

Our Life in India.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY MRS. J. MCLAURIN, AT THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

In trying to arrange a few thoughts to bring before you to-day, in no way did it seem to me would I be as likely to find something at once fresh and practical for your attention as by reviewing briefly, and in as impersonal a manner as possible, my own life in India as a missionary's wife; for my experience has been in no way peculiar. I shall try to follow that line of thought which shall enable me to give you a little information about the work, and our way of doing it, in as simple and direct a manner as possible.

Looking back, our life in India divides itself into three distinct parts: the year and a-half of preparation time in Ramapatam, with brother Timpany and my sister; the two golden years in the harvest field in Ongole; and the five years of rudimentary work in Cocanada. When a missionary reaches his destination on foreign shores, there is but one task before him—but one thing he can do—that is, study the language of the people. Till that is learned he is as one deaf and dumb. We secured a teacher the day after we arrived in Ramapatam; a pretty well educated Brahmin, who taught us Telugu seven hours a day for \$7.50 a month. Poor man! he was trying to save money to pay off debts contracted for his marriage festivities fifteen or twenty years before. And we studied Telugu—six or seven hours a day did not seem too much time to devote to it. We were fresh and strong with the vigor we had brought from home; we longed to be able to speak to the people, and there were no temptations to idleness; social duties or pleasures had no name with us. We were thirty miles (by ox-cart) from the nearest white neighbor. To pause—to take a holiday for rest was to be home-sick. It was a bare, dry period for heart and soul. We could do nothing for those around us; we were deprived of those religious privileges which we had formerly enjoyed and which we never seemed rightly to have valued till now; we were getting accustomed to the presence of idolaters about us; and without their language it was impossible to get into close sympathy with the Christians; we felt that we had much need to ask the Lord to keep our hearts pitiful and warm towards them all. But our tongues became gradually unloosed. In five or six months we began to speak a little and understand more. In eight months your missionary took a class in the Sunday School, and we could now enjoy understandingly the Sunday services. When a year and a-half had passed we removed to Ongole, leaving the Timpanys happy among the people they had learned to love as their own. In taking charge at Ongole our feet were set in a large place; we entered a vast and fruitful garden of the Lord. Sowing, watering, gathering in the fruit for Christ, all went on together. The labourers, besides the missionary, were a band of native helpers, nearly twenty in all—good men and true, who spent their whole time travelling, preaching as they went. Each couple, for they worked in pairs, had their own district to canvass each month. For the first Sunday in each month they gathered into the Station, i. e., Ongole, bringing their sheaves with them—candidates for baptism. Scores of Christians, men and women, would accompany them from villages twenty, forty, even fifty miles away; walking all this distance with a clean body cloth for Sunday, and what rice they needed for the journey in a bundle on their backs, in order to be present at the monthly meetings and the Lord's Supper. At this time the preachers gave in their reports of work done during the month, and of the condition of things on their respective fields. After that, two or three days were spent with the missionary in Bible study, and then they were sent away on the wings of prayer for another month's work for Jesus.

Would you have a nearer view of our preachers? There was Condia, the eloquent, an enthusiastic preacher, through whom many were brought to know by faith the true God. Old Paria, the evangelist—well worthy of the name, Blessed of God; he was mighty in the pulling down of idolatrous strongholds. Dear old Paria, full of faith and love,

ever to be seen with his well worn New Testament in his hand or under his arm; his consistent Christian walk won for him the esteem of all who knew him. Gurivva, of sturdy principle and strong common sense; he was a powerful preacher and allowed no man—not even the haughty Brahmin—to despise him. There were others as worthy of mention and of like diversity of character and disposition, but all cannot be named. All, however, shall be remembered as brethren and fellow-workers in the Lord, and in "That Day" we expect to greet them among the throng of redeemed Telugus in heaven.

In some cases the preachers' wives accompanied them and sought out the women. Sometimes the wife was in the Normal School in the Station, fitting herself for more efficient work.

You may wish to hear more particularly about the women and what was being done for them. Well, we never seemed to make a specialty of women in Ongole. There was no separate teacher or school for girls. Men and women, boys and girls, to the number of nearly one hundred, were taught together in the Normal School, and worked as happily and as profitably together as they could have done otherwise. Ragaiah, at that time one of the best scholars we had, was in charge of the school and was efficiently assisted by his young wife. Rungia, who is now in Madras assisting Dr. Jewett in revision work, taught an advanced class in the Scriptures, and one in the critical reading of the Pilgrim's Progress, every day. The missionary had a bright young class of boys and girls in English.

No Zenana work was attempted, for there was no time for it. A few high caste girls came to the Mission house, for a while, to learn needlework, but took no interest in any other instruction. Our Sunday School was very interesting. Several hundred verses were recited each Sabbath. The teachers—there were ten or twelve of them—were quite capable of securing the attention of their scholars to the lesson, and did it, to their advantage. The singing was as joyous and hearty as in any Sunday School. There was a Home Missionary Society in our church, by the contributions of which one preacher and one teacher were sustained. Besides this, regular collections were taken up all over the field, and the results brought in by the preachers and teachers to the monthly meeting.

Four o'clock, on Tuesday, was welcomed as the hour for the female prayer meeting. These Hindu Christian women enjoy a good prayer meeting as well as any people I ever saw; they love to pray, and they have much of that simple, childlike faith which brings them near the Master. Once a month, when we had the preachers' wives with us it was especially good. A few of them could, with much propriety, read and comment on a chapter of "the Word," as they call the Bible. The Spirit was, indeed, taking of the things of Christ and revealing them unto them.

During our stay in Ongole we still had a teacher for two, three, or four hours a day, just as we could spare time for study. We felt keenly our need of better knowledge of the language, and more fluency in speaking it. With other books, both translations and native classics, we read through the Telugu Bible during our first year in Ongole. To learn to express ourselves intelligently, and with propriety, was a slower and more painful task. The missionary during this time was making frequent tours to distant portions of the field. He would be away for weeks at a time, visiting the Christians, to instruct and strengthen them in their new faith; and visiting heathen villages to preach to those afar off the glad news of a risen Saviour. While he was absent, the cares of the school, inquiring visitors and other business, came upon his lonely helpmeet at the Station. Domestic duties and the cares of our little ones demanded constant and close attention. Our hands were full of work, but we labored not in vain. Each passing month left its glad record of sheaves gathered in for the Lord of the harvest. We were never busier in our lives, nor ever happier!—Missionary Link.

Dr. Armitage, referring to Spurgeon, says:—"He thinks like Andrew Fuller, he sings like Milton, he dreams like Bunyan, he preaches like Hall."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Tour in Newfoundland.

IV. VOYAGE NORTH.

Being desirous to visit the Copper Mining District in the north, I left St. John's, Thursday evening, Sept. 11th, in the schooner *Bessie*, Capt. Dean, for Notre Dame Bay. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Munro, the merchant who managed the business, for a free ticket. Passing along the coast gave me a fine opportunity to see the bold headlands, Islands, four great Bays, with some of lesser bays and tickles, sounds, runs and harbors. Newfoundlanders have a wonderful instinct for the sea, and great adaptation to that kind of life. From the Wadham Islands our captain left the open sea and pushed his way through Stag Harbor Run, an intricate passage between Fogo Islands and Sir Charles Hamilton's Sound. Here we were becalmed all day, and when wind came it was ahead. I remained on deck till driven below—11 o'clock, P. M.—by wind and cold, and did not re-appear till 7 o'clock next morning, when I learned our vessel had just entered Notre Dame near Twillingate; the lighthouse of which perched high on the lofty promontory was clearly seen. The Captain pointed out on the chart the course he came; but how he got through seemed to me a mystery, and so remains. But he is a Newfoundlander. Though it was the Sabbath we could have no service, as the vessel was working and tacking all day. About 8 o'clock, p. m. we reached

ROBERT'S ARM,

a completely embayed and land-locked harbor, surrounded by woods almost to the water's edge. It has Badger's Bay on the South and Hall's Bay on the North. A copper mine is commenced here. In the morning I walked out on the tramway about two miles among the woods, and saw the operations in progress to open this new mine. The prospect of copper ore here in abundance, with a large percentage of copper, is said to be good. About 2 o'clock, P. M., the schooner left for Little Bay Harbor, our next port-of-call, and in order to reach it had to descend to the Main Bay, and cross the mouth of Hall's Bay; we arrived at the Harbor early next morning, the water is deep and the anchorage safe. The Little Bay Mine is within a mile of this harbor with which it is connected by a tramway, over which immense quantities of copper ore are carried, and here shipped for Swansea, Great Britain.

INDIAN BIGHT OR LITTLE BAY.

In the afternoon the *Bessie* sailed round to Little Bay, often called Indian Bight, which tradition reports to have been a great resort of the Newfoundland Indians in the days when that race, extinct now about 50 years ago, none can tell from what cause, roamed at will over these wild regions, so well adapted to natures vagrant and unrestrained as theirs. This Bight or Bay is an interesting and pretty place,—here is a fine sheet of water enclosed on three sides by high rugged hills covered with trees; there is enough level space at the head to afford a good site for a town. Here the surging sea in the ages past cast a succession of beaches, and on the smooth stones, mementoes of the deep—trees have grown up, though neither soil nor foundation promised much either of nutriment or of support. The new church appears beautiful from the sea, and gives intimation that God is remembered and worshipped here. The "Cottage" or Head Quarters, to the right indicates rule, repose and comfort. On landing I walked to the Cottage and was welcomed by Rev. A. Gunn, who in the absence of Capt. Guzman and Mr. Ellershausen, did the honors of the house well. Mr. Gunn is the intelligent and earnest Pastor of the Presbyterian church in the district, to whom I am under obligation for brotherly kindness and service. Next day we went together to Little Bay Mine, about a mile distant, and saw the copper ore brought up from its long repose and sorted, the sifting and washing of the smaller particles, the cars loaded and conveying the treasure to the harbor already mentioned. At the mines I found two of my fellow passengers on the *Cortes*, Cape Breto-

nians who came down here on their wedding tour and immediately commenced house-keeping; on which, of course, I congratulated them. The amount of ore taken from this mine since opened, about a year before is very large. Quite a town has grown up at the Bight, which at one time contained about two thousand inhabitants; but at the time of my visit the price of copper was uncommonly low in England, and in consequence the number of men employed here had to be greatly reduced. On the evening of the 18th September,

F. ELLERSHAUSEN, ESQ.,

returned to Little Bay, and extended to me a cordial greeting. This gentleman is well known in Nova Scotia, and also in New Brunswick. He is a well educated, scientific German, energetic and enterprising, far-seeing and quick to grasp a subject, determined and courageous, yet gentle, considerate and kind. Smith McKay, a native of Pictou, N. S., led the way in copper-mining in Newfoundland, but Mr. Ellershausen has done more than any other man to develop this great industry, and thereby greatly benefit the Island to draw capital to this long neglected country. It is only about four years since he commenced mining in Notre Dame Bay, and in that short time a wonderful change has taken place in these once desolate regions. He has in operation now four mines at least; and no one can tell at what moment Capt. Guzman, the Mineralogist of the company, who is prospecting much of the time, may discover richer treasures than have yet come to light. The low price of Copper for some years past has tended much to retard mining operations here. But when on the eve of leaving Notre Dame Bay, I was glad to be informed by the Manager, that Copper had started well on a rise in England.

To Mr. Ellershausen I am indebted for many acts of kindness and personal regard, which require that I should ever cherish pleasant and grateful remembrance of him as a worthy, christian gentleman. Mr. E. is a Lutheran by profession and preference, but his denomination having no existence in Newfoundland, he has united with the Presbyterian Church, and gives his influence and support to that body. But he is liberal and large-hearted enough to help any cause which he regards as promotive of Christianity and morality among the people. It is to be hoped that large success will attend his enterprise and labours.

THE SABBATH.

On the 21st, I had the pleasure of twice preaching the gospel in the Presbyterian Church at Little Bay, to large, attentive and earnest congregations who seemed to prize the word highly. Mr. Ellershausen was present at both services, and afterwards in private expressed full confidence in the doctrines of the Gospel and admiration of its pure, sublime morality. The people deserve high commendation for their self-denial and zeal in erecting this church, to which Mr. E. contributed liberally, and Rev. Mr. Gunn devoted much time and energy. Religion is a necessity for time and eternity, and it should be the first care of a people to have the faithful ministrations of the Gospel, and the life and power of godliness among them. While I was ministering at Little Bay, Mr. Gunn was preaching the Gospel to the people at Hall's Bay, about 20 miles distant.

BETT'S COVE.

On the evening of the 23rd, I went with Mr. Ellershausen in the Steamer to Bett's Cove, and was kindly entertained at his residence—"the Cottage"—during my visit there. The evening was fine and the view on the Bay was solemn, grand and beautiful. In about two hours we entered the Cove; it was four years since my first visit here, when I preached five sermons, and saw things in a chaotic state. This Cove is cut by the hand of nature out of the rock, having Bett's Cove Head range rising 400 feet on the west and Mount Misery of like elevation on the east. It is large enough to admit ships, but they can scarcely turn round and have to back out and turn afterwards. A great change has been made here since 1875,—substantial wharves on both sides,—with several cupola furnaces and reverberatory furnaces on the west side, and a tramway on the face of the mountain and leading back to the mines, and down which ore is conveyed in cars and

shipped for Europe. A town has grown up, the buildings perched upon the rocks or ledges that elsewhere would be avoided as dangerous. There are three churches, the Catholic, high and lofty on a rock, the Wesleyan lower down, and still lower the one built by Mr. Ellershausen, and used alternately by the Presbyterians and Episcopalians. One School, at least, is in operation also. Through the kindness of Mr. Ellershausen, I had two services in this church on Lord's day, Sept. 28th, and was favored with large and deeply attentive congregations. They listened as if thirsting for the Gospel. Rev. Mr. Hewett, Episcopal clergyman, politely went to hold service in two other places ten or twelve miles distant, so that I could occupy this church during the day. To my friend E. W. McCurdy, Esq., I am indebted for brotherly kindness in this visit as well as in the first one; and am likewise under obligation to W. P. Sheppard, Esq., the able and gentlemanly Manager of Bett's Cove Mines, for his kind attentions, and also to other friends for similar favors.

UNDER GROUND.

On Monday morning ascending the tramway, I descended into the Mines some 400 feet, and under the skillful guidance of Messrs. Sheppard and Putner, traversed and climbed places that seemed dangerous amid the darkness made visible by the dubious lights that flickered in our hands. The amount of Copper taken out must have been enormous, as there were immense vacant spaces—deep and wide—from which the ore had been removed, into which Cathedral and Churches could be piled.

I went round among the denizens of this under world, and was treated by all with the greatest respect, as it was known that a minister had descended in the cage to inspect the wonders of the place. Following my kind leaders I climbed to see the great and most recent wonder of the place—the old Lode, which after a year's search had a few days previous been found, not downwards in the direction sought, but high up in the opposite direction from that where the break occurred; this was contrary to scientific calculation. Great was the joy at Bett's Cove and Little Bay at this important discovery. To me who saw the commencement of work on the surface here four years previous these immense excavations in the bowels of the earth seemed very wonderful and striking. But science, capital and labor, properly directed can accomplish marvelous results. It is believed that at least ninety thousand tons of ore have been taken from Bett's Cove mine since opened, and thirty thousand from Little Bay Mine; the price of this 120 thousand tons cannot be short of Three Millions of Dollars.

To impress me, I suppose, with a feeling that I had come near demonic regions, two or three terrible explosions were let off, the reverberations were loud and alarming enough to remind of the yelping of Cerberus; it seemed as if the mountain was striving to come down in its wrath and bury and crush us with its weight. Having gratified my curiosity and desire for subterrestrial explorations, and the word being given, we ascended by ladders, taking a firm grip at every step; and right glad was I to emerge from these lower regions, and behold once more our fair, beautiful and lightsome world.

TILT COVE.

On the morning of 24th Sept., by invitation from my kind host, Mr. Ellershausen, I went with him and Mr. Sheppard in the steamer down the Bay to Tilt Cove, which place I had visited in 1875. The day was very fine and the voyage very pleasant; and a good view of the whole Bay was obtained down to Cape John in about 50° N. Lat. and thence across to Twillingate—45 miles distant on the southern side of this Great Bay. Tilt Cove is scooped out like Bett's Cove, but has a less severe and rugged aspect, and has more and better space for habitations. The Copper Mine here is very valuable; but unhappily for the people who had found employment here for ten or twelve years past, the works were to be discontinued during the winter, in consequence of a legal contest between the proprietors of the Mine, Smith McKay, Esq., and Hon. C. F. Bennett, late Premier of Newfoundland, the result of which is that the mine is to be sold. Messrs.