Report of Chicacole Mission Field for 1889.

Through the great goodness of our loving and merciful Father we are permitted to review the work of another year. My health has been good, and that of Mrs. Archibald all that could be expected.

Several weeks of the hot season were spent on Dewdangar, our mission sanitarium, during which time a house was built, which it is hoped may prove very useful. The greater part of December was spent by us both on a trip to Calcutta, for the double purpose of attending the Indian Sunday School Convention and for the benefit of Mrs. Archibald's health.

During these absences Miss Wright remained at her post and rendered efficient help in the general interests of the work. During Mrs. Archibald's illness in September, October and part of November, in addition to attending to her own work, Miss Wright taught *her* three daily classes—two in the Bible and one in sewing, besides taking care of Mrs. Archibald and in every way rendering invaluable assistance, for which we hardly know how to be sufficiently thankful.

STATION WORK.

The attendance at the religious services has not differed much from that of former years. We have been giving the Sunday-school a rather more prominent place than heretofore, by often having the prayer-meeting of the day after the school, and exhorting all to pray for grace to live in accordance with the teaching of the lesson—in which case the preaching service of the day is held in the afternoon.

The boarding-school has been larger than ever before. The year began with eight, and closes with nineteen. The highest number at any one time was twenty-three, several of whom were young men recently converted from heathenism.

TOURING WORK.

Seven tours were made covering a period of one hundred and forty-five and a half days, during which 1,260 miles were travelled, many books were sold and thousands of tracts distributed. The only months in which touring was not done were May, June and December. The chief centres of work have been the six sub-stations, to which twenty-six visits have been paid, as follows: Akulatampara four, Kimedy six, Tekkali six, Kasibugga two, Calingapatam three and Palaconda five. While engaged in this work the Lord encouraged and cheered our hearts. On one tour four were baptized.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

A larger number of converts direct from heathenism has been brought in, than in any preceding year. They are nine in number, and came from seven different castes as follows:—the Barber, the Weaver, the Rellie, the Cumsali, the Komati, the Kalinga and the Savara. In addition to these, one has been received from the Church of England and two from the London Mission, making twelve in all. It is noticeable that the converts have not come from the parts of the field where the most effort has been expended, but we do not feel that the work in those parts has been in vain. God has heard our prayers in bringing His own elect out from among the people, and we thank Him for His manifested power.

A church of seventeen members was organized at Tekkali early in the year. Brethren Sanford and Churchill were present, also delegates from the Bobbili, Bimlipatam, Akulatampara and Chicacole churches. The record of the year has not been all that we hoped for, but now that the famine is over, with all its trials and discouragement, we shall look for better things. Present membership, 19.

The Akulatampara church has been without a pastor. This is a new experience for this church, and it has borne the testing better than we anticipated. Some have done well in trying to sustain the meetings. All regular contributing to the Lord's work was given up, but near the close of the year a grand rally was made, and the thirteen resident members contributed to benevolent objects $18.50. Probably no pastor will be given to this church unless it undertakes his support, which it is well able to do.

Only a very few members of the Chicacole church have given serious trouble during the year. The greater number have been progressing in the knowledge of God's word, and in a desire to do His will more perfectly. It has 23 resident members.

Encouraging progress has been made by all the churches in regard to care in taking in new members. Careful questioning of candidates for baptism in private and before the church is the rule.

The sentiment against the use of tobacco has grown surprisingly in the minds of the Christians. Several of the new converts gave up its use from the day of their baptism. We had among the Christians 52 addicted to its use out of a membership of 90; now we have 31, 21 having given it up. If there is a mission helper on the field who uses tobacco in any form, I do not know it. We try to show them that Christ's life was one of self-denial, and that we should *follow* Him—that it is a small matter for us to deny ourselves this sensual gratification for His sake.

Our hearts have been cheered by the liberality of a goodly number of the Christians. Total contributions, apart from the missionaries, $109.19. Our first quarterly meeting was held in September. Verbal reports were presented from each of the sub-stations, and the needs of each were noted. The importance of Sunday school work and other questions were warmly discussed, and a profitable time was enjoyed. As the preachers are not called into the station monthly, we feel that the arrangement to have a quarterly gathering is a step in advance.

SCHOOL WORK.

Less has been done last year in regard to day schools. The station school has been composed largely of those in the boarding department. Frequent baptisms and the general religious influence have kept away the heathen children, whom we would have gladly welcomed to the privileges of the school. We have had only three village schools—at Akulatampara, Calingapatam, and Kasibugga. The first was given up after three months, principally because the services of the teachers was not satisfactory. The average attendance at the other two schools was about 37. In the school at Calingapatam good work was done. This school is sustained very largely by Mr. Gibson, who has done much during the year for the furtherance of the Lord's work.

As to Sunday school work, the aim has been to have a good school at the station and at each of the six sub-stations. The International Series of Lessons has been used as heretofore, and a growing interest is being manifested in them. About 150 have been registered in these schools, and the average attendance has been about 96.

COLPORTAGE.

The colporteurs have been employed. All have done good work. By the frequent testimony of new converts to the benefits derived from the reading of certain Christian books, I am more than ever convinced of the importance of the continuance of this work. The colporteurs referred to, whose names are Jaggaiah, Appanba and Jacob, toured 436 days, and sold 4,357 books for $88.73. Sold by missionaries, 1,439 books for $27.46. Total sales, 5,976 books for $125.16.

THE GREAT NEEDS OF THE FIELD.

Seven more mission families and the founding of six new mission stations at once. One family to settle at once at Chicacole, and be prepared by study and experience to take over charge of the mission field in March, 1891, when I hope to go on furlough. Six other families for the following places where mission stations should be established: Palconda, Gunapuram, Kimedy, Tekkali, Mandasa, and one on the hills among the Savars. These places vary in distance from Chicacole from 25 to 55. No two are nearer to each other than 19 miles. We know of no field in India which calls more loudly for men than this. It has 95 miles of a coast line, and extends into the interior from 35 to 60 miles or more, and has a population of probably not less than 800,000.

OUTLOOK.

Encouraging. God is giving us marked proofs of His willingness to save. Many very encouraging cases of heathen earnestly seeking the light could be cited did space permit.

STATISTICS.

Baptized,	12
Received by Letter,	4
" Experience,	2
Dismissed,	1
Excluded,	4
Died,	4
Present Membership,	90
Resident,	84
Non-Resident,	6

I. E. ARCHIBALD.

Chicacole, Dec. 31st, 1889.

On the Lake of Galilee.

One clear, pleasant afternoon in the early spring harvest of the year of our Lord, 29, there stood on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee on a slight eminence commanding an almost uninterrupted view of the lake, a little group of seven men engaged in earnest conference. The blue waters glided softly over the pebbly beach below them, and the bright sails of the fishing craft hung limp and motionless in the still air.

To the south, the white towers and palaces of the newly built Tiberias, hateful to the faithful Jew, both as the work of Herod Antipas, and because it stood on the site of a former burial place and was therefore unclean, reflected the softened glow of sunset. Behind them, the hills sloped gently back to the heights of Tabor, hiding in their deep ravines and inaccessible gorges bands of robbers and outlaws, while on the left, sheltered by the surrounding mountains, and following the graceful curve of the lake, the narrow plain of Gennesaret blossomed in the luxurious profusion of an almost tropical climate. Here stood the cities hallowed by the footsteps of the long-expected Messiah. Magdala, Capernaum, Chorazin and the two Bethsaidas were all within easy reach; all consecrated by the miracles wrought in their streets and all dear to the men who now surveyed them, because they were the names of home and birthplace. Across the lake, rose desolate, barren cliffs strangely contrasting with the fertility of the western shore, while northward the eye, rising from mountain to mountain, past cities, "set upon a hill" and fortress crowned ridges, rests at length upon the snowy Hermon.

Yet the surrounding scenery, beautiful though it is, even at the present day, and full of tenderest recollections as it must have been to the men on the shore, hardly occupied their thoughts for a moment. For three years, these seven fishermen, sun-burned and with their muscles hardened by toil, had been wanderers following the lead of One who had not where to lay His head; teaching and preaching the new gospel, and pupils themselves, while they imparted the great truths to others. Up and down the hills of Galilee from the snows of Hermon to the ranges of Carmel, over the plains of Esdraelon and through the despised region of Samaria, back and forth across Jordan and up the Jericho road, past the olive trees of Bethany, and through the crowded streets of Jerusalem they had traveled on foot, dusty and weary, sometimes but half understanding the good of their mission, yet always clinging in faith to the wonderful Guide who patiently bore with their infirmities, and gently turned their hearts from the dazzling dream of a temporal reign, to the blessed realities of the kingdom of heaven. But the dream was hard to give up, and in spite of the prophecies from His own lips, the dark shadow of the cross lay athwart their hopes and disturbed their faith in His resurrection.

No longer than two weeks before the day on which they met here, they had seen him crucified, pierced by the spear of the Roman, tenderly laid in the sepulchre of Joseph, and the spot sealed and guarded by the Roman watch. Could it be true that, notwithstanding all this, he was the Messiah? that the form which they had beheld at intervals since was not a spirit, but the real body of the Jesus whom they had known? He had sent them word to meet him in Galilee, and in obedience to that command, they were now here, bewildered, hesitating and awaiting further developments. Long and earnestly they talked together, Peter and James and John, Nathanael, Thomas and two others, possibly Philip and Andrew; but their faith was not yet so strong that they could wait contentedly until Jesus should reveal Himself more fully to them.

What should they do? Too sorrowful to go out and preach the gospel, as they had been doing before Christ's death; too helpless without their leader to defy the angry opposition of the Pharisees; too conscious of their own spiritual weakness to face the multitudes, they were like sheep without a shepherd, a forlorn little flock, surrounded by those who would not have hesitated to take their lives, had the opportunity offered. Perhaps there were pecuniary difficulties weighing on their minds; probably they had families to support; Peter, at least, was married; James and John had parents living, and it is hardly probable that the others were without family ties. If they could not preach, ought they not to go to work? They must live, and how could they live without money? Fishing was their former trade, and the dimpling waters of the lake smilingly invited them to search its transparent depths as of old for the silvery fish.

Peter, impatient and impulsive, can no longer wait in inactivity the appearance of the Lord. His "little ship was at hand." "I go fishing," he cried. "We go with thee," they answered.

The decision was a relief; perhaps they had become wearied in waiting; the work in itself would be a pleasure, and if the catch was large, the profits would be good. Twilight fell, and the stars peered forth with the wonderful brilliancy of Oriental climes. Out upon the sea, and in the stillness that follows the bustling activity of the day, did calm, sober reflection give them that satisfactory assurance while sailing with impulsive Peter, that they might have enjoyed if they had been waiting on the appointed mountain for their risen Lord? Did they recall another evening, when the fierce winds, sweeping suddenly down the mountain ravines, burst over the lake and, beating the waves to fury, so nearly engulfed their little boat, that they cried, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" Could they not almost hear again the voice of quiet command rebuking the storm and saying, "Peace, be still?" Or another night, when toiling late in a storm, and making no headway against the wind, they saw the divine form of the Master walking over the sea, and in their fright thought Him a spirit, until He spoke, "It is I; be not afraid," and stepping into the ship, the wind ceased? Or as the long hours went by in unsuccessful effort, would not Peter remember a day when, at the Master's command, he had let down his net in doubt and uncertainty, after toiling all night and taking nothing, only to draw it up so laden with fish that the meshes broke, and the combined efforts of James and John were required to help him secure this great haul? Could the little band ever forget the many times that Jesus had crossed and re-crossed this same sea, in perhaps this very boat, on his errands of love and mercy? Was all the grand work of His life to go for naught, and was their faith a delusion?

Back and forth over the sea, lowering and raising the bag-shaped net as they found signs of fish, only to be disappointed when it came up empty or tangled with weeds; they toiled once more all night, and caught nothing. Morning dawns, and still there are no fish. The faint light increased; the delicate flush of sunrise overspread the sky; the birds fluttered from tree to tree, and the drops of dew flashed from leaf and branch with the brilliancy of purest gems, while the disciples, weary, faint and discouraged, drew near the shore. It was a quiet spot, apart from the busy cities and unfrequented, except by such as desired seclusion. The boat was about a hundred yards from land, when suddenly they saw a man standing on the beach, apparently waiting for them. Lifting his voice, he called to them:

"Have ye any fish?"

"No," they answered, together.

"Cast thy net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find," replied the stranger.

Without enthusiasm, but still willing to make one more attempt, the disciples threw the net and prepared to draw it in. To their amazement, the task was beyond their strength. John glanced swiftly at the stranger on the beach, and turned to Peter.

"It is the Lord!" he exclaimed.

Instantly, the impetuous Peter grasped the truth, and, hurriedly gathering his fisher's tunic around him, plunged into the water and swam ashore. He was the first to greet his Master, as he had been the first to deny and forsake Him. With loving thoughtfulness, Jesus had prepared a breakfast for the hungry, tired, fishermen. On a bed of glowing coals, lay some fish, broiling, and near by were piled loaves of bread. The other disciples came slowly ashore, dragging after them the heavy net, and, with Philip's help, landed their shining treasures. One hundred and fifty-three large fish were counted, and yet the net was unbroken.

"Come," said Jesus, when they had finished their task, "and eat."

He had no reproach for their late desertion of His cause; no blame for their unworthy fear; no reproof, even for Peter, the leader, who deserved it the most. In loving tenderness, he received them, and in silence they gathered around the fire, not daring to confess their former doubts by asking any further proofs of His identity, and with surprising grace and humility He served them. Their shame and repentance were complete, their doubts were assured, their fears dispelled, their faith revived, and their trust strengthened. Henceforth, they could not hesitate to leave all for Him, nor question as to how they should live, or whether they should trust to Him for guidance. Their best efforts to provide for themselves had proved useless; they were now ready to surrender self completely, and to be faithful to Christ, even unto death.—*Mary Ayer Godfrey, in National Baptist.*

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of, and immediately commenced taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health. In fact he is quite a new man.

The Howard Centenary.

Protests are now and again raised against the multiplication of centennial celebrations, but one falls within the present week against which no protest will be raised, and which no right-feeling Englishman would like to have passed by in silence. Just one hundred years ago—for it was on the 20th of January, 1790—John Howard, the great English philanthropist, laid down his work and his life together at Kherson, a Tartar town, at the mouth of the Dnieper and on the shores of the Black Sea. He was buried, not in the town itself, but in the little hamlet of Dophinofka outside, and last Monday the Russian authorities—it was a graceful act of international courtesy—went out to place funeral wreaths on the grave there, and on the obelisk in the town where he died. He was worthy for whom they should do this, for without pressure from others, from the simple force of an intensely humane love for his fellows, he went forth on what Burke called his "voyage of discovery, his circumnavigation of charity," led by no mere romantic sentiment, but with an aim as practical and a spirit as resolute as that which carried Livingstone to the inland lakes of Africa, or Stanley across its central wilds.

If we go back to the beginning of his work we shall find that it was with Howard as with so many other earnest-minded men,—it was the doing of the duty which lay nearest to him that opened the way to wider fields of service. Long before sanitary reform came into fashion he was a sanitary reformer, beginning with his own village, and, so to speak, sweeping before his own door. At Cardington, some two miles from Bedford town, his house, with its quaint dormer windows, antique chimneys and graceful trellis work, still stands near the quiet churchyard and charming village green. This was the spot from which that charity which begins at home, but does not stop there, set forth upon its beneficent errand. John Howard and his wife, Henrietta, "an amiable lady," were of one mind on the point that a better cottage for a peasant neighbor, that should make life for that neighbor a thing of honorable decency, was better than a trip to London, with the enjoyment of the London season. He was the squire of the parish, and the tenements on his estate when he came to it were like others of that day—badly constructed, badly ventilated, badly drained. One after another these came down, and others rose in their place, built on the most approved methods, securing light, air and cleanliness, and arranged for the preservation of the morals of the family life. Outside these cottages were surrounded with trim gardens, stocked with useful vegetables and bright with fragrant flowers. Then, as to the cottagers themselves, Howard had a great idea that if you make people diligent you will make them honest, and he set the men to work, building, ditching and draining on his farms, and the women indoors weaving linen for household use. As for the children, he put them to school before schools were as popular as they are to-day, bringing all sects together, and imposing no conditions which could hurt any man's conscience. This was a good beginning, but it was only a beginning. Howard came to Cardington in 1758; it was not till 1773 that his wider world's work opened before him. In that year he was chosen High Sheriff of the county, with memorable results, which no man could have foreseen. He had no idea of filling an office merely for the honor of the thing. To him office meant opportunity for service, and he soon began to disturb the official mind by inquiries that were very unconventional indeed. He thought less about smart coaches and javelin men with blue liveries than about the rank abuses, the guilt and misery and distress he found around him. Speaking of his great life work in after years, he said: "To the pursuit of it I was prompted by the sorrows of the sufferers and love to my country. The work grew upon me insensibly." There was no rest for him so long as there were wrongs endured by others. "I could not enjoy my ease and leisure in the neglect of an opportunity, offered me by Providence, of attempting the relief of the miserable."

Bedford Gaol came under his jurisdiction as sheriff of the county. It was the gaol in which Bunyan had spent twelve long years a century before. It was no worse than other gaols—it was even better than some—but it was bad enough. Howard tells us that he found male and female felons living together in one common day-room, their night-rooms being two dungeons "down steps." There was only a single courtyard for debtors and criminals, there was no apartment for gaolers, and the sanitary conditions of the place were such that not long before the gaol fever had swept off several of the prisoners, William Daniel, the surgeon, and many of the townspeople outside. A notice posted up on the wall of the prison chamber especially attracted Howard's attention. It stated that no prisoner should be released till he had paid, as fees, fifteen shillings and four-pence to the gaoler, and two shillings to the turnkey. He found that the effect of this was that poor men were lying in prison long after their sentence had expired because they could not find money to pay these fees to the gaoler and turnkey. Howard brought the matter before the justices of the county, and urged that the master of the gaol should be paid by salary instead of by fees. They asked for a precedent for doing this. Englishmen as a rule have a kind of awful veneration for precedent. His heart must be clothed as with triple brass who ventures to move even in a good direction without one. So to satisfy other people, Howard set out in search of a precedent, riding into neighboring counties, and visiting the principal gaols of the kingdom to find out what magistrates were doing elsewhere. He discovered that they were all alike, all following the same time-honored, vicious custom. He found no precedent for the wholesome change he wished to bring about, but he found something else. He found brutalities worse than those at Bedford, cruel wrongs done by man to his fellow-man, the voice of which seemed to reach up into heaven. So his purpose was widened perforce. It was now no longer a question of one gaol, but of all the gaols of England. His eyes had been opened unexpectedly, and he determined that other people's eyes should be opened too. Precedent or no precedent, he would go forward. If there was no way he would make one.

It makes one's heart fairly ache to read the story of his journeys. He found dungeons underground, deep, damp and dark. At Nottingham 25 steps had to be descended to reach three miserable cells. There is a kind of grim irony in the fact that these, as being of a better class, were reserved for those prisoners who could afford to pay for them; twelve steps lower still led to still deeper dungeons, for those who were too poor to pay, and here some of these had spent years of their lives. At Salisbury two prisoners, padlocked by the leg and fastened together by a chain running through a staple, stood at the gate offering nets, laces and purses for sale. At Winchester twenty prisoners had died of gaol fever in one year. At Plymouth he found a prison described in his notebook in these ominous words: "No yard, no water, no sewer. The gaolers live distant." In this horrid place there was a chamber called the Clink, into which neither light could struggle nor air penetrate, except through an opening five inches by seven. Some time before three people had been shut up here for two months, who took turn about to stand at the opening to catch what light and air they could. Everywhere the same wretched story of brutality and degradation. At Durham six prisoners were chained to the ground, the straw on the stone floor being worn almost to dust. In the county gaol of Hertfordshire a prisoner had been brought out as dead from one of the dungeons, but "on being washed under the pump, showed signs of life, and soon after recovered." Knaresborough prison was infested with rats; at Colchester Castle there was no water; Beccles Bridewell had no separate apartment for women; at Lavenham the keeper had a number of thumbscrews; at Clare three men wore a heavy chain, and two had logs fastened to them as well. And so the terrible record goes on with miserable monotony. Howard travelled for years east, west, north and south, accumulating his facts in the most careful, business-like way. Facts first and legislation afterwards was the order of his going. His book on "The State of Prisons" was issued in 1777; an appendix followed in 1780, and an enlarged edition in 1784. He was really the pioneer of our modern method of reform by Parliamentary inquiry and issue of Blue book. In this work of his he says: "Nothing effectual will be done in reforming our prisons till a thorough Parliamentary inquiry concerning them be set on foot, on which may be grounded one comprehensive statute for their general regulation."

Our space will not permit of our telling of the changes for the better brought about by this indefatigable man, nor can we tell how his work came to take a yet wider sweep, bringing within its range the prisons and lazarettos of Europe at large. He was one of the most modest and unassuming of men. Yet with resolute will he forced his way through the serried ranks of conventional officialism, and made men hear whether they would or not. "Hush!" said one who was startled by his plain speech, "your words will be reported." "What!" replied he, "shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted and maintain its veracity." Men like this, whose fear of God drives out all fear of man, are those who do the world's work and whose work never dies. They labor, and other men enter into their labors. In addition to the inscription on his tomb in the hamlet of Dophinofka an obelisk stands near the Church of the Assumption, and opposite the old prison at Kherson. It is a simple and graceful structure, having a sun-dial on one facet and Howard's medallion on the other. An inscription in Russian and in Latin records his age and the date of his death, and tells the passers-by: "*Virit propter alios, alios saleos fecit.*" Yes, he lived for others, he saved others, and though he cared nothing for fame he has wrought for himself a name more enduring than bronze. He needs no monument for his own sake, but we need one of him to keep in memory deeds like his, that our too selfish hearts may grow generous too. Remembering this, it is pleasant to think that, as Dean Milman tells us, "The first statue admitted to St. Paul's was not that of statesmen, warrior, or even of sovereign; it was that of John Howard, the pilgrim, not to gorgeous shrines of saints and martyrs, not even to holy lands, but to the loathsome depths of darkness of the prisons of what called itself the civilized world."

In addition to the monument in St. Paul's it is proposed to celebrate this centenary year by the erection of a statue to Howard in Bedford town, where his work began. Some £1,600 have been already subscribed, but about £3,000 will be needed, and Dr. Coombs, the worthy mayor of the town, will be glad to hear from friends far and near who would like to join in the memorial. When the statue is complete and fixed on its site, near neighbor to the noble statue of John Bunyan already adorning the town, Nonconformists will have pleasure in reflecting that the two men of all others selected for this honor were both Nonconformists; that while one was in the seventeenth century thrust into gaol for his nonconformity, and the other in 1774 was rejected by the town when he came out as a parliamentary candidate because, as he said, his connection with Protestant Dissenters hurt him not a little,—yet before honorable service and personal worth even ecclesiastical prejudice falls at last, and the whirligig of time brings round a revenge over which love as well as justice may rejoice.—*London Christian World.*

F. H. Earl, West Shefford, P. Q., writes: "I have been troubled with Liver Complaint for several years, and have tried different medicines with little or no benefit, until I tried *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, which gave me immediate relief, and I would say that I have used it since with the best effect. No one should be without it. I have tried it on my horse in cases of Cuts, Wounds, etc., and I think it equally as good for horse as for man."

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