

MARCH 11, 1886. The Mission of the American Baptists to the Telugu.

While the few unskilled natives were holding the rope as to let them in Nellore, and Mr. Day and Mr. Van Hussen with their wives were seeking the restoration of their health, in order to return with vigor and increased zeal to present their chosen work in India, the members of the mission were busy as ever. The mission was very recently considered by their American brethren. But an appeal from Mr. Day, along with many weighty reasons, caused the Board to reinstate the mission. Mr. Van Hussen did not return to his duties as he was disabled by his illness, for continued illness prevented him from resuming work, and he died at Brattleboro, Vermont, one year after his arrival in this country. But though he could not be one of the company, God had been working in the heart of another. Mr. Day was waiting for the decision of the Board, and anxiously desiring to accompany Mr. Day to Nellore, if the result of the considerations were favorable. The issue was that on the 10th of October, 1885, Day and Jewett took ship for Nellore, and the former had to take up the work laid down two years before. The latter, rejecting because counted a worthy cause to enter upon so glorious a work as leaving the message of salvation to the heathen. They landed in Madras in February, 1885, after having a good passage, and, before starting for Nellore, they were instrumental in procuring some members of the ship's crew to "the Lamb of God, bearing away the sin of the world." Shortly after disembarking they pursued their journey to Nellore. There they found the mission as Mr. Day had left it two years before, and with earnest zeal they went to work, preaching on every hand, distributing tracts and books to the people, and waiting upon God in prayer for His blessing to attend their efforts. The reports from both missionaries about this time are favorable as far as gaining the attention of the people is concerned. But though they were apparently anxious inquirers after "the way" of life came to them, they were not led into the light. Though conversions were so few up to this point in the history of the mission, we must remember that such progress had been made, and slowly, but surely, the doctrines of Christianity were finding places in the lives of the people. The foundation was being laid, so that when the windows of heaven were more widely opened, and the Telugu people were allowed to see the building erected upon an insecure basis, but which should be able to endure the storms of reaction and persecution. Gathered in the afternoon, they were joined by two and three hundred children receiving Christian instruction, and requests were coming in from every quarter asking that schools might be established in such and such a village. Conversations with individuals at the mission-house and elsewhere, were frequent, many inquiries were exceedingly interesting, and not a little encouraging. Mr. Day writes at this time, 1885: "Truth is advancing here,—there remains in my mind no doubt of it. God before many years will demonstrate His power to save, and to break down the strongholds of the wicked one. My fellow laborers are becoming deeply interested in the people,—in their own missionary work—and our prospects are cheering. The spirit of inquiry among the Telugus respecting the principles of Christianity increased during the following year, and as a consequence there was a widespread suspicion as to the native systems of religion. The missionaries, as well as the Board at home, were confident that the long-looked-for time had arrived, when the saving power of the gospel of Jesus Christ would be strikingly manifest in Nellore and its vicinity." "The general aspect," says Mr. Day, in his report of the year 1885, "of the mission, was as bright as any time since the commencement of the work. Idolatry is losing credit. Scarcely a man of all the thousands addressed, has attempted in good earnest to defend it by direct discussion,—certainly not ten persons in two years have done so in our presence. A general impression prevails, and is openly acknowledged by many, that the religion of the country is already beginning to wane, and that the Christian religion is destined ere long to become the religion of the whole world." But God's time was not yet. True, several were led to Christ, but there was no general ingathering of souls. Hundreds around the great crucifixion of the Christian, but remained there, like the young man who came questioning Christ, "not far from the kingdom," while the one long-sung cry of the missionaries crossed the ocean. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." In 1885, the Board sent a deputation to Nellore to enquire into the working of the mission and to report to them. The deputation admitted that their personal investigations indicated them to be considerably, that seemed to weaken the claims of the mission as an institution whose resources are scarcely equal to the demands of operations in other lands. These considerations are: 1. The want of success; 2. The want of suitable native helpers; 3. The care bestowed on the people by other Christian denominations; 4. The ability of the missionaries to do better in other fields. The considerations which urged the reinforcement of the mission are: 1. The extent of the field; 2. The knowledge already gained by the missionaries; 3. The prevailing policy of the mission. The committee to whom was referred the report "were unable to see any good reason why we should turn our backs on that important and white harvest field." One whole evening during the annual session of the society at Albany, was spent in discussing the question of abandoning the mission. While the discussion was going on, one of the speakers, Mr. Brewster, referred to the mission at Nellore, as "the lone star mission," since it was the only mission of the Society on the west coast of India. Dr. S. S. Smith, who has given us so much missionary literature, was present at the meeting, and before retiring for the night, penned the following beautiful and prophetic stanza:

"THE LONE STAR." Shine on, "Lone Star" thy radiance bright; Shine on, 'er all the eastern sky; Morn breaks space from gloom and night; Shine on, and bless the pilgrim's eye. Shine on, "Lone Star" I would not dim; The light that gleams with dubious ray; The lonely star of Bethlehem Led on a bright and glorious day. Shine on, "Lone Star" in grief and tears; And sad reverses oft inspired; Shine on, while stars in heaven are not despised. Shine on, "Lone Star" who lifts his hand To dash to earth so bright a gem; A gem 'of lusty gold' from the faith; That sparkles in night's dimden? Shine on, "Lone Star" the day draws near; When some shall shine more fair, than thou; Then, bitter and sordid in doubt and tear, Will glitter on Ebusanua's brow. Shine on, "Lone Star" till earth, 'er stars be named; In dust shall bid its idols fall; And thousands, where thy radiance beamed, Shall crown the Saviour Lord of all. The result of the discussion was that the Board were directed "suitably to reinforce the Telugu mission, provided that it can be done consistently with the claims of Southern Burma."

In order to gain strength that he might return to his much loved work in Nellore, that old question that seems to have grown chronic, "Shall the Telugu mission be abandoned?" was again being discussed by the Board at home. Some even went so far as to really demand that it should be abandoned. But one man was anxious to hold on at least until Mr. Jewett should arrive and give his opinion in the matter: "Wait," exclaimed Dr. Warren, "Wait, brethren; ye know not what ye are doing; let us hear what brother Jewett, who is now on his way, has to say on this question." Mr. Jewett has landed; he has been told concerning the wish of some to discontinue the mission to the Telugus; his constitution is pretty well shattered; the difficulties of the field are many; the opposition at home respecting the continuance of the mission is depressing his spirits, like the Apostle Paul, he could say, "none of these things move me." For his part, he resolved "never to abandon the field," let the American Baptists do what they might. The secretary answered, "Well, brother, if you have anything to return, we may see somebody with you to bury you. You certainly ought to have a Christian burial in that heathen land." The Rev. John E. Clough was the man chosen of God, and appointed by the Board to accompany Mr. Jewett; and he was the man also given as missionary to the "Prayer-meeting Hill" twelve years before.

Sympathy. BY MARIA BRUCE LYMAN. Canon Farrar says, "We often do more good by our sympathy, than by our labors." There are many sad hearts all about us, hearts bowed by many an anguish. How can we reach such? Frances Ridley Havergal, in her sweet little poem on "Sympathy," gives us some hints in regard to the expression of sympathy, which help to bear us over of comfort to those who are afflicted.

"The warmer pressure of the hand, The tone of cheer, The hush that means, 'I cannot speak, But I have heard!'" The note that only bears a verse From God's own Word; Such tiny things we hardly count. The gifts that gleam that have shown Scant sympathy; But, when the heart is overwrought, Oh, who can tell The power of such tiny things To make it well?"

Indeed, they are not "tiny things," but great things in their influence and power, for they serve a great noble purpose. There are those whom tried ones daily meet, whom they have been wont to call friends, who pass on without a word of sympathy, leaving the sore heart with a deeper ache, for there is pain to the sensitive heart to find indifference in those we enroll in our circle of friendship. One of our friends, a young man, met me at a religious conference, great with me, surrounded by friends (so called), yet separated from her own kindred, he was sadly needing sympathy and advice, as she was passing through his trials. As the writer sat by her bedside one day, the sufferer told of all she had borne of affliction, disappointment and grief, and how much she needed sympathy, "These are no secrets," she said, "my pastor knows them, and all my friends know, but only a few expressions of sympathy have come to me. I know it is because I am so faulty, and bear my sorrows so ungraciously, I wish I might have been better, but I never knew how to be, and He forgives me." She was in the presence of the divine, sympathizing Lord a few days after, and at her funeral the pastor spoke of her as one of God's sweetest saints, who bore her sorrows with patient meekness. Long, sorrowful notices appeared in newspapers of her sweet deeds of mercy, and how kind she was to all.

"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!" Jerry listened, and when she ended said: "That's a good one, Miss." "Yes; but Jerry, are you pulling for the other shore?" "Well, I don't know much about them things," replied Jerry. "Beckon as how when one has no other times to go, and just drift. And maybe he will drift to the shore, and maybe he won't."

"But why shouldn't you have the oars?" asked Edith. "Well, I suppose it's like this sometimes a boat gets loose and starts off without a helmsman, and in the middle of the river I never stop to brook an oar in my life, so I suppose I must have started without any." "And why not go to keep on drifting?" asked Edith, growing interested. "What can a fellow do? Out in the middle of the river without any oars? He isn't much chance of getting back to the wharf after them."

"If the oars have been lying in the bottom of his boat all the time! Wouldn't a man be foolish if he didn't pick them up and use them when he found he was drifting down stream, and making no progress toward the other shore?" "Humph! It ain't much likely that a fellow would find them oars lying right before his eyes and never touch them, is it now?" "That is never puzzles me," replied Edith. "You have only just to put out the hand of prayer, and behold the oars of prayer and the word of God and pull for the shore."

"My miss, I never thought of that! I've got a Bible that my old mother gave me when I started out, and she taught me a prayer, too. And I've been letting them out in the water ever since. It is out of all these years. D'ye suppose they are as good and stout as ever? And would they pull an old fellow like me into port?" "I am sure they would," Jerry, "I wish you would take hold of them and pull!" "I believe I will! I'll get out the old Bible to-night, and I'll say that little prayer, if I can't remember that, I'll write out a new one. I promise you, miss, I'll do it!"

The next morning Edith was just starting out to walk down to the river when a messenger came in haste. "O, Miss Manion! There's been an accident, and old Jerry's Bible is out in the water. He is out of his head, and keeps saying something about pulling for the shore. The doctor says he can't live."

When they reached the place where Jerry was slowly breathing his life away, some one said: Jerry, Jerry, here is Miss Manion. Jerry opened his eyes and said faintly, "Sing that?" "And there, surrounded by a group of rough, though kindly men, Edith sang: 'Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand, See or the foaming billows, fair haven's land, Dream was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er, Sail within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.'" As she passed, Jerry's lips moved, and bending low to hear Edith caught the whisper: "I did it! I took the oars! I pulled for the shore! I pulled for the harbor!" A few more labored breaths, and Jerry had, as we trust, made the harbor.

A Sceptic's Opinion of Christ. "It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the gospel, is not historical, as he is not known to have existed at all; his miracles are unparalleled by the tradition of the followers. Who among the disciples or among their proselytes was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee; as certainly not St. Paul, whose character and idiosyncrasies were of a totally different sort; still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that the good which was in them was all derived from the higher source.

About the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality, combined with profundity of insight, which, if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision where something very different was aimed at, must place the Prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in his inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission who ever existed upon earth, religion can not be said to have made a bad choice in placing on him the most noble representative guide of humanity; and even now would it be easy even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life."—(Three Essays on Religion.) John Stuart Mill, Am. Ed., pp. 223-2255.

"Is God Here?" A young man had been extremely profane, and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a high-minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made epigrammatic efforts to conquer it. But not until a few months ago did he become virtuous, when the glowing evil was set before him, by a little girl, in its real and shocking awfulness. One Sunday morning, standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word "God!" and he was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the face of a little girl, three or four years old, as lying her dolly lightly down, she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is God here?"

Fate and ashamed, and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said "Why? Cause I'm a man, and he was when I heard you speaking to him." Then noticing the sober look on his face and the tears of shame in his eyes as he gazed down on the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the hand, exclaiming approvingly, "Call him again, Papa, and I dess he'll surely come."

"Oh, how every child of the child's trusting words cut to his heart. The little small voice was heard at last. Catching the wondering child up in his arms he knelt down, and for the first time in his life implored of God's forgiveness for past offences and guidance for all his future life. "Thinking him in fervent spirit that he had not surely come to him in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely, 'a little child shall lead them.'"—Paeific.

The Praying Superintendent. We know of superintendents who feel the burden of their office resting upon them so heavily that they daily pray for divine aid to help them in their work. You may be sure that these are not the men who seek the office, but rather who are sought by the office. They are not the men who so delight in place and notoriety that they seek the office after the position because it gives them authority and prominence before their fellow men, it is to be feared, do not pray much, or, if in public, they pray, for the work which the man who seeks God for the help which no human aid can give. There is a limit to the help afforded by assemblies and institutes which these can not supply. The praying superintendent knows where these needs can be met. Yet not for himself alone does he pray. He remembers his fellow-laborers and prays for them. As a faithful superintendent, he knows somewhat of the peculiarities of every teacher, as well as of the scholars; and he asks God for the special grace needed by each one. His prayers make him sympathetic in his school; they help him to form charitable judgments of persons and events; they prompt him to greater faithfulness; and they give to all the services of the school that wondrous charm of spirituality which distinguishes the teacher of the heart with interest in religious life which ought to be manifested in every Sunday-school.—The Study.

EFFECT OF A WORD.—I one day visited a dying man in the General Hospital, Montreal. As I was leaving the ward, the whole hospital was startled by terrible cries. I was told that a man had just awakened from chloroform, after amputation. How could I comfort him and relieve the patients from such disturbance? I went into the sufferer's ward; every one there seemed awe-struck. What could I say? Praying for a word, I walked to his bed, and whispered in his ear, "God is love."

He instantly ceased his groaning, and, looking at me said: "I know it, sir; but I have neglected, rejected and denied him; I have blasphemed his name, and forgotten him."

"I have no doubt you have, my friend, and so did I, for many years; but God is love. I told him of the love which laid his sin, as well as mine; on Christ; of the love which suffered for them. His cries ceased. I left him in peace. There is no cure for the ills of this mortal life but the love of God. Rest in that, oh, reader! Rest in the full statement made for your sins by Jesus, the Son of God, 'Rest in Christ, the living life-giver.'"—Major Malin.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hygienic Food and Mellin's Food and Mellin's Food and Mellin's Food of Cartersville, Geo., says: "I take great pleasure in saying your Emulsion has proved itself in my hand a most efficient remedy, in the various wasting conditions calling for such a nutriment."

READERS OF THIS PAPER

REQUIRING BOOTS OR SHOES, OF ANY DESCRIPTION are invited to examine our stock which contains the most stylish lines of English and American Manufacturers.

WATERBURY & RISING, 94 King and 219 Union Street.

JAMES HALLIDAY, Tailor and Clothier, GENTS FURNISHINGS, Foot of Bell's Lane, 78 Up. Water St., HALIFAX, N. S.

HERBERT W. MOORE, Attorney-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. OFFICES: MAIN ST., PORTLAND, and 107 FRANK W. WALKER STREET, ST. JOHN.

MONT. McDONALL, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, Etc OFFICE: No. 1 Barnhill's Building, Princess St.

Machinery for Sale. Price: 1 Engine Lathes, length 6 ft., swing 10 in., full P. W. B. make, \$225 00; Parts of Engine Lathes, P. Blaisdell, maker, complete excepting bed, 75 00; 1 Bolt Cutter, will cut from 2 to 3/4 in. hand or power, cost \$20; with 2 taps or dies, \$30 00; 1 Steam Engine, new, 3 h. p., 110 00; 1 Steam Engine, used, 2 h. p., 60 00; Small Engine Castings, 2 h. p. per set, 5 00

E. BINFILL, - - - 43 DOCK STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

COOKING STOVES, Ranges, &c. The subscribers are showing a large assortment of above goods. Being of our Own Manufacture, we can offer rare inducements to cash purchasers.

J. HARRIS & Co., 27 & 29 Water St., SAINT JOHN, N. B. SALT, RICE AND SODA! Daily expected per Ship Nettle Murphy.

5,500 SACKS LIVERPOOL SALT Now receiving per Ship, Arrimated: 100 Sacks New Arrived Salt; 100 Sacks Salt Sulfate.

BARBOUR BROS COMFORT AND PLEASURE Secured in All with Little Trouble or Expense Walking Boots, Blasting Boots, Dancing Shoes, Wedding Boots, Gaiters, Boots, Soft Boots, Slippers, and all kinds of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters. Those who have bought from the publisher cannot be deceived, the more than grand best price for money. Further reductions will be made on Christmas Eve, and on New Year's Day.

ST. NICHOLAS. An illustrated monthly periodical for boys and girls, appearing on the 15th of each month. Edited by Mary Hayes Dodge. Price, 20 cents a number, or \$2.00 a year in advance. Booksellers, news-vendors, post-offices, and the publishers take subscriptions, which should be sent to the publishers, Boston, Mass., or to the editors, New York, N. Y., the following as among the leading features FOR 1886-87: A Serial Story by Frances Hodgson Burnett. The first long story by a child-writer. Christmas Story by W. B. Howells. With humorous pictures by his little daughter, "George Washington," by Horace E. Scudder. A novel and attractive historical serial, "The Boyhood of Lincoln," by Rose Kingsley. The first "The Candy Country,"—a November.

New "A Tale of Young Folks," by "E. L." This series forms a grand and helpful memorial of a child-writer's noble and helping soul. Papers on the Great English School, Rugby and others. Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. A Sea-coast Serial Story by J. T. Rowbridge, with life-like vignettes, and a serial, "Jenny's Boarding-School," a serial by Jas. O. Deane, dealing with new-boy life and education. Frank R. Stockton will contribute several of his humorous and entertaining stories, "Drill," by John Preston Truesdell. A capital school story for boys.

The Boyhood of Lincoln, by Rose Kingsley. With illustrations by Alfred Parsons. Short stories by scores of prominent writers including Susan Coolidge, H. H. Boyerson, Nora Ferry, T. A. Janvier, Washington Irving, Kate Kemmer Johnson, Joselyn Miller, Sophie May, Meredith's "Myself," and many others. Entertaining sketches by Alice W. Rollins, Charles G. Loring, Henry B. Thoreau, and others. Subscriptions for the year should be sent to the publishers, Boston, Mass., or to the editors, New York, N. Y., the following as among the leading features FOR 1886-87: A Serial Story by Frances Hodgson Burnett. The first long story by a child-writer. Christmas Story by W. B. Howells. With humorous pictures by his little daughter, "George Washington," by Horace E. Scudder. A novel and attractive historical serial, "The Boyhood of Lincoln," by Rose Kingsley. The first "The Candy Country,"—a November.

ST. NICHOLAS. An illustrated monthly periodical for boys and girls, appearing on the 15th of each month. Edited by Mary Hayes Dodge. Price, 20 cents a number, or \$2.00 a year in advance. Booksellers, news-vendors, post-offices, and the publishers take subscriptions, which should be sent to the publishers, Boston, Mass., or to the editors, New York, N. Y., the following as among the leading features FOR 1886-87: A Serial Story by Frances Hodgson Burnett. The first long story by a child-writer. Christmas Story by W. B. Howells. With humorous pictures by his little daughter, "George Washington," by Horace E. Scudder. A novel and attractive historical serial, "The Boyhood of Lincoln," by Rose Kingsley. The first "The Candy Country,"—a November.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease by the use of a small quantity of the most refined and most pure cod liver oil, and Mellin's Food and Mellin's Food of Cartersville, Geo., says: "I take great pleasure in saying your Emulsion has proved itself in my hand a most efficient remedy, in the various wasting conditions calling for such a nutriment."

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease by the use of a small quantity of the most refined and most pure cod liver oil, and Mellin's Food and Mellin's Food of Cartersville, Geo., says: "I take great pleasure in saying your Emulsion has proved itself in my hand a most efficient remedy, in the various wasting conditions calling for such a nutriment."