

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. Missionary Letter.

FROM MISS HAMMOND TO THE SECRETARY OF CENTRAL BOARD OF NOVA SCOTIA, W. M. A. SOCIETIES. BIMPATAM, INDIA, Oct. 3, 1879.

My dear Mrs. Selden,—

I will try to write you more frequently in future, for I want you to get my work on your hearts, so that you cannot help praying for me. Our friends also must learn what we are trying to do, before our work will prosper as it ought. You speak of hearing of no one who is willing to join us in our work. Perhaps some one will be ready, by the time one of the stations will be prepared to receive her. As Mrs. Armstrong thinks of going home, no one can go there, and neither Bobbilly nor Bimli can accommodate any one at present. When our house is finished, I shall be only too glad and thankful to welcome a single lady to my rooms, to study the language as a preparatory step to going elsewhere, or to live in them permanently, and join me in my work. There is abundance of this here, and its magnitude increases with my acquaintance. Another unmarried lady and myself could be very happy together and we could mutually assist and strengthen each other. I received the money for my school work in due time and would sincerely thank the ladies for the same.

We moved into our own compound the first of July, and the first of October we brought our school here. It is such a relief to feel that it is near, and that any moment I can go into it. It needs a great amount of watchful care, or it will hardly live in this uncongenial atmosphere. There has been one obstacle after another since I took the school. The removal of the heathen teacher and the establishing of a Christian in his place, was a difficult thing, the effects of which we still feel. Then I ceased paying the children for coming, and they almost ceased to put in an appearance. The number of pupils was increasing and paying them was a bill of expense, of which I could not approve. I preferred a smaller number of pupils, who would come without pay, than a larger one, who came for it. We were beginning to recover from that change, when fever came among the children, and for the last two months we have made very little progress, only held our own against the strong current.

The weather has been exceedingly trying, more so to me, than any of the previous months. The heat was not so excessive, but more sultry and depressing. There has been much suffering, sickness and death among the natives, but now there is a change in the atmosphere, and we hope for improvement elsewhere. My children are getting back, and I am trying to get things righted. You have a very good school house here; a neat substantial building. It contains two rooms. The larger one 24x16 ft. The smaller 10x16 ft. A verandah 8 ft. wide extends all around. I am hoping much from this house, that God will be there and bless the efforts made; that He will incline the people to come to us; that He will convince their hearts of the truth and make them willing to confess Christ before the world; and that He will answer the prayers offered by our friends at home; in the way that seemeth to Him best, real strength it is to us to know that you are praying for us and our work.

Do not forget the power you have in your hands. The hearts of these women are untouched. Ingenuity, energy, perseverance, love and faith are required to prosecute this work. Pray that I may find the way to their hearts; that the truth may take root there, and that God will nourish and cherish it, as only He can. My Nova Scotia friends should have an especial interest in this work.

Once a week I go a mile out of town, near where we formerly lived, to see a woman, whom Mrs. Churchill used to visit. For some time past several young women have come in and they listen attentively. They have bright interesting faces and their minds accept the truth, but I fear it has not yet found their hearts. Here in the town there is room for more visiting than either my time or strength will permit me to do. I am very much interested in this

department of mission work. It requires line upon line, and constant effort. I rarely get inside of the house, but sit or stand wherever I can find a place.

My stammering Telugu is such a drawback. I know so little and there is so much to be learned. It is a barrier separating the people from me, and can only be overcome by patient hard work. When I can pray for these women in words that they will understand, how very thankful I shall be. We must continue to do that which seems best, and trust the Lord for the harvest. It would be useless to look for a harvest though, unless we try diligently to sow the seed. It may fall in all sorts of places, but not even the tiniest one is lost to the Father's eye. Our Compound has not a shade of any kind. Trees have been put out in some places, and years hence, will probably protect from the sun, those, who may be here. Our other house, if we live to enjoy it, will be more comfortable than this one, and we will get all the breeze that blows. We are all feeling the heat exceedingly, but have reason to be thankful that we are so well. Please remember me kindly to the ladies of your Society.

Yours very truly, CARRIE HAMMOND.

For the Christian Messenger. Letter from Burmah.

JUNGLE TOUR, MAULMAIN, February 1879.

This time we went by boat, and were to start at one p. m. Then, between two and three, finally getting off about five, I crept under the awning of the boat, and took my place among the bundles, baskets, and tins, exceedingly thankful to be off at last. Shortly after night-fall we arrived at our first village Pah Coon and by the faint light of a new moon made our way up the bank to the house at which we were to stay. The host came to meet us with a face beaming with smiles and sought by every means in his power to shew how pleased he was to see us. The last sounds I heard as I sunk to sleep behind my curtain were the voices of the preacher and a number of Burmans discussing the merits of "The Kin Ya Shu-ke-it Varthee." (The Jesus Christ religion). In the morning my head ached so badly that I stayed indoors, while the preacher and bible woman walked over to the next village. The people thronged the house where I was. They read, talked, and looked at pictures, and made the floor creak so perceptibly beneath their weight that I feared at one time it would break down. Later, Zongin and the bible woman returned, much pleased with their visit to the village, and said the people begged we would come and stay one night. There had formerly been a christian family in the place, but the man and his wife were dead, and all had relapsed into heathenism. It appeared however that the words of the old christian man were not wholly forgotten, by the desire manifested to have us go there, and they mournfully added, "No one ever comes to our village." The people stayed and talked late into the night, and seemed to have a growing conviction of the uselessness of idol worship.

Pah-ke-tee was the next place to which we went, and as I was standing on the verandah of a house, the owner addressed me most respectfully. "Tine to ar Gee." (Sit great teacher). His respect diminished somewhat when he found I was "only a woman." The people often take me for a man because I am tall, and they know little about our dress. Here the people brought us buffalo's milk, it is much richer than cows' milk. The noise of corn grinding, fowls, and children, salute our ears at an early hour in the morning, and a late one at night. A "soft low voice," is not a characteristic of Burman women.

The Scripture method of "hasting to kill a calf and dress it," are understood here, our fowls are not killed until about to be cooked, and meat cannot be kept uncooked longer than twelve hours. We reached Tong Tug, March 1st, a great number of Talings and a good village, wide streets, trees, etc. I counted between 70 and 80 children standing near us at one time, many of them had nice bright looking faces. I tossed a little ball of cotton wool I was holding up in the air and it fell on their heads, and a shout of laughter went up from the group. The parents said they should be

glad of a school for their children and I sighed to think of all those little ones growing up in darkness and ignorance. The parents will not part with them to come to the town schools, and the town schools could hold only a few. A jungle school exerts an influence for good in the homes of all the scholars, and it is the homes of the people we went to reach and purify.

March 3rd. This morning a lot of children came to see me, I was pleased to notice clean garments on many of them. In general the children of this village presented a less wild appearance than many others, and the people listened readily to the gospel.

Win-Chong was the next village on our route, and we were received by a christian woman into an indescribable looking house, where however we had the luxury of a small table and a raised corner curtained off for our bedchamber. This village lay along the banks of the river with a number of lofty cocoa-nut trees, and some sweet scented citron, whose blossoms perfumed the air. A large elephant made no demonstration beyond a stately movement of his trunk as we passed him, and the people kept the numerous dogs out of our way, by muttered threats and shouts.

You may like to know the mode of procedure in house-to-house visitation. There is no difficulty about it, the people are generally sitting out side the house, and look up when a stranger appears. You approach and a dog darts out of some unseen corner and barks at you, he is instantly ordered off by some of the family and slinks growling away, the people then ask what you are looking for. An answer given to that question you are invited to enter, and some mats one or two degrees cleaner than those on the floor are unrolled for you to sit upon, and the ever present coon box is brought forward. You excuse yourself by saying it is not an English custom to eat coon, and without more preliminaries begin to teach and to preach Jesus Christ, telling them of the one name "mighty to save" all ranks and conditions of men. If you are inside, the room will speedily fill. If outside, people will gather round to listen, mothers with their babies, children of all ages, young men and old.

At this village we found an old woman who had been baptized by Dr. Wade, the ancient croon was pounding coon in a small brass mortar, as she had no teeth wherewith to shew the betel nut, and from the oldest to the youngest, coon is in daily and hourly use by the Burmese, I went down on the floor beside the old lady and pounded a little more vigorously than she was doing, afterwards her daughter-in-law gave me four hens' eggs, (but whether in payment for the pounding or not I couldn't tell) generally speaking the people will neither give or sell hens' eggs, preserving them all to set, as the Kabah's come from town and buy up all their chickens for the bazaar quite frequently. From this village we went to Ta-Yote-Hear, making a short stay there, then to Pah Gote, stopping to cook our dinner on the river bank about dusk. A Karen woman came to meet us and wanted us to go and spend the night at her house, but we thought we had better keep on and ere long found ourselves at Pah Gote, we had many encouraging incidents here, the people listened well and asked for tracts etc. Here we stayed in a Zayat near a Kyoung, and one of the priests sent to ask us to come round to the river side, as he wanted to talk to us, and was afraid to come to the Zayat, we went and found him standing on the bank, and Ko Yon-Gin, Mah Hear and myself, were out in another direction, we met the same priest in company with some others. He came forward after speaking to his companions and asked us to go up to their Kyoung, which we did, they would not allow me to do more than sit on the edge of the upper floor. Ko-yon-gin was invited inside and after Mah Hear and I had rested a while, we left Yon-gin deep in conversation, and wended our way homeward for it was then noon, and we had had no breakfast, nothing since early morning tea. The priests do not eat till noon, and although one of them was sitting down comfortably to his rice and curry, He did not dare offer me any, a draught of water from a cocoa-nut shell was all I could hope for. We stopped at a house on our way back, and bought some plain-tains, which tasted better than plain-

tains had ever tasted before, for the day was so hot, and we were so tired and hungry. When Yon-gin returned some hours later, he reported that the priests had given him his breakfast, adding that it was a very good one. There does not seem to be the hostility one might expect to our religion among the priests. One of the men was much pleased with a picture of the Queen, said she had a face like the moon. They are always interested in hearing about her, but cannot understand why so great a nation as the English submit to be ruled by a woman.

E. H. PAYNE.

For the Christian Messenger. Those Lexicons Again.

Rev. Geo. A. Hutchinson, M. A., for many years a successful minister of the Presbyterian Church, a man of broad culture, one of the ablest ministers in the West was recently baptized and ordained as pastor of a Baptist Church in Colorado.

Rev. J. L. Moffatt, a Methodist minister for some time, a man of enthusiasm and energy, was recently baptized and ordained a pastor over a Baptist Church in the same State.

Rev. Geo. Eates, M. A., a Primitive Methodist minister was recently publicly immersed in the Bush Street Chapel Plymouth, England, by Rev. R. C. Roberts, pastor of the church. Mr. Eates has been connected with the Methodists for twenty years.

And so the current of truth keeps running. Aye, and will run. More anon. W. H.

For the Christian Messenger. More Plain Talk.

THESE GAY BAPTISTS.

There was a time when the Baptists were notable for their strictness. They dressed very plainly; the sisters were almost afraid to curl their hair; and when they walked through the streets our mothers' days, other ladies said "There go the saints," in a half-derisive tone, yet acknowledging our claims of conversion and holiness of life. It used to be a matter of discipline when a church member strayed away to a circus, but now there is not often any direct action taken when members attend darkey concerts, or theatrical performances, the church is satisfied if the minister hints in his next sermon, in the mildest possible manner, that such conduct is hardly in keeping with the profession we have made. Sister Florence attends a card party, and report says takes a hand. Shades of Father Harding! what would the old man say about card-playing christians! Sister Bounce thinks it no harm to patronize a set of quadrilles. Do not the church people, rector and all, believe in dancing, and is it not therefore eminently respectable? Why should not the Baptists do as other people do? Why make themselves singular? Sure enough. Why? Is there any thing said in the Bible about Christians being a "peculiar people?" Perhaps it is a mistranslation, or a figure of speech! Perhaps the early disciples thought it 'the thing' to attend the theatre; and perhaps they applauded when they saw their brethren thrown to the lions? The devil, in the early days of Christianity, used to compel the disciples to attend the circus—they were taken there bound, and then they were ordered to fight the wild beasts. That was "the spectacle to men and angels," of which Paul speaks. "But in these times Satan has changed his method. The circus is robbed of its horrors, but not of its immorality; a pleasant faced manager invites us all to attend, especially the Sunday Schools, and when the day arrives, the minister, the deacons, the superintendent, teachers, and children are all there.

There is another little game his infernal majesty has invented for the special delectation of unwary christians. In almost every town, we see a huge round structure, with no grand name like Pantheon, or Athenæum, but with the unpretending monosyllable RINK, to denote its use. Now, an old-fashioned person like myself is willing to see the young people enjoy themselves. Indeed I confess that I see no harm in the Rink itself. I am inclined to be angry because it is turned to bad uses. Why is it necessary to have a "carnival" in con-

nection with the simple announcement of skating? And why is it further necessary to engraft a "hop" on to the "carnival?" I fear to send my children to the rink, because they may be enticed to take part in a masquerade, or coaxed to join in a vulgar dance, with parties whom I would not care to see at my house. Yet here are silly Baptists caught with this chaff. "The Rink" they say, "why there can be no harm in the rink!" Well, I know there is a great deal of harm in connection with it. Like the taverns, they don't seem to pay without certain attachments. The hotel must have the bar room, and the Rink its 'carnival' and its 'hop,' both ostensibly for the same reason—to make it pay. I think it is time Baptists were getting their eyes open.

By all means let the young people enjoy themselves. Let them do as their parents did, seek a good piece of ice out of doors, and breathing a pure atmosphere, physically and morally give themselves up to that delightful pastime. There will be fewer failures in health—less hacking colds, less lassitude and headache. Try it young people this winter, avoid the damp sunless Rink, with its unspiritual, unhealthy associations, and go into the OPEN AIR, under the blue dome of Heaven, the place designed by infinite wisdom for exercise and recreation. More anon from ACIER.

For the Christian Messenger. Golden Wedding Address.

TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS FULTON OF ECONOMY.

Dear Parents,—

We, your children feel it our duty when together this evening to present you with a short address. We most heartily congratulate you on the pleasure and satisfaction it must afford you this evening to see all your children on earth once more around you, a privilege rare to be enjoyed by persons at your advanced age. True it cannot be said to be an unbroken family, you have followed the remains of one to the grave and but one, you can say and realize in regard to her that your loss was her eternal gain. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken, blessed be the name of the Lord.

We might glance over the past fifty years of your life with the mind's eye, and call up facts of interest sufficient to have occupied the evening with pleasure and profit. It is pleasant to call to remembrance scenes of youth. We glance over the past, and imagine we see when you first set out in life, Father felling the large trees with his axe, and Mother toiling with anxiety to do her part. We can imagine your buoyancy of mind energy and anxiety. With what ambition you faced the hardships of life in order that you might gain a respectable living and have to give to the different charitable objects of life. And then we realize as the years rolled by, your anxious care for us, how you nurtured, cherished and watched over us in health and sickness, your prayers, tears and anxiety to make us comfortable and happy. And as we advanced in years we acknowledge your great desire for our spiritual welfare and religious training, your example and prayers, and we feel that not until death closes your eyes will your care and anxiety for us cease. May our faithfulness and love for you never fail. We heartily congratulate you on the long life you have enjoyed together, the peace and prosperity the good health that God has blessed you with. May you live to see many happy days, and may your last days be your best, is the desire and prayer of

YOUR CHILDREN.

REPLY:

Beloved Children,—

In reply to your touching Address to us this evening, we are led to review the past, and in looking back to the early history of our lives when you were under our immediate care. Truly we can say we were blessed with a family of obedient children. And now that you have come together to celebrate our fiftieth Anniversary in married life, we receive it as a token of your respect and affection. It is gratifying to know that you are in comfortable circumstances and maintain a respectable position in life. Also to know that you have had respect to the commandment, "Honour thy Father and Mother."