SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys: Lying upon the red earth, beneath the thick green leaves of a wide-spreading tree; on its milk-white back a blue-black bobbing crow, on its heaving flank the old burnt marks of a red-hot iron, its neat head erect, peacefully chewing its cud, is a small meek-eyed ox—a native bullock. By its side is another. Behind them, with kind of basket-body bent over like the top of a butcher's wagon, is a rude, awkward-looking two wheeled ox cart.

Over there under another tree is another yoke of bullocks and another cart. Under other trees around are two or three more teams, with dark-faced, bare-footed and bare-shouldered teamsters. Under the big young banyan tree in front of the carriage house are four or five dusty, heavy road-carts, with tops like our top-buggies at home to keep off the sun.

In the house are Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, who, with Miss McNeill, have come south-easterly fifty miles from Bobbili; Mr. and Mrs. Higgins with their little Enud, who have come through the straight south-westerly forty-six miles from Chicacole; Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, with their two jumping, climbing boys, Harold and Herbert, and with one that cannot jump yet, Bartlett, who have come southerly sixteen miles from Vizianagram. They have all come all the way in these road carts, pulled, pushed and jolted along the good and bad roads by trotting bare-footed men (two in front and two behind), who were exuberantly glad to get the job. In these ox-carts they have brought bedsteads, bedding, dishes, food, tents, etc., etc., for they have come to stay. They have come to Association. They call it "conference." All these, together with Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, Miss Lottie Sanford, Rosalie Sanford, Miss Grey and Mrs. Moore, we make quite a big meeting house. Everybody is glad to see everybody else, and it is a happy day at Bimli mission house. Herbert and Harold are skipping around like robins. Bartlett is plump as a pear. As Enud is the grandd aughter of Dr. Higgins, professor of mathematics at Acadia College, I thought I would give her an examination in geometry. "Enud, prove that the diagonals of a parallelogram bisect each other." But she could not do it. "Here is an easier one: Trisect a right angle." Not a word. "Here is the very first proposition in the first book: Describe an equilateral triangle on a given straight line." And (do you believe it?) she could not even do that.

If we owned the whole MESSENGER AND VISITOR I might tell about the cart loads of Telugu men and women who came up in tribes and with song; about their little girls who came, too, with black eye-brows and timid feet; about the little boys who came with brand new calico pantaloons, gorgeous with red and yellow stripes, and how they came to meeting and sat on the benches or played under the trees with sparkling eyes. I might tell you about the native preachers, what a lot of them there were, how good they seemed and how bad they seemed, how here is one who looks like Rev. ——— at home, and here is one who looks like Dr. ———, and here is a young minister who looks like young Rev. ———, and here is a boy whose eyes, teeth, nose, chin and ears look almost exactly like ——— ———, who goes to school at ———. I might tell you how it did my heart good to see them, and how in the raising and training of such men is the hope of this sick and dying land. I might tell you how the Telugus went home in their carts, and we missionaries had such good meetings ourselves, and then how men and women came in ship, in road cart, and bicycle from the Upper Canadian mission below us, and we had a larger conference, and the yard all around the house was covered with tents.

The other day while we were taking dinner some letters from children at home came in and sat upon the table. They were quickly torn open and read. They did make me happy. How nicely and correctly the questions were answered. However, there was one answer given by a girl and a boy that was true, but not correct. You two say in your letters that "Paul went on again and went ashore in the Bay of Naples." That is true. But I want to know the name of the place in Malta where people think his ship went ashore. Our ship one fine morning went by it so close that we could see the whole little bay with its circular shore.

One girl asks a question: "When did Christ mean He should come when He said, 'I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also'?" I shall have to confess to you that I do not know. Jesus would not tell. It is not our business. "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power" (Acts 1: 7). It is our business to do as He has told us, and to hurry and do as much as we can before we die. If a boy's father goes away and leaves him a patch of potatoes to hoe, it would be much easier for him to sit down at the roots of a tree and wonder, "Now just when will father come home," than it would be for him to get up, take a good grip of the hoe-handle, and do as his father told him. It is easier to wonder when Christ will come, than it is to do as He has told us. The disciples were standing on Olivet peering into the clouds after their ascended Lord, and nobody knows how long they would have stood there had not two men in white clothes come up to them and startled them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing into heaven?" Then they went home, and went upstairs and began to pray. From on high power came into their hearts. Then they went to work, doing as their Master had told them: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." I am glad you asked me this question. It has done me good. It has reminded me that the best way to please Jesus is to do His bidding, and permit Him to come when He wills. The best boy is not the one who can figure best about "the thousand years," but the one who fills the few years of his little life full of deeds of truth and love. God make you such a best girl.

A boy asks, "How many scholars have you in your school? Are they quick to learn?" There has been an average of twenty at school the last few months. Miss Grey says they are as quick to learn as white children in Canada are. One girl about eight years old came here fifteen months ago. At that time she did not know her letters. Now she can read the Telugu New Testament, and sing out of the Telugu hymn book. On the last day of the old year Miss Grey invited us all over to the school-house. There, with rosettes of red, white and blue on their bosoms, all sitting in rows on the benches, with their eyes shining to-day with unusual brightness, were the school children, waiting for something.

Behind the desk in a chair was one of the preachers, K. Appalaswamy. He is the president. Miss Grey is organizing a Telugu temperance society. All, who join it sign a pledge not to touch brandy, wine, toddy, beetlemut or tobacco. It is the first one in our mission. One of the boys read a paper which he wrote himself, and you should have seen Miss Grey's face beam while he was reading. Two boys sang a duett; two girls sang a duett. Then there were speeches. At the close baskets of bananas, oranges, candy and sugar-cane were passed around. The children helped themselves and ran off to eat. I hope to tell you much more about each one some day.

Now see another sight. It is Sunday morning meeting in the chapel. A ship is in the bay, going out in three hours. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford are going in that ship on their way home to America. The meeting is nearly over. Up the aisle comes a man not very short nor very tall, but very pale to-day. He comes to the front and commences to speak. But his lip quivers. His throat chokes. He turns away his head, and strong tears roll down on manly cheeks where tears are seldom seen. The men, women and children all weep and sob aloud. Their beloved missionary is going away.

We are now all down on the beach. The water is grinding the boat against the sand. Now we are in the boat. "Good bye, mamma," calls a little girl to a woman on the shore, both faces streaming with tears. The boat pushes out and the little girl watches her mother's umbrella till it is out of sight. Now we are on board the ship. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, Lottie and Rowlie and the little girl stay on board; I get back into the boat. My boat comes ashore; the ship smokes out into the Bay of Bengal and down towards Madras. We miss them so much in our home, and are trying hard to learn the language so as to do something toward taking their place. Yours as ever,

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, Feb. 20.

What is it to be a Christian and Live the Christian Life?

To be a Christian is to be born of God's Holy Spirit, translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son a new creature in Christ Jesus. Before we can enter God's kingdom we must have a new nature, a new birth or regeneration; the heart must be changed by the agency of the Holy Spirit; the love of sin abandoned; the world must be renounced, with all its follies, unreservedly, absolutely and universally.

In proof of this we will give a few passages from God's Word. The corruption of the human nature requires a new birth; without it we cannot see nor enter the kingdom of God. John 3: 3, 5: "Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Rom. 8: 7 and 8: "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then, they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

A new heart. Ezekiel 36: 25, 27: "A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My judgments and do them."

A new creature. 2 Cor. 5: 17: "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Gal. 6: 15: "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

A newness of life. Rom. 6: 4: "Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Eph. 2: 10: "For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

What is it to live the Christian life? It is not making a profession of religion and becoming a member of a church. It is not doctrine or creed, neither trusting in or living up to the outward privileges of the church. Not what we know, but what we are. "It is a new life communicated by the Spirit of God through the truth, not of flesh, but of the water and Spirit."

There must be no weak side to the believer; his Lord's purpose is symmetry of character. And since it is not doctrine or creed the Christian receives in accepting Christ his character and walk before the world must be such as becomes a child of God—a new creature in Christ Jesus; in a word, the Christian life is that life which is hid in Christ. Col. 3: 1-3: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth; for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Gal. 2: 19, 20: "For I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

The key-note of the Christian life should be, "For me to live is Christ." I have been prompted to give my views on this subject, hearing mothers who are professed followers of the Lord Jesus say, "There is no harm in members of churches engaging in dancing, playing cards and reading novels." This countenancing worldly amusements is a condition of the soul, not of circumstances; a mind which is more carnal than spiritual, more earthly than heavenly, more self-seeking than lovers of God. Worldly amusements and pleasures belong to the flesh. Eph. 5: 8, 11: "For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of light. And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." We cannot compromise with Christ—divide our hearts between Him and the world; part with some of our sins and keep the rest. This is self-deluding. We must forsake all we have, or we cannot be His disciples. Luke 14: 27: "And whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple." God is a jealous God; He will not give His glory to another; He wants the whole heart. Nothing less will suffice. When we have put that into His hands it is safe, and life is pleasant. The world reads the professing followers of Christ by their lives, not their doctrines or creeds. Matt. 5: 16: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The Christian life should be an honest, whole-hearted life in and for Christ to-day—a life kept by Him who is the power of God unto salvation; a life delivered from evil of all sorts and kinds. Matt. 6: 24: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

Mrs. Smith, in her very interesting work on "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," remarks: "For the most part the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ are satisfied with a life so conformed to the world and so like it in almost every respect, that to a casual observer no difference is discernible." But we who have heard the call of God to a life of entire consecration and perfect trust, must do differently from all this; we must come out from the world and be separate, and must not be conformed to it in our characters, nor in our lives. We must give up its friendships, its pursuits, its interests; we must walk through the world as Christ walked. We shall find ourselves forbidden to seek the highest places, or to strain after worldly advantages; we shall not be permitted to be conformed to the world; we shall not be able to go to balls, and operas, and dances, as the world does; we shall not dare to waste our intellect nor our time in reading the world's novels. Rom. 12: 1, 2: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." Christians are to be in the world, but not of the world. John 17: 14: "Because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." "The world was Christ's enemy; it is ours also. It has been the church's enemy in ages past; it is in these days. Let us dread it and its snares. I fear instead of the church educating the world, the world is educating the church. To him that overcometh the world God cheers with the promise of victory and recompense. 1 John 5: 4: "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

The mother who encourages dancing, card playing, and the reading of novels will never be the means of the conversion of her children. Mothers, that child is clay in your hands to mould for eternity, and your influence will forever leave its impression the plastic soul. Think twice before you say what that child may or can do; speak it not in their hearing that the amusements and pleasures of the world are harmless. Take Moses' exhortation to the children of Israel, and Joshua's decision, and teach them to your children, and blessed results will follow. Deut. 6: "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou lieest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them in a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes, and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates." Joshua 24: 15: "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

S. J. BLAKSLEE.

Christ the Liberator.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"Loose him and let him go!" At this command of Jesus they unwind the bandages from the limbs of Lazarus, and by the old familiar path he walks back to his old home. This was the master-miracle of all which Jesus wrought during His incarnation, but He is still doing for imprisoned souls what He did for the body of His Bethany brother when it had lain four days in the sepulchre.

I looked not long ago with genuine pity on a noble eagle, caged in a public park, as an exhibition for school boys. The old grey mountaineer felt its galling imprisonment, and occasionally flapped its wings as if it were homesick for the skies. "Loose him and let him go," was the thought inspired by the sorry sight, and how he would have sailed off to fly in company with the sun. Eagles were not born for slavery. I thought, too, as I looked at the chained bird, how much he resembled some fettered souls, yes, some Christian souls that are terribly tied down by unbelief. Too many people have enrolled themselves in the church—some have entered the ministry—with a heavy clog that binds them to the lower earth. It hampers them, hinders them, and is fatal to all spiritual joy or growth in holiness. Many a young convert begins his religious life with a doubting and desponding spirit. He nurses his fears in a morbid way, and mistakes all this gruesomeness for humility. He is a chained bird from the start. Others are fettered by besetting sins, from which they have never cut loose. They have never made a clean break with their old sinful self, or with the beggarly elements of this world; they are hoppled with practices and associates that they have never cut loose from. They have probably passed from death unto life, yet they appear very much as Lazarus would have looked if he had walked the streets of Bethany in his ghastly grave-clothes! This is a pitiable style of religion; it brings but little joy to its possessor, and gives him or her no power in the community. While they are content to be what they are, there is no hope for such manacled professors. Their only hope is in a timely and thorough repentance, and a fresh work of Christ, a deeper and thorough work, and for this they must earnestly seek, or they will be chained birds in a cage till the last. Some really good people are clogged by bodily ailments—dyspeptic stomachs or weak nerves, and they see but little sunshine in their Christian experience. Bunyan has depicted several specimens of these pilgrims who hobble towards heaven on crutches, until death unlooses them and lets them go. Such Christians are to be pitied more than blamed; they are rather patients in Christ's hospitals than soldiers on His battlefields. We pastors go around and visit these disconsolate birds who sit most of the time on their perches, and seem glad to swallow all the Bible promises we can bring to them. They are never likely to do much soaring or singing until death cuts the tether and lets them fly home.

False doctrine, false views of sin and of Christ are at the bottom of a great deal of this spiritual debility. Every error is the enslaver of the soul. Truth makes us free; and if the Son makes us free, we shall be free indeed. Martin Luther was a chained eagle in the Erfurt Convent until that heaven-sent truth, "The just shall live by faith," unloosed him, and he went forth to emancipate the bond-slaves of the Papacy. Thomas Chalmers was another chained eagle, but when the great doctrines of man's utter guilt and Christ's redemption liberated him, he soared up into the empyrean, the king of Scotland's Gospellers. John Wesley never attained to a full salvation until in that little London prayer-meeting his eye rested on these words: "The Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." I once visited that little room—just out of Aldersgate Street—as the real birthplace of Methodism. The great liberator of imprisoned souls is Jesus Christ. If you want to convert a Roman Catholic, teach him salvation by faith in the atoning blood and the work of the Holy Spirit. If you want to convert the sinners in a Protestant congregation or Sunday-school, drive home the same truths into the conscience. Drunkenness is both a sin and a disease; while we may apply medical tonics to sustain the body and the pledge of total abstinence, yet the converting grace of Christ alone can deliver from the slavery of sin. Every true revival in a church repeats the miracle of Bethany. We see dead souls brought to life. We hear tongues unloosed to pray. Professing Christians who had been dragged down by worldliness, or hamstrung by unbelief, are let loose into a freedom and a joy to which they had been strangers. To every member of our churches who is now dragging out a half-dead religion, the Holy Spirit comes with the arousing call, "If ye be indeed risen with Christ, *seek those things which are above.*" Instead of sitting in the gates of the tomb, cast away your grave-clothes and begin to live as Christ's freemen and Christ's witnesses, and the heirs of a magnificent inheritance. Look higher! Live higher! Get a new grip on Christ and then go out and labor to draw sinners from the pit of hell. This is the revival we all need. We need a new consecration to Christ and a fresh baptism of His Spirit, for we can never convert an ungodly world while we are gasping for life ourselves. If Christ unloose us, we shall be free indeed, and where His Spirit is, *there is liberty.*

To the Readers of "The Squire of Sandal-Side."

There is an added interest when one will take time to find on a map some of the many places mentioned, or look up some of the history or stories of parts of these northern counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. For example, in chapter II., Stephen's mother says to him, "If it were raining ten times worse, I must to Kendal." The Squire and Harry in some of their long walks went as far as Kendal. One who travelled in those counties years ago says: "When I arrived at Kendal, which is the largest town in Westmoreland, I began to look about me. I might have looked a long time for a brick house before I had found one. Stone and stucco, stucco and stone, turn which way I would." Among the many eminent men educated at Kendal Grammar School, was one named Barnaby Potter, commonly called on account of his strictness, "The Puritanical Bishop." It was said of him that "the organ would blow him out of the church." I suppose by this that he objected to the organ. An old brass clock in Kendal Museum is said to be one of the first ever made on the pendulum principle. It bears the following curious inscription: "The gift of James Cock, major in Kendal, 1654, to the majors of the same successively. Time runneth, your work is before you." It is worth while to turn back to MESSENGER AND VISITOR of November 18 last, and re-read the history in chapter I. Catherine Parr, the last Queen of Henry the VIII. is said to have been born in Kendal Old Castle, which was the seat of the ancient barons of Kendal.

On a brass plate in the chancel of the old Gothic church is the following curious inscription, written by him whose body lies beneath it:

"Here under lyeth ye body of Mr. Ralph Tirer, late vicar of Kendal, Batchler of Divinity, who died the 4th day of June, Ano. Dni. 1627.

London bredd mee—Westminster fedd mee—
Cambridge spedd me—my sister wedd me—
Study taught me—Kendal caught mee—
Labor pressed mee—sickness distressed mee—
Death oppressed mee—the grave possessed mee—
God first gave me—Christ did save mee—
Earth did crave me,—and Heaven would have me."

A poor shepherd boy whom our traveller met among the fells, on being asked how often he went to church on the Sabbath, said he had "bin sa muckle thrangget latly wi't wark" (been so busy lately at his work) that he had not been to church at all. Theirs was an odd dialect.

The barony of Kendal was granted by William the Conqueror to one of his followers, Ivo de Taillebois. Not only was the place included in the grant, but the inhabitants also as bond-servants; though they were afterwards made free. A bitter thing is bondage and a blessed thing is liberty:

"Place me where winter breathes its keenest air,
And I will sing if Liberty be there:
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat." —*Cowper.*

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not again entangled with the yoke of bondage."—*Paul.*

More could be written of the North country if it pleases. Hoping that some of your young readers will take a glance into sunnier climes, and tell us something of Florence—where poor Harry Sandal was sad at heart—and of Calcutta too.

ONE WHO READ IT.

Dipping into the Past.

Many of your readers like occasionally to take a brief glance into the past. In the report of the N. S. Baptist Educational Society of 1845 we read: "The all-important undertaking in which, in the year 1828, the Baptist denomination embarked, when, with a determination and a unanimity which from that day until now have suffered no interruption or diminution, they founded the institutions at Horton, had its origin in their earnest desire to afford intellectual and religious instruction to future generations of their own native land; to secure the moral elevation of their offspring in the scale of being, and furnish a suitable preparation of such of our youth, as under the influence of the Holy Spirit, should be set apart in our churches for the work of the ministry, to fulfil with more enlarged knowledge and greater efficiency the sacred employment of winning souls to God. Our beginning, it is well known, was small; but it was made in faith and prayer, and therefore a blessing has rested upon it. Such an attempt had indeed been long the subject of fervent supplication among the Fathers of our churches, and when it sprung into existence it was carried forward to its completion with the full tide of their energies and feelings. The progress of the institution was so rapid that it soon emerged from the humble school-house on the roadside, under the charge of our esteemed Brother Chapin, to occupy the sightly and commodious edifice on the College Hill, erected by the willing contributions of brethren and friends in every part of this and the neighboring province."

At Horton, in June, 1835, at the close of the reading of the annual report of the Education Society, several ministers and other friends of the society addressed the assembly. A very powerful impression appears to have been made. An immediate subscription was proposed toward defraying the debt, and in an hour or two the sum of £448 was subscribed.

At the close of the business of the Cumberland Baptist Association, held at the Baptist meeting-house in North Yarmouth, Maine, Oct. 3rd and 4th, 1821, "Bro. William Elder, from Nova Scotia, addressed the assembly in a very suitable and impressive discourse."

We in these days would do well to read and heed much that was said and written by our fathers in the denomination. From the "Corresponding Letter" of the above Association in 1821 we cull: "All that now appears wanting on our part is that we arise unitedly and exhibit that love, zeal and activity which marked the conduct of the Christians of the first century; that, like them, we should avoid conformity to the spirit and practices of the world; that we put on the Lord Jesus, and make no provisions for the flesh, to fulfil the lust thereof."

The 32nd clause of the "Minutes of the N. B. Baptist Association," held at Fredericton, July, 1822, reads thus, "Several grievous evils arising from a neglect of proper discipline in the churches being adverted to and taken into serious consideration, it was voted that this association have decidedly resolved to hold no fellowship with any church that does not strictly observe and maintain, in all cases, those rules of church discipline prescribed and enjoined by the Word of God."

Regarding this matter, how is it with our churches and associations to-day? The circular letter, in referring to this 32nd clause, says: "Remember holiness becometh the house of God; we should be as anxious to be governed by the laws of the Lord Jesus, as we are willing to be saved by His merits." "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest," etc., etc. (Phil. 4: 8), "and the God of peace shall be with you."

A letter was received during the sitting of the association in 1822, "from Sister Wealthy Ann Blakslee, secretary to the Female Mite Society in St. John, stating that they had put into the hands of J. M. Wilmot, in aid of the mission the sum of ..... £6 0s. 0d.

Received for the same purpose from the Norton Female Mite Society, by the hands of Bro. F. Pickle,....	2	0	0
And the liberal collection at the close of the introductory sermon, by Elder E. Manning,.....	10	11	9
	£18	11s.	9d.

"For this goodly sum as the beginning of a missionary fund, we have abundant cause to bless God; and we have every reason to believe that the united efforts of all our brethren and sisters in the Lord, during the present year, will be productive of sufficient means for sending the glorious Gospel of the blessed God to many of the destitute settlements throughout the province."

"A missionary mite society was formed in Sackville, N. B., on the 24th February, 1827. A missionary society was formed in Amherst, Nova Scotia, May 20, 1827. A Baptist missionary society was formed in Salisbury, N. B., August 30, 1828. A Baptist tract society was formed in the city of St. John, on Feb. 17, 1829."

R. H. CREED.

South Rawdon, N. S.

[Monies arising from the sale of old books or pamphlets will be devoted to the cause of missions at home or abroad. Amounts received before August 12, will be forwarded to Bro. Cohoon for North-west mission.]

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