say: "No, my son. Remember papa will not be there today; and when the minister looks from his pulpit and sees his empty seat, it may trouble him. I think he will like to see you in papa's place."

So that morning, at the close of the Sunday-school, the little man went at once up-stairs and took the seat his father had occupied from week to week, with rare exceptions, for years back.

After service he hurried home to tell his mother: "I guess I helped him a little; 'cause he came and spoke to me."

Since then, every Sunday, Wallace feels that he has a place to fill in the church.

When sometimes the usher brings strangers to that pew, the little boy by the door, standing up, makes his slender figure very small that they may pass in, but never gives up "papa's seat" to any one.

Not only the pastor, but many of us, while our hearts ache with pity, feel confident that such a boy, with such a mother, will some day take his good father's place in the church and in the world.—*National Baptist.*

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"After suffering for about twenty-five years from scrofulous sores on the legs and arms, trying various medical courses without benefit, I began to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and a wonderful cure was the result. Five bottles sufficed to restore me to health."—Bonifacia Lopez, 327 E. Commerce st., San Antonio, Texas.

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"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Rielle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

Rheumatism

"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansbrough, Elk Run, Va.

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