

have been represented by men and women who are worthy. Already I have seen enough of them to be convinced that your missionaries are not afraid of hard work or self denial. The Lord's interests here are bound to their hearts by chords so divine that no sacrifice is too great for them to make in order to lead the heathen to understand God. Mr. Sanford, with whom we have been making our home, is much improved in health. If he has always labored as indefatigably and unsparingly as he does now—and we believe he has—it is surprising that his health did not fail him sooner than it did. But even now it would weary many a healthier and younger man to follow him about in his daily duties. Without his permission I give one of his day's work. He was on tour. In the morning sometime before daylight he struck tent; walked ten miles in the sweltering heat and preached five times. After his evening meal he wrote two hours. And the next morning before sunrise he was up and at it again. How is that for a man past fifty years whose health is shattered?

As far as I know what is true of Mr. Sanford in this regard, is none the less true of all the other missionaries. They are "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

A letter received from Bro. Sanford this morning informed us that he baptized two converts on Sabbath last. He will probably write more about them through the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

Conviction 4.—Our force is utterly, lamentably and, may I not add, shamefully insufficient to face the foe and expect great victories. All the world is amazed at the boldness of Greece declaring war against Turkey. Some have stigmatized her as "presumptuous." But what of the Christians in Telugu-land. Behold a greater than Turkey is here, and with an army of fourteen we are carrying war into the enemies' camp where not less than two millions are arrayed against us. But God is on our side in this fight. And many soldiers at home with bold and loyal hearts are mightily with us. We have mutual faith in our Leader, and believe with all our hearts that ultimate and glorious victory is ours. We also believe that many more are going to enlist. Can't you give us fresh recruits this fall? In conclusion let me ask the strong young men at home if they are satisfied to remain where they are while the banner of our King is being so universally trampled in the dust of shameful idolatry in India. Here the Lord hath need of thee.

R. E. GULLISON.

Chicacole, India, May 5th.

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

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,—It is Sunday afternoon, March 14th. We are standing with our backs to the descending sun and our faces toward the sea, but we can see neither the sea nor the sun. Behind us rises the giant form of Bimli clock tower, which casts over us its grateful shade, like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Directly in front of us and spreading out on either hand in the shape of the new moon, is a crowd of Telugus, some standing up and some sitting down on their heels. But it is not the congregation which hides the sea from our view, for we are standing on the steps of the clock tower and can look over the people's heads. Behind the audience is an open square about large enough for a front yard to a small school house. There is not a blade of grass to be seen in the whole plot, but all is red earth, beaten as hard and level as a floor.

Across this open space from morn to night passes an unceasing stream of human beings, and many thousands who have trodden this path tread it now no more. For there is another broad beaten track that leads from Bimli down to the gates of hell, and this black road is never without its pilgrim day or night. But to recall our wandering thoughts back to the clock tower, it is not the passing throng that hinders us from beholding the sea. Beyond the trooping Telugus rise walls and tile roofs so that not a white cap of the Bay can be seen. Only above the houses the tops of palm trees are floating in the breeze, like islands in the sky to rest the tired wings of the hawk and the eagle. The walls of the houses and shops around us are all white-washed. As a friend has described it, "Some are white-washed white and some are white-washed blue."

In the midst of this scene we are standing on these stone steps preaching the gospel to those who will stop to listen. The arch of heaven is above us, and he who sent us is with us.

Here on our left are two young men who seem to be paying special attention. Other people in the crowd may come and go, but these two stay from the beginning to the end. Who are they?

By their common dress you can tell that they are not rich. By their clean appearance you know that they do belong to the most degraded class. By something indescribable in their faces you feel that some good purpose has been born in their breasts and hope whispers in your ear that perhaps they know the sweetness of that name which you are trying to preach.

One of the native preachers who is with us, used to belong to a caste called the weaver caste when he was a heathen. He has been telling us lately about two young

men of his old caste, who are believing in Jesus. This preacher's father and mother both died without faith in Christ. His uncle, his father's younger brother, is still living in heathenism. One of the young men in question is a son of this uncle and, therefore, an own cousin. His name is Narasimulu. The other one is a friend of Narasimulu, and his name is Gurriah. Both work together in a large steam factory three miles north of Bimli. In this factory large sacks are made for rice and other grains as coopers at home make barrels for apples. Perhaps the two young men before us are the very two of whom we have heard; for, indeed, I have sent them word several times to come and see me.

Sure enough! After the service is over the native preacher brings the two strangers forward and introduces them saying, "These are the two men of whom I told you." They accompany us to the mission house, and there we have a good talk. They seem very much in earnest. Before the conversation is finished the clock strikes the hour for the sermon which Mr. Gullison is going to preach to a company of Hindus who know English. He and Mrs. Gullison are at Bimli for a few days. The converts cheerfully agree to wait, until after meeting for further consultation.

Now the service is over, the chapel is closed and the people have all gone home. We are on the top verandah in the moonlight. Two native preachers are with us. This is a good place to talk because it is private and cool. The lovely moon beams on us through soft clouds, and her whose blood was shed for Gurriah and Narasimulu is present with the two or three who are gathered together in His name. The more we talk with our new brothers, the more we are assured that they are our brothers indeed, and that the hand of God has been laid upon their hearts.

The time for their baptism is set, tomorrow afternoon, Monday, March 15th. Before we separate all kneel down and join in thanksgiving and prayer to Him who has found and saved these two lost souls. While we are bowed here the ten thousand inhabitants of this wicked town are beating their drums and tom toms, revelling in idolatrous bedlam, insulting the face of heaven. In the midst of this abominable scene the sight of these two new-born souls giving humble and fervent thanks to their great Redeemer must cause an outburst of joy in the presence of the angels of God.

Monday afternoon has come and the clock is striking two. Is that the whistle of the train coming into Bimli? No! The railroad is too far away from Bimli, for us to hear the shriek of the locomotive. Perhaps it is a steamer-out in the Bay. No! The ships whistle is a coarser sound—as hoarse as a dinner horn. This clear call is the whistle of the Chittavallasa factory, three miles away calling the workman to their tasks. Amongst the crowds who pass through the gates are Gurriah and Narasimulu. They go in take up their work as usual and make rice bags out of the coarse sackcloth which is woven in another part of the factory. About three o'clock when all are bent busily over their work and deafened by the hum of the mill, these two new disciples of Jesus remember their appointment, leave their work and start for Bimli without attracting the attention of anybody. As they are working by the job they may go away at any time without asking permission. They soon reach the mission house, rejoicing because they have arrived without being overtaken by angry relatives.

Now we are in a meeting of the church to receive them. A doubt has arisen as to the age of Gurriah. Narasimulu is old enough but Gurriah is not sure that he is over eighteen. The apothecary—a government semi-doctor—is called. He looks at Gurriah's teeth and says he cannot certify that the young man is ever eighteen. But two wisdom teeth are coming, and as soon as they arrive there can be no doubt about his age. It is commonly understood that it is against the law to baptize a youth under eighteen without the consent of his parents or guardians. As Gurriah's parents are heathen they would rather bear his dead body to the burning ground than have him become a Christian. Therefore it seems best under the circumstances for Gurriah's baptism to be postponed. He is disappointed and we all are disappointed with him, but he declares that he will be baptized as soon as he cuts his wisdom teeth.

The baptistry in the garden has been filled. The little organ is brought out and voices unite to fill the air with melody and praise. There are present Mr. and Mrs. Gullison, Miss Newcombe, Mrs. Morse and Marion, besides all the school and all the Telugu Christians, including Somalingam and Soaryunaryana, who have come in from Polepilly on purpose to be present on this occasion. The teacher has the school boys arranged in a row like a company of soldiers. In the presence of these and about fifteen workmen of the shepherd caste, Narasimulu is baptized. After the baptism Gurriah returns to his home with a letter to Narasimulu's friends with full information about the step he has taken, and stating that he will remain all night at the home of his cousin and return to his native village next morning accompanied by the missionary. But this letter is already too long and I will have to tell the rest of the story in my next.

Yours truly  
L. D. MORSE.

BIMLIPATAM, India, March 15th.

### Delightful Studies in the Word.

I have recently become the possessor of a book by the great Irish Evangelist, Geo. C. Needham, called "The Spiritual Life." It is packed with the marrow of the Word, and aflame with the radiency of the Spirit. Below is given the bare outlines of one of his chapters, which supplies the key to many problems among Christian sects, and makes plainer the mind of God.

#### THE SPIRIT AND THE WORD.

I. Identity of names:—1. Spirit of God. Word of God. 2. Spirit of Christ. Word of Christ. 3. Spirit of Truth. Word of Truth. 4. Spirit of Grace. Word of His Grace. 5. Spirit of Life. Word of Life. 6. Spirit of Wisdom. Word of Wisdom. 7. Spirit of Power. Word of Power. 8. The Good Spirit. The Good Word of God. 9. Spirit of Prophecy. Word of Prophecy. 10. The Comforter. Comfort one another with these words.

II. Identity in Emblems:—1. *Dew*. Of the Spirit, Hosea 14:5. Of the Word, Deut. 32:2. 2. *Rain*. Of the Spirit, Psa. 72:6. Of the Word, Deut. 32:2. 3. *Water*. Of the Spirit, John 7:37, 38, 39. Of the Word, Eph. 5:25, 26. 4. *Light*. Of the Spirit, 2 Sam. 23:4. Of the Word, Psa. 119:105, 130, Prov. 6:23. 5. *Fire*. Of the Spirit, Act 2:3, 4. Of the Word, Jer. 23:29.

III. Identity in effects produced:—1. In regeneration of the Spirit, Titus 3:4-6. Of the Word, 1 Peter 1:23. 2. In Sanctification of the Spirit, 1 Pet. 1:2. Of the Word, John 17:17; 15:3. 3. In testifying of Jesus, of the Spirit, John 15:26. Of the Word, John 5:39. 4. Edifying the Church of the Spirit, Eph. 2:22. Of the Word, Acts 20:32. 5. In revival work, of the Spirit, Hos. 14:5. Of the Word, Neh. 8:1-9. Of the Spirit and the Word, Ezek. 37:1-10. 6. Guidance, of the Spirit, John 16:13. Of the Word, Prov. 6:22. 7. Pure and spontaneous worship, of the Spirit, Eph. 5:18, 19. Of the Word, Col. 3:16. M. B. SHAW.

Fallbrook, Cal., April 10th.

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### COMPENSATION.

At his desk sat Father Time  
With a pile of papers before him,  
In the shape of bills,  
(He'd many such ills),  
But these did particularly bore him,  
They were debtor, debtor, through and through,  
While items of credit should appear he knew.

So he opened a large and well-worn book,  
And closely scanned its pages,  
And jotted down,  
With many a frown,  
(The accounts ran through the ages)  
The entries amounting to millions and more,  
Those sending the bills had been pleased t'ignore.

Judges' salaries, policemen's dues,  
('Twould quite have awed the sages),  
While lawyers' fees  
Unnumber'd he sees,  
And executioners' wages;  
While the cost of goals, asylums, galore,  
And reformatories too, his eye ran o'er.

There were charges there of another sort,  
That by man can't be estimated,  
Of groans, and tears,  
And racking fears,  
Of hearth-stones desecrated;  
And sins of every shape and hue—  
That ruin the body and spirit too.

Father Time he closed the Book;  
Too angry he to further look;  
Disgusted that men should call for "pay,"  
When a balance large stands the other way.

—A. J. C.

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"When you've got a thing to say,  
Say it! Don't take half a day;  
When your tale's got little in it,  
Crowd the whole thing in a minute!  
Life is short—g' fleeting vapor—  
Do not fill an eight-page paper  
With a tale, which at a pinch  
Could be cornered in an inch!  
Boil it down until it simmers!  
Polish it until it glimmers."

—ANON.

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### Noble Women.

Mrs. General Grant made the first move against intoxicating liquor at the White House, she having secured its banishment from the New Year reception of the president. Mrs. Grant was succeeded by Mrs. Hayes, who was an Ohio woman, and a warm sympathizer with the woman's crusade. A life-long teetotaler, she never offered wine while at the White House. Next came Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Cleveland, all total abstainers, and none furnishing wine to their own guests, though, lacking the co-operation of their husbands, they could not prevent its use at State dinners as could Mrs. Hayes, because the President's views and practice coincided with her own. Mrs. McKinley is well known to be a total abstainer, so that the six wives of Presidents (President Arthur was a widower) since 1863, have, perhaps, dealt more telling blows against the drinking habit—and per consequence, the liquor traffic—than any other women who have lived.—Union Signal.