

## Sights and Sounds in India, for Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys.—I am going to write you about two people; but will not tell you their names. Perhaps some of you will see them before reading this letter. Many others will see them soon after, no doubt. You would like to know their names; but I will not tell. Their names shall not appear in this epistle.

This is Wednesday, March 16th. An orchard is our hamlet. A tent is our home. We have three tents. Under the front row of mango trees is a tent, where three people live. Their names are Mrs. Morse, Miss Newcombe and Marion. Their tent is the one that belongs to the Bimlipatam Station. Under the next row of trees is another tent, where Marion's guinea-pig and I have taken up our abode, and are as snug as an Indian in his wigwam. This is the Vizianagram tent, which has been lent to us by Mr. Sanford. Under the third row of trees is the third tent, inhabited by our Telugu brothers, who have come to camp out with us and help preach the gospel in the surrounding villages. Over our heads the parrots screech, the doves coo and the sun shines. In the night, the green mangoes fall upon the soft roof of our tabernacle and roll to the ground. To the westward, about twice as far away as a boy can throw a stone, is the road that runs from Bimlipatam to Chicacole. By the mile stones along the road, we are about seven miles north of Bimli, and forty miles south-west of Chicacole. If you go along the road, past our encampment, in the evening, the light of our lanterns and the fires beneath the trees, make us look like a settlement of Micmacs. The fires which you see under the trees are our cooking stoves. We have named this sylvan habitation "Suvantha Grahmmamoo," which is, being interpreted, "Glad Tidings Villa."

"Never mind the name of your encampment!" says a wide-awake boy. "I would rather know the names of the two people, about whom, you are going to write." But you will have to find that out the best way you can; for I won't tell. A few days ago when a coolie brought our letters from the Bimli P. O., we received a card from one of them. It was written in a lady's hand. It informed us that the writer and her husband expected God willing, to arrive at Vizianagram Mission house, Thursday evening, that is day after tomorrow. But what is that to us? Many a man and his wife come to Vizianagram every day. Let them come and go and we will go on with our work! But this couple are going to take the train, Friday evening. They are going to a large city on the other side of India. This city is a seaport, and for a wonder in India, it has a good harbor. Its name is,—well you can find it on the map. At this seaport they are to get aboard a steamer and sail out of the harbor, across the Arabian Sea, into the gulf of Aden, up through the Strait of Babel Mandeb, the hot Red Sea, the Gulf of Suez, and then through the Suez Canal into the Mediterranean Sea, whose waters of loveliest blue kiss that blessed shore, whose white sands are not far from Nazareth and Bethlehem and Gethsemane. Many a rosy evening, from the top of the hill that towers above the place, "where he was brought up," the Boy of Nazareth must have watched the sun go down into the bosom of this "Great Sea." In His name, our two friends cross this sea of sacred memory to Brindisi, a seaport on the south of Italy in "The heel of the boot." Did I say "Brindisi?" Come to think, I am not sure but that they are to go on to Marseilles in the south of France. If you ask them they will tell you. From Brindisi or Marseilles, they plan to take the train to Paris and Calais, whence they cross the Strait of Dover to Dover in England. From England, they are to sail across the mighty Atlantic to that best country in the world, called "Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island."

But come back to our Mango orchard, Suvantha Grahmmamoo. This is Wednesday, March sixteenth. Although we have carried our two friends on the wings of thought to their native shores, they have not yet arrived at Vizianagram. They are coming tomorrow night. If we want to see them before you do, we must be off in the morning. If we want a cool trip, we must start by four o'clock, so as to reach Vizianagram before the sun gets hot. Accordingly, at three o'clock next morning the ring of the alarm clock awakens me and the guinea-pig and we arouse the whole villa. At four o'clock the jinricksha starts, drawn by the rejoicing coolies, who look at our journey, from their standpoint, as a quick way to earn a good dinner. They look upon my bicycle as a wonderful rival, that cheats them out of many a paying job. They run on with the ladies in the jinrickshas and I follow later on the wheel. After catching the coolies, spinning ahead and turning out a hundred ox-carts to clear the way, we arrived at a place where three roads meet, and see the Vizianagram Mission House gleaming through the trees. Mr. Gullison is just coming out the chapel room from Telugu morning prayers. Why, here is Mr. Higgins too! "When did you come?" But he is not the two people about whom we are writing.

Indeed, when night falls they have not come. But the jinricksha is once more before the door. The coolies are in the shafts, a lighted lantern is suspended beneath the body and Miss Newcombe is in the seat. Six of us make a circle about the carriage and sing, "Bless be the tie that binds" and Mr. Gullison leads us in prayer for a safe and happy journey. The jinricksha passes out under the branches of the trees, through the gate, turns to the right and faces the north. Thence, without turning to the right hand or the left, it is to go straight toward the

north star, thirty-seven miles. Rolling over the road all night long it must reach its destination by the rising of the sun. There the passenger will alight at the door of a Mission Bungalow, where she expects to stay a few weeks with Miss Harrison. What is the name of this mission station that is thirty-seven miles due north of Vizianagram?

The rest of us remain at Vizianagram. Friday morning, when we awake Mr. Gullison tells us that our two friends have arrived. They met Miss Newcombe on the road. "Good morning!" He has a heavy head, once black, but now the storms of three score years have left many a wintry scar. "Good morning!" His wife's brow too is silvered o'er, and she looks paler than usual this morning, for she was sick with high fever on the road yesterday and had to take refuge in a travellers' Bungalow. There she lay for several hours unconscious, while he who watched over her wondered if she were not about to take a shorter journey home than the ten thousand miles of hills and billows that she must cross before reaching Canada.

The evening family worship is over. The word of God has been read and his gracious blessing craved upon his two children, who are on the eve of their long voyage. The clock strikes eleven. A lantern leads our silent march to the station. We take a short cut across the railroad and arrive ahead of the train. The tickets are bought. The baggage is looked after. We hear the whistle. We see the head-light. The engine thunders by and stops. They get aboard. "Good bye! God bless you!" The long train rolls out of the station. Its red lantern gleams from behind, forbidding us to follow. We lose sight of it as it turns a slight curve and its rumble sounds fainter and fainter, until the last wave dies on the midnight air. They come laden with good news. During the last two years they have seen the grace of God in the salvation of the Telugus, perhaps as never before, during their career in India. They can tell you about it all. Ask them to tell you the story of Genesis and Matthew. Receive them in the Lord with all gladness and hold them in honor, because for the work of Christ they have been nigh unto death, not regarding their lives that they might preach the unsearchable riches of Christ amongst the Telugus.

Sincerely yours,

Bimlipatam, India, April 6th.

L. D. MORSE.

## Tidings From Afar.

DIVIDING UP THE LAND.

With the beginning of '98 our mission stations number seven. In '92 the Chicacole field, with its high population of 1,210,000, was divided, like "all Gaul," into three parts. Between Chicacole and Bobbili, to the West, a slice of some 500 sq. miles, with a population of 210,000 was taken off. This was called the Palkonda field because the town of that name was to be the Station where the missionary for that field would live. Palkonda has up to date had no resident missionary. Well might that great district be called "the neglected field." Has the Lord no grace for Palkonda? Has he, in all the Maritime Provinces, no messenger of mercy whom he can send to this benighted field? From hundreds of "burning grounds," the smoke of funeral pyres daily reminds one of the appalling condition of those concerning whom the Bible says "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever."

In the same year ('92) another slice was taken from the original Chicacole field. This time 350,000 people, living in about 100 villages, were counted as belonging to the new field called Parlakimedi. This lies to the Northwest of Chicacole. Kimedi is one of the most lovely spots that God ever smiled upon. The eye never tires of those beautiful hills that form the background of the picture, nor of the deep green rice-fields that (during the rainy season) stretch away across the valley to the foot of the hills yonder. The divine painter has given us a variety of perspective and a graceful outline that is simply inimitable. One gracefully curved peak after another rises at different perspectives in the background, until the horizon is lined with a dozen curves. This is God's handiwork. What a contrast to the devastation and desolation wrought in that lovely valley by the hand of man! The fumes of the bottomless pit make this "garden of the Lord," a very hell. What a reeking mass of moral corruption! What sensual rottenness! What a catalogue of unmentionable crimes! Oh the horror of heathenism! What a tale of gross and awful wickedness those hills could tell if they had lips to utter what has been daily committed under their shadow! But God has "a people" there and through the simple preaching of the gospel he means to bring out from the corrupt mass his own elect. They shall walk with him in white, having washed their garments in the blood of the Lamb.

THE THIRD FIELD.

This was just recently set off. It is called Tekkali. This town of some 5000 where I am now living, is the new station. The field lies to the northeast of Chicacole, and contains probably about 500,000 people. Within four miles of this town are about 60 villages. This whole stretch of country for many scores of miles is dotted with clusters of mud huts, each cluster (a village) covering from one half an acre to two acres. These huts look like haystacks, and a collection of them will contain from 100 to 1000 people.

THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

This can best be seen by referring to the Apostle's description of them which is true to life. "Even as they refused to retain God in their knowledge, God gave

them over to a reprobate mind to do those things that are not fitting; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, deceit, debate, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, hateful to God, insolent, haughty, boastful, inventors of evil things, etc." "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace have they not known; there is no fear of God before their eyes." God has been speaking loudly to the heathen in this country the past year. His judgments have been abroad in the land as evidenced by famine, cholera, small-pox, plague, earthquake and war. May they "learn righteousness!" We need more workers from the home land this year. The need of a much larger number to carry the message of peace is always a standing urgency. This is our hour of opportunity. Who will come? Let not the fear of snakes, cholera, small-pox, leprosy, plague, or this dreadful heat, or the disgusting sights of heathen wickedness, keep you back from following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth even into the darkness of horrible heathenism. Our Captain bids us "go forward." Shall we refuse to "shun delights and live laborious days" when such tremendous issues are at stake and the Master calls for volunteers? He wants those who count not their lives dear unto themselves, and who are not afraid of the toil, discouragements, hardships and loneliness, of this land of darkness and gross sin, to hasten with willing feet, and glad responsive hearts, at his command to bear the tidings of life to those for whom He died. Who will gladden the Saviour's heart by responding at this hour: "Here am I?" Who covets the compensation, the unspeakable joy, the crown of peace, that he gives to those who choose to "suffer with him?" The service may seem hard, but really it is full of glad surprises. There is no joy equal to that which those obtain who "have fellowship with him in his sufferings" and "are made conformable unto His death." His yoke is easy and his burden is light.

"Only a little while  
Of walking with weary feet,  
Patiently over the thorny way,  
That leads to the golden street.

Suffer if 'tis God's will!  
And work for him while we may;  
From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown  
Is only a little way."

Tekkali, April.

W. V. HIGGINS.

## Arrow Points.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

The feeblest knock at the door of mercy is heard in the highest heavens.

It is easier to get into difficulty than it is to get out of it. Christ pleads our cause in heaven, let us plead His cause on earth.

The more we give to God, the more will He give to us; for "the liberal soul shall be made fat."

The nearer we get to Christ the nearer we get to heaven. A sinful life is more to be dreaded than a painful death. God sometimes hides His face from us, because we hide our face from Him.

Though, like the Israelites of old, we may be called upon to sojourn in a wilderness, there is comfort in the thought that even the wilderness borders on the promised land.

The help we seek from Providence in one direction may come to us in quite another.

The God who gives His servants grace in this life will not fail to give them glory in the next.

'Tis sweeter to love than to hate,  
For hatred no comfort can bring,  
While love, the true off-spring of heaven,  
Gleams out like the gladness of spring.

Bass River.

## Baptist Women's Work of Ontario and Quebec.

From a Toronto despatch of Saturday to the Montreal Witness it is learned that the convention of the Baptist Women's Foreign and Home Mission Societies on Friday afternoon listened to an interesting address by Mr. S. E. Grigg, of McMaster University, who deplored any tendency to display on the part of fashionable city churches, when in the mission sections of Ontario and Quebec it was a hard task to fit up the meagre little chapel with the plainest necessities.

The report of the secretary, Miss Margaret Boyd, showed that the total receipts for the year for Baptist Home Missions amounted to \$4,947, an increase for the year of eighty-four dollars. Of this sum \$1,310 was appropriated to Ontario, \$850 to Quebec and \$1,050 to Manitoba and the Scandinavian work in the North-West.

The receipts of the Baptist Women's Foreign Mission fund, including a balance from the previous year were \$9,230.69, and the disbursements \$7,525.25. The delegates to both the Foreign and Home Mission Society Convention were given a reception at Moulton College.

The mass meeting which followed in Bloor Street Baptist Church was addressed by the Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester, N. Y. The proceedings during both days of the convention were most interesting, and in every way successful.

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