

Sights and Sounds in India.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—It is bright and early in the morning. The sky is clear as glory. The sea is nearly as peaceful as new-fallen snow. In a little rippling harbor our ship has stopped and cast anchor. In our cabin I am just up from my last sleep in a berth, where I have slept so well for twenty-nine nights, rocked on the unsleeping bosom of the sea. My knees are on the couch and my head is thrust out of the window—the big, square port-hole. Here in India—up and dressed for all day. With its nose bobbing against the ladder that runs down the side of the ship, here is a boat. The men in it beckon and chatter at everybody and beg for passengers to row ashore. There is another boat, and another! All around us the dimpled face of the water is alive with boats and ships.

On the shore is activity. It is full of houses and crowds and people. It is a big city. More people live in it than live in Halifax or St. John; yes, more than live in all Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. It is the capital of a part of India called the Madras Presidency. Out of that city, sitting in a boat, with a sun helmet on his head, with a white umbrella spread over him, comes a young man to meet us. We are well acquainted, for we went to school together at Newton. He came to India a year ago, under the Baptist Foreign Mission Board of the United States. His name is Charles Hadley.

Now we are in his house, remembering the dark men who rowed and sang us ashore, the narrow streets, the many corners we turned, the mud huts, and the mud puddles we passed, and how glad we are to be on solid ground once more. The lot sun's gone down in the West. "You will have to look out for scorpions to-night. This shower will bring them out. Keep your light burning and don't walk round without your slippers on." So Mr. Hadley said and lent me a pair of his old slippers. So I laid a long old rail near me on the floor and said, "Come along, scorpion, sting and all." In the middle of the night, sure enough! Up there on the window lattice, with eyes sparkling, feet scrambling, tail wriggling, what is that thing? Slippers are on, iron rod is in the air—victory or death. Slam, crash, rattle; down on the venetian shutters comes the rod. Out of sight retreats the wriggling foe and leaves no blood!

"Good morning, Hadley. I came near slaying a scorpion last night. "What did it look like?" asked Mrs. Hadley. I told her. "O," said she laughing. "I am glad you did not hurt that poor little lizard. They are fine fellows to catch the flies."

We should like to stay longer in this city with our friends, but the ship for Bimlipatam leaves at noon. Into a covered carriage, down the street, around corners, down along the wharf, into a boat, over the waves, up the side of the ship, beneath the pelting sun we go. I am so busy looking after our baggage that the captain notices his fiery horses and sets our big carry-all rolling along once more "over the deep blue sea." This is Wednesday noon. What is the name of the city we have left? We are smoking along toward the north-east. What is the name of this watery plain over which our steeds are stepping with unseen feet?

Four hundred and sixty-five miles along this shore to Bimlipatam. Through darkness and light, ploughing along, ploughing along. Now we are near the shore, only a mile or two away. We see trees with top-knots and queer buildings. We have come two hundred and seventy-four miles. The ship stops. Thump, thud, rattle goes the big chain; plunge, splash, gurgles goes the anchor. Out of the chain hole in the bow, down to the water, the great iron links chase one another like squirrels, and like lightning. Down out of sight, down goes the anchor to the bottom, digs his giant claw into the bed of the sea and holds us fast. As when in the morning you go out to feed the hens, and set on the ground a dishful of food, from all directions, coming like flapping their wings, crowding one another away, lighting on the edge of the dish, and diving into their breakfast headfirst; so as our ship stopped and sat upon the sea, out, after us, singing, rattling their oars, racing, rocking, pitching, came dozens of boats. This one is here first. Like a squirrel with a nut in his mouth, running up a tree, a man with a ragged rope hugged tight between his teeth is crawling up the side of the ship. Now he is safe aboard and is tying his rope to the rigging. Close on his boat comes up another boat, and close on his heels, with another rope in his mouth, crawls up another muddy looking man. Now on both sides the boats have flocked around us, crowding, scraping, bumping, splashing against one another, the men chattering, ordering, scolding, everyone trying to get into the best place.

Their boats are full of rice and other things which they have brought to put

on board the ship. They have come also to take people, horses and other freight ashore. All day the noise of their jabbering and of loading and unloading goes on. The name of this place is Masulipatam. At last we are off. The boats go singing, west ashore; and we go east north-east and bend around the crooked coast.

One hundred miles more through darkness and light, rocked and driven along through the blue billows. It is Friday morning. Once more we are closer ashore; the anchor takes another dive and we are tied up in front of a city by the sea. Once more the boats swarm around us like bees. Among the dark faces that come on board, beneath a white sun helmet there is one white face. It is the smiling countenance of my classmate at Newton, Rev. A. B. Lorimer. He arrived in India a few weeks ahead of me and is in this town studying the language. We plan to go ashore with him to see Mrs. LaFlamme, who is visiting here, and whose mother, Mrs. Fitch, we knew so well at Wolfville. But there is not enough time. We are very sorry, for we know how glad she would be to see those who had so lately seen her mother. Look down there, a large sack of grain is in the water, and two men who have jumped in after it are trying to get a rope around it. Darkness comes on and covers the noise. We lie down to rest with the sweet thought that this is probably our last night on the sea after our long trip of about ten thousand miles from Halifax. When morning breaks we are pushing along through the waves and the breeze. What is the name of the city we have left? It is the central station of the Upper Canadian Baptist Telugu Mission.

Seventy-four miles more and we stop in front of a town called Vizagapatam. In spite of ourselves we are a little excited, for we are only seven miles from Bimlipatam. Off again. This is Saturday, about two o'clock in the afternoon. In two hours we hope to be in front of Bimlipatam. My coat is of and perspiration is tickling my cheeks, for I have just finished packing up and tying up our luggage. Now we are on deck. Here is a gentleman who has often been at Bimlipatam. "What is that high hill?" "Mr. Sanford's mission house is under that hill." Now we can see around the hill. The east end of it is broken off clean down to the ground and swept away to make a place for the town. The top of the hill is in the sky. At the bottom of its steep precipice, so close that it looks as if Santa Claus could stand on the brow and drop a pair of skates on the roof, is a low, white house. Farther away from the hill to the east, with its front facing the front of the house, and with a kind of steeple on top, is a little white meeting-house. "That is Mr. Sanford's meeting-house," said the gentleman, "and that house is Mr. Sanford's bungalow." Mrs. Morse is so busy looking that before she knows it, the wind has pulled off her sun helmet—topped—which we bought at Port Said and has thrown it into the sea. But we are nearly home. Down goes the anchor. Out swarm the boats. Not far away is the sandy beach and the town. The shore is curved and makes a little open bay.

"Where the silver strand of (hot) gray sand lies like a sickle by the sea," and where the billows are tumbling their white-capped hills against the land in angry foam. Here comes a boat with a white man in it. It is Mr. Sanford, whose face I know, for I met him when he was home. I shake my hat at him and he shakes his. Soon we are all in the boat he has brought out to meet us. Now the bottom of our boat is grating on the beach; but we are not ashore yet, for the water is shallow and the boat has touched bottom, too far away for us to jump to dry land. But here comes a big chair; four men get a hold of it and Mr. Sanford jumps into it. His feet hang down and he rides ashore like a king on his throne. Back come the men, and the chair. Miss McNeil gets aboard next and goes laughing ashore. Back they come again. Mrs. Morse sits in the chair and they start off with her, leaving me in the boat alone. Two men want me to get on their shoulders, but I laugh at them and wait for the train. Once more the chair comes back, and I get in. The bare-footed men set the chair down on the sandy shore. I spring to my feet and grasp the hand of my old friend, M. B. Shaw. He had started to come out to meet us, but the waves dashed into the boat and wet him all over, so that he had to go back to the house and change his clothes. Mr. Sanford's son, Rowie, was on the shore to meet us too.

It is dark. Along the streets and round the corners we go; up a gently sloping hill, in through a gate, up stone steps, and into the house. Here to greet us are Mrs. Sanford, her daughter—Miss Lottie Sanford—Miss Grey, and Mrs. Churchill, who has come from Bobbili to meet Miss McNeil. Now supper is over, and I am in the telegraph office sending word home that we have arrived. How swiftly on the wings of the lightning our message will fly home. It is gone, and I am walking back to the bungalow beneath the stars of an Indian sky. "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." L. D. MOISE.

Bimlipatam, India, Dec. 19, '91.

Lame Horses.



FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE
—CURES—
Spavins, Rigboms, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, Sips and Stiff Joints on Horses.

Numberless testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy, and every day brings fresh testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

FREDERICTON.—Four candidates were baptized by the pastor on Sunday evening last.

HAMPTON.—Six happy believers were baptized at this place yesterday, March 6, in the presence of a very large assembly. They were received into the church at the close of the evening service. Still for the showers we pray.

GEORGETOWN.—Our pastor, Bro. Schurman, has tendered his resignation as pastor of this group. We trust that the great pastor will send a devoted, earnest man to oversee his work on this field. Bro. Schurman leaves the middle of June. Brethren, pray for us.

NORTH CHURCH, HALIFAX.—Meetings interesting. Baptized one first Sunday in February and three first Sunday in March. Strength is coming to the church. There are no divisions. The Bloomfield street mission is progressing, but the time has not come for another church organization.

TABERNACLE CHURCH, HALIFAX.—God is giving us some encouragement in the Tabernacle. Three are received for baptism to-morrow night; others are asking "What must I do to be saved?" John F. Crowe, Esq., of Boston, has kindly sent us \$10 towards our building fund. Glad to be remembered by friends abroad. Our house is going on and we use every dollar as fast as it comes.

NITUAUX.—Special services have been held in the sections of the Nituaux church. The quickening influence of the Spirit has been present in each place. But at the Falls the converting power of God has been manifested. There we have not only seen the wanderers return, but heard the rejoicings of new-born souls. Meetings of deep interest are now in progress.

FIRST YARMOUTH.—A cloud of blessing has broken upon this community. The indications are that our glorious Lord and Saviour will give many souls to this church. Pastor Foshee has already baptized nineteen; many others have confessed Christ in our full meetings, at which an unusual number of young men are present and take part. Dr. E. M. Saunders, living in town, has rendered valuable assistance in the pulpit and prayer meeting. Will not all the friends pray for Yarmouth and her churches? C. W. S.

OSWEGATCHIE, N. S.—Since our last communication the work of grace has gone steadily on. Last Sabbath, Feb. 26th, was a happy day with us. Bro. Young was baptized eight persons, all young men in the prime of life, and received another by letter. To-day we visited the baptismal waters again, when five more were baptized with Christ in baptism; making in all thirty-seven baptized since Bro. Young came with us. Truly this has been a season of refreshing from the Lord. Our brother is about to leave us for other parts of the country. We pray that God's blessing may follow him. E. H. W.

UPPER WILMOT CHURCH.—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 23, we began special services at Evergreen (one of the sections of this church). The Lord has blessed our efforts in the reclaiming of wanderers and the salvation of precious souls. On Sabbath, Feb. 28, we had baptism in which seven rejoicing converts were immersed on profession of faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And again, last Sabbath fifteen more believers put on Christ by baptism, making 22 in all since the meetings began; and still there are others who profess to be converted and are waiting for the ordinance. We give God all the glory. Rev. E. H. Howe, of Kingston, was with us in three of the services and his sermons were highly appreciated by all. Brethren, we desire your prayers.

SMITH'S COVE, N. S.—Since the 1st of November I have been laboring with the Smith's Cove and Clementport churches, though still residing in Digby. During nearly the whole of January my work was interrupted by sickness. Since my recovery I have been holding special services at Smith's Cove, and the Lord has visited and aroused His people. Four happy believers were baptized on the 28th ult., and many others are looking toward Zion. The religious interest has been increasing during the past three months, and there are now indications of a glorious harvest. At Deep Brook, where Rev. Aaron Cogswell and wife are residing and laboring in the Sunday-school and prayer-meetings, as much as our precarious health will permit, some young people have professed conversion. At Clementport the indications are favorable. One young man was baptized there in December, and others are coming out on the Lord's side. The fields are whitening. Oh for wisdom and skill to gather in the sheaves. Rev. J. L. M. Young, who is tarrying for the winter at Bear River, spent two or three days with us at the

Cove, and rendered good service. During his pastorate at Bear River he spent a portion of his time here and aided greatly in raising funds for the erection of the meeting-house, which is a handsome structure, convenient, comfortable and about free from debt. On the 1st inst., upwards of a hundred of the good people of this community assembled at the home of Mr. Robert Austin. After spending a very pleasant evening in social intercourse, Bro. Young, in a felicitous speech, presented to the pastor an expression of esteem from the people, in the form of a dish of money amounting to \$33.33, at the same time emphasizing the fact that this was not salary, but donation. May the Lord bless the donors. W. H. RICHAN.

ANNAPOLIS CO.—The Baptists of Annapolis County, N. S., held a special conference at Melville Square, March 8th to consider the centennial work of foreign missions. A most interesting and enthusiastic meeting was had, and a unanimous and hearty resolve made to raise at least five hundred dollars in the county, as part of the Centennial fund, and that the church do, as soon as possible, place this as a special contribution in the hands of the treasurer—Rev. G. E. Day. J. T. EATON, Secy.

FIRST HILLSBURG CHURCH.—Our hearts have been cheered of late by hearing the news of recent events in our social meetings. Two were baptized the last Sabbath in February and six others have been received for baptism March 13. The work is chiefly among the young people, and others are inquiring the way. We are now preparing to repair and remodel our house of worship. For some time repairs have been under consideration and the ladies have raised a considerable sum of money to be expended in that way. Recently Mr. J. B. Kinney, architect, has drawn plans for the improvement and beautifying of our church, and we have voted to expend some two thousand or more dollars during the coming summer in that way. PASTOR.

ST. JOHN.—The Baptist Ministers' Conference met in their rooms on the morning of March 14. Rev. James Spencer was elected president in place of Rev. J. A. Ford, who has removed to Eastport. Mr. Rev. A. E. Ingram announced the death of his son's wife, and on retiring the undersigned was appointed secretary for the present meeting in his place. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. J. Grant, of Sussex. The reports were interesting, but the general spiritual death in our churches was a matter for regret. Rev. G. O. Gates gave an interesting outline of the plans of the Centennial Committee, of which he is secretary. Rev. E. J. Grant gave an account of his work in Sussex. They are arranging to hold special services. There were some things for encouragement in the report from Leinster St. A. young man who was baptized a short time ago has offered himself for the ministry, and intends to begin his studies this autumn. He is a promising young man. Some have recently found the Saviour, and two or three are talking of being baptized soon. The conference requested the Secretary to prepare to give an outline of the work in which he is engaged in Manitoba. H. G. MELLICK, Secy pro tem.

PERSONALS.
We are pleased to see Rev. I. N. Parker, pastor of the Courtenay Bay Methodist church, out again after several weeks' absence from a very severe attack of la grippe.

Rev. J. B. Woodland has resigned his charge of the Milton (Yarmouth) Baptist church to accept the pastorate of a church in Salem, Ohio. Bro. Woodland is highly esteemed by his brethren in three provinces, and his departure for a distant field will be much regretted. His work in connection with temperance reform especially deserves recognition. We greatly regret to learn that Rev. W. B. Hinson, of Moncton, has been for several weeks past laid aside from work by illness. For a fortnight, a correspondent informs us, Mr. Hinson was for the greater part of the time confined to his bed. He is now somewhat better, but still quite weak. His physician has prohibited him from all study for the present, and prescribed a long rest as absolutely necessary. Mr. Hinson's church has generously voted him a three months' leave of absence, and, if sufficiently strong, he will leave for England on April 8th, in the hope that the sea-voyage and rest will be of benefit. We sincerely trust that this hope will be realized, and that our brother will return with health completely restored.

Grateful Mention.
The number and frequency make it almost impossible to mention all the kind notices received from this people. Some weeks ago at the close of a prayer-meeting, in Lower Economy, I was presented, on behalf of the young converts, with an overcoat and an address, the overcoat being as warm as the address was warm-hearted. Thanks to all these generators of encouragement. J. B. CHAMPELON.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Pur-gative Medi-cine. They are a Blood Purifier, Tonic and Brain-structure, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to en-rich the blood, curing all diseases coming from Poor and Weak Blood, or from VITATED HUMORS in the Blood, and also invigorate and Build up the system, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring lost vigor and correcting all irregularities and imbalances.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers lagging, should take these Pills. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably result in disease when neglected.

YOUNG MEN They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN They should take these Pills to make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (25c. per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Brockville, Ont.

ONE PRICE, and that the lowest possible. PLAIN FIGURES.

YOU see the price for yourself. And if the garments suit you, you may have them by paying just the marked price—no more, no less. We will not urge any one to buy that which they do not require. Our goods, we intend, will sell themselves—that is, if low prices and honest dealings is anything to go by; if not, we will go out of business. When we say we will not break our prices for anyone we mean it. We do not want anyone to think that it is stiffness on our part or a want of *come and go*, commonly spoken of in trade transactions. It simply means this, that we are determined on honest business or none, and have marked ALL our goods at the lowest possible price. The advantage is with the customer every time. Are these advantages? Does common-sense answer, Yes? If so, we add other advantages. We offer the most complete stock of Ready-made Clothing and Cloths for Custom-Tailoring ever shown in our city. Our Men's Department has been recognized as the leading one here, and we can assure the public that our stock for Spring of '92 is provided in advance of anything we have shown before.

Our Boys' and Children's Department has been provided for in such a way as to make it equal to any in Canada. While we have made a special departure in providing for our Young Men's trade, we will only say this of our Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods Department: we intend to make it specially attractive to young men as soon as we get into our new premises, which will be about April 1, and have purchased accordingly.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., OAK HALL.

New Spring Goods NOW OPENING.

IN SCOTCH, ENGLISH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS, Worsteds Suits, Overcoatings, Trousers, in all patterns & prices, which will be cut & made in good style. Perfect satisfaction given in money refunded.

ALSO, A FULL LINE OF MEN'S FURNISHINGS

CRANDALL'S - CLOTHING - EMPORIUM,

34 GERRISH STREET, WINDSOR, N. S.

MILLER BROS.' EXHIBIT.

At the recent exhibition MILLER BROS. (Grandville St., Halifax) occupied a large space (nearly the whole of the south end gallery), and their show presented a fine appearance. It was all enclosed by a nice metal railing of turned banisters, and the place raised about eight inches, which was all covered by a nice carpet, the walls and ceiling being nicely papered, and suspended from the ceiling were three electric lights, and their whole place tastefully and richly draped and some nice pictures hung. They showed fifteen fine Organs and Pianos. The Karm Organ in church and parlor styles, some of which were very fine in both appearance and tone, ranged in price from \$75 to \$450. Also some fine Karm Pianos in mahogany, circular, walnut and rosewood finish. The Evans Bros. Piano in mahogany, walnut and rosewood finish, both of those makes of pianos are becoming very popular. Prices of Pianos shown ranged from \$250 to \$600. Occasionally some very elegant music could be heard from their department. They also showed in a separate booth ten of the celebrated Raymond Sewing Machines in different styles of oak and walnut. Among them was a very fine cabinet machine, which attracted much attention, it being so simple to open and close and to operate, and when closed having the appearance of a writing desk. This machine has become of late years a general favorite with the public. This firm deserves credit for going to the trouble and expense they did in making so fine an exhibit. They received three diplomas on their organs and pianos—the highest award given; no prizes were offered. They have now been in business over twenty years, and during that term have worked up a very large business in the lower provinces, which territory they control.

THE WORD "DYSPEPTICURE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Dyspepticure
Prepared by
Charles K. Short, Pharmacist, St. John, N.B.

TWO YEARS AGO "Dyspepticure" was known to some hundreds of people scattered here and there throughout the Maritime Provinces and New England States.

TO-DAY Thousands upon thousands of Cured Chronic Dyspeptics are sounding its praises all over America.

"Dyspepticure" differs wholly from all other remedies, and is a discovery in the treatment of all stomach troubles. By its soothing and healing action on the irritated coatings of that Great Nerve Centre, the Stomach, it positively cures not only Indigestion but the severest forms of Chronic Dyspepsia.

"DYSPEPTICURE" ASTONISHES CHRONIC DYSPEPTICS.

Sample Size, 25c. Large Bottles (much cheaper), \$1.00.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PREPARED BY CHARLES K. SHORT, PHARMACEUT, ST. JOHN, N. B.

USE IDEAL SOAP.

FULL POUND BAR.

USE SURPRISE SOAP

ON WASH-DAY.

It saves money. READ the directions on the wrapper.