



# AN ADIAN RECORD

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## Missionary.

For the Record.

**THE MASTER IS COME AND CALLETH FOR  
THEE.**

BY B. D. W.

The Master comes! Oh welcome sound!  
He comes and calls for thee.  
Wilt thou not hear his loving words,  
His "Come and follow Me?"

He calls thee, sinner, to repent,  
And turn to him and live;  
Then, to thy Maker, Saviour, God,  
Thy grateful homage give.

He calls thee, in life's morning hours;  
He calls thee, at midday;  
He calls again, at evening time,  
Ere fades thy life away.

He calls thee in a thousand ways  
To think of God and heaven;  
He calls thee, by His holy word,  
The promise, He has given.

Sometimes, He enters thy fair home;  
He comes (but 'tis in love)  
And bears the loveliest flower away,  
To bloom in realms above.

And when He takes that treasured one,  
The one you loved the best,  
Canst thou not hear His loving call?  
"Come unto Me and rest."

Sometimes He sends adversity  
To raise thy thoughts on high.  
Sometimes He calls, by memories  
Of happy days gone by.

Oh! heed the Master's gracious calls  
And have thy sins forgiven;  
Or else, you lose a Saviour's love  
And are shut out from heaven.

And christians! ye who love the Lord  
And reverence His Son,  
The Master comes and calls for you,  
A work is to be done.

He calls thee to confess His name  
Wherever you may be;  
And He has promised rich reward,  
A "Crown of Life" for thee.

Perhaps He calls thee, to go forth  
Across the ocean wave  
To preach the word in heathen lands  
And men, from error save

But if, to sit with folded hands,  
Thy duty is to stay,  
Then murmur not: it may be, thou  
Canst do more good that way.

Oh! listen for His loving call;  
He will thy pathway show;  
Then ask His blessing on thy work,  
And He will with thee go.

So bear thy cross and follow on,  
Whate'er that cross may be,  
And thou shalt live with Him above,  
When He shall come for thee.

For the Canadian Record

**ANDREW FULLER.**

BY W. E. MACINTIRE, A. B.

In the Fens of Cambridgeshire, at a place known as Wicken, Andrew Fuller was born in February 1754. His parents were in humble circumstances, but his excellent mother made up by the moral training given to her children the lack of all other advantages of a worldly nature.

Besides this valuable discipline at the fireside, young Fuller grew up in that part of England which had produced Oliver Cromwell, and somewhat of the sturdy character which marked the Puritan general also distinguished the man of oak in the vigorous preacher of later years.

But the boy also showed early signs of that wit which afterwards became the powerful weapon of sarcasm in his riper manhood. Though fond of reading interesting stories he only cared about truthful ones, and avoided fiction as if by instinct. That whirlpool which has drawn down so many of our young men and women, which has falsely excited their imagination and then ruined them, had no attraction for him. His mind was of a sounder growth and could not be fed upon novels.

In scenes of real life he took the most intense interest. It is said that he and his brothers became so fascinated with

Guthrie's Geography that they frequently withdrew to retired places in order to better enjoy its life-like descriptions of different people and nations. Once they had taken shelter in the rick and continued reading until their mother was obliged to hunt them up for dinner. Coming on them suddenly she exclaimed, "What are yew all dowing, yew sorry boys? Here I have been shouting till I'm hoarse; yew think o' nothin' but your benks."

Andrew, though the youngest, was ready with a reply. "Mother," he said, "we were just reading about the women of England; shall I read a line or two?" Upon which he proceeded to read that the Englishwomen were rather hasty-tempered, but still kind of heart, and their temper soon quieted, with which slant at his mother's affections he good-naturedly accompanied her to dinner.

At the age of sixteen he was baptized, and at nineteen, fresh from the plough, he began preaching the gospel at Soham, near the river in which Charles II. Spurgeon was baptized many years later. Soon he removed to Kettering and there with Ryland, Carey and a few others formed the Baptist Missionary Society which sent Carey as their first missionary to India. The interest he ever maintained in the Serampore Mission is shown by the regular correspondence which he kept up with the far-off laborers.

Many wonderful incidents are related to show the real character of the Kettering pastor. On one occasion Mr. Fuller was out collecting for missions and happened to call upon a well-to-do nobleman for a contribution. The gentleman, after listening to the request, rather carelessly handed him a guinea, and Fuller, not liking the manner of the giver, immediately said, "My lord, does this come from the heart?"

"What matters that?" retorted the nobleman. "If you get the money, why should you care whether it comes from the heart or not?"

"Take it back," said Fuller instantly, "I cannot take it. My Lord and Master requires the heart."

Taking the guinea back the man went to his desk and wrote a check for £20, which he gave with the remark, "This comes

from the heart. I know the principles by which you are governed. I trust that I love the Lord Jesus Christ and his cause and know that no offering is acceptable to him unless it comes from the heart."

Such was the stock of the Fathers one hundred years ago, and such their high idea of the claims of God. If we could maintain the same character and the same freedom from a servile and mercenary littleness, our institutions would be planted with greater vigor and be entitled to higher respect. Fuller knew well that God was able to raise means for his work and promptly he flung back the idle gift of a man in easy circumstances. But it so happened that his rebuke brought an effect contrary to what we might have expected and tended to deepen the conviction of duty in the mind of a fellow christian. By a like rebuke a man of the world would undoubtedly have been offended and have thought his dignity insulted, but the cause of God would have been none the loser.

Fuller's energy never abated. His faith stood firm. In the early work of the Baptist Missionary Society, while all seemed dark and discouraging, he stood ready to second the efforts of Carey and listened eagerly to his final appeal to organize at the Kettering meeting in 1792. From house to house he went, collecting money to furnish the outfit of the missionaries until all was ready, and then at Leicester he gave the farewell charge. The tie thus formed with the missionaries, Fuller maintained as Secretary of the Society until death called him home in 1815.

This happy deliverance came most fittingly at the close of a faithful service rendered to his Master. While his congregation was at worship on a Sabbath morning in May, and while the birds rang out their merry notes at the approach of summer, the spirit of the good man was about to take flight to its eternal home. The songs of his people, borne through the window, fell on his ears and aroused him to wish that he might again be with them, but before the sweet strains had died away upon the air he had gone to join the church above and with them to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. As we notice the cheerful surroundings and the quiet close of his life of christian toil, we feel to exclaim with one of old, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

#### BIMLIPATAM.

Under date March 13th, Miss Hammond writes:—

When I came to this place all the boarding girls came with me, so in a measure, I brought my work. Here the care of day and boarding school devolves upon me; besides I do as much visiting as possible in the town. There having been no lady here, the majority of the pupils in the day school is boys; we can only hope that girls will come in gradually. The girls, who used to come, when I was here before, have married. They are still children, but the door is shut, and they are inside. I have seen and talked with some of them, and it made my heart ache. Oh yes, they remember very well, some things they were taught, but their husbands and

mothers-in-law worship idols, and conform to the all that follows—what can the poor little wives do?

A heathen mother-in-law is a wonderful piece of human nature, and a new girl wife had better be careful that she shows no mind of her own.

Anthony, the head teacher in the school, is one of our christians, and a very good man indeed.

The second teacher is the Brahmin, who was baptized at Chicacole. He is a good man in many ways, so we do not fear his influence, but wish that it was more decided. That is, that he had strength to give up all he holds dear and follow Christ. He was silent on this subject for some time after I came here, and I did not intend to break it. Felt fully sure that his lips would not always be sealed. The ice was broken at last, and he said how he had suffered, wept and prayed. How earnestly he desired to be a christian in deed and in truth; how he mourned over his own instability.

If any of you understand what it is to give up all for Christ, to be cast out, hated and despised by those whom you love, to be put into a living grave as far as they are concerned, perhaps you can sympathize with this man, and pray for him the prayer of faith.

Pray for his wife. Oh, if in some way or other, her heart could only be reached, so that she could be induced to come with her husband, but do you fear that would make the way too easy for him? I do not think the time has come yet for me to attempt to visit her. Occasionally I send her some pretty trifle or something in that line. The other day I sent her some candy, which came from Calcutta, such as we cannot get here. She was afraid to eat it at first, lest I had by some means put a stupefying drug into it. I had that in mind in sending it, as well as some other ideas, and was pleased to know that she did eat it.

I am visiting a good deal among some shepherd people near by. At first talked to them a good deal about a school. Have given that up entirely; tell them they can do as they please about the school, and as far as I am able preach to them Jesus.

The longer I am in the country, the stronger grows the opinion, that missionaries and school work ought not to have a great deal to do with each other, except as the latter is the natural outgrowth of the gospel.

I go among these shepherd people as often as I can during the week, and on Sunday afternoon, when we try to have a kind of S. School among them. I divide the children into classes for the larger boarding girls, while I take the women. We sing and pray. The first time a prayer was offered there was a good deal of confusion. They must have an idol, or an image marked on the wall before them when they pray, so they could hardly grasp our idea. Since then prayers have been offered several times, to which they listen attentively for the most part. We tell them stories from Bible pictures and talk to them in various ways.

Last Saturday there were a good many men as well as women, and the former made several respectful inquiries, while many of the latter laughed at them, and

asked if they were going to join the christians?

I told them to come the next morning to our Sunday service, and we would talk to them again. They said they could not come at the hour I named, but would do so a little later. To tell the truth I had no expectation of seeing them. Mr. Sanford is away, so after Sunday School we were having a prayer-meeting when seven of them made their appearance on the veranda. Of course they were asked to come in and sit down. They were as ignorant as men could well be, we told them as plainly as we could of sin, its just punishment, a sinless Saviour and His love for sinners. They said if they throw away their idols, they did not know how to worship any other God. After a good deal of talk Anthony prayed, the first prayer they had ever heard, and they went away saying they would come again.

On Sunday afternoon we were among them again, Anthony with us, talked with a good many and got home after dark. It is close by, so we have not far to go or come.

Will you pray for these shepherd people by name, and for us who go among them with the Gospel? I want God to come near, and save them, and I tell them so, and to that end will you pray?

Mr. Sanford has been out preaching in the field a great deal since I came here. He thinks he may not return from his trip before the end of the month. The helpers are with him, and they are having as good a time, as could be expected. This touring is the work which rejoices my heart, and for this reason I wish the hot season was where it was last October. It is fast coming upon us, when it will be impossible to spend many days in the tent. Mr. Churchill is also out.

I hope that God will bless the donor of that \$20,000 to our Home and Foreign work, and grant that it may be the means of bringing many souls into His Kingdom.

Our young Theologues will soon be at home from the Seminary for the vacation.

I have written a long letter because I want christians at home to pray pointedly and intelligently about my work.

#### MISSIONARY FACTS AND PRINCIPLES.

1. The heathen are conscious of sin. Their religious works contain affecting confessions of sins and yearnings for deliverance.

2. The heathen feel the need of some satisfaction for their sins. They have devised many penances, aceticisms, and self-tortures. These fail to break the bondage. They do not give the conscience peace.

3. The heathen need a Divine Deliverer.—One who can make the satisfaction, and inspire the peace.

4. There is a command in the New Testament to go and disciple all the heathen nations in the name of this Deliverer.

5. This command emanates from the supreme authority. It is from the lips of Christ himself.

6. This command is addressed to all christians, in every age, until every human being is converted. He who said "Go, preach to every creature," added, "Lo, I am with

you alway, even unto the *end* of the world." The command and the promise reach unto the end.

7. The missionary spirit is the spirit of Christ. The soul, or the church, that does not possess it is dead.

8. If we love the person of Christ, we shall desire that his glory shall fill all lands.

9. If we love the truth of Christ, we shall be intent upon its proclamation, till every false religion is vanquished by it.

10. We are not Jews, but Gentiles. Our lineage is heathen. The missionary enterprise rescued us from paganism. Gratitude for our own emancipation and love for our brethren, the heathen of all countries, should move us with a mighty impulse to engage in the missionary work.

11. Success is certain. The Lord has promised it. The apostles illustrated it. These twelve men were missionaries. In their time, Rome, with her military force, ruled the bodies of men; and Greece, with her philosophy, ruled their spirits. Both arose in enmity to the Cross. The little band of apostles did not fear or falter. They conquered both.

12. We ourselves are the offspring of the missionary enterprise. To turn against it is like a man turning against his own mother.

13. Duty, love, success: these are three magic words. Let us grasp the ideas they suggest, and pray and work for all men, at home and abroad, until the church absorbs the whole world, and rises up into the millennial glory.—*Rev. H. M. Scudder, D.D.*

#### A VISIT TO SERAMPORE.

BY REV. J. N. CUSHING.

The visitor at Calcutta who is interested in historic missionary associations, cannot fail of enjoying an excursion to Serampore, for so many years the home of Carey, Marshman and Ward, the pioneer missionaries of India. Thirty minutes by rail takes the traveller to this ancient Dutch colony which was the only place of refuge from the relentless opposition of the gold-seeking God-forgetting East India Company, open to the missionaries.

On the way from the railway station to the college, the visitor passes the mission cemetery, which is a little off the street, and hidden the intervening native houses. It is not large in area, and is surrounded by a brick wall covered with cement. The Carey monument, at the foot of which Dr. Carey is buried, stands in a small yard in the corner at the left of the entrance. The monument is a large square mass of brick-work, perhaps fifteen feet high, with pillars at each corner, and surmounted by a dome. On it are inscribed the names of Dr. Carey and the members of his family buried in the enclosure. Under Dr. Carey's name are the only words which he would allow to be placed on his tombstone:

"A wretched, poor and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall."

Among those interred within the family yard is Felix Carey, who, with Chater, was a missionary in Burmah at the time of the arrival of Judson in Rangoon, and who

compiled the first Burman grammar, a good-sized volume of great merit, printed in Calcutta in 1814. The Marshman monument is in the corner at the right hand of the entrance. It is a rectangular building, having the back side closed by a brick wall, on which are the family tablets, while the other three sides are open, with cement-covered brick pillars. The Ward mausoleum is a circular, domed, open Grecian temple. Other missionaries sent out by the English Baptists sleep in this God's acre.

The college, situated on the right bank of the Hoogley river, is a lofty, imposing building, with a fine colonnade in front. The broad iron staircases, presented to Dr. Carey for the college by his Dutch friends, are splendid pieces of workmanship. The library is large, containing among other treasures specimens of the many translations of Scripture made by Dr. Carey, or conducted under his oversight. Whatever may be their faults, these translations involved a stupendous amount of literary work. The pulpit in which Dr. Carey used to preach in the Dutch church is now used as a memento in the college library. It is a small octagonal one, reached by several steps from behind. Close by it are the crutches once used by Dr. Carey during an illness. Their great shortness show that Dr. Carey must have been a man of very low stature. In a side-room are preserved the original charter of the college, and the chairs of Carey, Marshman and Ward, and Mrs. Marshman.

Carey's house stood on the former bank of the river, and near it was the place where Krishna Pal, the first convert was baptized, but the river has cut into the bank and carried away all the land on which the house stood. Back of the house was his botanical garden, now sold for jute mills, but beyond these mills fine mahogany trees planted by him, are still to be seen.

Half a mile away, down the river bank, is a pagoda, now partly destroyed by the undermining current, to which Henry Martyn was accustomed to retire for quiet study and meditation. These places are sacred to us from their association with great and good men, consecrated to Christ, who wrought well and have entered into the joy of their Lord. While they speak to us of the past, their story of earnest persistent devotion to Christ under an intenser opposition than we of the present day have, is an inspiration to a like consecration.

On the opposite side of the river is Barrackpore, with a palatial residence for the Viceroy, surrounded by an extensive park, which is beautifully laid out. Near the centre of the park is an immense banyan tree, which has many pensive limbs, and covers a large area. It is not, however, so large, nor does it cover such an extent of ground as the great banyan in the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta.

Serampore College has about two hundred pupils, of whom seventy are in the collegiate department. Its distance from Calcutta is a serious drawback to its prosperity. The native church at Serampore has thirty communicants. It would doubtless have been better for the cause, and there would have been more and larger native churches to-day had there been less

literary labor at Serampore, and more direct preaching to the people. At least, such is the feeling of many who live on the field. Yet those noble men wrought according to their best judgment, and accomplished great things.

#### CHILD-MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

[Memorial to Her Gracious Majesty Queen of Great Britain, and Empress of India, as presented by Mrs. S. M. Whiting of Connecticut, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions at the Annual meeting of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, held in Rochester, N. Y., April 18 and 19, 1883, and adopted by the Society.]

There are twenty-one millions of Hindoo widows in India. Is it strange that one of their number, in giving an account of the cruel treatment to which for life they are subjected, was led to exclaim, "Oh God! I pray Thee let no more women be born to this land?"

This large number of widows is owing to the cruel custom of child-marriage, and the religious law of the Hindoo, which forbids a widow to remarry, with the right of every man to have a number of wives.

The cruel practice of child marriage not only adds to the number of this sad despairing class, but is considered a greater trial than the Suttee. The British Government in their compassion and power have abolished the Suttee, but the greater wrong of child-marriage is passed by unnoticed. We beg to inquire of your most Gracious Majesty, if this great wrong could not now be removed.

Therefore; We, the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the Eastern portion of the United States of America, do most respectfully, and earnestly petition your Gracious Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, whose reign has already brought so many blessings to your subjects, to abolish by law, this cruel practice of child-marriage in India, and thus add another jewel to your Majesty's crown.

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## The Canadian Record.

MAY, 1883.

### THE CENTENNIAL.

The recent Loyalist Centennial celebration calls to mind the triumphs achieved for civil and religious liberty in these Provinces during the last century. One hundred years ago the majority in this country believed in the divine right of Kings and in the doctrines of "family compactism." These views have become wonderfully modified. We have a government now as free as that in the United States with more solidity, and all the offices of trust, honor and emolument are opened to all alike without distinction of creed or color.

As to religious liberty it was practically unknown in this Province one hundred years ago. There was then a union of church and state, and the established church was disposed to grant no favors to dissenters. In the battle fought for civil liberty, our fathers saw before the end was reached that religious liberty must come as a result. From reluctant hands equal rights were wrenched, and from an imperious clergy, men who bore the name of dissenters, took and held freedom to worship God as conscience dictated. Our fathers made it impossible for the Episcopalian ever to call their sons dissenters. In this land there is now no church more favored than another who, with haughty air, can look down and say "you dissenters." In early days our old ministers were fined for preaching without a state license, imprisoned for solemnizing marriage, and ejected from legislative halls when sent thither by the voice of the people.

As to-day we enjoy the wide liberties of this country civil and religious, than which no land can boast of greater, it becomes us to "consider the former days," and with thankful hearts praise God for his goodness. We stand upon an exalted plane, and should the divine presence go with us

in the new century he who would now simply forecast our history would be thought to be indulging in an extravagance of hyperbole. There were few if any Baptists in this country one hundred years ago. Certainly there was no church organization. What does the last Dominion census tell us? It says that there are more Baptists in this Province than any other religious denomination. We have come from nothing to a majority of the population so far as Protestant denominations are concerned. With God's blessing what may we hope for in this new century now that we start with a majority? May the Lord keep us humble and faithful in his service that He may work through us.

THE American Missionary Union closed the year with a debt of about \$10,000.

THE Baptist Sunday School in Rome is attended by three grandchildren of Garibaldi.

THE Baptists in the Upper Provinces have now a debt of some \$3000 upon their Foreign Mission Society.

THE English Baptist Missionary Society closed its year with a debt of some £3,000, but it has done a grand work especially in Africa.

By a letter from Miss Hammond we learn that Chinna David, the boy supported by the Brussels St. Band of Hope, goes in July to the Samalcotta Seminary.

WE regret to hear that complaints are made against the management of the American Baptist Missionary Union. We are satisfied that they have no good foundation in fact and they should never have been started.

If you need a new Sunday School Library, Lessons, Cards, Class Books &c., you can be supplied at the Head Quarters for Sunday School supplies, viz., J. E. Hopper's Sunday School and Church Book Room, 99 Germain St., St. John.

WE regret to announce that the Treasury of our Foreign Mission Society is empty and needs replenishing in order to make the next payment to our Missionaries. Churches, Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope, please note this. Pastors, Superintendents and church members to you are anxious eyes now turned to arouse the spirit of benevolence in our people and give a new impetus to this work which bears the special impress of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE *Christian Index* says that when Rev. Timothy Harley was pastor in Savannah Georgia, he was what is there termed "a stack-twisted Baptist after the English order," and that it was there where he learned the wholesome Baptist practice to which he has recently been converted. Perhaps so; but our Southern brethren must remember that Bro. Harley took a few lessons in this city where Baptists claim to be as sound in the faith as our Georgia brethren.

WE are in receipt of another copy of the *Star in the East* through the kindness of Miss Norwood. Its editor is an English Baptist. In an article in which he mentions the attempt of the Southern Methodists to found a great central College in Shanghai for the education of the Chinese, he says very truthfully: "The great need of the Chinese Empire is not education but evangelization, &c., &c. Let those Chinese who desire to see their sons become acquainted with the English language provide them with suitable teachers, and let missionaries look to their marching orders and confine themselves mainly to preaching the Gospel. There is no doubt that this is the means specially ordained and peculiarly blessed of God to the conversion of the souls of men. That education does not necessarily improve our race is evident from the presence of accomplished villains in the most cultured lands, and that the education of Chinese even in Mission Schools does not ordinarily make christians of them must we fear be frankly admitted. Only a few weeks since we were conversing with an exceptionally intelligent Shroff occupying a responsible position on the staff of a large mercantile firm. When the name of Jesus was mentioned he remarked 'Oh yes, I know about Him. He is a very good man.' On being asked where he obtained this knowledge, he replied: 'At the Mission School where I learned English.' In answer to a further question he stated that he still worshipped his heathen gods on the first and fifteenth days of the moon."

WE quite endorse these sentiments and believe that the teaching of English to Chinese or East Indians is not the highest kind of missionary work nor in the closest harmony with the directions of the Master.

### IT AVAILETH MUCH.

I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely for anything but it came. At some time, no matter at how distant a day, somehow, in some shape—probably the last I should have devised—it came.—*Dr. A. Judson.*

For the CANADIAN RECORD.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S WEAPONS.

BY REV. C. H. WETHERBE.

Every true christian is a soldier. Hence, he is a warrior. This implies that there is a conflict going on, between two parties. One wars against the other, and each endeavors to gain advantages, and win victories over the other. Both fight for a cause, but only one army is engaged in fighting for a good cause. Both cannot be right. One must be wrong. The christian's cause is God's cause, and, therefore, it is a right cause. Now, though the cause be a good one, in the very best of causes, yet we may use the wrong weapons in attempting to defend and advance it. No christian is authorized, by his divine captain, to employ any but spiritual weapons, to wage war against the enemy. Our true weapons are not carnal. He who undertakes to use a carnal weapon, against the enemy, loses the battle.

The christian soldier must take something into his hands to meet the enemy, besides human philosophy, and science, and theoretical speculations. He may hurl these things at the foe, as swiftly and mightily as he pleases, but they will not make the foe surrender. But, let the christian use such weapons as are furnished him, from his captain's arsenal, and victories are secured. Let him take "the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God," and "the helmet of salvation," and "the shield of faith," "praying always with all prayer and supplication, in the spirit," and then he is armed with those weapons, which are vitilized with omnipotence itself. If these weapons cannot conquer scepticism and infidelity, no others can. These weapons are as old as the history of man's fall, and none have been invented, since these were, that can begin to compare with them, for efficiency. Brethren, let us continue to use these heaven-forged weapons, with all of our might, for we can never succeed without them.

## OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Spragg's Point, Kings Co.

The Sabbath School of the First Springfield church has been maintained throughout the winter, at 2 p. m. On the first Sunday in May we expect to re-organize for our summer session at 9.30 a. m. We find the most successful work is done by continuing the Lessons for the whole year, and strongly recommend neighboring schools to adopt the same course. One great help to our school is the several clubs of the CANADIAN RECORD, *Youth's Visitor* and *Gem*, which deeply interest the scholars and secure regular attendance. Present Superintendent, David H. Crandall; Librarian, A. B. Foster.

W. E. MCINTIRE.

## THE VOICE FROM THE HOPIA TREE.\*

BY M. B. FOUNTAINE.

The far off Hopia Tree is stirred  
By India's faintest air;  
We listening catch a low refrain,  
Forever lingering there,  
Follow, follow, follow my lead.

I brushed, with my woman's timid hands,  
The briars and thorns aside—  
I trod with my tender, shrinking feet,  
A path through the jungle wide;  
I bore my heart to the farthest front—  
The fray was sharp and hot—  
I spared it not, till broken and crushed,  
It sank on this lonely spot.

Follow, follow, follow my lead.

I regret not the wounded, blood-stained feet—  
Each drop is a jewel now;  
I regret not the pierced, aching hands—  
Each thorn adorns my brow;  
I regret not the early broken heart—  
Each bruise had the Master's touch;  
One blissful throb 'neath the Sacred Hand,  
Were worth a thousand such.

Follow, follow, follow my lead.

Oh, ye beloved in the dear home-land!  
By the love our Saviour bare,  
Follow my lead; with heart of faith,  
Follow on wings of prayer;  
Follow in gifts of incense and gold—  
Follow in words of cheer;  
For the sake of our dark-eyed sisters come,  
Keep ye the pathway clear.  
Follow, follow, follow my lead.

Listen to-night—the low refrain—  
Hark to the melody!

India's air awakens the leaves  
Of the far off Hopia Tree.

\*Mrs. A. H. Judson, the first American female missionary, lies buried under the Hopia Tree in India.

## CHICACOLE.

Under date April 2nd, Rev. J. R. Hutchinson writes:—

The past month has been as quiet as usual and about as full of steady-going work. Bagavan Bayarah made a tour of 16 days in the region beyond Kimidi, and seems greatly encouraged. Everywhere he went the people listened well, while many came to him secretly by night to hear more of the gospel message or to have their doubts laid at rest. I shall some day send you one of his monthly reports—which are models of neatness. Shanthama, the Bible woman at Akalatampara, has been in poor health for several months and does not appear to be improving. I have sent her some medicine obtained from the Hospital here, and hope soon to hear that she is better. James has been compelled to close his school for a time and come in for medical treatment. He is improving and will soon be able to return to work. The school in Comminapilli is growing, and may yet prove a success.

Both colporteurs have been on the field for 20 days of the month—the Bible Colporteur selling upwards of Rs. 10 worth of Bibles and Scripture portions; the Tract Colporteur selling upwards of Rs. 2 worth of books.

I considered the question of giving Paulus the position and work of a native preacher a long time; but finally concluded to do

so. I increased his pay from Rs. 8 to Rs. 9 per month, (his commission from sale of books being gone), and his joy was very great—at receiving the new work I mean. But when I proceeded to tell him that now, since he had no books to take on the field, he would not need a cooly, and that henceforth I would expect him to tour without any assistance for cooly from me, his joy was turned into mourning. I had been led to this decision by two things, the first and most weighty of which is that no other American Baptist Mission in India allows its men cooly, they doing their work very thoroughly without it; and the second, that Suthenah and Bagavan Bayarah have made so much trouble about this very matter. Except B. B., who is an old man, no other preacher on this field will receive cooly assistance unless I have good reason to change my present view of the matter. For a colporteur it is necessary; for a preacher I do not regard it as so. But Paulus did; and although I labored long and hard with him, and showed him how he *could* go alone (as he acknowledged) he steadily refused to budge a step, and finally asked leave and has gone off once more. He thinks nothing of taking a few things and walking alone to Vizianagram—several days journey—but cannot make up his mind to go in another direction upon the Lord's business with an equal amount of assistance. I regret that he has again "taken leave;" but feel that I could have pursued no other course. God will yet, I believe, give us workers who can preach this gospel without a cooly to carry it. Another young man—one of the Akalatampara christians—recently offered himself for the work. He came in a few days ago to talk the matter over. This young christian, Uppanah, is a fine young fellow of some 28 years. He says he will not want a cooly.

Gorahuthee and Venkia are in. They came in on Friday last. The former came in to marry Herriamah. We have been working and planning for this ever since we came here, and Miss Hammond before us. When they were Hindus, Herriamah was his concubine. She is now his wife. They were married on Saturday evening, March 31st, here by me. Bro. Archibald (who came here on the day previous) assisted—by holding the lamp while I read the service. The pair are very happy. He is a most repulsive looking man because of his leprosy, but he is a good man and she calls him "her Rajah." A long and interesting romance has come to an end.

Bro. Archibald came over a few days ago, and we are enjoying his visit very much. He is a genial, earnest fellow, and a devoted christian. He goes on to Bimili after a few days. All were well in Bobbilla when he left.

Pray for us often and earnestly. God alone can make us instrumental in saving souls here. The work seems hard and discouraging at times; but we rejoice because of the few tokens of God's blessing that we do see and eagerly look for more—not back, but forward.

The *India Witness* of Calcutta estimates the native christians of India, Burmah, and Ceylon at 528,590.

## Sunday School.

### THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

She came amidst her children,  
Like sunshine 'mongst the flowers;  
Cheering with love's soft radiance  
Those blessed Sabbath hours.

They clustered fondly round her,  
As round a mother's knee,  
While she told them the sweet story  
Of our Saviour's infancy.

Not in language grave and stately,  
Nor labored nor refined;  
But in words that fell like dew-drops  
Upon the tender mind.

And she drew from them sweet lessons,  
Which that simple history taught,  
By the gradual unfolding  
Of each child's hidden thought.

And she bade them, in life's spring-time,  
Before earth's joys grew dim,  
Confide in that Redeemer,  
And strive to grow like him!

It was a lovely picture,  
So bright, yet so serene;  
For there lay a moral grandeur  
On that quiet Sabbath scene.

Hers was an angel's mission—  
Nay, perchance there is not given  
So noble an employment  
To the seraph throng in heaven.

It was hers to guide the wandering;  
To make the simple wise;  
To train those young immortals  
For their home beyond the skies.

Oh, happy, happy children,  
Thus gathered to the fold  
Before the dark temptations  
Of life had on them rolled!

Oh, happy, happy teacher!  
Fadless in her renown;  
Brighter than monarch's diadem  
Will be her starry crown.

### WHAT BETA GAVE TO JESUS.

"Beta, Mr. Freeman is coming to take tea with us this evening," said Mrs. Hollis to her little daughter, one morning.

"Oh, mamma, I'm so glad. I've got lots of things to tell him," replied Beta.

"You must be careful not to tease him with too much talking, dear," said Mrs. Hollis.

"Tease him! Why, mamma, I talked to him once for a whole hour, and I'm sure he wasn't a bit tired."

Mr. Freeman was the minister, who had recently come to the church which Beta and her parents attended. He was a very happy looking gentleman, and so fond of children that he was always a favorite with them. Tea was no sooner finished than Beta drew her little foot-stool to his side, and settled herself for what she called "a good talk."

She had a great deal to tell him of new toys which had been given her, lessons which she had learnt at school, and story-books she had read. When all this news had been discussed, she suddenly remembered a question which she had been stor-

ing in her mind ever since the previous Sunday.

"Why did you say everybody could give something to Jesus, Mr. Freeman?" she asked.

"Why did I say it, Beta? Just because I meant it," replied Mr. Freeman with a smile.

"What could I give?" inquired the child, with a keen glance into his kind face.

"You must think for yourself, Beta. Do you remember what I told you of those motherless children in the orphanage? They have no rich friends to buy them books and toys, and I think that you might perhaps be able to spare them some of those treasures you have been telling me about."

"But that wouldn't be giving them to Jesus," answered Beta.

This was the reply Mr. Freeman had expected, and drawing a little Testament from his pocket, he found the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew, and pointing to the fortieth verse asked Beta to read it.

"And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," read Beta.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Freeman, putting his arm around her waist and drawing her to his side, "If you saw Jesus lonely and sad wouldn't you want to do something for him?"

"Oh! yes," replied Beta, her clear blue eyes dimming with tears as she spoke. "I would go to him at once."

"I thought so. Now Jesus knows all this, and as there was need that his visible presence on the earth should cease, he has told us whatever act of kindness we do to those poor people and children, and other needy ones who are in the world, he will look upon and prize just the same as if he were the needy one, and we had done it to him. If a little girl gives up a toy to a poor child who is longing for one, Jesus is just as pleased as if some rich present had been put into his own hand."

Beta was about to reply, when her papa called Mr. Freeman's attention to something else. There was no chance of renewing the conversation with him that evening.

"I want to give something to Jesus," she said to herself next morning, as she sat on a high music stool, her hands folded on her lap. "There's my little elephant that nods his head so funnily. How it would make an orphan child laugh! I believe they'd like it better than anything."

The little elephant stood on the table beside her. Presently she took it in her hands and looked at it for a long time. It was her favorite toy.

At last she jumped off the music stool, and going away to a quiet corner, she knelt down with her elephant in her arms, and in her own simple words gave it to Jesus.

The next day the elephant found its way into the orphanage.

If Beta could have peeped through the keyhole of the children's play-room that evening, I am sure she would have been glad.

Her toy elephant had been placed in a toy cart, and some ten or twelve little children were dragging it up and down the floor, and laughing and shouting up and down. Beta did not see this; but there was a strangely happy feeling in her heart. She had given something to Jesus.—*Labor of Love.*

### THE HUNGRY, RED-HAIRED BOY.

A New York merchant, who is a Sunday school teacher, says Dr. Newton, was called upon for a speech at a great Sunday school meeting out West. He said:

"I will tell you a little story of a cigar boy. I started out one fine Sunday morning to get some recruits for my class. At the corner of the street I met a bare-footed boy, without hat or coat. His hair was fiery red, and looked as if it had never been combed. I asked the boy if he could come to school.

"No, sir," was his sharp reply. "You ought to go to Sunday-school," I said, kindly.

"What for?" he asked. "We teach boys to be good," I said. "But I don't want to be good," he said. "Why not want to be good?" I asked, earnestly.

"Because I am hungry," was the quick reply.

"It is now nine o'clock," I said, looking at my watch; "haven't you had any breakfast yet?"

"No, sir." "Where do you live?" "Up the alley there, with aunty. She's sick."

"Will you eat some gingerbread and crackers, if I go to the bakery and buy some?"

"Yes, sir, that I will, and be glad to get 'em."

I bought a lot and set them before him. He ate in a way that showed how keenly hungry he was. I ask him if he would like some more.

"A little more, if you please, sir," said the boy.

I got a fresh supply, and set them before him. I waited till he had done eating; then I said, "My boy, will you go with me to school now?"

"You have been so kind to me, sir," said he, "I will go anywhere with you. Please wait till I take what's left of the gingerbread round to aunty, and then I will go with you."

He returned directly to the sidewalk where I was waiting for him, and went with me to school. He had never been to school before. He thought of school as a place where boys had to hold out their hand to be slapped with a ruler, and have their hair pulled and their ears pinched. But when he found himself in the hands of a pleasant looking young lady, who treated him kindly, and said nothing about his shabby clothes, he was greatly surprised.

He became a regular attendant. He told all the boys of his acquaintance about the school, and persuaded many of them to attend. About two years after this, a lot of boys from New York were sent out West, and distributed among the farmers. My red-haired boy was sent among them.

I used to hear of him for a while, that he was getting on and doing well. I have lost sight of him for years now, but I have no doubt he is doing good wherever he is.

In a moment, a tall, good looking gentleman, with red hair, stood up in the meeting, and said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am the red haired beggar boy of New York, who ate that gentleman's gingerbread. I have lived in the West for years, and have prospered. I am now a rich man. I own five hundred acres of as good land as the sun shines on. My horses and carriage are at the door, and when the meeting is over, I shall be happy to take my old friend to my home, where he will be welcome to stay as long as he pleases. I am a member of a church, and a superintendent of a Sabbath-school; and I owe all that I have in this world, and all I hope for in the next, to what was taught me about Jesus in the Sabbath-school."—*Sci.*

#### WAS IT A MISTAKE?

An excellent christian man with whom, not a great while ago, we were conversing on the changes made in the management of children within his recollection, related how, when he was a boy, he was *obliged* every week to commit *two* verses of a hymn, and *ten* verses of Scripture, to be recited on Sunday to his Sunday school teacher; and when Sunday school was over, he was marched with the other scholars into the main room of the church, to listen to the pastor's sermon.

Looking back upon this old-fashioned and heroic method of dealing with children, the dear good man who was telling us his experience expressed a doubt as to whether that was just the wisest way. And yet this man, whose boyhood was trained in that method, is a stalwart christian, of the noblest type—an honored deacon of one of the foremost churches in America. In spite of the deacon's doubt, we have a notion that he was brought up about right, and that we should have more *men* like him, if we had more *boys* brought up like him.—*Baptist Teacher.*

#### YOUR DUTY AS A TEACHER.

1. To be in your place every Sunday at least five minutes before the time for school to begin; or have an approved substitute there in case of necessary absence. If you cannot provide a substitute yourself, let the superintendent know of your intended absence.

2. To gather and keep a class about you—not merely to teach those who happen to be present. You can easily enough gather a class by a word of invitation to the boys and girls playing about your streets, who do not go to any school. You can only keep a class by making them feel, both in the school and out of school, that you are interested in them. Greet them with kind words whenever you meet them. Hunt them up as soon as they become irregular in attendance.

3. Keep your class in order by giving them something else to think about than the tricks and jokes to which they will na-

turally turn if left to themselves. An interested boy is always a good boy.

4. To interest your class in the lesson of the hour, because you have first become interested in it yourself, because you have been planning, beforehand, how you shall interest them.

5. To set your class an example, not only of punctual and regular attendance, but of interest in the general exercises of the school. Do you sing, then they'll sing. On the other hand, do you chat with a neighbor while the superintendent is reading the Scriptures, then they'll chat with a neighbor. Like teacher like class.

6. To make yourself responsible, as far as possible, for the general interest of the school. To shift no duty upon the superintendent or his assistants which you can do yourself. To work, give, pray, make sacrifices, bear burdens for "our school."—*Gospel Teacher.*

#### LET THEM GO.

We have referred above to a class of teachers—unfortunately large—who grind out classes, as a mill grinds grist; teachers whose scholars are continually dropping out; whose ranks have constantly to be recruited lest they have no classes left at all; and so they and their influence would be lost to the school. We desire to say, with utmost emphasis: "Let their classes alone; don't replenish them; let them replenish themselves; and if they cannot, or will not, let them go." You can afford to do without them; in fact, you cannot afford to keep them. They are too expensive. They are like a great deal of the land in a State we wot of, of which it has been said, that the more you own of it, the poorer you are.

No school can afford to keep a teacher that cannot keep a class.—*Bap. Teacher.*

#### GREAT ADO AND LITTLE DOING.

The other day we were greatly interested and edified by an ingenious piece of mechanism displayed in a shop window. It was a sewing machine in full operation, the motive power of which seemed to be furnished by a ganesque looking little old man, with merry, twinkling eyes, and a jolly looking face, and white hair, backward streaming. There he sat facing the public, his feet firmly planted against a sill, his hands desperately clutching a crank, which he seemed to be turning with all his might and main. He apparently enjoyed his work, and you would be likely to enjoy seeing him do it; for he seemed to say to all beholders, "just see what a prodigious worker I am!" But looking a little more closely, one would presently discover that the little old man was nothing but a puppet a little more than a foot in height, and that he didn't turn the crank at all, but only held on to the crank while the crank turned him. There was no blood in his veins, no brains in his head, and no heart in his bosom. He furnished no part of the motive power, but was himself a part of the machine. And as we considered this jolly old fraud, who with distended cheeks and many a nod and wink made much ado, when in

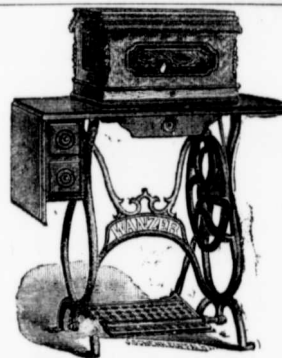
point of fact he was doing absolutely nothing, we could not help thinking how many there are in the world, in the church, in the Sunday-school, who "make believe" that they are working wonderfully—who go through with all the motions, and seem to be prodigiously in earnest; and yet they are only grasping the crank, and being carried along through a round of performances, but contributing nothing to the motive power.—*Ec.*

FLIES AND EGGS.—Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

#### TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

For the next two months we will sell Sunday School Books at a discount of 20 per cent. from Publishers prices, in order to make room for new stock. A three months note will be taken in settlement, or an additional discount for cash given on a large Order. Now is the time to replenish your Sunday School Library, as we have a very large stock to select from, and must make room for Spring Importations. Send in your Order at once.

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