

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

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

From India's torrid, dusty plains,
From Bimil's enervating breath,
We fled toward the southern cross.
We flew far southward, night and day,
Beneath the burning sun we sped,
And e'en the stars of Ind seemed suns,
Which made the night burn as the day.
We hastened up a mountain blue,
Up, under over-arching boughs,
Up, over rocky waterfalls,
Up, 'neath the shade of mighty crags,
Up, up, along deep, dark ravines,
Until we stood among the clouds,
Where heavenly breezes kissed our cheeks,
Where crystal springs gushed from the hills,
Where slope and glen were sweet with blooms,
Delicious air renewed our youth,
And we thanked God for mountains cold.

Here, close to heaven as earth could be,
We welcomed to our highland lodge
A spirit form, with hands and feet,
To visit us in this rude world,
To sweeten our coarse, human love,
To open the windows of the sky
And bid us look beyond the stars.
As you sit on the grassy bank
Of your loved brook beneath the hill,
Its laughing water speaks to you
And makes your heart throb on its throne.
Each ripple, bright with mystery,
Has more to say than you can tell.
It seems to be like your own soul,
A liquid power, in league with heaven.
So we gazed on the seraph face
Of this new cherub from the skies
A fountain from eternal hills
Sprang up and purled within her breast.
Two eyes, two ears, one nose, one mouth,
Two hands, four fingers and a thumb!
Nothing forgot! Nothing deformed!
Each limb and feature showing forth
A loving Father's skill and grace;
Each look and motion far above
Our human comprehension dull,
As firmament above the sod.
We trembled at the mystery
And felt the power of worlds to come.
Father of spirits! At thy feet
We prostrate fall and worship thee!
O who so huge a fool as he
Will not believe a mystery?

When he who came to our dark world
To bring us sinners back to God,
Would teach his pupils lessons pure,
Above the price of rubies far,
He called to him a little child
And set him gently in their midst
So our Great Teacher in our midst
Has set this little one today.
We sit with her at Jesus' feet
To learn his meek and lowly heart,
And many a mystery of his grace
Which colleges could never teach
Without this living parable.
With her we nestle in his arms,
For we, too, are his children dear,
And seek his blessing on our heads;
A blessing deep as sky and sea
And lasting as eternal years.
More! Not alone from unseen worlds
Has she descended to our arms,
But with her choirs of angels came
And brought an ocean of God's love.
This love was sweetly shed abroad
With power through all our pulsing veins.
It knit her soul unto our own
And made us ministers of love
To watch o'er this pearl visitant
By night or day with bounding joy.

Transfiguration mount was grand,
Pain would the favored three remain
In tabernacles reared amid
The glories of the open heavens,
But Jesus brought them down to earth
To tread the common haunts of men,
That by his blood known through their toils,
A brood of sinners, multitudes
Which none can number, from all tribes
Might rise above that snowy mount
To sing his praise eternally,
Among the groves and fountains clear
Of those celestial hills, where Christ
With his scarred hand from sinful eyes
Shall wipe away all guilty tears.
Thus we with our new prize adored,
And guarded round with many prayers,
Forsook those seats in the soft clouds,
Those cool springs gushing from the hills,
Those breezes from the isles of health,
Those golden days of fellowship
With genial comrades on the mount;
And down through many a rocky gorge,
A down around deep wooded gullies,
Past foaming, rushing waterfalls,
Beneath the shade of mighty trees,
Descended to the scorching plains.
Along the rumbling iron rail
A night and day, a night and day,
And then another night, and ere
The sun rose up from Bengal Bay
We brought our precious bundle home;
Our home amongst the banyan trees,
Where parrots scream and pigeons coo,
And doves light on the rustling palms,
Her earthly home a little while,
The mission house beneath the hill
Of Bimil, city by the sea,
Less than the least of all God's saints
On us he has bestowed this grace,

To preach among the Telugus,
Here at the yawning mouth of hell,
The way of life through Jesus' death.

The boys and girls with faces brown,
Offspring of Christian Telugus,
All hurried to the house to see
The new born missionary child,
With cheeks so white and eyes so bright;
They clapped their own dark hands with glee,
In shiny rows their white teeth showed,
And their black eyes like meteors glowed.
The days were long, the heat was strong,
Poor welcome she received from the
Inclement clime to which she came.
The nights were little better than
The sultry days, and yet she grew.
She grew, and in the sight of her
Fond sister of six sunny Mays,
She was the wonder of the earth.
She was a wonder to us all,
A blossom in this wilderness;
Each common bush ablaze with truth,
And all the place was holy ground,
I wish you could have seen her smile,
To us there was no other smile
So deep and so like heaven on earth.
Forgive the fondness of our hearts
Though the hot zone smote on her sore,
The moment you bent o'er her cot,
Her face would light with such bright joy
As she would say, "O! Have you come?"
"I am more glad than tongue can tell."
The laughter rose—from unseen springs
Deep in her soul,—a soul too large
For frame of clay. Her eyes were founts
As deep as moon and stars are high.
And if you stayed and talked with her,
The joy burst forth in vocal glee
Like gurgling voice of waters sweet.
She tossed her chubby hands and feet
With all her little joyful might
To tell, in all the languages
She could command, her happiness.
My heart melts at the memory
Of those blest days, and cursed be
All siren songs would lure me back
From founts and gorges prepared for me,
Where I shall see that smile again!
What treasure we have stored in heaven!!

The sun rose red from the blue wave
And scattered a long bank of cloud
That graced the golden gates of day
Sprang from the shore to the deep sea
A hundred little fishing rafts,
With white sails spread that dipped the mere
Like wings of sporting butterflies
It was the Christian day of rest;
But heathen men bent to their toil
On land and sea, and knew not God.
The cocoa and palmyra palms
Shook their clean fronds o'er Bimil's roofs
Of brick-red tile and faded thatch.
The night before, high up the hill,
Around a shrine of pagan fame,
The temple priest had kindled rows
Of beacon fires to gods of stone.
Up the hill-side, a long stairway
Of gray cut stone was lively with
Ascending and descending tread
Of dark, bare feet, seeking for heaven,
On this paved road from earth to hell.
Under the hill, that Sabbath day,—
October first of ninety-nine,—
The little flock of God's elect,
Born of his Spirit, saved by grace,
Their robes washed in the Lamb's shed blood,
Assembled in the house of God
To hear his word and hymn his praise.
A little flock,—while round us surged,
In every street, the heathen drum
And savage roar of thousands, mad
Upon their idols and their lust!
O, God! The harvest is so great,
Ane yet the laborers so few!!
Lord of the harvest, send thy sons,
And bring thy daughters from afar!
Raise up from these hosts dead in sin
A mighty band alive to God,
Furnished with burnished sickles keen
Wrought in the fire and forge of heaven,
Each arm uplifted by thine arm,
Endued with power from on high
To reap with might their native fields
And bring thy golden harvest home!!

The sun has set behind the hill.
The day is done: an epoch closed:
A new age dawned upon our home:
The era of our child with Christ!
The mother bowed her o'er her babe
And kissed its half-unconscious cheek.
Three times, since to this shore she came,
Has death bereaved her of her love.
Her first born pride, a comely boy,
Departed to the unseen world
Ere he had blessed our earthly home
Through five hot, Indian suns of June.
Then, in the home-land, far away,
A brother,—loved and true as gold,
Passed through the icy waters dark
To be with Christ in Paradise.
Next, father, e'er revered and loved,
Whose face she hoped so soon to see,
Loosed from his pains, in patience borne,
Went to the loved ones gone before.

And is our Frances going too?
O, God! Thy will be done! We know
That even now thou canst revive
The sinking pulse and make it beat
For thee, through scores of years to come.
We did not think, dear Lord, that thou
Wouldst take her back to heaven so soon.
Can you not let her stay with us
And let us first pass o'er the flood,
And leave her here to smile for thee

And touch the dark and flinty hearts
Of lost souls on destruction's road,
And win them back to thy pierced feet?
Lo! Such has been our cherished hope!
We named her from that psalmist sweet,
Whose life was melody to thee;
Whose ministry of song shall ring
As it has rung in human ears,
Till earth dissolves in fervent heat.
O, victory! Her day of death
The happiest day in her glad life!
Dear Lord! We wash thy feet with tears!
We kiss thy feet! Thy will be done!
Thou hast been teaching us for years,
Thy will is best, thy will is sweet.
Thou dost nothing suddenly;
But thy great heart of love, that counts
The worthless hairs on our poor heads,
Has planned it from eternity.
Thy greatest wisdom, greatest love,
Are exercised on our behalf.
Yes! In all ages yet to come,
In us, the heavenly hosts shall see
In us, thy wisdom, might and love,
Than in aught else, in us, displayed.
We trust thee, Lord, more than ourselves.
Now let thy thoughts of love,—not ours
Be carried out! Thy plan for her
Is best for her and best for us!
Though tears in rivers flow, we know
One thing,—we want thy plan, not ours.

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, November 22, 1899.
(TO BE CONTINUED).

From Halifax.

1825 A. D. saw the beginning of a movement which turned the influence and labor of the Maritime Baptists into new channels—channels which have been growing deeper and wider since that day, and now seem destined to broaden and deepen till the present dispensation closes, and the final reckoning is made. A number of young men, gentlemen, scholars, Christians, had given themselves to the task of supplying old St. Paul's, Halifax, with an evangelical rector. Against them was opposed Bishop John Inglis, son of Charles Inglis, the first bishop of N. S., and the high and dry churchmen in office and out of office in the city. While these heroic young fellows deliberated and acted, they were cheered on by a number of godly young women, some married, some unmarried, who had turned their backs on the fashionable follies of the metropolis, and had given themselves wholly to works of faith and labors of love. Had it not been for these saintly sisters, it is not at all probable that the young men would have sustained sufficient courage to carry them through their herculean and daring task. But, cheered with their presence, their voice, their prayers, and their faith, they persevered, and the outcome taught them and others the lesson, that the Lord leads his servants in a way they know not.

While these members of the old church were in the thick of the struggle, a ship of war came up the harbor, and received a grand welcome from the city. Cannon boomed, church bells rang out merry peals, and there was a grand ovation. And why? John Inglis was on board the incoming ship. He had been ordained bishop of Nova Scotia by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was brought across the ocean as it was thought a bishop of the State church ought to be carried to his diocese. That demonstration was enough to strike terror into the hearts of Crawley, the Johnstons, Nutting Pryor, and others. But they were not of the stuff to be intimidated by these grand performances. More and more resolved they became to sit under a minister who would preach the gospel of the grace of God, and not ritualism and mere moral platitudes.

This was in 1825. In 1828 they lead in founding Horton Academy. On the ninth of May, 1825, Rev. Edward Manning, of Cornwallis, wrote a letter to the Rev. Thomas McCulloch, of Pictou. These two grand men had been corresponding for years. Their souls were united in the Lord; their minds in evangelical truth. They had joined hands in a struggle for full civil liberty in these provinces—especially in Nova Scotia. Strange it is to relate that this ancient colony, which gave the fullest religious liberty in 1760 that was anywhere enjoyed in the British empire, had in the year 1825, a little of the old leaven of church and state still remaining in her legal code. No minister outside of the Episcopal establishment, could legally join a young man and a young woman together in the bonds of matrimony, by the use of a license from the provincial government. Windsor Academy and College practically kept their doors barred against all who could not say "credo" to the thirty-nine articles. In view of this especially, Dr. McCulloch, backed up by the Presbyterians, not of the established church of Scotland, had started an Academy in Pictou in 1817. Overtures were made to the Baptists to unite with the Presbyterians in this undertaking; and the offer having been well received by the Baptists, Mr. Manning was drawn into a most interesting correspondence with Dr. McCulloch. They became very familiar in this exchange of epistles. Family matters were sometimes referred to in their letters.

Writing on the 9th of May, 1825, Mr. Manning says: "My little family are not well. My only child, a daughter

ter in her
of Dr. Har
be very
mother an
will be do
Mr. McCu
ning and
health. C
perhaps r
sheep str
Dr. Har
Father H
ary train
an M. L
ing aroun
stick. An
another l
attack of
GER ANI
Harding
ordered li
I am gla
four year
report of
to health,
mother.

After g
meeting
curred to
quires a
these mo
cosy cott
the Corn
I found D
She was
ant. I re
me in eff
affection
was. Be
liver now
now) has
damsel of
with her
spared to
last sick
ried son
fined to
been tend
passed mi
quarters.
Manning
helped in
What
father, o
McCulloch
Perhaps
waiting f
her fathe

Mi

We can
on the af
early the
comfort f
would bu
had been
was felt
ing in ca
ship and
night cas
and we w
Liverpoo
us till th
there wa
persons;
Our sp
about it
SENORA
not be gr
We had
seen the
little fro
length, b
parts tw
mainlan
must be
strongho
hands of
no doubt
A short
overland
passed bo
the night
The latte
there are
able size
is necess
to take i
now gro