SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—A week ago yesterday afternoon, I started off toward the north-east on a good road that leads to a town forty-six miles away. As Bimli is built hard upon the shore, and as that distant town is on a river only about eight miles from its mouth, the road runs all the way near the Bay of Bengal; yet from no eminence nor any spot on the way, can the traveller catch a glimpse of the sea.

The wheels rattle out of the gate, roll down the hill, and bound out of Bimli, chasing four brown, bare feet, and followed by four more bare feet, pushing the world behind us. Four miles from home, we toil over a big bridge broken down in recent floods and roughly repaired. We pass a boy sitting on the banks of a muddy stream fishing; heathen men working on the road, with heathen women, boys and girls, carrying baskets of earth on their heads. We pass village after village, beneath the trees, some large, some small, but all full of people who need to be told and told of Jesus. Do you not suppose that a man driving by these homes of the perishing, would be glad that he has come to India to go to their houses and fields and preach the Saviour?

As the engine blows its big whistle when it comes in sight of the station, so the coolies shouted when we came in sight of the village where we were to change and get fresh men. O! Hull Bundy! Bundy!! Berah! Berah!! That is, Wagon! wagon!! Hurry, come! Hurry, come!! Out of the village, across the fields four or five men come. One has dropped his curious hoe in the field, another has crawled up from a nap beneath the tree. Two run off to swallow a few handfuls of rice. All come, bargain, banter and take hold of the shafts. The old coolies are paid and want more. No matter how much you give them it is always, Tsaladhu! Tsaladhu! "Not enough! Not enough!" Then with salaams, they turn back home, and the new men trot ahead.

After passing many villages, lighting the lamps in the side of the carriage, fording one big river and two small rivers, with eight bare feet in the cold water; after the coolies had shouted at six villages (about six or seven miles apart), and wakened many a slumberer to hie me on my way; after watching the stars all night—Orion, with the sword on his thigh and the buttons in his belt; or ahead on our left, close to the earth, the North Star, old Polaris with the Dipper, the Great Bear coming up beneath him, rising with its sparkling gems and encircling the heavens above him, but ever with its two faithful stars ranging directly towards him; and after crossing a high, long bridge over a black river, and paying toll for entrance fee on the other side, we rolled into the town for which we were bound, just as a mere streak of red in the east darted ahead of the sun on this Saturday morning to tell the heathen world that he was coming.

A Telugu told us where the mission bungalow was. We drove around a crooked road, turned into a front gate, and stopped under a handsome tree near the bottom of stone steps leading up into a deep verandah. From a path on our left glided out a tall, intelligent-looking Telugu, shivering a little in the keen morning air. Indeed, with a light overcoat on and a thick travelling rug thrown over my feet and knees I was not too warm myself. To this man I offered my hand, and as he grasped it I said, "You are David?" He answered, "Yes," speaking in English and smiling. I asked him if Mr. Barss were up yet, and he said he would see. So he ran up the steps. I alighted, and followed him up between rows of pretty potted plants, with variegated leaves, in many shades of green and gold. They are called crotons.

Soon Mr. Barss came out smiling and surprised, for he did not know that I was coming. Mr. Ernest Barss, a man about nine months old, heard a strange voice and set up a crowing, demanding to know who was there. He is a chubby, happy, healthy boy, and we are great friends, he and I. His father and mother are very proud of him, and they ought to be. Everybody likes him. The water man likes to play with him. The ayah's husband delights to have charge of him. The boarding girls come to see him and help take care of him. The boys, too, gather around and laugh at his pranks. One early morning one of the boys caught a tiny rat, and kept it tied by the tail until Ernest should get up to play with it. But Ernest's mother objected to that kind of a toy.

The sun arose and blazed in at the front doors. At the back door they have a river. If you should jump over the rail of the back platform, you would tumble away down a steep, deep precipice into the river, getting killed and drowned both. But you need not jump over. Mr. Archibald lived here a long while, and he never jumped over. For the name of this town is Chicacole. This is the Chicacole mission bungalow. Since Mr. Archibald went home, Mr. Higgins has been in charge of the station. Now Mr. Higgins has moved about forty miles north, under those high blue hills which we can see from Chicacole. He is there with Mr. Churchill building a new bungalow. The name of the place is Kimedy, or Parlo Kimedy. Since he left, Mr. and Mrs. Barss have been at Chicacole.

But as our conference meets at this station in January, I may wait till then to tell you more of what I saw and heard in this sadly interesting town, and this hopefully interesting compound, with its bright native boys and girls growing up under the influences of the Gospel. Yet, before I forget: when we were going to meeting on Sunday we saw a native house with its roof all covered with squash vines laden with long squashes.

Monday morning at seventeen minutes past five, ahead of the rising sun, I started for home again. Out of the gate, through the corner of the town, across the long bridge and south-west toward Bimli. The men ran so well, and new men came at each stage so promptly, that at five minutes past four in the afternoon I was home again, not wearied with the journey at all. On the way, although you cannot see the bay from the road, yet almost wherever you look you can see, near at hand or through the palm groves in the distance, great tanks of water shining like glassy lakes.

As I was coming up the walk a lady and gentleman were promenading up and down the platform. They had driven up north-east along the shore, nearly eighty miles, to Bimli. They are missionaries. The name of the town from which they came is Tuni; and they are Rev. R. and Mrs. Garside. They belong to the mission south of us, supported by the Baptist people of Ontario and Quebec. On their way up they called at a place called Yellamanchili to see a missionary brother named Rev. H. Laflamme, whose wife was once a member of our mission—Miss Fitch, from Wolfville. Mr. and Mrs. Garside are on their way to Calcutta for a tour through Northern India. We went down with them to the shore last night and watched them get into the boat to go out to the steamer. The last we saw of them was when they were waving their handkerchiefs as they neared the side of the ship.

South of the Bimli bungalow, about as far as a boy ten years old could throw an apple, is the school-house. Between the bungalow and the school-house is a little grove of banyan trees, with shade so thick that no grass grows beneath them. Anyway there is no grass, whatever the reason is. West of this grove, about as far as a boy could hop, skip and jump, on a platform of earth about breast high, sits a small bungalow.

Come around to the south end of this bungalow, back of the school-house. Look out! That big rock will roll down upon you! Here the hill goes up perpendicularly, like a wall. Up there, ten men with crow-bars are digging a big junk, the size of two loads of hay, out of the side of it. Look out! See, that man is splitting up that big rock! That other fellow is putting the pieces on his head to carry them over to the place where the masons are building the wall! Another is gathering out the small stones from the falling earth. And another is carrying the red powdered earth away on his head in a basket, to a man who is mixing it on a big board like mortar. With these stones and this mud mortar, the masons are building the wall. That is the way Mr. Sanford put up all these buildings. He dug down the hill to make a place to live and took the stones which he dug out of the hill to build a house to live in.

But what is this wall for? and what is this building, around the south end of which they are making this wall? Eight years ago, when Miss Gray and Miss Wright came out together to India, it was thought that they were both to live here at Bimli. Accordingly Mr. Sanford constructed this building, which he called a "Girls' Dormitory." It was meant to be a school for native girls, and Mr. Sanford expected Miss Gray or Miss Wright to take charge of it, while the other worked in the town. But Miss Wright was needed at Chicacole and Miss Gray had to give all her time to visiting heathen women in their homes, and the plan fell to the ground. However, the building itself has stood all right. Mr. Sanford used one room for a study, and the others were used for missionaries to sleep in when they visited Bimli, and has been called the "Rest House."

In our girls' boarding department we have a large number of people in one small room—twelve people in a room twelve feet square. The health regulations require a room built on the scale of eight feet wide and six feet broad for each person. So we have twelve people in a room only large enough for three. They had very bad fever in September, and we were afraid that some of them would die. The apothecary compared their quarters to the Black Hole of Calcutta, but of course it was not so bad as that. Anyway a change had to be made, and made at once.

Miss Gray has full charge of these girls, and so she studied out a plan. She said: Now we can use a part of that house for the purpose for which it was built. So she called masons and coolies and went to work. She is superintending the business herself. The hill is coming down, and the wall around the new yard is going up fast.

The large room at the south end of the building is the one the girls are to have. There they may breathe plenty of pure air. This leaves two rooms for a rest house. Both on the back and in front, a high wall butts up against the house, fencing the girls off by themselves. The rooms for visitors and for the girls will be like two different houses under one roof, as you often see them in Halifax and St. John, and other towns at home. Rooms here have to be much higher than rooms at home, for the sake of air. All our rooms run away up to the peak like a barn or a church. Up in the gable end of each room is a hole about as large as a tiger's head. The birds fly in through these holes, hop about, flit across the roof of the room and light on the big beams. The breezes blow in, and the whole house is ventilated. Mr. Sanford told us one day that these holes were worth their weight in gold. Well, between the girls' room and the other two, even this ventilator is to be stopped up—not with gold, but with stones and mortar. Then when a little Telugu girl cries, she will not disturb anybody slumbering in one of these other rooms. A verandah is to be built along the back, and this will make the house much cooler than before. All this is being done without any money from the board.

It is Saturday evening. See that row of ten girls and two boys in Miss Gray's front room! Each pair of hands has an orange, and each face is very happy. They have been out of the school all the week for a change and to help about the work. They have been carrying on their heads baskets of stones, baskets of earth and pots of water. They have worked so well this week that Miss Gray has called them in and given them each a present of an orange, and Mrs. Morse has given each three pice. There is a foolish heathen notion in India, that nobody who works with the hands is a lady or a gentleman. We have to do all that we can to teach them that Jesus worked, Paul worked, we work, and "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." They looked so happy that Mrs. Morse called me in to see them too. When they were told that they might go, they were loth to start. But at last they said "Salaam," and ran away to lie down on their mats and sleep till morning with happy dreams.

Yours heartily,

Bimilipatam, Nov. 26. L. D. Morse.

Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

AN ESTABLISHED HEART.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D.

". . . It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace."—Heb. 13: 9

This saying immediately follows the exhortation with which it is contrasted: "Be not carried away with divers and strange doctrines." Now, it is quite clear that the unsettlement and moving past some fixed point which are conveyed in the word "carried away" are contrasted with the fixedness which is implied in the main word of our text. They who are established, "rooted and grounded," are not apt to be swept away by the blasts of "divers and strange doctrines." But there is another contrast besides this, and that is the one which exists between doctrines and grace; and there is a still further subsequent contrast in the words that follow my text, "It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace; not with meats."

Now I need not trouble you with the question as to what was the original reference of either of these two expressions, "doctrines" and "meats," or whether they both point to some one form of teaching. What I rather want to emphasize here, in a sentence, is how, in these three principal words of three successive clauses, we get three aspects of the religious life—two of them spurious and partial, one of them sufficing and complete—"teachings"; "grace"; "meats." Turned into modern English the writer's meaning is that the merely intellectual religion, which is always occupied with propositions instead of with Jesus Christ, "who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," is worthless, and the merely ceremonial religion, which is always occupied with casuistries about questions of meats, or external observance of any sort, is as valueless. There is no fixity; there is no rest of soul, no steadfastness of character to be found in either of these two directions. The only thing that ballasts and fills and calms the heart is what the writer here calls "grace," that is to say, the living personal experience of the love of God bestowed upon me and dwelling in my heart. You may have doctrines chattered to all eternity, and you may be so occupied about the externals of religion as that you never come near its centre. And its centre is that great thing which is here called "grace," which alone has power to establish the man's heart.

So, then, the main theme of these words is the possible stability of a fluctuating human life, the means of securing it, and the glory and beauty of the character which has secured it. Let us turn to these thoughts for a moment.

I. First, then, mark what this writer conceives to be the one source of human stability.

"It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace." Now I have a strong suspicion that a great deal of preaching goes over the heads of the hearers, because preachers have not gauged the ignorance of the auditory, and that, howsoever familiar to the ear the key-words of Christian revelation may be, it by no means follows that there is any definite and clear idea attached to these. So I do not think that it will be a waste of time for just a minute or two to try and put, as plainly as I can, what the New Testament means by this familiar and frequently reiterated word "grace," which, I suspect, is oftener pronounced than it is understood by a great many people.

To begin with, then, the root meaning of the word, which runs through all the New Testament, is simply *favor, benignity, kindness*, or, to put all into a better and simpler form, the active love of God. Now, if we look at the various uses of the expression we find, for instance, that it is contrasted with a number of other things. Sometimes it is set in opposition to sin—sin reigns to righteousness, grace reigns to life. Sometimes it is contrasted with "debt," and put sometimes in opposition to "works," as, for instance, by Paul when he says: "If it be of works then is it no more grace." Sometimes it is opposed to law, as in the same apostle's words: "Ye are not under law, but under grace." Now, if we keep these various uses and contrasts in view we just come to this thought, that that active love of God is conditioned, not by any merit on our part—bubbles up from the depths of His own infinite heart, not because of what we are, but because of what He is, transcends all the rigid retributions of law, is not turned away by any sin, but continues to flood the world, simply because it wells up from the infinite and changeless fountain of love in the heart of God.

And then, from the central, deepest meaning of active love manifesting itself irrespective of what we deserve, there comes a second great aspect of the word. The cause gives its name to the effect, and the communicated blessings and gifts which flow to men from the love of God are designated by this great name. You know we have the same kind of idiom in our own tongue. "Kindness" is the disposition; "a kindness" is a single deed which flows from that disposition. "Favor" is the way in which we regard a man; "a favor" is the act or gift which manifests and flows from the regard. The water in the pitchers is the same as the water in the spring. The name of the cause is extended to all the lustrous variety of its effects. So the complex whole of the blessings and gifts which Jesus Christ brings to us, and which are sometimes designated in view of what they do for us, as salvation or eternal life, are also designated in view of that in God from which they come, as being collectively His "grace."

All the gifts that Christ brings are, we may say, but the love of God made visible in its bestowal upon us. The meteor that rushes through space catches fire when it passes into our atmosphere. The love of God, when it comes into contact with our manifold necessities, is made visible in the large gifts which it bestows upon them.

And then there is a final application of the expression which is deduced from that second one—viz., the specific and individual excellences of character or conduct which result from the communication to men of the blessings to flow to him from the love of God. So these three: first, the fountain, the love undisturbed and unalterable; second, the stream, the manifold gifts and blessings that flow to us through Christ; and, third, the little cupfuls that each of us have, the various beauties and excellences of character which are developed under the fertilizing influences of the sunshine of that love—these three are all included in this great Christian word.

There are other phases of its employment in the New Testament which I do not need to trouble you with now. But thus far we just come to this, that the one ground on which all steadfastness and calm tranquility and settlement of nature and character can be reared is that we shall be in touch with God, shall be conscious of His love, and shall be receiving into our hearts the strength that He bestows. Man is a dependent creature; his make and his relationships to things round him render it impossible that the strength by which he is strong and the calmness by which he is established can be self-originated. They must come from without. There is only one way by which we can be kept from being drifted away by the currents and blown away by the tempests that run and rage through every life, and that is that we shall anchor ourselves on God. His grace, His love possessed, and the sufficing gifts for all the hungry desires which come through that love possessed, these, and these alone, are the conditions of human stability.

II. And so I come, in the second place, to look at some of the various ways in which this establishing grace calms and stills the life.

We men are like some of the islands in the Eastern Tropics, fertile and luxuriant, but subject to be swept by typhoons, to be shaken by earthquakes to be devasted by volcanoes. Around us there gather external foes assailing our steadfastness, and within us there lie even more formidable enemies to an established and settled peace. We are like men carrying powder through a conflagration; bearing a whole magazine of combustibles within us, upon which at any moment a spark may alight. How are such creatures ever to be established? My text tells us by drawing into themselves the love, the giving love of God; and in the consciousness of that love, and in the rest of spirit that comes from the true possession of its gifts, there will be found the secret of tranquillity for the most storm-ridden life.

I would note, as one of the aspects of the tranquility and establishment that comes from this conscious possession of the giving love of God, how it delivers men from all the dangers of being "carried away by divers strange doctrines." I do not give much for any orthodoxy which is not vitalized by personal experience of the indwelling love of God. I do not care much what a man believes, or what he denies, or how he may occupy himself intellectually with the philosophical and doctrinal aspect of Christian revelation. The question is, how much of it has filtered from his brain into his heart, and has become part of himself, and verified to himself by his own experience? So much, and not one hair's breadth more, of the Christian creed is your creed. So much as you have lived out, so much you are sure of because you have not only thought it but felt it, and cannot for a moment doubt, because your hearts have risen up and witnessed to its truth. About these parts of your belief there will be no fluctuation. There is no real and permanent grasp of any parts of religious truth except such as is verified by personal experience. And that sturdy blind man in the Gospels had got hold of the true principle of the most convincing Christian apologetics when he said, "You may talk as long as you like about the question whether this man is a sinner or not; settle it anyhow you please. One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see." The "grace" that had come to him in a purely external form established as a foundation axiom for his thinkings, that the man who had done that for him was a messenger from God. That is the way by which you will come to a hold worth calling so of Christian truth. And unless you come to it by that hold it does not matter much whether you believe it or deny it all, it is very little to you.

But, if there be such a living consciousness of the true possession of God's love giving you these blessings, then with great equanimity and openness of mind we can regard the discussion that may be raging about a great many so-called "burning" questions. If I know that Jesus died for me, and that my soul is saved because He did, it does not matter very much to me who wrote the Pentateuch, or whether the book of Jonah is a parable or a history. I can let all such questions—and I only refer to these as specimens—be settled by appropriate evidence, by the experts, without putting myself in a fluster, and can say, "I am not going to be carried away. My heart is established in grace."

Still further, this conscious possession of the grace of God will keep a man very quiet amidst all the occasions for agitation which changing circumstances bring. Such there are in every life. Nothing continues in one stay. Thunder-claps, earthquakes, tempests, shocks of doom come to every one of us. Is it possible that amidst this continuous fluctuation, in which nothing is changeless but the fact of change, we can stand fixed and firm? Yes! As they say on the other side of the border, there is a "lown" place at the back of the wall. There is shelter only in one spot, and that is when we have God between us and the angry blast. And oh, brother, if there steal into a man's heart, and be faithfully kept there, the quiet thought that God is within him, to bless and keep and communicate to him all that he needs, why should he be troubled? "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings. What! In this world full of evil? Yes. "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings. His heart is fixed; trusting in the Lord." An empty heart is an easily agitated heart. A full heart, like a full sack, stands upright, and it is not so easy for the wind to whirl it about as if it were empty. They who are rooted in God will have a firm bole, which will be immovable, howsoever branches may sway and creak, and leaves may flutter and dance, or even fall, before the power of the storm. They who have not a hold upon that grace are like the chaff which the wind drives from the threshing floor. The storms of life will sweep you away unless the heart be "established in grace."

Further, another field of the stability communicated by that possessed love of God is in regard of the internal occasions for agitation. Passion, lust, hot desires, bitter regrets, eager clutching after uncertain and insufficient and perishable good, all these will be damped down if the love of God lives in our hearts. Oh, brethren, it is ourselves that disturb ourselves, and not the world that disturbs us. "There is no joy but calm"; and there is no calm but in the possession of the grace which is the giving love of God.

III. Lastly, my text suggests how beautiful a thing is the character of the man that is established in grace.

The word translated "good" in my text would be better rendered "fair," or "lovely," or "beautiful," or some such expression conveying the idea that the writer was thinking, not so much about the essential goodness as about the beauty, in visible appearance, of a character which was thus established by grace. Is there anything fairer than the strong, steadfast, calm, equable character, unshaken by the storms of passion, unaffected by the blasts of calamity, undevastated by the lava from the hellish, subterranean fires that are in every soul; and yet not stolidly insensible, nor obstinately conservative, but open to the inspiration of each successive moment, and gathering the blessed fruit of all mutability in a more profound and unchanging possession of the unchanging good? Surely the Gospel which brings to men the possibility of being thus established brings to them the highest ideal of fair, human character.

So do you see to it that you rectify your notions of what makes the beauty of character. There is many a poor old woman in some garret who presents, if not to men, at any rate to angels and to God, a far fairer character than the vulgar ideals which most people have. The beauty of meek patience, of persistent endeavor, of calm, steadfast trust, is fairer than all the "purple patches" which the world admires because they are gaudy, and which an eye educated by looking at Jesus turns from with disgust. And do you see to it that you cultivate that type of excellence. It is a great deal easier to cultivate other kinds. It is hard to be quiet, hard to rule one's stormy nature, hard to stand "foursquare to every wind that blows." But it is possible—possible on one condition, that we drive our roots through all the loose shingle on the surface, "the things seen and temporal," and penetrate to the eternal substratum that lies beneath it all.

Then, my brother, if we keep ourselves near Jesus Christ, and let His grace flow into our hearts, then we, too, shall be able to say, "Because I set Him at my right hand I shall not be moved," and we may be able to carry, by His grace, even through the storms of life and amidst all the agitations of our own passions and desires, a steady light, neither blown about by tempests without, nor pulsating with alterations of brightness and dimness by reason of intermittent supplies from within, but blazing with the steadfast splendor of the morning star. "He that believeth shall not make haste."—*Freeman.*

—"One day to a time! Seemin' to me that our Heavenly Father have given us our life in days, because He sees that we can't manage no more than that to once. Lots o' people might get on very well if they'd be content to take life like 'tis given; but they go wonderin' whatever they shall do next week, or whatever will happen to them next year, an' so they get frightened an' think that 'tis no good their tryin'—not a bit. I can mind once when I was a little boy belpin' mother to store away the apples. I put my arms round ever so many o' them an' tried to bring them all. I managed for a step or two. Then out fell one an' another, an' two or three more, till they was all rollin' over the floor. Mother laughed. 'Now, Dan'el,' says she, 'I'm goin' to teach you a lesson.' So she put my little hands quite tight round one. 'There,' says she, 'bring that, an' then fetch another.' I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doin' ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much all at once. Don't go tryin' to put your arms round a year; an' don't go troublin' about next week. Wake up in the mornin' an' think like this: Here's another day come. Whatever I do, an' whatever I don't do, Lord, help me to do this—help me to live it to Thee."—*Daniel Quorm.*

— Mr. Thomas C. Hall, son of Rev. Dr. John Hall, the eminent New York Presbyterian clergyman, writing to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, to correct some annoying misconceptions regarding his father's financial affairs, says: "Dr. John Hall never had a salary of $10,000 to $25,000; he never was the chancellor of Columbia College (which is, as your correspondent ought to know, an Episcopalian institution); he never received any salary as chancellor of any college; he never received $10,000 a year from Mr. Robert Bonner, and never in all his life made $10,000 a year from lectures and miscellaneous work.' I am sure the congregation which my father has served for 25 years would freely give him any increase Dr. Hall desired, but all such offers have been steadily declined, and many of his congregation have sought in vain to ease his labors by offers of a secretary, etc. It is nobody's particular business, but I may, as his son, here say that Dr. John Hall's whole fortune, including life insurance, does not equal many of the sums ascribed by imaginative correspondents as his annual income. These reports annoy my father and cause him real inconvenience. After such an outbreak as that of your correspondent's, letters pour in from all quarters asking for portions of the 'princely salary.' I have myself opened letters from Norway, Germany, Egypt, France, and even Russia, begging little sums of from $100 to $50,000."

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