

## WAITING.

BY NEIL H. BANDLETT.

I'm ninety-six years old, my love,  
Yes, ninety-six years old;  
The lessons of life are nearly learned,  
My story is almost told.

Some men who are tired of waiting  
Mine eyes are dimmed with tears;  
But they fall for joys so nearly mine;  
I've been waiting, you see, for years.

Yes, waiting for years to meet you  
In our beautiful home on high,  
Where there's not one sorrow of anguish,  
And never the sad good-by.

'Tis long, long years since you left me  
In this dreary world alone;  
Still with the butter was mixed the sweet,  
For we prayed, "Thy will be done."

They tell me the day is fading,  
These moments we loved, you know;  
How we used to sit in the twilight  
While the sun was sinking low.

Till the purple mists of evening  
Softly gathered round our door,  
And the childish patter of little feet  
Was heard on the oaken floor.

But the Reaper came and called them  
His beautiful home to share;  
For he deemed the mother too earthly  
To guide to a world so fair.

Though years have passed since then, my love,  
Just now methinks I see  
The love in your eyes, while our darlings  
Are playing around my knee.

And thus I sit idly dreaming,  
For these eyes no longer see—  
While the lesson I learn is patience,  
And my dreams are of Christ and thee.

## Our Story.

## CHEESE AND VINEGAR VS. A DISTILLERY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Col. Inlah Holland was a wealthy New York grain dealer, who had come up into New England, and bought for a quiet summer retreat for himself and family a large and picturesque hill farm, whereon were a trout brook, a pickered pond, partridge coverts, and a substantial, roomy house, quite comfortable, although somewhat old, and large enough to accommodate the parties he annually brought up with him from the city for the hunting and the fishing.

Mr. Holland was a pleasant, social man, who always had a cheery word for his new rural neighbors, and asked so many questions about farming work and crops that he became very popular.

One mild April morning, as his neighbor, Farmer Stoddard, was driving past "Holland Farm," as the rich grain merchant's country residence was called, he was surprised to see the owner come bowing and smiling towards the gate. "I ran up from New York last night to see if it was beginning to thaw out here," he said, "and to carry out a little project which I have had in my head all winter. I have thought that, in a place like this, some sort of business that would make a local market for the products of the neighboring farms, would be a blessing to the owners. It has occurred to me that I would put up two or three cider mills and a distillery or two over on Stony Brook. That would use up all the superfluous grain hereabouts, as well as all the apples which I hear are frequently left in great quantities on the ground to decay here in these immense orchards."

"There were cider mills and a distillery in town when I was a lad," said farmer Stoddard, gravely.

"Is that so?" queried Col. Holland, still chirk and pleasant in his manner. "Did they do a good business?"

"I will show you what they did if you will step into my buggy and ride with me two or three miles out to my brother's."

"All right," replied Col. Holland, "I am glad to go with you. I thought I would speak to a few of the leading farmers about it, and you are the first one I have met since my return. I don't know

that I have ever met your brother whom you are taking me to see."

"Quite likely not," replied Mr. Stoddard. "He owns a farm in a retired locality in the north part of the town. He was chosen overseer of the poor at our last town meeting, and all our paupers are now quartered there. Here we are," said the intelligent, thrifty farmer, as he drew up his sleek bay filly in front of a long, low red house, on the south side of which a dozen wretched samples of humanity were out sunning themselves. They all looked clean and well kept, but were very decrepit, and looked out from sore, red eyes set in very sodden and blotched faces; two, one man and one woman, were insane. The woman, who was known as "Aunt Huldah," was greatly taken with the handsome, finely dressed, portly city man, and ran after him as he with Mr. Stoddard walked through the door-yard towards the large barns, calling on her companions "to see what a beautiful lover" had come for her.

"Poor, demented creature!" said Col. Holland pityingly as he passed through a gateway and escaped from her vehement protestations of affection.

"It is a sorrowful sight, indeed," said Mr. Stoddard. "She lived near the distillery I was talking to you about. In those, her younger days, she used to board the help then employed about it. By degrees she came to like the cider brandy made there, and of which nearly everybody drank as freely as of water. Finally the doctors said her brain had become paralyzed. She is harmless, and so is kept here rather than at the asylum, where for a year or two she was homesick and very unhappy. She has no near relatives and, of course, no property."

"This is Captain Ball, one of our former leading business men," continued Mr. Stoddard, pausing before a thin, bent, pallid-faced old man, who was sawing wood in a weekly way before the woodshed. "When I was a boy the Captain carried on a driving business."

"Yes, yes," spoke up the poor creature, in a wheezing voice, endeavoring to straighten himself up. "I owned the distillery, and did do a thriving business, to be sure, but somehow I lost money. My wife used to say that I was the best wholesale customer I had. Perhaps I was, for I never went dry in those days—although I've had to since I came here, he! he! A good many folks used to say that the old still was no benefit to the town. Perhaps it wasn't, but it made a market for what was raised about here. I tell you I made a prime article of cider brandy, and corn whiskey, too; yet there were always some folks who cursed me for it."

"Where are the men who worked for you in your distillery, your neighbors who had money invested in it, and those in this region who were the largest consumers of your fine brands of brandy and whiskey?" asked Mr. Stoddard, in his grave, quiet way.

"He! he!" laughed the Captain again, "those who are not in the burying-ground are here, waiting to be carried there."

"It is a fact," said Overseer Stoddard, coming up now and greeting his brother, and after an introduction, "Col. Holland, that every one of these 'boarders' of mine here was brought hither directly or indirectly by that old distillery. That little hunch-back girl over there by the door is a grand-child of the old Captain with whom you were just now talking. His only son married a daughter of 'Aunt Huldah.' They were both burned to death one midnight not many years ago, through the carelessness of the drunken husband, who set their house on fire. That poor little creature, who was badly mutilated by burns, but was saved, is the unfortunate offspring of that union. Oh, it was hell upon earth over there in the 'Still village' when I was a boy. At last the more respectable part of the community would stand such works no longer, and one dark night the distillery was leveled to the ground. The poor old

Captain there was fully paid for his loss—in fact much more than the property was worth—but he soon drank up the money, as well as the rest of his property, and he and his sole living descendant are here to-day."

"I am a man of the world, and have seen something of the ill effects of rum in my day, but not exactly in this light," said Col. Holland, as he and farmer Stoddard were driving homeward. "I like this old town, however, and want to do something to benefit in the way of business."

"Build cheese factory," suggested farmer Stoddard.

"Eureka!" cried Col. Holland. "I will do so; and what is more, I will start a vinegar making establishment. Your rich Vermont cheeses and pure cider vinegar will sell like hot cakes in New York."

And so to-day the grain that is raised in the fertile meadows and plains in Northford feeds the sleek, Juno-eyed cows that graze on the sweet pasturing of its hillsides, and the luscious milk goes into the best of cheeses; while the cart-loads of apples that were formerly left to decay in the large and prolific orchards are utilized by the vinegar factory. The farmers are more prosperous than ever, and bless the day when Col. Holland first came to pass the summer there, and put a little enterprise into them withal.—*Congregationalist*.

## CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A CONVERTED HINDU.

Harlem Park Methodist Episcopal Church was well filled last night with an audience assembled to hear the story of the conversion of the Rev. Baboo Ram Chandra Bose from Buddhism to Christianity, as told by himself. Among those present were some 20 or more ministers, representing all denominations. Baboo Bose commenced by saying that he was born in healthy lands, a Hindu. When a little boy he had beheld the embodiment of Hinduism, which was the rational religion, and which embraced many gods and goddesses, a few of whom were beautiful, but the majority were very ugly. "I was not, however," said he, "instructed in Hindu precepts and principles, and this, for me, was very fortunate. Speculative Hinduism is pantheism, but practical Hinduism is gross idolatry, with only a tendency to pantheism. This belief is that all things are done by God, the legitimate conclusions of pantheism. If theft, or murder, or adultery is committed, it is all done by God. A Hindu never shrinks from responsibility of sin, placing the worst of corruption and misery to God's account. The Mohammedan shrinks from so doing. There is a passage in the Koran which distinctly says that God creates some men for hell, and leads them to hell through paths of sin and vice; but go to a Mussulman and accuse him of this, and he will answer that it is written and he cannot deny it. I have heard a Brahmin say: 'God leads me to sin and punishes me for sinning.' These are the principles of Hinduism, and, as I before remarked, I was not not inculcated deeply with them. According to my caste (literary) I was obliged to be educated. I could not be a carpenter or a shoemaker or go into any artisan trades. I must be educated or starve. Therefore I was sent to school, and, very fortunately, I was sent to Dr. Dunn's mission school, at Calcutta. I early lost my faith in Hinduism. Hindu science is indissolubly connected with Hindu religion. Hence if one was false, both were. There is no more absurd science than the Hindu science. There geology teaches that there is a mountain higher than the sun or stars, and that the sun revolves about this mountain. Hence, when the sun is behind the mountain it is night, and when not hid it is day. Hindu science gives us seven oceans—one of water, one salt, one milk, one buttermilk, etc.—and, therefore, when a boy's scientific faith is shaken by find-

ing there are only five oceans, and all of cold water, his faith in his religion is shaken also. The English are doing much good in India by the spread of intelligence. They are doing the work of John the Baptist and destroying the faith of the national religion in expanding the national mind and heart. Nothing in India is so destructive to Hinduism as the English language, and thus a great proportion of the work of the missionary is done in the schools. The work is a constructive one, and done by systematic teaching, and a great help is the fact that to-day the Bible is the most prominent in the curriculum of all schools. Hours are devoted to its study, and to the evidences of Christianity; and I think that I myself studied the Bible more critically than most men of your country. It is only eight years ago that I received the first instruction in the Sunday school, as this is a new institution with us. I had read the Bible and tracts, but could not make up my mind fully and at once. I attended lectures on religious topics—"Christian Evidence," "The life of Jesus Christ," etc. I had a cousin also in the same mind as myself. One evening as we walked a storm like this to-day came up; and then it was that my cousin disclosed his faith in Christianity, arguing that as our consciences told us it was right, we should embrace it. I told him I agreed with him. Two other young men also went with us, but afterward went back to Hinduism. My cousin and myself remained steadfast. He never wavered, and is now president of one of the most prominent schools in India. My cousin led a Christian life; I went grievously astray. I was not a hypocrite, but I wavered between acts of licentiousness and acts of Christian devotion. I fell a victim to the sin of drunkenness, which in India is called a Christmas vice. If I had remained a Hindu I might have every other vice, but not drunkenness. At last I entirely surrendered, and became a consistent Christian, surrendering my Government position so as not to be again led astray by drink. Since then I have been preaching the Gospel. It is difficult to argue with Hindus on religion. They say a man must be a god to prove there is a God; that we can claim but cannot prove; that time spent in prayer is lost time. They will agree that men should be good citizens, and that they should do all the good they can, but that is all. This is an improvement on Buddhism, which was established 500 years before Christ. The Buddhists say that as there is no sin, no sacrifice was necessary. Ancient Buddhists led a virtuous life, but only to release them from some transmigratory, anterior sin. Christian morality is unselfish; Buddhism is intensely selfish, and believes in self-deliverance. They believe in the existence of evil, but hope to obtain delay from punishment by going about doing good, and that that is all that is necessary, and yet, with all this, there are men who dare stand up and compare Buddha with the Lord Jesus Christ. It is almost impossible to meet these men in argument. If I say 'What are you doing to relieve yourselves from sin?' they say, 'There is no sin; you belief in God is a myth.' Others are idealists, who only believe in consciousness, who will not adjudicate between religions, but say, 'Listen to the voice of God within us.' Then there are pantheists, followers of Theodore Parker, and also materialists. As a result of our work, I can say, however, that the knowledge of Christ is spreading throughout India. Thirty years ago Christ was openly abused; now, even in newspapers, He is thought of and acknowledged as almost divine. There is scarcely a man in India who would abuse Christ now. They even now believe Him to be the greatest of all prophets—above Plato or Confucius. Let them know a little more of Him, and they will not only believe Him almost, but altogether divine—a God-man."—*Baltimore American*.