SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—One day a barefoot boy, in Nova Scotia, stepped on a clover blossom and found it was a thistle. O! O!! The thorn went into his foot so far that he found the old thistle was a huge bumble-bee. In India all the boys and girls go barefoot, and they often step on worse thistles than any stubs or bees.

Do not touch it! Look! Close to Mrs. Morse's hand. Crawling up the wall. Tom Thumb lobster! He is about as long as your little finger, and as ugly as he is small. Like a lobster, from his under jaw stick out two horrid claws, half as big as his body. Like a lobster, on each side of him are four crooked, bony, hairy, thorny legs. The elbows of all his legs poke up in rows above his black, striped back, like a stylish pitch-pole fence around a burnt land knoll. His nimble, lengthy, lobster tail has one, two, three, four, five, six hinges in it. It looks like six oblong, black-streak, yellow beads; or like six wasps' bodies strung alive upon a living wire. The end is pointed, like a hornet's tail. In so ugly a thing what bitter mysteries may dwell, it is hard to tell. So, off comes a good-sized slipper; slap goes its hard sole on the wall, and the hideous stranger drops dead to the floor. "Narsimulu! Narsimulu! What is this thing?" "O, don't touch; don't touch! Kill it; kill it! Thalu! Thalu!" That is, "Scorpion! Scorpion!"

Miss Gray is walking up and down the room tossing her clasped hands! She is trying hard not to make a face of anguish. Her left hand is gripped around the tall finger of her right hand. Quickly a string is tied tight around the end of the finger, and another around her arm. Yet, in spite of the bandage, the poison pain goes up and fills the whole arm with agony. The end of the finger begins to turn black and the string must be taken off for a moment. The electric battery comes from the hospital. We apply its shock. Yet the pain grows worse. Her face turns pale, and she becomes faint. The ayah bathes her head and she revives. From the hospital comes a yellowish brown powder. It is pulverised ipecacuanha. Quickly a poultice of this is made and put upon the stricken finger. From that moment it commences to get better. In a few hours the pain is bearable. Next morning it is all gone; but the finger is sore and numb.

The way it happened, Miss Gray went to take a book from the table. On the back edge of the book, she put her fingers right upon a scorpion. The little fiend curled up his wiry tail and stung her with his poison sting. There is a book here, which says that the scorpion's sting has at its root a sack full of liquid poison. The sting is hollow like a quill or the stem of a smoker's pipe. When the little demon stings, he squirts this poison out through the sting into the wound. Appalaswamy, our cook, grabbed the big book, with Miss Gray's scorpion on it, ran outdoors and flung it on the platform. Then I killed it with my cane—a coffee stick which Mr. Higgins gave me when he returned from Ootacamund. The black ants came, tore poor scorpion to pieces, with merciless jaws, and lugged him off to their lair.

It is a good thing that these scorpions are smaller than alligators and have no wings; for they have been making themselves at home with us since the rains commenced. The next day after Miss Gray was stung, one popped out from under the organ, and I put my foot on it as it was trying to run away. A day or two afterwards the ayah called out, "Ammah! Ammah!" That is, "Mother! Mother!" Among the Telugus this is the respectful way of speaking to a woman. As Mrs. Morse was not within hearing, I dropped my book and ran to see what was the matter. "O, Bahboo! Bahboo!" she cried, "Thalu! Peddha thalu!" That is, "Scorpion! Big scorpion!" Her finger was pointing to the corner under the window. I hit a rap there with the coffee-wood cane, and it scampered out across the bamboo carpeting like a young hyena. "O! Oh!" groaned the ayah, and lifted up her bare feet as if she wanted to keep them both up at once and stand on the air. The cane came down on his warlike back, and his wicked caréer was ended. We put him in a bottle of spirits with a little jail full of other ugly-looking things, to send to a friend at home. The ayah, very excited, said she found it crawling up the side of her dress. She jumped, shook it off, and screamed for help.

A few days afterwards the eldest of the boarding girls — Unkkama — was coming out of Miss Gray's room with a bundle of clothes for the girls. A scorpion fell out of the bundle and skurried past her toes. One of the girls—Nursama—began to cry. Miss Gray took off her slipper and killed it. A few nights afterward, with the same slipper, she whacked down a brave fellow that was scrambling up the wall. We have them both among our pickled curiosities in the bottle.

Last Sunday night Mrs. Morse was not able to go to meeting; so she and the ayah stayed in the bungalow alone. Because the ayah was so gentle with our boy, because she is so faithful in every way, and because she is so child-like and lovable, Mrs. Morse loves her more than any other Telugu. She sang for her a few English hymns. It was only the music and the expression of face that the ayah could understand, but she listened with rapt attention. Then Mrs. Morse sang a favorite Telugu hymn, and taught the ayah to sing it with her. It was about the love of Jesus. When we came home from meeting we found them as happy together as two good sisters. This night the ayah was to go home. Her mother, who lives not far away, was sick. She loves her mother very much. So with a bottle of milk and a package of corn flour under her arm, with an envelope of quinine tucked away in a fold of her many-folded cloth (dress) for her mother's fever, with many smiles on her face, and with many salaams, she went out into the night to go home. You seldom see a happier face than hers, as she marched off to cure her mother.

But we had hardly time to turn around, before she came back again, moaning. She fell upon the floor and Jessie, with all her strength, tied a string around the sufferer's toe. She had just gone out and got as far as the tree in front of the horse stable, when she stepped on something that gave her an excruciating sting. She seemed to suffer woefully. The fiery anguish burned its poison way up the veins, and flamed away up into her side. We did all we could. Two were bathing her feet. Two were rubbing, wherever the pain was. Somebody made poultices of ipecacuanha. She caught hold of Miss Gray and Miss McNeil and nearly squeezed them in two, so great was the pain. Her poor old mother heard of it. Sick as she was she trudged up to see her afflicted child. Another woman, a boy, and the ayah's little girl came with her. The old woman crept up close, and tried to rub too, with her feeble hand. We gave her some quinine for her fever, and let them stay all night in the Rest house. The apothecary gave ayah something to make her sleep. But she hardly slept a wink all night, and lay there in torment. The morning came and went, and the next night came before the pain was all gone.

So we are surrounded with armed foes. However it is useless to feel frightened. We go nowhere in the night without a light. We never walk around in our stocking feet, and must try to look at everything before we touch it. When one goes to put on his shoes the other says, "Look out! There is a scorpion in that shoe!" When one goes to take a book out of a corner, the other says, "Look out! There is a scorpion behind that book!" So we convert the peril into fun. But some day, no doubt, our turn will come. Miss Gray has been in India nearly eight years. Yet she has never been bitten by a snake; and this is the first time she has been stung by a scorpion.

One day Jesus said to His disciples something like this: "If a son should ask bread of any of you that is a father, would he give him a stone? . . . . Or *if the boy should ask him for an* EGG, *would his father offer him a* SCORPION?" Sure enough! What father would do such a thing? Would your father? If you were hungry and asked your mother for a piece of bread and butter; if she could find a live scorpion, would she wrap it up and tell you to eat that? Neither would our heavenly Father. If I ask Him for an egg, He will not give me a scorpion. If I ask Him for a new, clean heart, He will not give me a foul, ugly heart. If I ask Him to make me a child of God, He will not make me a child of the devil. If I ask Him to fill me with the spirit of Jesus, He will not fill me with the spirit of Beelzebub. "If ye then who are evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him."

Yours as ever,

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, Madras Pres.,
India, August 6.

P. S.—Since commencing this letter Mr. and Mrs. Bates, with their boy Ernest, have come to see us from Chicacole.

L. D. M.

REMINISCENCES OF REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

REV. J. BROWN, WIGANTON, ENGLAND.

(Continued.)

About twenty-four years ago, when the Baptist Union meetings were held in Bristol, during which Mr. Spurgeon was to preach, I being a student at the Baptist College at the time, suggested that we should invite him to take a cup of tea with us and give us an address. He replied by saying that "he was sorry he could not take tea with us, as his engagements were as closely packed as if they had been put into a patent Bramah press; but if it would do as well he would take breakfast with us," which, of course, we gladly availed ourselves of. Breakfast over, he said: "Well, brethren, what do you want me to do? To give you a lecture, or have a little talk, or what?" We told him we should leave that to him. He then gave us a lecture on "The Voice." Among other things he said, in substance: "Do not waste your strength in speaking; do not speak too loud; nor, on the other hand, too softly. There are some men who are like bulls of Bashan, and others who chirrup like the little tomtit—chippee, chippee, chip, chip; chippee, chippee, chip, chip.' Don't do either. Speak so as to be easily and distinctly heard and understood. I can generally tell," said he, "by the time I have read a hymn and a chapter how much voice is required to fill the place where I am speaking; to speak louder than that is unnecessary and a waste of power." He very strongly impressed upon us the importance of being natural. "Brethren," said he, "above all things be natural; be just yourselves always and everywhere; in the parlor and in the pulpit be natural—*be natural,* BE NATURAL. I have known men who, outside the pulpit, were perfectly natural, but when they got into the pulpit became perfectly unnatural. They seemed in voice, tone and manner to be quite somebody else. A minister's key-note should be *b* natural, or he may become a *flat.*

This reminds me of a reply he once gave to a young minister who, in conversation about preaching, said to him: "I seem to be quite a different man when I am in the pulpit from what I am outside," to which he replied, "Take off the door, brother, take off the door."

Referring to our anticipating leaving college he said: "I suppose when you get out into the ministry you will want a good salary." We said nothing, but we had our thoughts. "Well do not be over anxious about that; let your anxiety be to do your duty and preach the Gospel; and as to salary, no doubt you will get as much as you deserve. I remember receiving forty pounds a year, and I was content; but now—well, I dare say it is double that"; which statement no one was disposed to question. His address, which was full of good advice, good humor and common-sense teaching, was much appreciated and applauded, and I hope not without some good effect upon those to whom it was given.

He preached in the evening in the Colston Hall, by far the largest room in Bristol, and capable of holding some thousands of people. His text was, "He that winneth souls is wise." The drift of the sermon was the importance of individual and direct dealing with people about their salvation; making much of the word "winneth." "Your loved one sitting by your side," said he, "how came she to be yours? A look, a word may have done it. Love is ever inventive, and to win her heart and make her your own you carefully and skilfully tried the themes that love suggested, and she was captured. In seeking to bring men to Christ, proceed after the same fashion. With a loving heart and loving words set to work, and by God's blessing you will win men to the Saviour. Drive men to Him you never will; win them you may. Christ talked to the woman at the well, which led not only to her believing in Him, but many more beside. Oh," said he, while taking his seat on a chair, "O for more of this personal dealing, more of this speaking for Christ while sitting on the well!"

At the close he gave out the Doxology; the choir, one of the best in the city, led off to the tune Luther's chant. He was silent. Sitting a few yards in front of him, I noticed he looked a little uneasy, and I could see by his looks that there was something brewing. As soon as it was sung he said: "Well, I am not going from Bristol with that noise in my ears." Then turning to the choir said in a somewhat patronising voice, "It was a very good tune, you know, but let us have Old Hundred." And Old Hundred they had, but I fear said choir did not feel in the best frame for praise after such a reproof for having divorced the tune from the Doxology. This time the preacher joined with all his heart and voice.

Some few years ago, when I was seeking to enlist ministers for Nova Scotia, I wrote asking him if he could help me. He promised to try, making many enquiries at the same time. Being in London shortly after at the spring meetings, I met him by arrangement in his vestry on a Monday evening, when he told me he had so far failed, but he believed some would be forthcoming; asking me to lay the matter before his students on the following Friday afternoon. Sitting in the Tabernacle at the prayer meeting, he came across the lower platform and beckoned me to him, when he said, "I want you to lay this matter before the congregation." The idea of standing up before such an audience quite unnerved me; so I said, "No, sir, I could not do it; whatever shall I say?" "You come up," was his reply, "and say what you like." So there was nothing else to do but obey. When, in fear and trembling, I got on the platform, he said: "Our brother here is anxious to find ministers to go to Nova Scotia, so I have asked him to lay the matter before you, and when he has done so perhaps he will lead us in prayer for the Colonies." So I laid the matter before the people as best I could, telling them that Nova Scotia was much in want of ministers, and asking them to pray that the Lord of the harvest would send forth laborers into that part of the harvest field. I said that so far as the country was concerned, in winter it was very cold, having known the thermometer twenty-five degrees below zero; but the people were anything but cold, being a warm-hearted, hospitable, loving people, and kind and generous to their ministers. I put in a strong plea for the people I loved. The baptistery being open—there were a number to be baptized at the close—I remarked that when there were persons to be baptized they would observe the ordinance even in the depth of winter, and in the open air too, very rarely indulging in such a luxury as a baptistery. Here Mr. Spurgeon shrugged himself as if very cold, and quickly inhaling his breath with a kind of hissing sound that every one could hear, said, "Why, does it not kill them?" I replied, "No, sir; they have a saying there that

"When the heart with love is warm,
Frost and snow can do no harm,"

at which he laughed heartily. I added that I myself had baptized when ice over a foot thick had to be cut through to get at the water, with the thermometer ten below zero, and no one was any the worse for it; when he again interrupted, and, holding his hand toward the congregation, said: "There, you that are afraid it will hurt ye." When I had finished and had, as he requested, offered prayer, he remarked, "Our brother has led us to the throne of grace; I asked him to pray for the colonies, but he has stuck to Nova Scotia." I suppose while I had N. S. especially in mind, he was thinking of New Zealand, where his son Thomas was.

On the Friday, the day when he used to give his lectures to the students, I met him at the college, and went with him to the lecture room. The door was closed, and we could hear his brother addressing the men. It was on the point of 3 o'clock, when he always began. He appeared nervous and restless, and said: "Whatever are they doing in there? here's three o'clock." Then turning to me said: "Punctuality is one of my failings." When he went in the students all rose to their feet and cheered him heartily, which I learned they did every Friday on his coming in. The lecture, which consisted largely of readings from one of Bacon's essays, and his comments, was full of wisdom and inspiration, and sound, practical advice. I thought within myself how happy must be the men who are blest with such a preacher and such a teacher for their president.

Incidentally referring to persons who believe in perfectionism, he said: "Brethren, beware of that doctrine, it is highly dangerous; aim at it by all means, but do not ever flatter yourselves that you have attained it as some fondly do. I have known some of those who professed to have attained perfection, and done with sin and the devil, to fall into most heinous sins. Beware, brethren, beware." Referring to this in one of his sermons he said: "I once engaged one of these perfect men as a gardener, but found that he came late to work and spoiled the shrubs when he came. I soon dismissed him and engaged one whose pretensions were not so high, in fact a sinner, who did his work satisfactorily."

When he had finished his lecture, which to me was a rich feast, he called me up and told me to sit in his chair, which I declined to do, and tell the brethren what I wanted, which I did not decline to do. By way of introduction I said: "Gentlemen, I came here for the purpose of fishing, but there is one kind of fish I do not want to catch," when Mr. Spurgeon at once said "Plais," which were just the fish I had in my mind; but fearing lest some might think I insinuated there were some such fish there, I turned to put myself right by adding: "Of course if I wanted to catch fish of that kind this would be the last place I should come to." I stated my case as fully and fairly as I could, and having heard and answered a good many questions, I left it for them to think and pray over. Mr. Spurgeon gave me a commentary on the Romans by Ford, which I was very proud to receive at his hand; when my vanity led me to ask him to put my name in it, which he did, of which I hope I shall be pardoned for being a little proud.

(*To be continued.*)

Shadows.

BY ROLLIN A. SAWYER, D. D.

The summer landscape is not complete without them. A shadowless picture lacks an element of strength, a touch of feeling, the tone of character. Here, on our mountain slope, the shadows play all the melodies of harmonious beauty and exciting motion. They race across the levels, climb the ridges, scale the heights on the right bank of the Hudson, and darken the city for a moment, so that we lose sight of the *Tribune* tower, and even the burnished dome above *The Evangelist* becomes but dimly visible. These are the shadows of the clouds, wind-driven, or sailing in serenity the infinite ocean, hovering over land as well as sea. They are not of the earth, though trailing over it with such masterful method, such easy grace, such assured touch as makes one submit, as to ultimate law or foreordained decree. This tremendous self-assertion of a wayward shadow is one of the strangest, yet sublimest things in nature.

There are also earthly shadows, cast by the tree which becomes a sort of animated sun-dial on the lawn, flung over the way by a wood or cliff, sent far like a host of men on an ever-quickening march over the earth, by the mountain ridges. In the forests of our clime there is a shade that might be called a shadowless shadow, which takes such wondrous variety under the brightening day or the tender gloaming, as makes your seat here in the woods seem to change with the changes in the sky. Perhaps this capacity for change with every hour gives a special charm for a tired soul to a residence under the trees of the primeval wood. From midnight to midnight, as we singularly reckon a day, there is no place where the infinitude of nature's variety in such plain things as light and shadow can be so keenly felt and sounded in all dimensions as in a forest camp. The timid who shrink from the solitude which culminates always just at nightfall, but who usually ascribe their fears to the "dews and damps," miss one of the deepest looks into the realm of light and dark, of night and day, of shining and shadow, in which our human life is cast. Science and civilisation have done wonders for us, but our gratitude to them cannot wipe out of existence the older wonders of the untutored ages, those ancient grandeurs with which simpler times were conversant and primitive life familiar. The terrors of our life begin when we lose our close hold of it. The bravest man is he who, with the faith and wisdom of the new, gets back into the older ways. Put a wise man into the home of the rude people, and he is a son of light. But you may make a savage of one whom you keep in ignorance of the primitive conditions in which men may and have lived. For the farthest cry to heaven is from the centres of wealth and wisdom. The deepest shadows have a closer touch with the sun of heavenly light and love. So as earthly shadows culminate in the woods at night, the real wonder, the inner glory of them, is found only by facing them just then and there.

What shall we more say of the shadows that fall on the spirit and darken the atmosphere within? Are they not needful to our life, and essential to the perfectness of being? Yet we sigh if the sun does not always shine, and walk in weeds of melancholy because our hope has suffered eclipse. Let us take up our parable of the cloud-shadow and learn the meaning of these heaven-sent sorrows. They are but an interrupted glory; the light, like the love in them, is always on the upper side. And let us consort familiarly with the earth shadows, for they have a royal good within and about them for the wise to find and explore and rejoice over. The troubled hearts of men would be a frightful mystery but for the ministry of Jesus. The burdened souls of men would make us afraid, even to despair, but for the "yoke" that is truly easy and the "burden" which He makes light. So the sunshine of God glorifies the shades of sin, the forest of our own woes. And the same love and wisdom which planted a garden in Eden, has cast the shadows across this landscape of our life. The highest joy of man is to walk with God in the shadow, to hear His voice in the "evening wind," among the trees of His planting on this earth of ours. The surest cure for a broken spirit is to go right out and encamp under His woods, that is, walk boldly out into the shadows and cast ourselves upon His fatherhood, as if we were fresh from His creating hand, and this "wilderness" were paradise itself. Of such acts cometh the overcoming victories of our Christian faith.

At the same time, one finds in the hearts of men a profane tendency to treat every shadow, all light, and even God Himself, as an illusion. This is the folly of the trifler which styles itself a new philosophy. It is the intensest atheism. Are we shadows only? Does it comfort one to be told that his love was a fancy and his loss a breaking bubble? Is it noble to say that God is an idea, and that our worship is speaking to our "other selves"? Sit here on this rock, lean lovingly on this century-growing rock! Is not this world a fact? Tell us, if you can, where the reality ends and the illusions begin? Come hither where the city shows its spires and towers over the ridge, just as yonder cemetery shows its uplifted stones, and tell us what you know and feel of the life hidden alike from view, the life in both realms of the living and the dead. Can you sum it all up in the word "shadow"? Is the heart-ache, the soul-joy of man to be answered and explained by a laugh, a gesture, a rolling up of the picture? Nay; the falsehood is in the soul that trifles, that reduces life to the soulless canvas, that begs the question of being by assuming the conclusion and denying the noblest truth.

On the other side, we find our wisdom and our well-being in communion with God our Father in the midst of our actual experience of a real and earnest life. We do not deny sentiment, neither do we defy it. There is no such alternative for us, or for any, of necessity. We know that our noblest sentiment is that which brings nearest to us the conception of God, who is LOVE. Under the shadows created around us, or let fall upon us, we walk in the light of His love, we exult in His embrace. There is no dark in heaven, no shadow in the high noon of heaven's King. But for us who are yet on the earth there is no such refuge, such rest, such healing as is found in the "shadow of the Almighty!"—*Evangelist.*

Hidden Blessings

A great deal of life is spent in fretting, and fretting about things that should be causes for rejoicing. Men, women and children fret far too much. To be sure, while a merry countenance is to be recommended as a thing to be desired, one cannot be gay or even cheerful. Some people float through life as devoid of care and sorrow as a bird—away up in the clouds, as it were, too uplifted to hear the din of the city, to see how the farmer sows early and late, that he may be enabled to reap the harvest in due time; too far away to hear the splash of the angry sea as it beats upon the beach, only to drag back with it upon the outgoing tide all that is within its reach.

And God and they only know whether it is outward calm only that we see or the calm of the storm that only tarries.

Others grovel in the dust; they never see the blue sky; the brilliant stars do not shine for them, for they never look up; the roses shed their perfume for them in vain; and for the graceful lily that sways in the breeze they have no eyes. Life is to them an Inferno, without God, without hope, without heaven.

But thank God, and we say it reverently, there are some whose eyes are open to every beauty. The flowers by the wayside, the daisies and buttercups of the field, the little bird that twitters in the trees, are things of beauty to them; for they all speak of God—a God who loves them. Life is not always easy to them, day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, they are hurt by the wear and tear; sometimes the very bread that they eat has to be waited for; often a blessing craved is not granted until their forces are against a closely-barred gate that must be opened, or destruction must follow; they see above them the blackness of a storm that would destroy them if it should come; and it is only by the exercise of a faith in an unseen power that they are able to grope their way along the highways. And often trouble comes; sorrow and sadness are their lot; the cup seems so full that it is at the overflowing; they know that the rain that must come into every life has increased to such a blinding storm that, but for one reason, they could never endure it.

What is that reason? It is, that they know, not only because the Bible tells them the truth, but because of that blessed experience that is far more to them as a realisation than even the book, that the "light affliction, which is but for a moment," shall work for them a more exceeding weight of glory. The otherwise unendurable trials are to them only *hidden blessings*; their life, hid with Christ in God, is a precious possession that they can never lose. The dear Lord, who knows every sigh that comes from a burdened heart of a child; who wipes away every falling tear; who whispers, "Be of good cheer, it is I;" who pours oil into the wounds, and balm into every hurt; who loves them for whom the dear Saviour died; whose everlasting arms are about His dear ones; who gives the power to carry a smiling face, and who into the otherwise dark night causes to arise the light of His presence.

Are your sorrows, cares, anxieties, *hidden blessings?* When their weight is heaviest can you look up and say, "Not my will, but thine, Lord?" And when you are led down to the brink of the dark waters of the Jordan can you be sure that you will say: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly?"

Being perplexed, I say,
Lord, make it right!
Night is as day to Thee,
Darkness as light.
I am afraid to touch things
That involves so much,
My trembling hand may shake
My skilful hand may break;
Thine can make no mistake.

Being in doubt, I say,
Lord, make it plain!
Which is the true, safe way?
Which would be vain?
I am not wise to know,
Nor sure of port to go;
My blind eyes cannot see
What is so plain to Thee;
Lord, make it clear to me.

The Alarm Clock.

Not many years ago, a student desiring to rise early in the morning, bought an alarm clock. For a few days it worked well. But one morning after being aroused by its alarm he turned over and went to sleep again. On subsequent mornings the clock failed to awake him. He placed it under the head of his bed in close proximity to his ear. There it woke him till the time he disobeyed its summons; ever afterward it was a failure; he slept through its call with perfect regularity. Yet on the other hand many a mother wakes on the faintest voice of her child, and many a watcher on the slightest movement of the patient. They have trained themselves to heed such calls. In like manner the conscience may be deadened and trained. Let the Christian disregard its voice, and soon it will become unable to arouse him at all. Let him carefully heed its faintest remonstrance, and it will become to him a most valuable mentor. Take good care of your conscience; it is a most delicate apparatus. —*Christian Observer.*

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"My daughter was afflicted for nearly a year with catarrh. The physicians being unable to help her, my pastor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice. Three months of regular treatment with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills completely restored my daughter's health."—Mrs. Louise Rielle, Little Canada, Ware, Mass.

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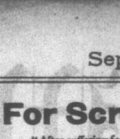

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