

The Pilgrimage of Sorrowful.

By ELIZABETH PATTEN HUNT. Edited by Mrs. Hunt-Morgan.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sorrowful remained in this happy frame of mind all through Self-Denial. And although this land was by no means free from wearisome mountains, yet her Lord with His Grace and Everlasting Love were so constantly with her, that the difficulties appeared to her but trifling.

She next came to Resignation, where she was happier even than she had been in Self-Denial. Here she was filled with calm, steady, sacred joy.

"Surely," she thought, Vain-Thoughts is for ever conquered; what lovely flowers carpet my way! What precious smiles does my Lord shed upon me! And how comforting is the companionship of His Grace and Everlasting-Love!"

She now perceived a river flowing directly across her way, and at the same time, the Black Prince hastened to her, saying:

"That river will cool your fancied love to the Lord. You think of venturing into it, expecting Him to render you all necessary aid for your safe journey through. But in that river your expectations will fail. There your imaginary Grace and Love will perish; you will then find that you have called your companions by wrong names, that they have been mere impostors, and that they have led you from Natural Excitement and not from the City of Refuge. Natural Excitement and its memories have been the sole cause of the joy you have lately felt."

Here Everlasting-Love whispered to Sorrowful that the speaker was the Black Prince himself, which caused her thus to answer:

"I believe that my Lord will help me through this river; but if not, I can but perish, and I deserve to do so. While I have Grace and Everlasting-Love with me, I will go forward, whatever difficulties may be in my way."

The Black Prince full of fury, was about again to speak, but Grace effectually repulsed him, and Sorrowful firmly stepped into the river; she found the water very cold, but as her Lord himself condescended to accompany her, she felt much delight in the midst of the trial, and passed safely through. She then looked gratefully at her Lord, saying:

"Lord, I am willing to pass through as many rivers, and go over as many mountains as thou shalt see to be for my good, and for Thy glory; only be with me as Thou hast now been; only continue to me Thy Grace and Love, and I shall be both safe and satisfied."

He answered with the gentle assurance: "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."

Sorrowful looked anxiously at Him, wishing Him to say something more, and whispered: "Lord, I cannot endure without Thee."

He replied in the words which had before comforted her: "I will never, never leave thee, no, never; I will never, never forsake thee."

With this, she was content, and again went on joyfully, until she came to another river, of a different description from the former one; for this one was very deep even from its brink. Sorrowful trembled at the sight, but she remembered how very good her Lord had been although she deserved no kindness at His hands, and this remembrance through what Grace was continually saying to her, made her welcome, in some measure all she met in Resignation.

Then said the Black Prince: "Where are you now? What will you do next?" Sorrowful. "I shall wait until my Lord shall appear, and tell me what to do."

Black Prince. "These waters will certainly overwhelm you; you cannot yourself see any way by which it could be otherwise. Night is approaching, and to stay where you are is certain death from the wild beasts that are continually infesting these parts."

Sorrowful. "I fear not, because my Lord has said unto me: Fear not! He who said: 'I will never, never leave thee,' is One who never says more than He means, more than He has the power to perform. It is true I see no way, I know of no way how it is possible to pro-

ceed; but He knows, and in due time will undoubtedly appear. He will not fail to keep his promise."

Here Plausible came down the river in a boat, pretending to be sent by her Lord to take her over."

"You see," he added, "that He has not left you, that you are still, and ever will be an object of His special regard and now the way in which you are to proceed is made plain."

Grace now interfered, telling Sorrowful that the speaker was her old enemy, Plausible, and that it would be very dangerous for her to get into his boat. When Plausible overheard this, he hastily disappeared. Sorrowful now perceived another boat of a very different appearance, drawing near, and Everlasting-Love pointed out to her that Salvation was managing it, and told her that this one was sent by her Lord to convey her safely over.

She then joyfully entered it, assisted by her two friends.

The Black Prince, annoyed at seeing her safe in her Lord's own boat, put Torment and Fear into one of his own with orders to follow her as closely as possible, and to distress her as much as they could. They immediately started in pursuit of her, and as soon as they were within call, Fear exclaimed:

"O! Sorrowful, in what a dangerous state are you now! The least wind will upset that boat, and your instant death must be the consequence, for besides the danger of your being drowned, you will be the prey of the terrible creatures which abound in these waters."

She heard his call, and on looking over the side of the boat, into the river, saw many of those monsters which Fear had named. She trembled greatly at the sight. Torment also uttered his voice, on which she became very faint, and fancied she was falling into the mouth of a frightful monster that appeared ready to seize her. But Grace held her fast, gave her a refreshing cordial and said:

"Have you forgotten your Lord's promise—'I will never, never leave thee!' If He had designed your destruction, would you ever have seen His salvation? Would He have made your way so plain and easy over this river?"

Then Sorrowful took heart and said: "I will trust, and not be afraid. I will rejoice in His Salvation."

Everlasting-Love. "You may well rejoice; you may well trust; for underneath you are the everlasting arms. He to whom these waters belong, and who makes them flow at His pleasure, has said to you: 'Fear not; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'"

Fear and Torment were again about to speak; but to the unspeakable chagrin of their master, the Black Prince, Grace commanded them to be silent. Sorrowful now felt greatly comforted, and wondered at the influence that Fear had exercised over her, especially when Salvation was so plainly before her eyes.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Mr. McLaurin's Account of Missionary Tour.

Some time since we inserted a letter from Mr. Boggs, giving an account of a missionary journey in which he and Mr. Churchill took part with Mr. McLaurin. A letter from Mr. McLaurin to the Secretary of the Canadian Baptist Missionary Society appears in the Canadian Baptist of the 30th ult. As it contains somewhat further details, we give the substance of it below. The missionaries travelled with three bullock carts, or bandies, as they are called, and a tent.

We left Cocanada on the 12th September and only travelled eight miles to Samusketa - the village or rather town has a population of 12,000 souls and is situated on the canal leading from Cocanada to Rajamandry. At five o'clock Friday afternoon we started on our journey, passing along a good road fringed with miles and miles of green paddy fields. About 9 o'clock we reached Pittapur the seat of the Raja who owns Cocanada. The town contains about 10,000 people. Here on an open space we called a halt for a couple of hours, while our cook made us a cup of tea. The moon smiled on us, the stars danced above us, the boys squatted gipsy-like around the fires, cooking their rice. The bullocks

contentedly munched their straw, and Josiah and Vengia gave us an account of their day's work. Soon we are on the road again, but things are changing. Huge banks of clouds hide the moon, the thunder growls and the lightning flashes along the inky night. The wind comes leaping over hill and mountain with a terrific roar, and the storm is upon us. Every one except those in the bandies is wet in a moment. I gave our colporteur my coat to keep him from dying of cold; and as the roads are muddy, the bullocks hate to move along and all together we are not in an enviable plight. We drag on through the night, wet, tired and hungry. The morning dawns with drizzling rain and no place where we can stop, to be seen. At about 9 o'clock we reached Annararam where we found a travellers' bungalow and rested our weary limbs, and made ourselves generally comfortable. This place has a population of 2,000 souls. In the evening we took up our carriages and started for Tuni, which we reached about 12 midnight. Tuni is the seat of a little kingdom where lives a Raja who is also an indigo merchant. Sunday we spent in our tents talking to those who came to us, and in the evening went out into the Bazaar and preached to the people the Gospel of Jesus. They heard very well indeed and we hope good seed was sown. Monday we called on His Highness and were cordially received. He questioned us about our country and institutions, and listened for a short time to a description of our religion, after which we took leave and repaired to our canvass home. As a mark of respect he paid bills of expenses for ourselves and for our servants while in the town.

Passing through Cashim-Cota, of 5,000 inhabitants, Anakapalli of 13,000, and Adhanampudi, we reached Vizagapatam the most populous town on this coast, having by the last census about 32,000 people in it. Here the London Mission has two missionaries and one native missionary. They established their mission here in 1805! they have a Heathen School of about 200 boys, most of whom are Brahmans. They have three Catechists, two school teachers, an assistant missionary and 31 communicants!

It may be wrong for us to judge, but it appears to me as if the Lord is willing to give more than that. That is what the teaching system has done. Oh! brethren pray for us that He would bless the preaching system more abundantly than that. We spent Friday, Saturday, and most part of Monday with Rev. Messrs. Hay and Gordon of this mission, who treated us very kindly. I preached in Telegu Sabbath morning and Bro. Boggs in English in the evening. Monday evening bidding our kind friends good bye, and taking our seats in a carriage and pair loaned to us by an opulent native, through Rev. Mr. Hay's kindness we had a magnificent ride.

Bimlipatam which was our next stage is 20 miles north of Vizagapatam. It is a sea-port of about 9,000 inhabitants. It is likely to be the terminus of a railway from Nagpore on the Bombay and Calcutta line. There is no mission situated in this town, but I hope by the time you are perusing this that one of our missionaries will be there. The town itself is not of much importance as that it is the key to a vast extent of country to the north and west. We remained here some time and then took up our march for Chittivals, a native Christian village. Here Arbuthnot & Co. one of the wealthiest firms in India have several factories. Here they once made sugar, but it does not pay now. Here they manufacture gunny bags for holding rice, &c. They are made of a coarse kind of hemp called jute. In this place also is an extensive Indigo factory. Our next destination was Vizianagram. It is beautifully situated in a basin like-alley whose rim are the everlasting hills. It is the seat of the Maha Raja of Vizianagram, perhaps the most enlighten, progressive and liberal Prince in all India. It is also the station of a regiment of Sepoys officered by an Englishmen chief, among whom is surgeon Major Arker—a good old friend of ours, whose we found a good Plymouth brother and left Deacon of the Regular Baptist Church in Vizianagram.

Wednesday evening we reached this hospitable home. Thursday morning I was so overwhelmed with enquiries about religion, about baptism and about communion, both European, Eurasian and Native, that I had to turn over a good part of the English word to my able coadjutors in the work. Thursday evening Bro. Churchill preached a good gospel sermon to a good and deeply interested congregation. Sunday morning I preached to a good congregation from the words—"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure." At 4 o'clock I preached again in Telugu and baptized an Orya man from the Jeypore Country. This was a very interesting and cheering case indeed. He had bought a New Testament of a Colporteur—had never heard of Jesus before, nor of a Saviour from sin. He became convinced of sin, believed in Jesus, felt his forgiveness and came to us and asked to be baptized. Oh how clear and refreshing were his views of Jesus and His salvation. It was like the bubbling up of cold waters in a desert land, to the thirsting panting traveller. About baptism he would hear nothing but immersion; you could get nothing else into his head; he could think of nothing else. He would say so innocently "That's the way it's in the Book." His wife is believing, but did not feel prepared just then. I asked him if would not wish to wait till his wife was baptized, but he decidedly said no! He had to believe for himself and must obey for himself too. His wife must believe and obey for herself. He could wait for nobody. I felt rebuked and told him to come along and I would not be the one to hinder him any more. Hadn't this poor simple Orya man a clearer idea of the relation of faith and obedience than some of your divines at home? Monday Bro. Boggs baptized two European and six Eurasians into the name of the blessed Trinity. It was a good time; a blessed time; the Lord was there. All this time Bro. and Sister Parker were open communion in views, but every night we had the matter up; prayerfully and carefully we discussed it. Not an inch did we deviate from the New Testament, neither did we allow them to do so. The question was "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" Several times they said they were much enlightened and confessed themselves almost convinced. They promised to pray over this matter and let us know the decision when we returned. Under these circumstances we thought it best to postpone the organization of the church till our return, and leave the whole thing with the Lord.

Tuesday, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we left Vizianagram for the north. The weather looked decidedly threatening, the clouds kept hanging about the mountain tops clinging to them like things of life. Early in the evening we came to the bank of a stream, almost dry, just as a shower appeared to be imminent. We ran into a neighboring Public Works tool shed; no rain came where we were, but up among the mountains, at the source of the river, the rain had been heavy so that when we went out to cross, it was roaring and leaping along like a beast of prey—we had to wait till morning. Thursday morning we reached Bobbili, a town of about 15,000 inhabitants, about 35 miles to the north of Vizianagram. From Bobbili we started for our next and furthest point in that direction, Parvatipore. Its population is 8,565; around it are 253 villages with 135,252 people living in them. We left Parvatipore very early Saturday morning, drove seven miles and then came to the Nagur river. It has high clay banks on either side, is about 100 yards wide running about 10 miles an hour. In the centre of the river, or perhaps a little to one side is a rocky island with rocks in the stream some distance up the river, over which the water dashed itself into foam. From the bank on which we stood there was a cutting, down to the water, at an angle of at least 45 degrees. How deep the water was we do not know, but the only mode of getting across that river was a log canoe about fifteen inches wide, with a number of bamboos lashed at the side to keep it steady. Upon this affair we had to cross all our baggage and four bandies. The men said we could not cross, but we could not go back, so we began; unloaded all our baggage, tent, boxes, bedding, cooking utensils and provisions. Then took the wheels off our bandies, lashed them to this frail bark, and committed them to the roaring flood. Up, up they pushed this queer looking freight till some 200 yards above where they expected to land, then shoved it into the eddying whirl and away down, down to the opposite shore far be-

low. Two of the four bandies were across, and all our luggage on the other bank when it began to rain, as it rains nowhere else but in the Tropics. Floods of water came down: deluges poured out of the clouds, and cataracts leaped over the banks into the river. And to crown all, the boatmen landed on the island and seemed as if about to take up their abode—there.

So I had no alternative but give my umbrella and coat to one of the boys and wade in to induce those fellows to continue their work. My efforts were successful, but it only took half a moment to wet me to the skin. Brethren Boggs and Churchill also took off their coats and we were all in for a drenching.

We got across at last thoroughly tired out. Hadn't had a meal for twelve hours. Now our wet tent must be pitched, and the ground is flooded with water. The tent at last is pitched, a trench is dug around it to draw off the water, though the inside is all slush and mud. But we spread some saturated mats, then upon that some dry straw, then again our cots and mattresses. A wash in muddy water heavy with sand. A dry suit of clothes, a cup of tea, and some rusks and a short nap made us feel almost all right—at least beyond danger of taking fever. Oh but we were thankful for a tent and some dry clothes and food in that lonely place in the jungle over 200 miles from home. We took five hours crossing that river in the pouring rain.

Wednesday night we reached Dr. Parker's hospitable home, but were saddened to hear that they could not join our proposed church. We laid the matter before the Lord, and had a long talk with them that night. Both confessed that it seemed scriptural, but they could not feel that it was right, though they were very much exercised about the matter. Both really wanted to do right. We went down to the Thursday evening meeting, and Bro. Boggs preached from the words "Lord what wilt thou have me to do!" It was clear, keen, thrilling, a sermon long to be remembered. Opposition melted before it like snow before the noonday sun.

After the meeting both told us they were ready to join us heartily and at once Friday afternoon Bro. Churchill baptized a recent convert in a large tank, and in the evening we all met together for the organization of a Baptist church.

Bro. Boggs opened the exercises and explained the principles of New Testament churches and their views of Scripture truth which we hold, after which the assembly by a standing vote signified their willingness to be organized on that basis. Bro. Churchill then offered the prayer. I then addressed them on the duties of a church, &c., and after they had elected Dr. Parker as Deacon, broke bread with them and then left rejoicing in the Lord—the First Baptist church in that vast region; may the Lord increase them a thousand fold. The constituent members were eleven, whilst two who had been baptized were unable to be present so that their real strength is thirteen. Saturday morning a good team of horses and carriages of the Moha Raja's brought us to Bimlipatam, whence we took steamer to Cocanada, which we reached a little over four weeks from our departure. We found all well, the Lord had kept our dear ones and the interests committed to their charge in peace, and we found nothing but joy on our return. Bless His glorious and Holy name forever and ever. Our field lies principally in three districts, Godavery Vizagapatam, and Ganjam. The number of square miles are 6,000, 18,000, and 8,000 respectively i. e. about 32,000 square miles in all. In these three districts the population is something over 5,272,226, or about 500,000 less than half of the Telugu people. Of these the Godavery is most densely populated, being 255.9 persons to the square mile. Vizagapatam has 117.7 and Ganjam 182.9 to the square mile.

In the Godavery district there are 19 towns of over 5,000 people. The number over 8,000 is five, and over 15,000 three. Vizagapatam has 16 towns of over 5,000 eight of 8,000 and five of 10,000 inhabitants. Ganjam has 6 towns of 5,000, 4 of 8,000, and 3 of 15,000 of a population. In the Godavery district but 30 per cent of the people can read. Vizagapatam has 23 per cent and Ganjam 25. This will show the amount of ignorance there must necessarily be in the country.

Your Brother,
JOHN McLaurin.
Cocanada, Sept. 16th, 1875.