

'twas so late I'd come home and help a bit, and not go after it till noon. Now, I don't believe Rufus had done such a thing as that before since the first year we were married, and what do you suppose could have put it into his head unless—" Mrs. Simpson hesitated, as though I might not quite agree with her, I thought. So I hastened to say, "Unless the Lord put it into his heart. Of course you have perfect right to think it in direct answer to prayer."

"Well, it seemed to me and Rufus," said Mrs. Simpson, pulling her shawl up around her; "and you don't know what a comfort it has been to us, and we've just taken a new start; and it's wonderful how easy things do go now. And when I went by this morning, and saw you a standing out in the garden, I felt like as though I'd like you to know what a sight of good what Bobby brought home did for us."

"Well I'm sure, Mrs. Simpson," I said, shaking her hand warmly, "it does help me to go on with the little ones. Sometimes it seems as though I couldn't get anything done up small enough for them to take."

"Don't you ever think that again, for it's wonderful how these little folks do manage to get hold of things;" and Mrs. Simpson, with another shake of the hand, walked away.

How do you think I felt after she was gone? I can't tell you exactly how, but I felt a good deal as though I ought to ask somebody's pardon, and I went down before God, in that little back parlor of mine, for a long time; and the next Sunday, when Julia brought in Eben, gay in a new suit of blue waterproof, with brass buttons, I gave him the very best seat there was; and all that lesson time I tried to strip my talk free from big words, so that even the smallest should have something to carry home.

Correspondence.

[PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL REQUEST.]

MISSIOARY Address by Mrs. H. M. N. ARMSTRONG,

SENT TO THE WOMEN'S MEETING AT YARMOUTH AND READ BY MRS. J. W. MANNING ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 23RD.

To the Sisters of the W. M. A. Societies assembled at Yarmouth:

Dear Sisters,—I have met with many of you publicly, with the most of you in the vicinity of your own homes. I have thought of you, written to you, prayed for you, while you have been giving and praying and sometimes writing to me. Now for the first time I meet you assembled together in this capacity. Remember that whatever changes time may bring, this woman's work at home has woven itself into my life; that I can never break quite away from you if I would. How can I ever cease to be one of you? Our Society at Canso, you may remember, was the first one organized, and that Society paid \$50 to make me a life member there, before any other Societies were formed. Afterward I was made a life member in Halifax, then again in St. John. So you have bought and paid for me three times over. But the best part of it is that we are bound together heart to heart as well as hand to hand. Life members indeed, many of us, to live and die in the work the Master gave us conjointly to do. Let us review briefly what has been accomplished since our organization. I believe I was your first missionary abroad, then you undertook the support of Miss DeWolf—now Mrs. Eaton. Then you sent out Miss Eaton and Miss Armstrong, and when these had found shelter under the shadow of the General Society, you sent Miss Hammond to represent you you there. Not content with this, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Churchill, and I, though not nominally your missionaries, have been furnished by you with the funds necessary to carry on our mission work. Thus you have had a large representation abroad, and through your instrumentality the gospel has reached the Karens, Burmese, Siamese, and lastly the Telugus. To day, from among each of these races, you probably have representatives who have passed beyond the shadow, into the full sunlight of the Master's presence.

Woman's work in India must always have two departments, one looking toward the women, and one toward the children. Surely they are wise who plan for future generations, and carefully

train and nurture the children, whatever their parentage, that they may start upon their life history conversant with the truest knowledge, the sum of all human wisdom. At home we have decided the question that among us the children, all children, should be trained away from vice and degradation. Just how necessary this is for heathen children is questionable in some minds. It may be better that they should grow up in heathenism, and then that the gospel should be preached to them by missionaries. But some women in India have always felt that it was worth the effort to tell these children of Christ before they had grown old in sin. So far as my own experience goes, I have always found that the first and easiest work to approach was school work, and that has seemed the natural introduction to all the rest. From the school to the house is not only a very easy step, but it insures a welcome which otherwise it was hard to obtain. Any mother likes to see the teacher of her child, especially if the child is always speaking well of the teacher at home. In fact, how to obtain easy access and a hearty welcome in a number of Hindu homes apart from school work is a problem very difficult to solve. I presume the majority of you read our little *Missionary Link*, and know a good deal of our school work, and our visiting among the homes of the children in Chicacole. Yet I will try, if I can, to give you some new features of this work.

The man who usually led the devotional exercises, and assisted me in teaching the Bible in our school, was Suthenah, the head preacher at the station. A sketch of him and of his wife Adama, who frequently accompanied me in my house to house visitation, may not be uninteresting to you. You know that the type of face among the Telugus is much like the English, and apart from the color we frequently notice likenesses to people whom we knew at home. Suthenah, for instance, bore quite a resemblance to Dr. Welton, of Wolfville, only he was an older man and his hair was grey. He had fought and won many hard battles with himself, and it made him seem older than he was. A caste man, and one who had held the office of sergeant in the native army,—the truth that makes us free had taken hold of him, and had brought him to free himself at any cost from all the bonds of heathenism; but remember, heathenism is grown into the flesh and bone of its victims, and the separation, however needful, is agony at the time. His position and influence made it all the harder for him. As usual when he was baptized his wife took her children and left him. But the living power in his heart carried him through, and after a few years his wife came back to him to learn to be a Christian, and her family came with her. I never knew a man more settled in purpose to do what was right at any cost. It was not easy to convince him that he was wrong, but if you patiently gave him intelligent reasons from the Bible, (he would accept no other), for any course of conduct till he was convinced, you needed not to do it a second time. He was extremely sensitive, and felt keenly that his religion made him a social outcast. He was not always a happy Christian, because he was more conscious, perhaps, of the coldness and alienation of those about him than he was of the smiling approval of his Master, but he was thoroughly conscientious.

This manifested itself very clearly to us in an instance I will mention here. A boy from the outcasts, as they call them, but probably the most thorough and masterly young man that we have, was baptized at Chicacole a few months after our settlement there. Suthenah was very much interested in him, and took him at once into his own family, treating him as though he were his own son. It was just as though some bright, promising lad, picked up in the streets here in Yarmouth, and taught the Bible for a year or two, had given satisfactory evidence of his conversion, and Dr. Day, pastor of the church, hoping he would make a good preacher some day, took the homeless lad to his own table, and his own fireside. He remained there about a year, and made rapid progress in his studies, but as those who understand human nature at all will understand, he began to feel almost too much at home. Feeling himself thoroughly domiciled in Suthenah's house, he began

to smoke in the presence of his wife and daughter. This among heathen is looked upon as a mark of disrespect, no one will smoke in the presence of a superior. Out of this matter the trouble grew, and Suthenah wished the young man to be as friendly as he pleased in the part of the house where the men visit, but did not wish him to be in his family any longer. He felt this a good deal and said he had done nothing wrong and meant nothing wrong, and if Suthenah did not want him he did not wish to intrude. So for a while they held aloof from each other. A reconciliation was effected, but the old warmth of feeling was never restored. Suthenah was not willing to have him in his house again as he had been, and the boy felt as though he had been rather unkindly dealt with. Since we left Chicacole I have been sorry to learn that he has taken his family and removed to another place, chiefly, I believe, on this account.

Let me tell you something of his wife, Adama. She was most gifted in prayer, and a woman who never let an opportunity of speaking for Christ slip by her unimproved. She had met with some trouble in the loss of their eldest son, a very promising christian young man, who had taken a degree as native doctor in a medical school in Madras, and upon whom many hopes were built. She had prayed most earnestly for his life to be spared, and when he was taken from her, her faith in the promises of God was savily shaken. It seemed a very dark and mysterious thing to her that the promises to answer prayer which she had plead before a throne of grace had met with no response, as she supposed, because her son had died. Have none of us ever felt the same difficulty? Sisters, may God bless you in your work of sending the gospel to the heathen, and give you many stars in the crowns of your rejoicing.

H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

Yarmouth, Aug., 1881.

From Miss Hammond.

CHICACOLE, June 7, 1881.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE W. M. A. SOCIETIES ASSEMBLED IN CONVENTION, YARMOUTH, N. S., READ BY THE SECRETARY OF THE N. S. CENTRAL BOARD.

My dear Sisters:

The Central Board of Nova Scotia has desired me to prepare a "Sketch of my work and movements during the past year at Chicacole." Many of you have probably seen my printed report which covers the work up to Jan. 1, 1881. From that date, therefore, I will endeavor to acquaint you with my proceedings.

The first special work of the New Year was the Government examinations of the schools. During the past months I had gone over the secular work several times as well as I could, and could not help concluding that it was superficial. More than that, I felt that heathen influence predominated. I not only felt that it was not aggressive, but that it was hindering the growth of the spiritual life of our Christians.

Quite a large number passed fairly in reading, writing, and geography. A few managed to pass in grammar, arithmetic, and history. The financial results of this examination were received a few weeks ago, and amounted to Rs. 196 4 annas. This is quite a sum, but does not cover half the school expense for the year.

On the 10th of January I went to Bimipatam to attend our Conference; was absent about two weeks. Returned to find that small-pox had made its appearance on the compound. Though a light form of the disease, there were two or three very bad cases, among which was Herriamah. It was unpleasant for me, and for weeks a decided hindrance to our work.

In the meantime the teachers were called. I told them I was not satisfied with the way things were going on; that it was not a Christian school; there was no Christian influence going out from it; that we desired such, and consequently must have a Christian teacher. To their question, "Where would I get one," I could only reply I did not know. I felt that if the course I proposed was right, that somewhere the Lord had a teacher for me.

Early in February the colporteur came in from the field, bringing a letter from a man in Kemidi, who professed to be a Christian, and who desired employment

in a mission; said he could teach school. He was an entire stranger to me, so I wrote asking him to come here, as I could not engage him without seeing him. He came, and is now my school teacher. In that capacity he gives me better satisfaction than any one of the other teachers did, though he is not just what I desire. I like him especially for his humble, firm, Christian character. He knows what the love of the Lord Jesus is, and is a help to me in many ways. The school is small; we have our own people, and some half a dozen heathen children; these are from the low castes, the kind I particularly want to help. I hope that others will come, though the teacher has his hands full now. When able, and as a rule I am, I teach two Bible lessons daily, and ever since the change in the school both classes have gained in interest. The Holy Spirit has been, and is, I trust, still near us. I also spend an hour in teaching English lessons, and another hour in sewing with the girls. I have four hours of school work daily, and make frequent examinations.

Since the small pox left us, our Sunday work has consisted of a Sabbath School at 7.30 A. M., meeting at 8.30, and a short prayer meeting at 4 P. M., after which all who are able go out into the town or village and talk. The Sabbath School has been a pleasing feature in this work. All in the compound, excepting the heathen wife of my heathen cook, who seems bitterly opposed to Christianity, have attended, also the heathen children who attend the day school, and very frequently two of the fathers come with the children. There are generally one, two, or three other heathen men who are all quite regular attendants at our services. Some have been enquiring, and have asked baptism, and I have wished very earnestly for a missionary. The searcher of hearts knows whether or not they are sincere. This is the first experience I have had in this line, and I feel keenly my inefficiency.

A good deal of visiting and distributing of books and tracts has been done in the town and adjacent villages. I have gone with Herriamah as I have been able; when I could not go another woman has gone with her. We have had many interesting talks with women. The young men go out to a distance of three or four miles, and bring various reports of their talks. In the last five months there has been a manifest improvement in some of these, viz.: a desire to know Christ better, and to live nearer to Him. They are beginning to understand how vain all our efforts are except Christ be with us. I hope that after events will show that He is not leaving us to ourselves, but that He is with those who speak and those who hear, and in the way that seemeth best to Him is advancing His kingdom among us.

I enjoy going out very much. The heat has been intense, and by the time I get through with the work which each day brings, I am very often too tired to walk or talk much.

Recently three new boarders, two girls and a boy, have been added to the list. Their parents are Christians, very poor, and live in a distant part of the field, where there is neither secular nor religious advantages. They are not to be taken from me, without permission for three years, though if they do not please me, I am at liberty to send them home.

One is supported by funds from the Aid Society at Amherst, N. S.; another by the Mission Band in Fredericton, which asked for an object for which to work; the third by the work of three little girls in St. John. This is only an arrangement for a year. I will try to do the duties of to-day and leave to-morrow in the hands of Him who knows its needs. There are now 15 who are being supported by the mission; two of whom are old people. This number includes Herriamah, who earns all she receives, but I do not yet feel quite ready to call her a Bible woman. In time I trust she will become that, and just now is a very general helper.

Although I would like to look into your faces my dear sisters, yet I would rather be in India, with the assurance of your prayers and sympathy. Sometimes I think you hold the key to the success of my work. Open with it the treasures of God's love, and let it be poured out upon the heathen about me. I have said nothing of the work of Bagaran Bagarah, the colporteur and

school work in Tickaly. They were going on as usual, and though my time and attention are often required, these branches do not seem to be called for in this paper. Hoping that the Lord God will bless and prosper you.

I am yours sincerely,  
CARRIE A. HAMMOND.

For the Christian Messenger.

A visit to the "Tabernacle."

LONDON, Aug. 7, 1881.

The following extract from a private letter will be read with interest:

"We started out at 9.15 yesterday, drove to the "Tabernacle" and found we had 20 minutes to spare before the prayer-meeting at 10 o'clock: so we made some enquiries about seats, from a white haired man standing at the door; who enquired if we were strangers. On our telling him that we were Canadians. We said, "I will show you the building if you wish," and most obligingly took us all through the various rooms, parlors, kitchen, and Sunday School rooms which were occupied by a few classes, and lighted by gas—very different in appearance from the pleasant vestry in which we meet at home. We then spent a half hour in the prayer-meeting led by one of the deacons or elders, and to judge from the frequent "Amen's", and style of the singing I should have fancied myself in a Methodist gathering. However it was well meant and hearty, and prepared one for the worship to follow, so I enjoyed it very much. From this we went into the first gallery of the great Tabernacle and waited our turn for a seat which was finally given us by a strange looking old woman who held possession of the pews until I said "We are strangers from Canada," and that magic word found us places in the front row of gallery seats very near to the pulpit and where we could listen undisturbedly. There were numbers of Americans around us, and it was a sight not soon to be forgotten to see the masses streaming in by hundreds, until every seat in the vast building, above, below, around, underneath, and beside the great preacher, was taken. At eleven o'clock precisely a sudden hush announced the fact, if some new interest, and turning my head I saw Spurgeon himself, the great, mighty, humble preacher, quietly step into his place on the platform. With quiet solemnity he said "Let us invoke God's blessing" then in the simple language and quiet tones which come only from him, he asked that all present might receive a blessing from that day's preaching—and I can truly say the prayer, was answered for one at least in the great congregation. After the prayer singing followed—good old hymns to familiar tunes, with an occasional remark interspersed by the preacher, on the beauty of this verse, or the pathos of that one as he read them out. Next came the Psalm for the day, the 36th, and such exposition I never before heard! I was astonished, delighted and bewildered at the beauties he unfolded in each verse, and I wondered I had never seen them before; then he read 2 Kings, 3 chap. taking for his text the 3rd verse, "Bring me a minstrel." I will not spoil the sermon by attempting to give it to you in my poor language, but will try and get it in print and send to you; I must say that I was not only pleased but enraptured, and my greatest expectations were more than realized. I do not understand how any one could listen without feeling the greatness of the gospel which he preached—just to write about him and the services at the Tabernacle on that Sunday excites me, and I can scarcely keep quiet enough to write properly. After the sermon of 40 or 45 minutes came the benediction and the preacher withdrew, speaking only to those he had to pass in going out behind the pulpit. Well, I felt gratified, and yet not satisfied, but there seemed nothing to stay for, so we started out and were about to descend the stairs, when I perceived a door open at one side and one of the "four and twenty" elders giving tickets to a few persons. So I said to H. come let us see if there is any thing more to hear or see. So we turned about and waited inside the little door until some one said "Were you waiting to see Mr. Spurgeon?" I said "No! Could we see him?" and mentioned Canada again hastily, upon which our kind friend who had shown us around before the service,