

had befriended, weeping the loss of their benefactor. In a most touching manner they showed the coats (tunics, or inner clothing) and garments (cloaks, or outer mantles worn over the tunics) which Dorcas made while she was with them. Some of these garments may have been on their persons, and others were there which had not been distributed.

Vss. 40, 41.—Peter put them all forth. As our Lord did on a similar occasion (Mark v. 40). His whole manner, except that he knelt down and prayed, as he had need to do, was in imitation of Christ's in raising the ruler's daughter. He prayed, perhaps, because as yet he may not have known the Lord's will in the matter. To that prayer he received at once the favorable answer, and in calm faith he turned to the body and said: *Tabitha, arise.* A simple, quiet confidence in God. "She opened her eyes. Called back to life and to the poor for whom she lived, and to lay up still greater treasure in heaven. *Sat up.*" The graphic minuteness of detail imparts to the narrative a charming air of reality.—Dr. Brown. He presented her alive to her weeping widows, and the church. The noblest of presents, which caused their hearts to leap for joy.

Vss. 42, 43.—It was known. Good as well as evil tidings travel fast. Many believed. Every appearance of Dorcas was a powerful sermon. He tarried many days in Joppa. Perhaps for a year; for he abode in Joppa till he went to Caesarea (x. 24). It was an inviting field of labor; for the city was large and the people were prepared to receive the truth. His stay was with one Simon a tanner. In this there was a preparation for his going to Cornelius, a Gentile; for his Jewish prejudices must have given way to some extent, already, when he could lodge in the house of a tanner, who followed a trade regarded by the Jews as half unclean, and therefore disreputable, because it had to do with dead animals.

Help for Parents, or for the Teacher of the Primary Class.

LESSON THOUGHT.—Help for the help- less.

TRUTHS TO BE TAUGHT:—1. Physical disease, a type of sin. 2. Sin, like disease, prevents us from being "whole" or perfect. 3. The source of life is Jesus Christ, our Saviour. 4. Value of a true life.

How long had Eneas been sick? (8 years.) What was his disease? (Palsy.) Then he was entirely helpless? The power to walk was wholly gone. Some one always had to help him, whenever he desired to move. Then he could not be called a "whole" man. How long did Eneas wait, then? (Read.) Now we have a story that though at first sad, became a very glad one. It is about a beautiful woman of whom two names are given,—*Tabitha*, and *Dorcas*. What made her beautiful? If only her face had been beautiful, do you think the Bible would have especially mentioned her? I think not. Herein was her beauty:—She was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. All the people who knew her, loved her very much. She was taken sick and died. Then the disciples, hearing that Peter was at Lydda, sent for him. It may be that they thought he could bring her back to life. (Tell the story as given in vs. 39-41). Only Jesus can give the help we need. Only Jesus can make us whole. What was it that made Dorcas beautiful? (A beautiful life). Of what was she said to be FULL? Then that was her LIFE. Her life was full of the spirit of Jesus, who went about doing good. What should our lives be? (Close with illustrations of how a child can be, and do, in many respects like Jesus.)

—Abridged from the Baptist Teacher.

The terrible picture of a woman a slave to drink is vividly portrayed in the following: A few days ago, in New York, a man complained of his wife as a common drunkard. On coming into the court, the man testified, with weeping eyes, that when they were married, and for years afterwards, his wife was as prudent, tender, and loving as any man need to have, but that she had lately given herself up to drinking, and had destroyed his business, his home, and his peace. She had sold everything of her own and his that she could lay hold of for whisky; and while in drink she was a perfect fury, abusing him and their child as only a drunken mania could. After hearing this testimony, the magistrate asked the woman if she would promise to drink no more, and go home and be a peaceable wife and mother. Her answer was made with streaming eyes, "No, I shall drink till I die, I cannot help it!" It was a sorrowful sight—the husband holding the wife in his arms, both of them weeping and sobbing as if their hearts would break, and yet with no hopeful outlook for the future. Who can measure the terribleness of a raging appetite for drink?—Primitive Methodist.

Correspondence.

From India.

BY REV. W. B. BOGGS.

IN TENT, NEAR CUMBUM, KURNOOL DISTRICT, INDIA, Feb. 26th, 1883.

AFTER THE CONFERENCE.

Who could visit Calcutta without thoughts of William Carey, and his eminent colleagues, and the early history of Missions in Bengal. The places where such men lived and labored and where their honored dust sleeps, possess a kind of sacred interest for all those who love the grand enterprise to which they gave their lives. As we went up the Hoogly we thought and talked of Carey sailing up that same river ninety years ago, into a land of darkness, teeming with myriads of people, sunk deep in vice, wedded to their ancient idolatry, and prejudiced against everything foreign. And he came to commence the Christianizing of this mighty nation! What an undertaking! What sublime faith!

As many of your readers will remember, Calcutta itself was not the principal scene of Carey's labors, but Serampore, fourteen miles above Calcutta, on the west bank of the river. Serampore was then a Danish possession, and granted perfect freedom to the servants of Christ to propagate the gospel among the Hindoos, while the British authorities at Calcutta sternly prohibited such efforts.

Having therefore a desire to see the place made memorable by the Apostolic labors of those pioneers, I visited Serampore, in company with Dr. Cushing of Barmah. Bro. Sanford of Bimalipatam, and an English brother. We went by rail from Howrah, a suburb of Calcutta, on the opposite side of the river, but connected with the city by a bridge. Having arrived at Serampore we first visited the cemetery, where lie the remains of the "Immortal Three," Carey, Marshman, and Ward. I knew beforehand the words of Carey's epitaph, chosen by himself, but it was interesting to actually see and read them. After his name, (simply the name William Carey, without any titles or degrees) and the date of his birth and death, are the two lines, so expressive of the man's humility:—

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

That is all, and yet he and his colleagues, among whom he was unquestionably chief, translated the Bible in whole or in part into about forty languages of the East, and issued from the mission press two hundred and twelve thousand volumes of the Sacred Word. Besides these almost superhuman labors, they did a great amount of evangelistic and educational work; and in various ways laid the great foundations of the work which is gradually over spreading India. But in the commemorative words on his tomb, his own request forbade any mention of his deeds.

From the cemetery we went to Serampore College, a very stately building, facing the river, and quite near the bank. This was built under Dr. Carey's direction about the year 1829, and, in its massive proportions, indicates the largeness of his plans. The masonry pillars which support the magnificent pediment, are sixty feet high. The iron stair cases, presented by the King of Denmark, are very fine, and the Central Hall, is a grand room. Our visit occurred during the Christmas vacation, so we did not see anything of the actual working of the College, but we learned that there are about two hundred students in all the departments. It is presided over at present by Rev. E. S. Summers of the English Baptist Mission. It has a large library, well arranged, and containing many valuable works, and a great many rare and wonderful old manuscripts in Sanscrit, Pali, and other classic and sacred languages of the East. It will be remembered that Dr. Carey became a very distinguished Oriental Scholar, being for years Professor of Sanscrit, and some other Eastern languages in Fort William College, at Calcutta.

From the College a drive of half a mile brings us to the partly ruined pagoda on the river's brink, where the intensely devoted Henry Martyn, studied and prayed. What a glowing, consuming flame of earnestness and love burned on the altar of his heart!

Taking a boat at the river bank, in front of the College, about the spot where Carey baptized Krishna Pal, the first-fruits of his labors, and so many others subsequently, we cross the river to Barrackpore, where is a beautiful park, and a country seat of the Viceroy. From this place the view of Serampore College, with its stately trees reflected in the gleaming river is very fine. From Barrackpore we return to Calcutta by another railway.

On Sunday evening I attended service at the Lal Bazaar Baptist Chapel in Calcutta, where Carey and his coadjutors so often preached the gospel, though living at Serampore. At the close of the sermon the pastor baptized a person in the baptistery in front of the pulpit, the identical font in which Adoniram Judson and Ann Hasseltine Judson were baptized in 1812, by Mr. Ward of Serampore. It will be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Judson left America as Congregationalists; that on their passage out, knowing that they would probably meet Dr. Carey the eminent Baptist missionary, they endeavored by studying the Scriptures, to be well furnished with arguments to sustain the doctrine of Pedobaptism; and that from this very study of the Bible they became thoroughly convinced, before reaching India, that the Baptist view was the Scriptural one, and that they had never been baptized. The consequence was that soon after reaching Calcutta they were baptized, and this led to the formation of a new missionary Society in America, now known as the American Baptist Missionary Union.

THE RETURN HOME.

Returning by steamer from Calcutta I had for fellow-passengers, part of the way, Bro. Timpany and wife, and Brethren Sanford, McLaurin, and Craig, and Dr. Scudder of the Aroot Mission all the way to Madras. When we came to anchor off Pooree in Orissa, some of us went on shore to see the far-famed temple of Jagannath (Lord of the world). It is very ancient, and large, is endowed with enormous wealth, and is one of the most celebrated temples in India. It was here especially that in former times people used to throw themselves under the wheels of the great car. All we could do was to walk round the outer enclosure of the temple, for no one but a Hindoo of caste is allowed to enter its gates.

At Bimalipatam we went on shore, and saw Bro. Sanford's substantial and convenient Mission House. It stands in an elevated, airy, healthful position, overlooking the town and the sea. Here we met Bro. Hutchinson and wife of Chicago on their way to the Conference at Bobbili; also Miss Hammond and Miss Frith. I hoped to see Brother Archibald here, but he had gone on to Bobbili a few days before.

After touching at Cocanada, and spending a few hours very pleasantly at the mission house, I returned to Madras, having spent a very refreshing vacation.

Yours faithfully, W. B. BOGGS.

In Memoriam.

For the Christian Messenger.

Harriet Cole—Milton, Queen's Co.

BY REV. JOHN BROWN.

I was very sorry to see by a recent MESSSENGER that my dear friend Harriet Cole had passed away, although it was what I had long expected to hear. And yet one cannot but feel that to her death was a very happy release, and to one who has been such a sufferer as she had for nearly twenty years, heaven must be doubly welcome. She has at last reached "the end of the way" for which she so often looked and longed. She possessed a most patient and gentle spirit and was full of faith, as appears in her little book of poems, as well as in occasional letters which I received from her, and besides her letters I felt it a great privilege to be remembered in prayer by one who evidently lived very near to God. She has been near the city gates several times within the last few years of her illness. Writing to me in Aug. 1881, she says: "This spring I came very near the gates of death, I was seized with violent pains and became delirious, the doctor said I had neuralgia in the chest, inflammation, irritation of the spine, and dropsy." A friend in Ontario who became acquainted with her through her little book, and with whom she corresponded, on hearing of her illness wrote to say that, "I have prayed that God would spare you to me a little longer," of which she says, "I was truly glad to hear that even one person in the world needed me. Truly God's ways are mysterious, but He knows what is best, I am sure of that." In the same letter she says, "I often feel very lonely and weary, many who used to visit me having left the place, but I try to keep my spirits up as well as I can. By-and-by I shall dwell with my Saviour on the evergreen shore free from sin, pain, and sorrow. How sweet the thought dear brother; let us strive to look upward, we are the children of a king, and heirs to all the boundless wealth of heaven." In another letter (dated 1879), she writes: "Every nerve quivers and throbs with an anguish that no earthly friend sympathizes with. I have tried to comfort and cheer others

but now in my time of sorest need there are but few to speak words of comfort to me, but I shall finish life's weary journey by and by, and when I sit down to rest under the fair tree of life above, it will compensate me for all my trials here, and when I gaze on the face of the Saviour, I shall feel that I want nothing more." In a letter dated Nov. 30th, 1880, occurs the following: "O that God would take me soon to the upper fold! O when will the white hand of the angel open the shining gates to me? When shall I see the King in his beauty? I am willing to wait His time, earth is a very weary place to me now, I sigh for the home above; weeping, fainting, sick in body and mind, I can find relief only in Jesus; though the waves and billows go over me, I know He will not forsake me." Through her little book and pieces published in the MESSSENGER and copied into other papers she was introduced to quite a large circle of friends in the States, and elsewhere, who were more or less connected with what is called "The Shut-in-Band" in which Mrs. Helen Brown, editress of the *Advocate and Guardian*, New York, takes great interest. The particulars of the Band are very interesting and should a copy of this *Messenger* be sent to that lady I have no doubt they would be sent for publication in the *Messenger*. There are many of the Lord's prisoners in the Provinces, who I dare say would be glad to join the "Band" and their lonely and weary hours become hereby greatly cheered. Sister Cole was the only member in Nova Scotia at the time she wrote. Concerning this matter she writes: "I get many letters and postals from the Shut-in-Band to which I belong. New friends are constantly writing. I can not send letters of reply to half. The way they are taking me to their hearts often surprises me. I get letters from Iowa, Philadelphia, Illinois, Connecticut, Ontario, and other places." Many very kind references were made to her piece, "The end of the way." A lady in Ontario who had been sick six years had been much cheered by it, and that as the little book was dedicated to God the author might expect His blessing on it. A gentleman in Ohio in writing said he had read "The end of the way" and "it made him step out of the ferment of earthly scenes to hold communion with elevated realities." I myself have found it often helpful to cheer the sick and sorrowful. The piece in question was the first she composed, and a few particulars concerning it may interest her friends. On calling to see her one day, her sister told me that she had been making poetry, on asking to see it, I met with a plain refusal, being told that it was not intended for anyone to see, being just her own experience which she had tried to put into verse, and her sister had written for her. After some amount of persuasion I was allowed to see it; on reading it I said, "Really this is very good," when she replied, "Now you are making fun of me," I said, "No I am not, and I think I shall send it to the *Messenger*," her answer was, "O no, don't do any such thing," I replied, "Well, if they don't like it, they need not print it." "Well, then," she answered, "If you do, don't send my name!" I said, "Don't you trouble, you shall not be hurt." She was much astonished when she found that it was actually printed, and then was tempted to compose pieces for the *Messenger*. She became a contributor also to some American papers, and also to the *Liverpool Times*. The above piece found its way into other papers, and was copied also in England. On my return to this country I went to visit my old field, Chipping Sodbury, and in talking with a friend referred to "The End of the Way." "The End of the Way," she answered, "why I think I have seen that piece. Does not every verse finish with something about the end of the way?" "Yes," I replied, "Well then that must be it, I saw it some time ago in some paper, and cut it out and sent it up to Fanny Stagg," (this was a young person who had been a helpless sufferer for many years, and who reached "the end of the way" a few months ago.) My curiosity being aroused, I went at once to see her, and asked her if she had a piece of poetry that Mrs. D. sent her. "Yes," she answered, "and I put it into my Bible to show to you when you came home from America." On opening the cover there it was. It had given this sufferer much comfort, and she was greatly interested when I told her the story of it, and that I was well acquainted with the author. Some months after in visiting an old ministerial friend I told him the Chipping Sodbury incident. "Why," said he, "I am sure I have seen that, I got a lot of papers and tracts some time ago and looking over them saw a piece very much like that in the *Christian*, and then sent for a number of copies to distribute among

the sick and aged." I asked him if he could get a copy. He went out and soon returned with one that had evidently had a good deal of handling, for it was far from white, and on looking soon found "The End of the way." A few weeks ago in looking through "The Girls Own Paper" I was interested in seeing it reproduced there. So that what the author was so anxious to keep out of sight has beyond doubt been read by tens of thousands, and it may be hoped has helped to cheer many a suffering saint on the way to the Better Land. Although it is only some six or seven years since it first appeared, I think, Bro. Selden, it will bear reproduction if you will give it room. As far as the author is concerned it has a meaning and force now which it never had before. It was a singular coincidence that the piece on "The Violet" should appear in the same paper which announced her death. I do not fear but that her wish contained in the following stanza will be granted, some friend will no doubt see to it:

"I think when my days are ended, And I'm laid with the sleeping dead, I should like to have the sweet violet To grow o'er my lowly bed."

She knows before this time whether her "favourite flower," "blooms in the Land of Light." She believed very strongly in the reality and materiality of heaven, and I never attempted to show her otherwise, because I believe it myself. Peace to her memory. Her words of cheer to the worn and weary, the sick and faint, during her life have not died with her. They echo and will echo still for many a day. Brother J. Clark's lines in his "Address to the author" in the little volume of her poems are now realized:

"Sing on below, and soon God's love shall find for thee some noble part In that grand anthem which the ransomed sing For ever, as they stand around His throne,"

and to quote from the author with slight alteration:—

"Now all that once seemed so mysterious, Is plain and clear as the day; The toils of the road all seem nothing, Now I've reached the end of the way."

And her longings as expressed in the following lines from "The Resting Place," page 26, are more than fulfilled: "O how glad I shall be when I reach the bright shore, Where I never can wander away from Thee more;

I'll feast on Thy love in that beautiful place, And gaze with delight on the smiles of Thy face. Thou wilt gather me then to thy kind, loving breast, And make me to know the full meaning of rest."

Melksham, Wilt., G. B.

Baptist Book and Tract Society,

104 GRANVILLE STREET, HALFAX.

(Continued.)

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