

### Our Arrival In India.

Thinking that those whom it is our honor to represent in India, will be pleased to hear from their representative. I pause in the midst of the confusion of unpacking to write a line in time for the evening mail.

We are safely landed, well and happy. From the time our friends at home bade us a loving farewell, till our friends in India greeted us with a most hearty welcome, we have been richly blessed. We recognize some of these many mercies, and thank God. Nothing that we have seen or heard on the way pleased us so much as the sight of our co-laborers in the field and the sound of their voices. Before the steamer *Henzada* had come to anchor off Bimlipatam we saw Bros. Morse and Sanford with some native Christian helpers, making their way towards us. Soon we clasped hands and in a little while, were all seated in the mission house. We, the welcomed, were happy, because we were at last, in the new field of our life's labor. We had heard much about the Telugus and their country. Now we have looked into their faces, spoken to some of them, heard them pray to our God, and testify to the love of Christ, our Saviour. But, oh how many all about us, who have no acquaintance with Jesus!

The missionaries who welcomed us were happy. They have labored long and faithfully here, against many and trying discouragements. They have realized, as we cannot, the horror of the great darkness of heathenism into which the millions of India are plunged. They have agonized with God, in prayer that he might send forth more laborers into this dark part of the vineyard, with the Light of Life. They have been compelled, of late, to see their small numbers made smaller, as sickness has driven some from the field. But now that we, in answer to many prayers, have come to their help, to endeavor to fill up the gap, in so far as it is possible, their sorrow is turned into joy.

Our hearts burned within us while we communed one with the other. But when together we bowed in communion with God, we were filled to overflowing with the blessing of the Almighty. There and then I realized as never before, the greatness and goodness of our God, who always has enough and to spare. And while He makes Himself real and blessed to us in this dark land, we pray that He will do likewise to the many in the home-land who send us. And we also pray that the time may not be far distant, when multitudes of the Telugus will know Him, for such knowledge is life eternal.

J. E. GULLISON.

Vizianagram, Dec. 29th 1896.

### The Easter Vigil; or, "The Friends of God."

It was Easter Eve as to time, and the heart of London as to place. The air was sharp and bracing; the streets were bright and clean; the shops were gay with their exhibitions of spring clothing, and others were full of the good things of this life—nothing seemed wanting to a people's happiness and prosperity. Everything was touched with the spirit of newness; it was the resurrection of Nature.

A young man stepped out of an office into the fast-crowding streets, locking the door behind him.

"Ah, no more business for three days! Good-bye to ledger, cash-book, journal, foreign correspondence. Grind, grind! I wish—"

The soliloquy was abruptly cut short by his coming in contact with a pedestrian as preoccupied as himself. He looked up.

"Ah!" cried a cheery voice. "You live in the clouds. What a fellow you are! A penny for your thoughts."

"Siegfried—thou! Yes, I was among the fjords of our dear land, though my body is in Cheapside," replied Olaf.

Olaf Hartvigsen had just opened a navigation office, and Siegfried Jansen dealt in medical oils. They had been students at the same university, and were kindly-hearted, simple-living, men, enjoying life thoroughly in the best sense, and both were sincere Christians.

"I wonder," said Olaf, who had a vivid imagination, "if there are many as happy as we to-day, my friend! How many miss the true joy of the season through not knowing, as we know Him, the Lord of all!" "Ah," said Siegfried, "I should have known as little as others had not our Lord sent you to me as His messenger. My laundress has a little son who is very ill—dying—and she asked me to go and see him, for she was disturbed about him. But he was asleep when I went, so I promised to go again this evening. Will you accompany me?" "Certainly! But how did the woman think you could benefit her child?" asked Olaf.

"Ah, now do not laugh at me, but I sometimes slip in with my collars a little book, or a line of promise, something to help her, perhaps; and she is always very pleased, and tells me they comfort her."

"Gentlemen," said the poor laundress, as she met them later, "I doubt if you can do any good. The doctor gives but little hope, and I have all my work to take home—how can I sit with my child? He needs watching, yet I have no friend to leave here."

"Look upon us as friends, Mrs. Ward," said both young men; "the clear air and a little walk will do you good. We will take every care of the boy, as you shall

see. We cannot spend Easter Eve better than in doing as our Master would do. He will be glad to be remembered in this way."

The woman looked incredulous, as if she rather doubted the mental balance of her visitor. She said, "I knew as Mr. Jansen were one of the good sort—he so often puts little comforty bits in for me. Not as I can always understand them, making no pretence of being religious myself, for I'm noways perfect, as I know." So saying, she left the two benefactors, while she arranged her parcels of work for her several customers.

When Johnny Ward opened his eyes after a troubled, feverish sleep, they rested upon the two friends. In a bewildered way he spoke. "Ah, you're the new doctors; 'taint no use, I'm goin', and I'm goin' home!"—there was such rapture in the voice—"but I do want to know 'bout Jesus, Him as I read about in Mr. Jansen's little books; and mother, she can't tell me nuffin'." He rambled on, and as the friends tried to calm him by gentle words, soothing remonstrances, and loving reminders from the words of Jesus, he suddenly said, in a low voice, "You know my Jesus! You knows all about Him, and I knows such a little bit! Tell me more."

"How much do you know, dear boy?" asked Olaf. "Jesus loves me, that I know": "I am the Good Shepherd"; "Jesus called a little child unto Him," and a little story what I read, as said as how He did love boys, and wanted 'em to come to Him to be made like Himself. But I want to know why?"

"Johnny, you know a great deal about Jesus. He wants you to know Himself; and the reason He loves you and me is because we are sinners, and He is the Saviour who longs to save us." Siegfried's voice was very tender as he spoke.

"Then I want Him to save me," gasped the poor child, "I stole Ned White's marbles, and I cheated a sum, and I've done lots of things I shouldn't if I'd 'a' knowed as He cared. Won't you ask Him to save me as well?"

They feared excitement would prove fatal, but they could not hush his cries, or silence his pleading voice. At last, the mother, returning, found both young men kneeling by the bedside in prayer. They spoke to God as to a well-loved friend, and they asked, not for the life of the child, but that he and his mother might know the power of God's love to save sinners. They remained kneeling as the clock struck the hour of midnight, for they hoped that a solemn silence might quiet the boy. They were startled at his crying out, "Mother, these is the friends of God; they knows all about Him! Oh, mother, they've told me everything, and I shall get well, and we'll all be God's friends, and you, too."

The poor laundress was overwhelmed—to see her child already, as she fancied, better; to hear herself prayed for as she had been; to listen to her child's words, were all too much for her after a very hard day's work and a long evening's walking; she sat down by her child's bedside and wept.

"Oh, gentlemen," she said, through her sobs, "you are indeed the friends of God, as my Johnny says! And you prayed for me so that I can see myself a sinner."

It was the hour past midnight, and Johnny grew worse. His mother could do nothing for weariness, sorrow and dread. She let Olaf and Siegfried have their way in everything, and as the latter had very good medical skill, she felt her child was in good hands.

They read passages of Holy Writ to the tired mother, and then she, too, slept. When she awoke, at six o'clock, to a newly-found happiness, they felt that their Easter vigil was indeed accepted of God.

"I know now what salvation is," cried the joyful woman; "for I know Christ as my Saviour from sin."

As they were leaving, the child awoke, and, calmly speaking, said, "Friends of God, I shall get well. I heard you praying for me, but I could not speak. Mother, I'm so happy. I shall never cheat or lie again."

He recovered, and ran about early in the summer. When the two friends again visited the widow and her son, they found she had called in a lonely neighbor—one hitherto despised—to rejoice with her.

"Ah, sirs," she said, "if two gentlemen like you could spend hours in watching your poor washerwoman's child, only God's love could cause you to do it.—M. B. Gerds, in *London Christian*.

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#### A Penny Saved is Two-pence Earned.

"A penny saved is worth two earned," my mother used to say, and I wondered how it could be, and if she didn't mean "A penny saved is worth one earned?" But, no; I have since learned that it is just as she said, "A penny saved is worth two earned," just as "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." For instance, here are just a few cold potatoes, slices of bread or meat, perhaps not more than a cent's worth of each, and apparently in the way. Why not throw them out? Because I shall all the

sooner need more, and, in addition to earning the penny to buy more, I have got to take the time to go for more, thus exhausting a penny earned and a penny of time as well.

I try to remember this every time I am going to throw something away, but it comes so natural for the human race to throw right and left that it is hard to always think of it. And to no one does it come more natural to waste than to the farmer. Every day enough is thrown out of an ordinary farmer's home to supply the wants of several needy ones if thus applied. And for that aim every farmer and his wife should save—not alone for the sake of increasing his own riches, but to help feed the hungry, clothe the naked, etc. "Wilful waste makes woful want," but it is not wasting to give to the worthy poor, for, as the Good Book says, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than meet, but it tendeth to poverty." So please don't think I am advocating stinginess, but God gives us every good gift and I know it is wrong to let it waste or spoil when there are so many we could give it to, in His name.

I once asked a middle aged couple, who began life on a rented farm with barely enough to stock it, how it was they became so rich farming. "I don't know," replied the farmer, "unless it was because we ate bread and fried tomatoes for breakfast, boiled pork and potatoes for dinner, and mush and milk for supper."

"Nonsense," I replied, "I have eaten no such fare at your table."

"Do you suppose we would ask our friends to help us to get rich?" laughed the farmer. "We wanted the credit of that ourselves, didn't we, wife?" with an affectionate glance over to a rosy woman that sat by the window sewing.

"Indeed, we did," she laughed. "It was real fun making out with the odds and ends we couldn't sell, for, who knew whether the potatoes were large or small after it had been put through the sausage-cutter, and who knew whether our clothes was old or new when it had been cleaned, turned and remodelled? Of course we are very thankful that we now have everything we wish, and so much more to give the needy, yet, after all that, we were never so happy as when we knew how every cent came, and had the pleasure of getting it. I don't think there was ever a day that we did not save something, and we always counted every penny saved equal to two earned."—(Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.

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#### Life Insurance.

We are anxious to know what form of Life Insurance will give us the best security. I wish to recommend one which I have found superior to any other which I have seen advertised. It is clearly described in Romans 8: 28.—All things work together for good to those who love God. In ordinary life insurance the payment of premiums must continue through life, and at death a return is made to those for whose interest the life was insured. An endowment policy gives return after a certain number of years, if the insured is then living; but this form is expensive, and can be borne but by a few. The insurance which I wish to recommend, begins to give returns as soon as one begins to pay. It is a Self-participating Endowment Fund giving at once possession of enduring riches, of which we can never be dispossessed, and which can never be exhausted in supplying any present or future needs.

To pay the premiums, we are not called upon to part with anything that will in any way lessen our wealth, but will be to us a blessing even while we give. It is in fact not paying, but giving back that which has been bestowed upon us for the purpose. "All things work together for good to those who love God." This is the highest and best form of life insurance, and is placed within the reach of all. Better insure and then take an agency. J. W. BROWN.

Nictaux Falls, Jan. 28.

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Mr. Pierpont Morgan's gift of \$1,000,000 to the New York Lying-in-Hospital, taken together with the numerous gifts to other charities in recent years, amounting all together to about a million dollars more, entitles him to rank among the most generous of modern philanthropists. The only other gifts of equal or greater proportions made in recent years by Americans, otherwise than by bequests in their wills, are those of Seth Low, who gave a million to Columbia University, Marshall Field's gift of a million to the Columbian Museum at Chicago, Mr. Rockefeller's endowment of the College University, and Senator Stanford's endowment of a university as a memorial to his son. They were all magnificent examples of princely generosity for noble purposes.

Is not this lovely, attractive Christian grace enjoined too little from the pulpit, and very meagerly exemplified in the lives of the saints? Are not our methods of training from the school up conducive to a vain show, to a demoralizing ostentation?