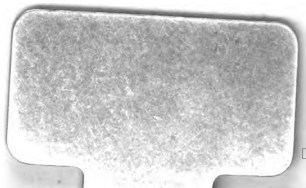


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THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLEA N E R.

1868.

THRUST IN THY SICKLE, AND REAP: FOR THE TIME IS COME FOR THEE TO REAP; FOR THE HARVEST OF THE EARTH IS RIPE. AND HE THAT SAT ON THE CLOUD THRUST IN HIS SICKLE ON THE EARTH; AND THE EARTH WAS REAPED.—*REVELATION* XIV. 15, 16.

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W. M. WATTS, 80 GRAY'S INN ROAD.

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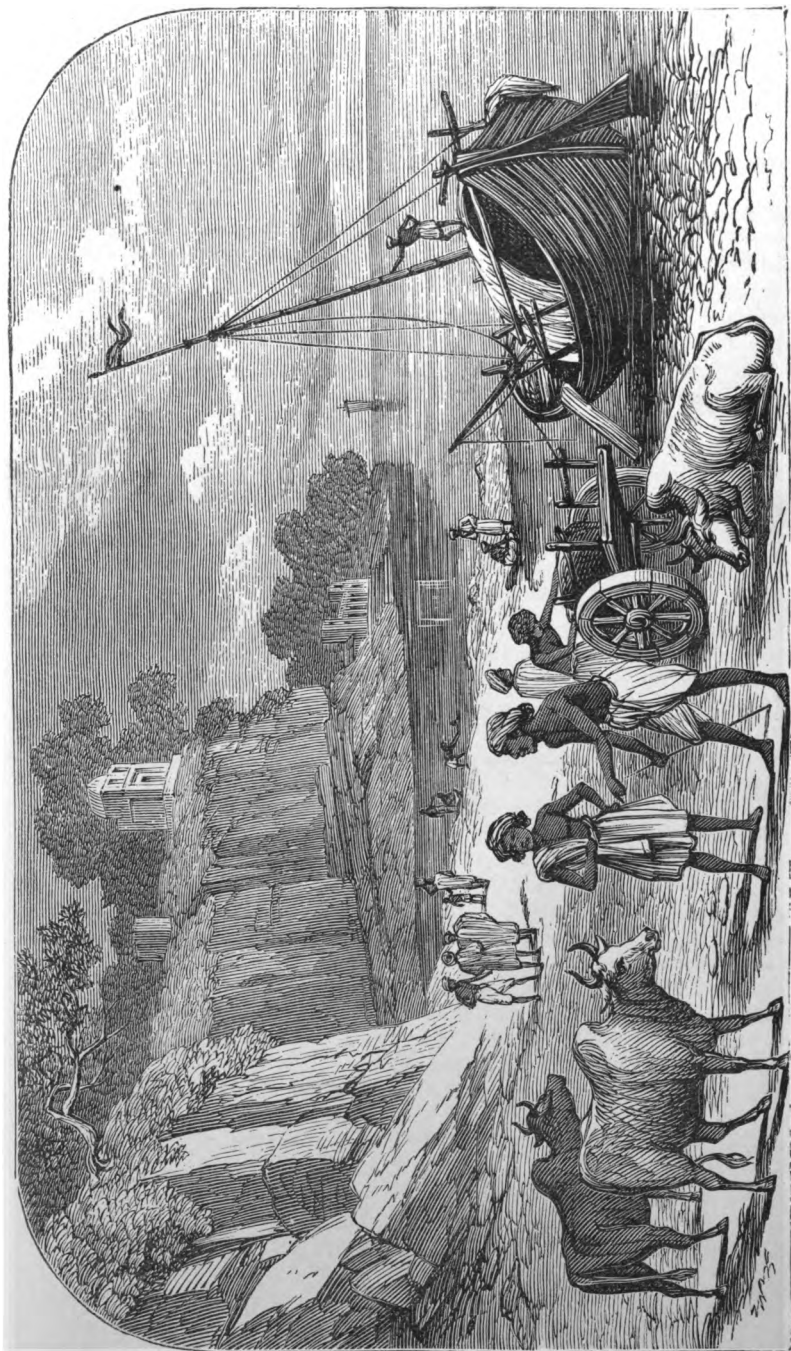
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FERRY OVER THE GANGES AT KUTAH.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

THE GANGES.

THERE are other great rivers of British India besides the Ganges, and one of these, the Indus, is 1700 miles in length, while the Ganges is only 1491. But the Ganges, from its source to the mouth, lies within the limits of British India, which cannot be said either of the Indus or the Brahmaputra. It issues from a bed of snow in the Himalaya, and, after forcing its way through the mountains during a course of nearly 200 miles, gains, at Hurdwar, the low level, and pursues its course in a south-easterly direction through the great Gangetic plain. On its way it receives numerous tributaries, some of which in length and volume exceed the Rhine, and which are spread out like the intersecting veins of a leaf. As it approaches the coast it throws off branches, and links itself with the Brahmaputra. These two rivers spread themselves in numerous channels over an extensive area. This region, swampy and unhealthy, and densely covered with trees and jungle, is called the "Sonderbunds," or woods. "In these the tiger prowls, the rhinoceros roams, while the waters swarm with huge crocodiles."

Along the banks of this river numerous cities have found a site. It would be too much to enumerate them all. We shall therefore confine ourselves to such as are occupied by the Church Missionary Society. And first may be mentioned Calcutta, Bhagulpore, Benares, Chunar, Allahabad, Meerut; while on the Jumna we find Agra and Muttra.

Let us undertake an imaginary voyage up the river. You must choose your vessel. It may be a pinnace; or, as this is expensive, you may prefer a Bujra. This, however, may be considered too cumbrous and slow. Perhaps you will think the Bhouliya better fitted for your purpose. You can get this of different sizes, according to the number of hands you mean to employ. There is, again, the Dengee, which is larger, longer, and a better-pulling and sailing boat than the ordinary Bhouliya. There are others of an inferior kind; the Putelee, or baggage-boat, used principally for the carriage of cotton and other up-country produce, and the Pulwar, a native travelling-boat of neater build.

All these Indian boats are fitted for the use of either oar or sail, so that, when the wind fails, the oar may be used; but being either round or flat at the bottom, and having no keel, they are very liable, if caught in a squall, to be overturned: hence there are on the river many casualties.

"As we gradually ascend the stream, we are interested in beholding many things peculiar to India. At comparatively short intervals, the ghauts, or landing-places, descend from the banks into the water. These wide flights of steps are finished on each side with a balustrade, and the back of each is usually crowned by a picturesque building, either a mosque or a pagoda, or a cluster of small Hindu mhuts, which are of beehive shape, and not a great deal larger, and which, when grouped together, produce a very good effect.

January, 1868.

B

“We are attracted by the crowds of men and women bathing at these various ghats. We notice particularly the women, half immersed in the water, with little bunches of flowers, which they have purchased from the priest in the temple before they descended to the river, and we listen to their affecting prayer—“O holy mother Gunga, accept our offerings, and wash away our sins!” The little nosegay is then set afloat, and the deceived worshipper finishes her ablution, with the persuasion that she is inwardly and outwardly purified.”

It is even so : the Ganges is an object of religious veneration in India. “Gunga was brought from heaven. The gods, conscious that they had also sinned to be washed away, petitioned Brumha on the subject, who soothed them by promising them that Gunga should remain in heaven, and yet descend to earth also. And now, he who thinks on Gunga, although he may be 800 miles distant, is delivered from all sin, and fitted for heaven. At the hour of death, if a person think upon Gunga, he will obtain a place in the heaven of Shiva. If a person be going to bathe in Gunga, and die on the road, he shall obtain the same benefits as though he had actually bathed. There are 3,500,000 holy places belonging to Gunga; the person who looks or bathes in Gunga will obtain all the fruit which arises from visiting all these holy places,” &c. Such are some of the superstitious legends of the Hindu.

Hence all castes worship Gunga. The people particularly choose the banks of this river for worship, because the merit of what they do, as they are taught to think, is so much greater. In every month there is bathing. At stated times crowds of people assemble from the different towns and villages near the river, bringing their offerings of fruit, rice, flowers, cloth, sweetmeats, &c., and hanging garlands of flowers across the river wherever it is possible. After the people have bathed, the officiating Brahmin ascends the banks of the river with them, performs poojah, in which he worships the living things that are in the waters, the fish, the tortoises, the frogs, the water-snakes, the leeches, the snails, the shell-fish, the porpoises, &c.

So sacred is the Ganges to the Hindus, that persons will perform long journeys of five or six months to bathe in it, and to carry back some of the water for religious purposes. The water is used in the English courts of justice to swear upon, and it is no unusual thing for Hindus to say, “Will you make this engagement on the banks of the Ganges?” The Hindus are exceedingly anxious to die on the banks of the Ganges, that their sins may be washed away in their last moments. “A person in his last agonies is frequently dragged from his bed, and carried, in the coldest or hottest weather, to the river-side, where, if a poor man, he lies without a covering day and night till he expires. The relatives place the sediment of the river on his forehead and breast, and afterwards, with their finger, write on it the name of some God.”

What shall we say of this people? They have upon them a sense of sin. It is not that their ideas of sin are the same as ours. Their standard is different from ours; and they think far more of breaking their caste laws than of offences against the moral law. Still they feel that they are unclean, and need washing; and so they come to the Ganges. Did they know what sin really is, how dread an evil, how

defiling, not to the body only but to the soul, they would know that to wash this away something is needed more powerful than the waters of the Ganges.

What need is there not, then, to preach to them Christ crucified ; to tell them of Him who, by His own wounds, opened for sinners of all nations a fountain for sin and uncleanness, in which they may wash and be clean ? What need is there not, that as the Ganges flows onward on its way through its great valley, so the great truth, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," should be made known through the cities and villages of India, until, gathering strength, it flows onward like a mighty stream throughout the land, and multitudes come, no longer to bathe in the waters of the Ganges, but to wash by faith in that blood, and offer there the sacrifice and service of a grateful heart to Him who "so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

SAMUEL, OF RATMIWELA.

THE following very interesting paper has been forwarded to us by the Rev. J. I. Jones, one of our Missionaries in the island of Ceylon. Gladly do we give it insertion. It is just such a paper as we want to have for the pages of the "Gleaner."

Amid the many discouragements and trials that our Missionaries meet with, circumstances occasionally occur which cheer the hearts of the labourers, and afford good proof that their efforts to make known Christ are not altogether in vain. The following is an example—

Twenty-five years ago two brothers, one of them a kapurala, or devil priest, lived in a village called Ratmiwela, thirteen miles from Kandy, in Ceylon. The kapurala, *i.e.* devil-priest, was a man of violent temper, and for some offence he was lodged in the Kandy jail. While there, a little book, placed in his hands by a catechist of the Church Missionary Society, was made the instrument of turning him from darkness to light, and leading him to know Jesus as his Saviour. On his release he brought his heathen books, &c., to the Rev. William Oakley, who has been for more than thirty years the valued Missionary of the Society in Kandy, and, laying them at his feet, requested him to baptize him. This request Mr. Oakley, after a time, complied with, and the man received the name of Abraham on his admission to the visible church of Christ.

On his return to his village he met with bitterness and persecution from those who had formerly been his most intimate friends ; and even his own brother was so much enraged that he obtained a gun, and only waited till a good opportunity should occur of wiping out what he regarded as a disgrace to his family, by shedding his brother's blood.

While he waited, he happened to take up one of Abraham's books, and, as he read, God sent the arrow of conviction home to his heart. He gave up his murderous intention : he became an earnest inquirer, embraced the truth, and was baptized by the name of Samuel. He joined Abraham in professing Christ before men.

Twenty-five years of consistent Christian life have passed away, years during which both brothers sought to make known the Saviour to others, as well as to follow Him themselves, and during which, in simple trust in Jesus, they looked forward to the time when they should be called to stand in His presence and enter into His joy.

Two months ago the separation for a time came, and Samuel was taken to his rest. The following letter from a Christian friend, also a Singhalese, appeared shortly after in the "Lakriwi Kirani," a Singhalese newspaper, and I have translated and transmit it in the hope that the perusal of it may lead Christian friends in England to feel that our work is not hopeless, and that their liberality is not without fruits or their prayers without answer, while it may serve to convince some who are sceptical on the subject that there is such a thing as the true conversion of even the poor Buddhists of Ceylon.

"(To the Editor of the 'Lakriwi Kirani.')

"SIR,—Though this letter is connected with the subject of religion, may I request that you will kindly publish it, inasmuch as it may show what fruit is produced by the preaching by Missionaries of the Gospel of Christ ?

"Rajapaxagedara Samuel, having entered into Christ by faith, was a man who possessed the influence of religion, the light, the sweetness, the joy and the consolation which cometh by hope, which a man may receive by belief in Christianity. He connected himself with the Church Mission some twenty years ago. I have been acquainted with him for about five years. He came to see me several times soon after my arrival at Kaduganawa, and, as my heart was drawn towards him, I endeavoured to go to his house whenever I visited the district in which he lived.

"When I was at his house he was generally occupied, when not at work, in reading the Bible and 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and he always requested me to have prayer with him. He assembled his family, read the Bible and prayed with great joy, and thus we both received instruction and comfort from meeting.

"Samuel was taken ill with jaundice in March of this year. In April, when I went to see him, he said that his death was very near, and that God had sent that illness as a messenger to prepare him for it. He said, 'If I had not been laid aside, my Lord might have called me at a time I did not expect, and when I was occupied with worldly concerns, and I must have gone; but now it is arranged so that I may prepare for my journey with joy.'

"When I went to see him again, he said his illness was worse, and that he had no hope of living; and he asked me if, when the end drew near, and he sent a messenger for me, I would come and pray with him. I told him I should much wish to do so, and said that, in our passage over the river of death, if we have faith in our Lord, who promised that He would be with us to the end of the world, He will be with us, will send His mighty angels, and give us all the comfort we need at such a time. To this he replied, 'I believe most certainly that our Lord, who taught us that the angels carried Lazarus to heaven, though he had none to preach to him or pray with him at his death, will take me also, who

trust in Him as my only refuge.' This answer of Samuel's conveyed instruction to my own heart. We prayed on this occasion also. After I had given him some medicine, he said that unless God restored him he could not recover—that he had no trust in medicine.

"About a month before his death Samuel got a little better; he then sent a message to his neighbours, and collected them together, and spoke to them of his journey—of his hope in it—of the way of salvation provided in Christianity, and his trust that Christianity would be spread far and wide; and then settled all matters with regard to his family.

"On the 17th of August, feeling worse, he sent for me. He was asleep when I went, but on awaking said, 'I have been speaking with my Lord,' and then said many things which might make one weep for joy. On this occasion I spoke with him of the comfort of religion, read several chapters, and returned home.

"On the 18th, which was Sunday, feeling worse, he told one of his relatives to send for me, but no messenger was at hand, as his son had gone to Kandy for medicine. He inquired frequently whether his son and I were coming, and gave much counsel to his family; and about eight o'clock, while praying earnestly and in full consciousness, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;' and while his wife, who, with his children, were weeping by him, was praying, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, allow him not to suffer, but receive his spirit to thine hand,' his life passed away."

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### LOST SHEEP FOUND.

THE following notices are gleanings from the journals of one of our native catechists in Sierra Leone. They show that the Lord's work is going on, and that, by an humble agency, many a lost piece of silver is being lifted up out of the dirt where it had been lying, and returned to its owner—

J. T., a young female, has had, both from me and our pious visitor, James Lisk, very many visits, which, we trust, have, under God, been much blessed to her soul. Her's had been for a long time a very unsatisfactory case. She had professed to walk with God, but, even at the time she was under a course of preparation for confirmation, she was living in sin. I had my fears concerning her, very much doubted her sincerity, and reminded her, at the time of confirmation, that I had done for her all that could be reasonably expected from me to show her that hypocrisy was sinful, and that I hoped I should be clear of blame concerning her. Her sin discovered itself, and the church was under the painful necessity of depriving her of full communion. A year since she fell into a consumption, and I rejoice to say that the affliction has been sanctified to her good: she has repented of her sin, and now fully believes she has obtained pardon of the Lord.

In the earlier stage of her disease she evinced no sign of true repentance, and seemed to think nothing of the necessity and blessedness of forgiveness. Again and again I read the Scriptures and prayed with her. The Lord opened her mind. She appreciated and liked my visits, and daily begged, in a humble tone, an interest in my prayers and that I

would repeat my visits. She subsequently manifested a great desire after the spiritual welfare of those about her, and frequently begged me to speak to her mother on the necessity of practical piety.

She once said to me, "My doubts and fears are removed, and I trust in the Lord. I know I have sinned greatly; I have done very wrong; I am truly sorry for it. I know I have grieved God; but I believe in Jesus, who has died for me. I feel sure He has forgiven me. I know He has removed the world out of my mind. I do not fear to die." God grant her grace to be steadfast! At times Satan annoys her, and endeavours to deprive her of her confidence in the Lord. I remember one evening, in a very affecting tone of voice, she said to me, "I sometimes think God does not hear my prayer, because my pain increases, and I have rest neither day nor night." How often is it the case with even the very best of Christians! May God never hide Himself from her; and whenever He should do so to try her faith, may He yet sustain her!

There was one thing that struck me particularly with her, and it was this. Once, when she appeared to be dying, and I hardly expected she could live two more days on earth, she did not forget to give me her usual subscription to the Church Missionary Society.

Jane —. The agent at Brookfield, at her request, desired me to visit her, as she was very ill, and wanted the Lord's Supper.

I quickly went to her; but as I did not see that she was dangerously ill, and was afraid she had entertained some superstitious views of the rite, I did not comply with that part of her request. She was an illiterate woman; but, when I examined her, I was agreeably surprised, and found her rich in faith. These are her answers to my several questions—"I trust in Jesus; Jesus, my Redeemer, do good for me. He bring me from my country to this good land, and He die for me. He is my father, mother, sister and brother. I am stranger here: when I die He carry me home. I do not fear to die, because Jesus die for me." This shows clearly that it is not the amount of scriptural information that gives salvation, and that faith is the gift of God. True it is that the Lord hath hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. I need not say that I returned from Brookfields that day strengthened and encouraged.

There was another encouraging case.

I was told that Hannah was very ill, and I hastened to meet her: she, too, was an illiterate woman, but, like Jane, was rich in faith. She had lived long in sin, but was made sensible of the evil thereof, through the grace of God. To all my questions in Aku, she replied both in English and in Aku, "I know I have done wrong. I know sin is not good, but Jesus has pardoned me and washed my soul: He pays my debt with His blood. I am willing to die, and I know I shall go to Him." She died shortly after this. Two others have since died. I had hope in their death.

## OUR FRIENDS AT PETERBOROUGH AND ITS VICINITY.

IN the November Number of this periodical, after giving a short notice of a Missionary gathering at Wallingford, we added the following suggestion—

“It would help much to encourage supporters in one part of the field to know what friends are doing in the other.”

Our excellent friend, Colonel Rowlandson, to whom the Missionary cause throughout the country is so much indebted, had been attending the Church Missionary Anniversary at Peterborough. He was much struck with the hearty character of the Meeting, which he believed to be owing, under God, to the self-denying and hearty upholders of this good cause, by those local friends whose names we would 'give, only we know that it would not be pleasing to them.

But remembering our suggestion, Colonel Rowlandson wrote to the Rev. John Mills, of Orton Waterville Rectory, by whom the following interesting paper has been drawn up for the pages of the “Gleaner”—

On Sunday, November 3, sermons were preached in the Parish Church of Peterborough; in the morning by the Bishop of the Diocese, and in the evening by the Rev. R. P. Greaves, Missionary from India; and at St. Mark's, by the Rev. R. P. Greaves, and Rev. S. W. Merry. The collections altogether were 32*l*.

On Monday the Annual Meeting was held in the Corn Exchange, which was numerously attended. The Bishop took the Chair. The Secretary, the Rev. Canon Hill, read the Report, showing that the receipts of the Auxiliary for the last year were 298*l*. 13*s*. 9*d*., and the sum remitted to the Parent Society was 286*l*. 19*s*. 9*d*. Colonel Rowlandson, and the Rev. R. P. Greaves, who formed the deputation, then addressed the Meeting. The former, from his thirty years residence in India, and from personal experience, could speak feelingly of the good work done by the Society, while Mr. Greaves, like Colonel Rowlandson, excited the sympathies and kept up the interest of his hearers by dwelling upon facts of his own experience as a Missionary in India. The Gospel was producing an effect upon the hearts of the natives.

The Bishop, who reserved his remarks to the last, then addressed the Meeting in a most earnest, powerful and warm-hearted speech, which excited and kept up interest to the last. He dwelt upon the care exhibited by the Society in the choice of their agents. He had watched with the warmest interest their progress for thirty years, and he had never known of any, but one, who had been unfaithful to his trust. He had no doubt whatever that Missionary efforts in India had produced great results. The field of literature was vastly extending in India from a free press. In the last year there were twenty-six new newspapers started; and at the examination at the Calcutta University there were 1300 candidates. At Oxford or Cambridge the number of students was about 500 in one year. The development of mental power had led many to throw off idolatry; but some had taken in its stead to infidel

or Pantheistic forms of belief. Hence the necessity for the promulgation of Christian knowledge and principles, and prayer for the Spirit of God to bring home the word to the soul.

In conclusion, the Bishop, as Chairman, gave notice of an Address by Colonel Rowlandson, especially directed to the young, the next day, at the Corn Exchange. The Colonel was listened to with earnest attention on that occasion by a large gathering of young people, and much, we trust, was carried away in the memory to bear the fruit of action in after life.

Meetings were held in the neighbouring villages during the week. At Eye, on Tuesday, one of the most interesting features was the number of Missionary-boxes brought in, evincing the general interest and feeling kept up during all the year, especially in the minds of the young.

The same was observed at Orton Waterville, the next night, where Colonel Rowlandson also attended, and kept a crowded room (the hall of the old Manor House, the largest room that could be found in the village) in deep and never-flagging attention, even of the little children, for a considerable time. And it was no wonder, for his words went from the heart to the heart. But there is one peculiar and novel source of income here which really deserves special notice, and which shows how from little means great results may be attained, and that with ever-increasing cheerful Missionary interest as the work goes on. One of the items of collection here was 13*l.* 3*s.*, which had been obtained during the year by the sale of flowers, chiefly in penny bunches, made up every week with much artistic skill (and it is wonderful how love draws out our powers), and sold by ready and cheerful agents—the market-woman, the postman, the Rector's daughter, &c.—and so readily bought up that not a bunch ever came back unsold. The flowers are collected, not from one garden only, but from many, both in the villages and outside. And it is exceedingly pleasant to see the children coming in, in troops almost, in the merry spring time, with joyous faces bringing in their bunches of violets and primroses and orchises, collected in the fields and woods about. They each receive a little printed card, with a picture on it (a Missionary subject generally), which provides them with a fresh thought for that week, and these cards they usually put up in their cottage rooms. And who shall say what good and blessed results may come from this simple means of enlisting the sympathies of the young, and keeping up their interest in such a loving and loveable employment. And so, at the Missionary Meeting, they who have “an interest in the concern” want to know, and so does the market-woman, and the postman too, what is the result of the year's pleasant work, and to be told how it is likely to be blessed of God to the poor heathen, and to themselves too. It is a cheerful coming together. The Indian diagrams hang round the walls, and as the Colonel proceeds in his narratives, his eye catches something in one of them here, or another there, which realizes the scene; and it is really specially exciting to see how quickly all eyes, little and great, are turned in the direction to which the speaker points in order to fix attention on the contrast between the dark and degraded state of the poor heathen, and the bright and exalted condition of the Gospel-taught Englishman, and therefore his duty and his privilege to hold up the



light to others. The Missionary Meeting is always considered a gala day, and looked forward to with much excitement beforehand, and talked over with much interest afterwards. These results are attained by the united co-operation of many, the wives and children of clergy and laity having their hearts and hands engaged in it. And it is pleasant indeed to hear how cheerfully and heartily they all join in singing their usual opening Missionary hymn (Heber's), and the Doxology at the close.

Subjoined is a list of the items of collection for this village, as some of them are suggestive. The story of the origin of that of "The May Garland" is told in the "Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor" for 1858, page 175, and another of "Pigeons" will be offered soon. Oh that the youth of our land may be early led to learn to love the Lord their God with all their heart, and their neighbour, heathen or home, as themselves.

|                                | £  | s. | d. |                                    | £  | s. | d. |
|--------------------------------|----|----|----|------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| May Garland . . . . .          |    | 10 | 1½ | Juvenile Weekly ditto . . . . .    |    | 13 | 9  |
| Missionary Basket . . . . .    | 11 | 4  | 3  | Missionary Boxes . . . . .         | 6  | 2  | 4½ |
| Sale of Flowers . . . . .      | 13 | 3  | 0  | Donations . . . . .                |    | 18 | 3  |
| Sale of Fruit . . . . .        |    | 3  | 0  | Collection after Meeting . . . . . | 4  | 5  | 6  |
| Annual Subscriptions . . . . . | 2  | 17 | 0  |                                    |    |    |    |
| Monthly Collections . . . . .  | 4  | 6  | 0  | Total . . . . .                    | 44 | 3  | 3  |

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TRIP TO THE SHERBRO BY THE REV. A. MENZIES.

THE Sherbro is a new Mission commenced amongst the heathen Africans of the Sherbro country, lying to the south of the Sierra-Leone colony. It is worked by a native clergyman and catechist; and is occasionally visited by our European Missionaries from the colony. The Rev. A. Menzies relates the rough weather encountered on one of these expeditions.

A few details of a memorable trip to the Sherbro may be interesting to you. The trip was without question one of the most trying and hazardous ever undertaken. Our party were fifteen in number, including boatmen, and we left Freetown under very propitious circumstances. But these did not last. The boat had barely reached the Cape when a head-wind, with a drenching rain, accompanied by heavy squalls, met us, and to this inclement weather we were exposed for several hours, till forced to put in to shore to rest for the night. Next morning, starting early with the tide, the boat, under oars, made some considerable progress, the sea being calm, and the sun shining brightly. But, alas for us! this was not of long continuance. Three hours sufficed to bring down upon our hapless party a terrific tornado, and for an hour we were exposed to torrents of rain and a gale of wind that drove us out to sea and wet us to the skin, and this in a boat barely thirty feet long. Without any boasting, I can say that, under God, nothing but my sailor experience saved our boat from being upset. Before the storm struck us the sails were taken in, and I took the bearings with the compass. Thus her course was kept, for nothing of any land could be seen. The rain

continued nearly all day, and Bananas, our next resting-place, was gained at nine o'clock at night. So fifteen people were imprisoned in an open boat, under the most trying circumstances, for twelve hours, and four of these were women. The following day, two of the party remaining behind, the rest of the party set sail for the Plantain Islands. At this stage of the passage to Sherbro the compass comes into use. We had a fine run for several hours, but, owing to the darkness and the distant sign of a coming tornado, it was considered prudent to land for the night; and by twelve o'clock P.M., after being driven from our shelter by black ants, our supper was served, and, wearied enough, we lay down, as best we could, in an ill-furnished native house, to rise again next morning at half-past four. The fourth portion of the trip, between the Plantains and Good Hope Mission, was accomplished in twenty hours. We arrived, just after encountering another furious tornado, at two o'clock on Sunday morning, greatly fatigued, cold and hungry. Our American friends, whom we roused up from bed, cheerfully attended to our wants, and got us refreshment and a resting-place. How great was the mercy and kind care of our God on this occasion. A marvel of marvels that, after all that exposure, risks and anxiety, with irregular meals, in this climate, not one of the thirteen were sick.

EXPLANATION.

It is necessary that we should explain why we have introduced into the pages of the "Gleaner" a piece of poetry in the French language. It is, moreover, a translation of the English piece, and why then, it may be asked, is it given at all?

A lady, resident at Quebec, an earnest friend of the Church Missionary Society, has on each first week in December a Missionary tree, the produce of which goes to help our funds. Several ladies are engaged in working for it. She forwarded to us the article entitled, "Mal Bay," with a drawing, both of which appeared in our last Number. These verses, "Cawnpore," also came from her. She begged that these contributions might be inserted in early Numbers of the "Gleaner," as several of her young friends had given in their names as subscribers to the two publications of the Society in which these papers should appear, at sixpence each, "so that," as she observes, "if 125 of each number be forwarded, I shall be enabled to send the Society upwards of 6*l*."

She adds—

"The French translation, of the subjects so well known, is also an attraction to my friends, and the "Notes on Charity" have been suggested by my having been asked if I intended this year having a "Silver Wedding." By a singular coincidence, our present assistant-minister's wife, Mrs. Phillips and myself, have, this year on the same month, attained the number custom enjoins for a celebration."

Our readers will now understand that these Numbers of the "Gleaner" are intended to cross the ocean to another land, where French is much

used, and is indeed the vernacular of a considerable section of the inhabitants. For the gratification, therefore, of those young ladies, who, at Quebec, take an interest in the wide-world work of the Church Missionary Society, and who are kind enough to help its funds by crochet or needle-work, we give the French translation of the English poetry, to which some slight corrections have been given by Mr. Miller, of the High School, Quebec.

CAWNPORE.

Why should I seek the palmy shade,
Or why thy thirst assuage, my babe ?
For now the barb of death I see,
Nor can we from the heathen flee.

We part, my babes, but we shall meet,
From terror free, it will be sweet :
Our sufferings and our sorrows o'er,
We then shall meet to part no more.

Jesus will then thy thirst assuage,
We shall be safe from heathen rage:
Saviour, for shelter now we flee,
Farewell on earth, my babes, to thee !

Oppressed and torn, O Lord, behold
The lambs of Thy beloved fold ;
Oh, in Thy bosom take them now,
Nor let their tears of anguish flow.

Let not Thy foes against Thy word—
Against Thy laws triumph, O Lord ;
Come down, and from the searching wind,
Let Thy shorn flock a shelter find.

Say to the heathen, God alone
Is worthy to be feared and known ;
No more on earth be idols named,
But Jesus, Lord of all, proclaimed !

E. S.

CAWNPORE.

Pourquoi chercher l'ombrage du palmier ? Pourquoi te désaltérer, mon enfant ? Car je vois la flèche mortelle, et nous ne pouvons pas fuir les païens.

Nous serons séparés, mes enfants, mais nous nous retrouverons, affranchis toute frayeur, et nos souffrances passées, nous allons nous rejoindre pour toujours.

Jésus éteindra votre soif, nous serons sauvés de la fureur païenne ; Seigneur, nous cherchons un asyle chez toi, adieu, mes enfants.

Seigneur, contemple les agneaux chéris de ton troupeau, travaillés et déchirés. Veuille les cacher dans ton sein et essuyer leurs larmes de douleur.

Seigneur, ne permets point que tes ennemis emportent la victoire sur tes lois et sur tes paroles. Viens les disperser. Que ton troupeau trouve un refuge.

Dites aux païens que c'est Dieu et lui seul que l'homme doit craindre et connaitre. Que les idoles disparaissent de la terre, et que Jésus Christ soit proclamé Seigneur de tous.

And now, as we have given an explanation, we must also make our confession. The verses, entitled "Cawnpore," were accompanied by another poetical piece, "Madiai."

Now, instead of this, we have introduced some verses composed on this side the Atlantic, on the same subject, the "Madiai;" and we beg to offer them to our friends on the other side; not that we pretend they are as good, but simply because the invoking of the spirit of Madiai has too much of poetical licence for the pages of the "Gleaner." And in this country just now there is an unhappy tendency abroad to corrupt the purity of Christian doctrine, which renders caution especially necessary—just precisely as we find that, in cholera times, prudent persons do not eat melon.

MADIAI.

His life was one of grief and pain ;
From this he now has fled ;
Let pitying friends their tears restrain—
Poor Madiai is dead !

His body in its resting place
Is safe from human scorn ;
His happy spirit, saved by grace,
Has long since ceased to mourn.

Sprinkled with blood, it took its flight,
Far from this scene of strife ;
And, freed from tribulation's night,
Rose to eternal life !

The Saviour whom he served on earth
Loosed him and set him free ;
To realms of glory gave him birth,
There with his Lord to be !

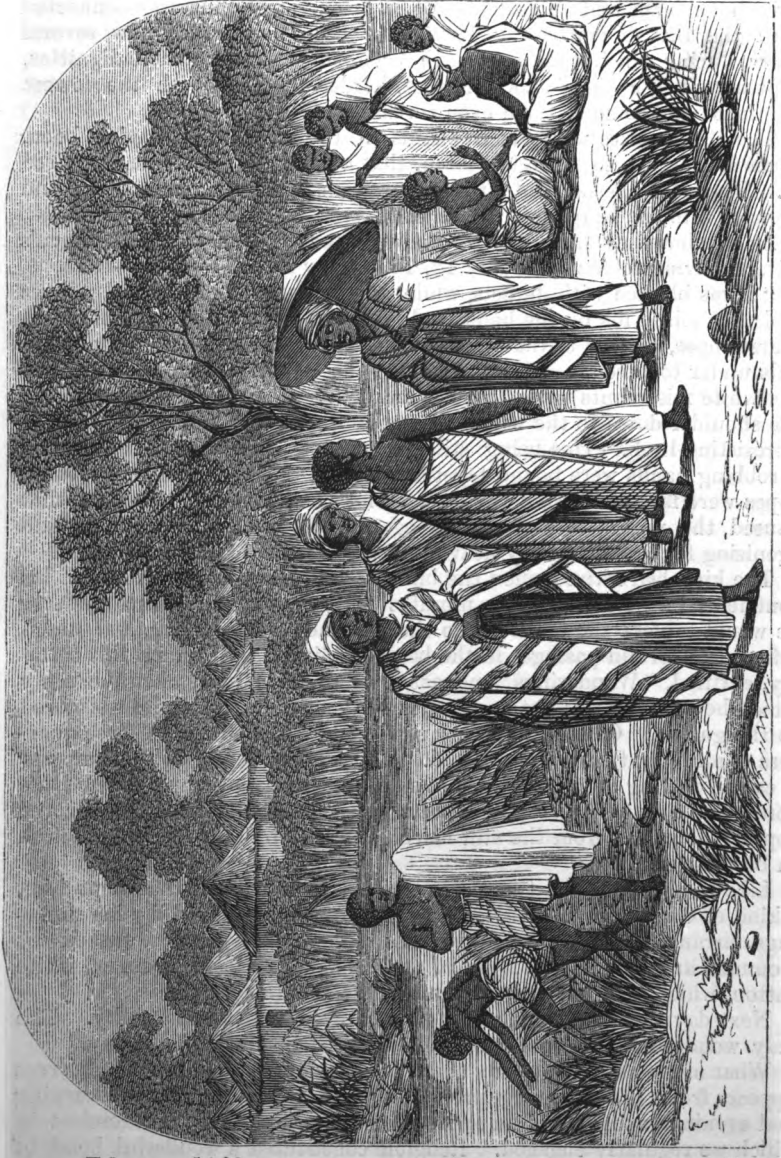
They are not dead, these saints of God ;
The grave—they are not there ;
The body sleeps beneath the sod ;
In heaven—the soul is there ?

If our friends at Quebec will send us back a French translation of the above, we shall like to print it:



ABYSSINIA.

OUR readers are aware that a British army is at this moment penetrating into Abyssinia, with a view of compelling Theodore, who has claimed to be its king, to surrender a number of British subjects, whom now for a



A VILLAGE IN ABYSSINIA.

February, 1868.

C

lengthened period he has cruelly kept in imprisonment and chains, without any demerit on their part to justify such ill-treatment, and in despite of repeated remonstrances. The captives consist of Captain Cameron, Her Majesty's Consul to Abyssinia, two Missionaries of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and several other British subjects and persons—men, women, and children—connected with the British embassy. They have been in durance now several years, during which time they have been subjected to great indignities, kept in prison, chained hand and foot, herded together with the lowest criminals, and some of them even tortured.

The Missionaries were put in chains in 1863, Mr. Stern having been, when first seized, so severely beaten, that his life was for a time despaired of. Then the Consul and other Europeans were laid hold upon and brought into the Emperor's presence.

As to what they have had to endure, one passage from Mr. Stern's letters, having reference to May 12, 1865, may suffice to show—

"I was blinded with buffets, while at the same time several fellows violently seized me by the hand, and began to twist round my arms hard coarse ropes, formed of the fibres of the Dolossa tree. Generally criminals under torture are only tied around the upper part of the arm, but the white miscreants were deemed unworthy of such leniency. From the shoulder down to the wrists the cords were tight rolled around the unresisting limb. This being still regarded as insufficient, the swollen throbbing hands were bound together behind the back, and then other ropes were fastened across the chest, and that, too, with a force that caused the miserable sufferers to agonize for breath. Writhing and agonizing for breath, we lay heaving in pain on the hard, bare ground."

The king had retired when the binding with ropes commenced, but his confidential adviser every few minutes came to ask Mr. Stern whether he would confess the truth of the charges made against him, and which referred to certain passages in the book published by him in this country, entitled, "Wanderings amongst the Falashas;" and when the reply which he received was not such as he wished, immediately he whispered to the guards, "Give him another rope round the chest." Three quarters of an hour the torture lasted. At last, the Negús, as the Emperor is called, fearing he might die, and so escape his vengeance, ordered the cords to be loosed. "This process caused excruciating pain, for the ropes, rebounding from the stiff marble limbs, tore away skin and flesh in broad gory shreds."

Like the apostle, Mr. Stern was chained to a soldier that kept him, a kind of Galla from Enárea. This rough man was moved by his sufferings, arranged the pallet on which he slept, and gently swathed his wounded arms in the soft folds of the "shama," or loose dress of white cotton, which is in ordinary use among the people.

Next day this scene was repeated, and even with more cruelty. The only wonder is, how any man could endure such protracted agony.

What supported Mr. Stern and his companions under such horrors appears from the following passage—"The Bible, prayers, a morning and evening exposition of an appropriate passage, were the exercises in which we regularly engaged. Religion constituted a wonderful bond of

harmony ; and when I looked on the devout countenances which hung over the inspired page, as I commented on the sacred text I cherished the hope that the clouds, so big with wrath, had been changed into a flood of everlasting mercy."

When not under the rope, and in their usual state of captivity, they were chained by manacles, about three-eighths of a yard long, between the ankles. After a time, hand-chains were added to those already round the ankles, the two being so fastened together that the wearers were bent double, and were thus rendered unable to move about by day, or stretch their weary limbs by night.

In February 1866, Mr. Rassam arrived as an Envoy from England, to obtain the liberation of the prisoners. At first, success seemed to crown his efforts, and orders were given for their release. Their chains were taken off, and they were handed over to the English Envoy.

Rassam now sent the Missionaries and other captives forward toward the coast, he himself purposing to follow them. But he was not allowed. The king resolved to detain him also as a prisoner, and soldiers were sent after the captives to bring them back again.

A Mr. Flad, a German Missionary, who had come to London from Abyssinia for the transaction of business, and was about to return to that country, was now commissioned to be the bearer of a letter from the Queen to Theodore, requesting the immediate liberation of all the Europeans ; but, before he left, it was known that they were all prisoners at Magdala.

Magdala is a hill fort in the province of Amhara, and in the country of the Wollo Gallas, who for the last few centuries have occupied the central and finest portion of Abyssinia. This place is almost impregnable by nature, and Theodore, since he obtained possession of it, has greatly strengthened it, having made it into a chief fortress, arsenal, and state prison.

In this region lived Adara Bille, the Wollo Galla chief, by whom Dr. Krapf, on his return from Shoa, was so cruelly treated and plundered. Attempting to resist Theodore, this chief, with upwards of 1000 Gallas, fell in battle, or perished under the executioner's knife, while the country around was plundered, and the women and children carried captive into the various provinces of Abyssinia.

Abyssinia is for the most part a great highland region, bounded on its eastern side by a narrow lowland, which lies between it and the sea. Rising up abruptly out of this sea of sand, this lofty region may be regarded as a north-eastern promontory of the great plateau of South Africa. High table-lands, crowned with mountains, rising to the line of perpetual snow, are intersected by deep ravines, cut by rivers and streams. Here lie the sources of the Blue Nile, which unites with the White Nile at Khartum, and to which, in a great measure, is to be ascribed the inundations which fertilize the valley of Egypt.

Into this region the British forces are penetrating, their mission being the liberation of the Europeans, so long the victims of Theodore's cruelty. We trust that this may be accomplished without the necessity for bloodshed, and that the issue may be, not only the liberation of the captives, but the opening of Abyssinia to freer intercourse with Europeans, so that

an opportunity, more favourable than has yet been afforded, may present itself for the introduction of the Gospel into this country, which, although nominally Christian, needs the regenerating influence of Bible truth as much as any heathen land.



IBADAN.

IBADAN is a large heathen town in the Yoruba country, where Missionary work was commenced in 1852, seven years after that at Abeokuta. Between this town and Abeokuta war prevailed for several years, and it was then that the Rev. D. Hinderer and Mrs. Hinderer, and Mr. Roper, suffered so great privations, and that Mr. Jefferies died.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer are again at Ibadan, and they will soon be joined by Mr. Roper, who, having been ordained by the Bishop of Sierra Leone at Brighton, in October last, will thus be enabled to render increased service. There are, besides, several valuable native assistants—Messrs. W. S. Allen, Daniel Olubi, James Okasehende, &c.

We are very hopeful about this great town. Abeokuta has driven away its Missionaries and converts; Ibadan, however, has not done so, but has bid them remain and work. Let us entreat our readers to pray that, as they are kind to the messengers, so may this people open their hearts to the Lord's message. May plenteous rains descend on the seed which has been sown, so that there may be a goodly harvest!

The journals of the Rev. J. Smith, who has recently returned home, will afford us not unpleasing sketches of the country and the work.

We find him on one occasion setting out with Mr. Okasehende to visit a farm village some seven miles distant. The road lay south-west, through changing scenery of grass fields, woodland and rural farms. Here and there were to be seen the huts of the farmers nestled in the bush, where many of the people live for weeks and months together without once visiting the town. After a ride of two hours and a half, the village was reached. Here reside two Christian members. These men were surprised and rejoiced at their unexpected arrival. Forthwith they set out amongst the neighbouring farms to gather together as many people as they could, and soon a fair congregation was mustered. To this the word of God was spoken, and then stood up the two native Christians. The first, whose name was Abraham, reminded them, that while he worshipped idols he had been a reckless man; but the Missionaries having brought Christianity into their land, he had been led, through grace, to receive it, and had been benefited in so doing; and if they followed his example they would be blessed also. The other, whose name was Joseph, then rose to add his testimony. He reminded them of the words—He "willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," and exhorted them not to receive the grace of God in vain. He said, "It cannot be a light thing that induced white men to leave their home and friends to come out to Ibadan country; nor can we think that good people in their own country would help them to come to Africa, and support them here, to teach a vain religion. I therefore entreat you, my countrymen and women, to believe

the truths which are told you, for they are not the word of man, but the word of the Almighty God of heaven."

This is so important, when the converts do not keep to themselves the truths they have received, but when they avail themselves of every opportunity to make them known more widely, and tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is king.

The people of this village promised to assemble regularly every day for morning and evening prayer, when the two Christians would pray with them.

On another occasion we find our Missionary starting, with his native assistants, for a large farm, where several of the church members were wont to reside six days out of seven. The road was generally good, the scenery varying and beautiful. Now they were in the open grass-fields; now in the midst of brushwood. After an hour's ride they came to the first halting-place, where they preached to some forty listeners. Journeying on between two hills, which at length ran up into one, an ascent began. On reaching the summit there spread before them an extensive plateau, having the appearance of a large, well-cultivated plain. Crossing this, they descended on the other side by a gradual slope until they reached a toll-gate. There they found numerous women, who had put down their loads to ease their necks and pay their dues. To these poor drudges Christ was made known. On their arrival at the village, refreshments were set forth, of which they stood much in need. After their repast they proceeded to teach the people. The houses not being of the best description, being low, and dark and smoky, they took their place under the shade of a large tree, and the people, gathering round, listened very quietly while they were spoken to on one of the parables of our Lord.

Returning home they entered on a wide, open plain, bounded by four high hills in the distance, the path being lined on both sides with high sugar-cane-like grass, with here and there farms of maize and yams.

It was now the autumn season, and our Missionary found a great difference in the aspect of the country from that which it had presented some weeks previously. At the first visit the farms were in full bearing, and in all their beauty, while the hills and valleys were clothed with verdure. But now the harvest had been gathered in, and the farms exhibited a more naked appearance. The dry stalks of the maize were left that by them the rising beans might climb and be supported. The yams had been rooted up and carried off to the markets. The egusi had been gathered and carried off in like manner, while the parings had been left to rot upon the ground for manure. The road, as they passed along, was lined with people, men, old and young, going to their farm labour, and hundreds of women returning with produce to the town. Their baskets were full of yams, corn, beans, egusi, indigo, firewood, and leaves which answer the purpose of paper to wrap up articles sold in shops or in the markets.

So abundantly does the earth yield its fruits, and so graciously does God provide for the wants of man. "He maketh the sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust." And yet, while the earth is fruitful, man is barren, and yields

no return of gratitude to God. When shall these heathen wastes be reclaimed, and populations now dead in ignorance and sin become like well-cultivated farms, yielding the pleasant and varied fruits of gratitude and service? Alas! how extended the wastes, how few the labourers! When shall "the ploughman overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed, and the mountains drop sweet wine, and all the hills melt?"

HELP FOR CHINA.

THE following passage occurs in a letter written by the Rev. G. Hamilton, Chaplain at Fuh-chau, and dated October 24, 1867. Who can tell but that, by the blessing of God, it may call forth some labourer to the Lord's work in China?

"There are about two millions of souls in this city and its suburbs, and our Society has only two Missionaries here at present. These, however, are truly earnest, devoted men. I think their work is much blessed. The situation of the city is healthful, and the surrounding scenery quite lovely. The climate, too, is delightful during six or seven months in the year, though we have certainly four very trying and exhausting ones. I think, however, if a man is naturally of a sound constitution, he may labour on here with impunity for six or seven years in succession. If this were known at home we should perhaps find as many offering themselves for China as for India. May the Lord send forth more labourers into His harvest! My people do give liberally to the support of our Missionary Institutions. It is a cheering fact that all our Missionaries, both American and English, are agreed in considering that we are on the eve of a great spiritual crisis in China. Old prejudices against foreign usages and institutions are gradually giving way, and a readiness to hear and receive the Gospel is becoming everywhere apparent."

CHINA, A.D. 1.

(The following lines were suggested by a Chinese Buddhistic legend, referring to the introduction of Buddhism into China in the first century of our era.)

THEY say that in that wondrous time
 When heathen oracles were dumb;
 When earth, all tired of sinning, looked
 And longed for Him that was to come;

Eve after eve, as sank the sun,
 From China's boundless plains to rest,
 Strange radiant, rainbow-tinted clouds
 Hovered above the fading west.

Then fell the shadows; and the smoke
 Rose in blue wreaths from countless homes:
 "What mean those clouds?" they ask; and sleep
 Till morn, with round of labour, comes.

Again and yet again, as rolled
 The fires of day toward the west,
 Those radiant clouds of mercy hung,
 And beckoned China to the Blest.

Here by bright cloud, and there by star,
 Far shining with benignant ray,
 The outlooking silent skies would point
 To where their infant Maker lay.

Passed that strange month : again the sun
 Sank as before in burning gold,
 Or, wrapt in mist and gathering gloom,
 Into the westward waters rolled.

One rose, and, wandering westward, sought
 Old India's temples, rich and rare ;
 And heard, up-breathed to gods of stone,
 The Buddhist Bonze's muttered prayer.

Back to the Flowery land he hied
 With priest and charm and idol-form ;
 Up China rose to greet her guests :
 The sun went down mid circling storm.

Ah ! had he farther pressed, to where,
 Beside the Galilæan sea,
 He spake as man ne'er spake before ;
 Ah ! had he pressed to Calvary !

Enough ! the blind who would not see ;
 Who would not heed the hand of heaven ;
 Who could prefer man's work to God ;
 To them long years of gloom were given.

The gloom is breaking : come, ah, come,
 From yon dear land of Gospel day ;
 Let China's centuries of tears
 In rainbow glory pass away.

A. E. MOULE.

THE JAFFNA MISSION.

GATHERING OF WHEAT INTO THE BARNS.

THE late severe and long-continued ravages of cholera in Jaffna and the districts around proved a heavy trial to our Mission in that part of the island. The schools were almost entirely broken up and dispersed, many of our Christian people cut off, and, among them, some of the best and most faithful of our native teachers. This heavy dispensation, however, was mingled with mercies; the dark cloud of trial which it pleased God to send had a silver lining; and, in the midst of much tribulation, there was also much cause for thanksgiving and praise. The pestilence which swept away so many into eternity, and spread such terror and consternation among the heathen population, proved a means of testing the sincerity of

the native Christians, and the great body of them, thanks be to God! stood firm and steadfast in the hour of trial; while many, who were taken away, gave evidence on their death-beds, not only of the reality of their faith and profession, but also of their joy in prospect of entering into their Saviour's presence and kingdom.

The following accounts, (furnished by our native ministers) of the state of the Jaffna districts during the late sad visitation, and of the last hours of some of our native Christians, will be read with much interest by all who desire the progress of Christ's kingdom among the natives of this island proving, as they do, the reality of the work, at a time and under circumstances in which nothing but sincerity could possibly stand. Such proofs of sincere profession and firm faith among native Christians, as those furnished in the following extracts, are most cheering, and we cannot feel too thankful for such encouragements to go forward in the Lord's work, feeling assured that the efforts made to spread abroad the knowledge of His truth are not and will not be made in vain.

The following account is from the Rev. J. Hensman, the native minister at the Cōpaya station, dated May 7th, 1867—

Cholera has been raging in this district during the last few months, during which time the heathen were in a state of great alarm, and sought refuge in their temples, and spent a great deal of money in offering sacrifices to their idols, endeavouring by such means to appease the vengeance of their gods. Temples that were in a ruined state have been repaired and rebuilt, and in them morning and evening oblations have been offered. Amongst these temples is one deserving of very particular notice: it stands in the neighbourhood of a few Christian families. The priests and diviners, who daily practised divination in it, made the boast that the lives of their followers would be safe and secure within its walls. Many, both old and young, believing the boast, resorted to it, and waited daily, expecting the fulfilment of the prediction. The Christians were not moved by these things, though the diviners had predicted that the cholera would sweep them away, and leave their houses desolate. This seemed to make them put their confidence more entirely in their all-wise Father, who not only promises to do what is best for His children, but also does it. This sad disease, making no distinction, entered into that temple, and many, to the surprise of the diviners, were taken away by it, dying as heathen always die, in great alarm, without a hope beyond the grave. The disease also attacked some of those poor Christians, but what a contrast did their closing scene present when compared with the others: while gloom, terror and despair hovered round the dying beds of the heathen, peace, joy and hope shone round the dying beds of the Christians, though they were deserted even by their nearest of kin, and left, in some cases, destitute of all bodily aid. But thanks be to God, that He has supplied these Christians with friends, who can, not only bodily, but more especially spiritually, help them. The native pastor and some of the catechists rendered all the aid in their power during these trying times.

The following account is from the Rev. George Champion, native minister of Kokooville, dated May 7th, 1867—

The following instances are given to show that the Gospel seed sown in Jaffna by means of the Mission, by the help of God has begun to grow, yea, to blossom and even to ripen into rich and luxuriant fruits. The first case I shall allude to is that of Mr. Robert William. He was born of heathen parents, and brought up in heathenism. But the grace of God saved him from that course, and chose him for His own use. He studied for some time in one of our Mission day-schools at Nellore, and then was received into the Chundicully Seminary. As he proved himself an active and diligent Christian boy, he was sent to the Cotta Institution, to make him more useful for the Mission work. There he received a good education under the Rev. J. F. Haslam, who then superintended that Institution. He returned to Jaffna, and was employed in the Mission service in the year 1849. That time was a very hard time with him. By temptations and persecutions of different kinds his friends tried to prevail upon him to separate himself from his faith. They tried to persuade him, by offering him a large sum of money, to marry a heathen wife, and thus plunge him into that gulf in which many a Christian youth has been plunged, and eternally lost. But the grace of God helped him, and he married a Christian girl from our Mission boarding-school at Nellore. In the year 1851, after he was married, he was appointed the head master of the Chundicully Seminary, and continued in that service until his death. His ability to conduct such a school as that, his lively interest in the work, and self-denial for the cause of his Saviour, are well known to all who knew him. He was a good soldier in the army of Christ. His aim was always to glorify Him. But in the midst of his labours, in the bloom of his life, he was suddenly attacked by cholera, and was removed from this life to his Saviour's kingdom, to reap the fruits of his faith and hope here below. In him the Mission has lost a precious ornament, but he has gained in the next world. One of the bright stars that shined in Jaffna was eclipsed by his death. His preachings, teachings, conversations to the boys, both in the school and out of it, for some days previous to his attack of cholera were remarkable for their faithfulness, clearness, and sincerity. He wished all the school-boys to commit to memory some Scripture texts which he selected for them, especially the twenty-third and ninety-first Psalms. He was attacked by cholera on the 10th October 1866. Immediately he sent word to me to come and see him. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when I reached him. When he found that the disease was of such a nature that it would soon end his life, he showed no anxiety whatever, but, with a composed mind, called his wife, and said, "Do not feel sorry at my departure: every thing that our heavenly Father does He does with infinite wisdom. He knows what is best for us. It was His will that we should live so long together on earth, but now He intends to call me to Himself. I go to Him. Be prepared, through our Saviour Jesus Christ, to come to the place where I go." When his eldest son stood before him with weeping eyes, he said, "My son, when my father died I was of the same age as you are now: the merciful

heavenly Father, who called me from heathenism and brought me to this state, is able to raise you up, and look after you. I give you all up to His hands; take hold of Christ, and serve Him as I did." As soon as I entered the house he stretched out his hands, took mine, and shook it with great pleasure, and desired to speak with me; but as he spoke nothing, I asked him, "What have you to speak with me?" He said, "Please wait." A little while after, I asked him, "Can you speak with me now?" He said again, "Please wait." Finding that the power of speaking was decreasing, I went very near to him, and said, "My brother." He then opened his eyes, and looked upon me. Then I said, "Will you take a little pains, and try and tell me the present condition of your mind?" Then he said with a loud voice that could be heard by all who stood round his bed, "My sins are forgiven: I am in the hands of my Saviour Jesus Christ, and I am ready also to go to Him." A little while after, I asked him, "May I pray to God for you?" Then he said with a glad face, "Yes." When I began to pray he joined his hands together, and listened attentively to the prayer. When I concluded the prayer I found no breath in his nostrils. I fully believe that he is now with his Saviour, in whom he sincerely trusted.

Wherever the Gospel is faithfully preached, and as faithfully believed, it has ever been found more than sufficient for any form of trial, whether it be pining sickness, sudden death, or the death of violence inflicted by the hand of persecuting men. And why? Because through this the Spirit of God works, so as to give the Christian not only support and comfort, but a glorious victory.

NAAS MISSION, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW VILLAGE.

THE Mission at Metlahkatlah, in British Columbia, under the charge of Mr. Duncan, has often been brought before our readers, and cheering intelligence has been thus given to them of the gracious manner in which our God has caused fatness to drop on these pastures of the wilderness.

An advanced post had been taken up at Naas River, lying to the northward. This was intermitted for a time, there not being sufficient force available for the maintenance of two posts; until help having come opportunely from Europe, the Rev. R. R. A. Doolan was authorised to revisit the Naas River, and ascertain whether it was desirable that the Mission should be renewed. The results were encouraging. Many of the Indians came down to welcome him, and express how glad they were that he had returned.

On the first Sunday after his arrival a little group of people gathered for instruction—thirty in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon. Some of the Metlahkatlah Indians were also present, and one of them, Mary by name, spoke to them a few earnest

words, exhorting them to keep holy the Lord's-day, and to trust in Christ our Saviour.

On the return of Mr. Doolan to Metlahkatlah it was decided that the Naas Mission should be resumed. The journal, to which we now refer, will tell us how he prospered.

June 4—Left for Naas, accompanied by brother Tomlinson. Many were waiting to wish us good-bye; and I hope many will pray for us. We camped about half-way, and, after supper, had prayers. Again started about three A.M., landing on our way up the river to look at a spot which seemed suitable for our future settlement. Arrived in the afternoon at Naas, and were soon surrounded by Indians, who seemed very glad to see us. Raining in torrents. The Indians seized our things, and carried them into the house. We soon lit a fire, and got things a little more comfortable. About ten came to evening-prayers.

June 6—A great many Indians visited us. The house was full all day. I made known to them our intention shortly to remove to the mouth of the river, and invited all who wished to follow God's ways to accompany us.

June 9: Lord's-day—At morning service the house was filled: about eighty were present. After service a great many remained to learn a text in Tsimshean. It is cheering to us to find that they remember so much that they had formerly learnt, and that they still have a great desire to learn. We had some singing in the evening.

June 10—Very wet. Philip Latimer and five others accompanied us down the river to fix on a site for our new village. I feel the undertaking to be a very serious one, but trust that the Lord is guiding us. About noon we landed at a very pretty spot, about fifteen miles down the river: in fact, we had but two localities to choose from, and the other place we did not think suitable, as being too heavily timbered, and, from its northerly aspect, too cold during the winters. We had a long and careful examination of the place. We fear we shall have too little building ground, as many talk of joining us in the autumn. The Indians, who accompanied us, seemed much pleased with the place, and, after choosing a site for the erection of the Mission house and school, I marked the ground for five more houses. We returned in the evening very tired and wet.

June 12—We went round the lower village, calling at every house to tell them our intention of starting a Christian village at the mouth of the river. Many said it was good.

June 14—About one P.M., having finished taking the house down, we started with a large raft, forty feet long and twenty wide, filled with all sorts of miscellaneous goods, Philip, and three other families, accompanying us on another raft. We had not proceeded far when unfortunately we grounded on a sand-bank, and here we remained till the tide rose, about midnight. At seven A.M. we landed at Kincaulith, the name of our future village. All were very tired from our exertions during the night. All the people attended evening prayer.

June 16: Lord's-day—A lovely day, and every thing looks quiet and pleasant. Thirty-three attended morning service, and twenty-nine in

the evening. Spoke to the people on Abraham's call to leave his native land. They were very attentive, and, I trust, understood me. In the evening, owing to heavy rain, we were obliged to erect some bark sheds.

June 19—All hands very busy clearing the ground for the erection of the Mission house. The last few days have been very fine, so we have made good progress, but the work is severe.

July 6—We have erected the walls of the house and roofed it, and now the inside partitions and other work have to be done. As we have but one man who knows any thing of carpentering, we cannot expect to move into it till the end of the month.

I met to-day Cowdaeg, on his way to fish. He says he fully intends joining us. His mother-in-law has been trying to dissuade him from this step. The poor fellow is a cripple from the effects of frost-bites, and is unable to do much work; and his father, having lately given away property, is unable to assist him; consequently he is in rags. His mother-in-law asked him if he were not ashamed to be seen amongst us in such a state; but he told her he had learnt that God looks at his heart, not at his clothes, but he hoped next winter to procure skins, and so buy some good clothes.

July 7: Lord's day—About forty at morning service, and nearly the same number in the evening. We held our meetings in the house, which is far pleasanter than in the open air, as the weather is wet.

July 16—Started, with six Indians, to cut wood to build a school-house. A river, which runs near the village, and which we hoped would be deep enough to float our logs, we found was very shallow in some places, so we had some very heavy work. The Indians soon give in when the work is heavy. Their food is far from strengthening. However, my men worked well, saying they wanted to be quick and finish the schoolhouse.

July 20—This week all hands very busy, some in squaring the logs, some bringing more logs, and others clearing the ground. A canoe and a small sloop arrived from Metlahkatlah, bringing our winter's supply of provisions. The Tsimshians seem much pleased that another village, similar to their own, will, with God's blessing on the work, spring up here.

It was precisely in the same way that the Metlahkatlah settlement was commenced; yet it has increased with a healthy growth, so that the houses of the Indians, who once roamed through the woods without any settled habitation, are now upwards of fifty in number, having in the midst a church, with tower and belfry, where assemble on the Lord's-day a goodly congregation of Christian Indians, coming to join in prayer and praise, and to hear God's holy word; all well clad; the women in their cloth mantles and merino dresses, and their heads gaily dressed with the graceful bandanna; and the men in substantial tweeds and broad-cloth suits, the fruits of their own industry; for close by are the saw-pits, supplying timber of good quality, the product of native labour, while lying at anchor may be seen the sloop, the property of the Christian natives, wherewith they trade with Victoria.

Who shall despise the day of small things?

PORTRAIT OF A KUTCHA-KUTCHIN CHIEF.

PROBABLY many of our readers will wonder where the tribe, which bears such a curious name, and has such a curious-looking chief, is to be found. They live in the neighbourhood of our Mission at Fort Youcon, in the



March, 1868.

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far west of British North America. The Missionary stationed there is the Rev. R. M'Donald, who has the advantage of having been born in the country. The appearance of the people may be imagined from the portrait we give. They "are an athletic and fine-looking race, above the average stature, and remarkably well proportioned. They have black hair, fine sparkling eyes, moderately high cheek-bones, regular and well-set teeth, and a fair complexion. They perforate the septum of the nose, in which they insert two shells joined together, and tipped with a coloured bead at each end." The men, on all occasions of ceremony, paint their faces with black and red.

The outer garment is of fawn reindeer, dressed with the hair on, and fashioned with peaked skirts. Across the shoulders and breast of the shirt a broad band of beads is worn, "the hinder part of the dress being fringed with fancy beads and small leathern tassels, wound round with dyed porcupine quills, and strung with the silvery fruit of the oleaster." Deer-skin pantaloons, and shoes of the same piece, or sewed on, complete the dress. "A stripe of beads, two inches broad, strung in alternate red and white squares, runs from the ankle to the hip, along the seam of the trowsers, and bands of beads encircle the ankles." "The hair is tied behind in a cue, bound round at the root with a fillet of shells and beads, and loose at the end." "The tail feathers of the eagle or fishing-hawk are stuck in the hair at the back of the head."

In a recent letter received from Mr. M'Donald he says that there had lately been much sickness among his people; but that, though many had died, it was an encouragement to him to find that his labours had not been in vain, and that many of them had, by God's mercy, been prepared for the great change, and were able to look forward with hope to a blessed immortality. Amongst those whom he has baptized is one named Sahniate. Of him Mr. M'Donald wrote in his journal—"Held morning and evening prayers in Indian. Preached on baptism: text, Matt. xvi. 24, 25. I spoke to most of the Indians this evening individually regarding baptism. They have been waiting for some time past for its being administered to them. The answers of some of them were very good. I may give the replies of Bekenechartye [or "Red-leggings"] and Sahniate. The former said, that from the time he first heard God's word he has endeavoured to obey it, and that he has an increasing desire to do so: he therefore would venture to be baptized, trusting in the mercy of God to enable him to live acceptably before him. Sahniate said, "You know what I have been, but I wish my soul to be saved. I wish to serve God faithfully, and not to do as I have done. I therefore desire to be baptized, and hope that I may be kept from evil."



OUR FRIENDS NEAR QUEBEC.

ANOTHER interesting communication from our friend "E. S.," to whom, although personally unknown, we feel bound in the ties of Christian faith and Christian work. It is dated December 26th, 1867, and the winter was then in its power in Quebec. But Christian love blooms as brightly there as in the sunny regions of

the south, and its sweet fragrance is wafted across the Atlantic to refresh us here. It is encouraging to know that the Saviour has His people so widely spread, and that wherever they are, they are each and all doing what they can to His glory.

Since I wrote to you on the 9th of October my Church Missionary Society's Tree has taken place, and I am happy to say that I shall have a larger sum to forward to the Society than last year, including, however, the subscriptions for the drawing and account of Mal Bay, &c., which accompanies my letter. Some of my friends have paid for the above, and others are waiting the arrival of the publications. I have promised to inquire of you at what time they may expect them to be sent by the Society, per Book Post. The additional fifty numbers I asked for may be sent or not, but I should wish to have 100 copies of each of the books I have requested to be forwarded. Having just finished writing an account of the tree (for which I have already found subscribers), I now send it for insertion in the "Church Missionary Gleaner." I shall be happy to receive 100 copies (in an early number) either by Book Post or to the care of Mr. Durnford, who will forward the usual packet to Quebec of any size. I must not forget to say, that not having received as yet the full amount of the moneys to be sent to the Society, I have deposited the amount in hand in the Savings' Bank here for the present. The accounts received of the proceedings of the Society are indeed highly interesting, more especially the encouragement given by the Chinese to the spread of the Gospel. Trusting that, with the new year, additional blessings from on high will be afforded to the Society, and wishing you the compliments of the season,

I remain, DEAR SIR,

Your's very truly,

Mount Pleasant, Quebec, Christmas, 1867.

E. S.

P. S.—I shall be happy to defray the expenses of the books sent by Book Post.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

THIS epoch of time, which has in some countries been made sufficiently general to become a common occurrence, is but little thought of elsewhere, or perhaps not at all, excepting as an observance in the family circle. The subject having been brought before me for consideration by a friend, I replied that I was on the point of preparing for a Missionary tree, and that the idea may be carried out of combining both, by calling it a Silver Wedding Tree. In the notes of invitation, therefore, the letters S. W. were inserted, and to the monogram of the Society, which decorated the wall of the apartment selected for the Tree to be held, were attached Missionary flags, tied up with white satin ribbon, while, in expectation of the company, a suitable iced cake was provided. The tables, as well as the Missionary Tree, were well supplied with fancy and useful articles: parcels of work from kind contributors, were gratefully received,

as well as from absent friends, who did not forget to send by post various acceptable offerings.

With the exception of a few chairs, carpet and curtains, my morning room was cleared of furniture; the warm stove, hardly excluding divers frostings on the windows, which partly obscured the beautiful landscape where the mountain villages, and hills of Valcartier, from whence our pine trees were brought, appeared in their December garb of snow. Every afternoon, for a week, I was "at home" with several ladies each day, who kindly assisted me to receive the silver bestowed upon the Church Missionary Society. Some of my friends spoke of golden weddings, and I may say that the general feeling of the parties who accepted my invitation was that of satisfaction.

It is gratifying to believe that the pleasure of attending a Christmas Missionary Tree may be altogether unselfish, the contributors having at the same time an opportunity of aiding the cause of the glorious Gospel of salvation, while bestowing gifts on dear friends at their happy Christmas homes. The heathen have no Christmas homes, no hopes of future happiness, until the voice of the Missionary brings to them glad tidings of mansions of bliss prepared for those who believe in the Lord Jesus. Many years ago, a circumstance worth recording happened at P——, in Hampshire, where I had a class in the Sunday school, not far from our residence. I had made choice of the class myself, and had reason to be satisfied with the general conduct of the children; but one Sunday afternoon I was sorry to find my scholars inattentive, and perceived that the careless behaviour of one little girl, whom I shall call Annie, attracted their notice, and caused unwillingness to attend to the Scripture lesson. The chapter was John xiv.; but those beautiful words, "In my father's house are many mansions," so calculated to arrest the Christian's contemplation, failed to fix Annie's attention, and I almost blamed myself for harshness in my useless endeavour to explain the lesson, especially when I found she came no more to the Sunday school, as she was unwell. My thoughts, however, were called off to other topics of interest, and I left home very shortly to visit a friend in Sussex. On my return, the Rev. Mr. D—— called to ask me to visit Annie. "She was ill," he said, "and would like to see me." The continued illness of a relative prevented my complying with the request, and as our valued and excellent clergyman visited her, I fancied that my going would be of little avail. Again Mr. D—— called. "You had better go," he said: "she will not last long." I determined to delay no longer, and prepared immediately to visit Annie, taking the shortest road, which was across the lawn, where I hastily picked a beautiful bouquet for the sick child, which I laid before her on entering her room. Annie, though reduced since I saw her, seemed excited and pleased at seeing me; and when I told her how sorry I was to find that she was unable to leave her bed, she drew my attention to the Testament before her, open at the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. She expressed her sorrow for her inattention, saying, as she pointed to the chapter, "I have learnt it all by heart." She also said that she remembered every word I had said to her, though I had but little recollection left of the circumstance. Mr. D—— had not prepared me for this affecting inter-

view, and tears prevented my speaking. But Annie did no longer require my poor teaching: her Saviour's own words were her meditation, and His promises her joy and hope. Before Annie's departure from this world I again visited her. On the table I saw the withered stems of the bouquet I had given her; not a vestige remained of the bright hues of those moss-roses, nor a particle of the rich scent of the carnations. Annie's mother told me, when I left the room, that she had requested her upon no account to touch or remove the flowers I had brought her. Dear Annie and her younger sister, who was also very ill, spent the short time allotted to them in singing hymns and in prayer to their beloved Redeemer, whom they were waiting to behold in those mansions on high, which He has Himself prepared. E. S.

Mount Pleasant, Quebec, Christmas, 1867.

ABIEFU, OF OSHIELLE.

OSHIELLE is a town about nine miles distant from Abeokuta, where a little flock of converts from heathenism has been gathered under the charge of a native pastor, the Rev. W. Moore. He deals with them very faithfully and lovingly, and seeks to lead them into the green pastures of the Lord's own word, and beside the still waters of heavenly comfort which are to be found there.

Mr. Moore is not only a pastor, but an evangelist, entering into conversation with the heathen, visiting them in their houses, and speaking a word in season, as opportunity is afforded.

A Yoruba house, or, more properly, compound, consists of ten, twenty, or, may be, fifty rooms, so disposed as to enclose a quadrangular court or area, which is open to the sky. These rooms are from ten to fifteen feet long and seven or eight wide, without windows, and having only one door, which is scarcely four feet in height. These rooms are of course very dark; but this is of little consequence, as they are only used for storing goods and chattels, or for sleeping in when the weather is too wet for the inmates to remain in the piazza, or yard. "The court is entered from the streets by a single large door or gate, and the little doors of the rooms open inward into the piazza, which runs entirely around the court. The gate of the house is prudently armed with charms or amulets, among which is sometimes seen the curved or horse-shoe-formed iron, and which are affirmed to have the power of defending the premises against evil spirits. The interior court is ornamented with sundry large earthen pots, which are the resting-places of the poultry, and bristled all over with short stakes, to which the women tie their goats and sheep every evening."

Into these compounds the Missionaries enter, speaking kindly to the inhabitants, repeating their visits as they find themselves welcome, and teaching, line by line, and precept on precept. In one of the compounds Mr. Moore made the acquaintance of a woman named Abiefu. There was something in this woman that interested him, so that when he came to the part of the compound where she was mistress, he directed his discourse chiefly to her, while she listened with marked attention. He

endeavoured to show her that her idols could not help her, but that the true God, who had sent His Son to save sinners, could hear and help. One day he spoke of the emptiness and unsatisfactory nature of all earthly happiness, and the almost certainty that if there were any one object connected with this life on which we set our hearts, in some way, probably, by its being taken from us, it would pierce the heart with sorrow; but that whosoever obtained the knowledge of God through Christ should have everlasting joy. Looking at him keenly, she said, "That is what I want; and if I could think that your religion would afford everlasting joy, I would embrace it with my whole heart." Following up the impression which seemed to be made, he reminded her of death, and that, as poor dying sinners, we wanted something more than the world's pleasures, which are sources of anxiety and vexation. Here she interrupted him, repeating the words, "anxiety and vexation" thrice, with much emotion and emphasis. He then told her of what is promised to those who believe in Jesus Christ—the "inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." This indeed would be well worthy of being reached, and therefore we should not delay in coming to Christ, that in due time it might be ours. She begged earnestly to know how many days there would be before the Christian Sabbath came round, as she wished to attend church on that day, that she might learn more about the incorruptible inheritance.

When the Lord's-day came she made good her word, and, having attended successively for three or four Sundays, she came forward and asked to be admitted into the candidates' class for baptism. She said, that of all the persons whose history she had ever heard of, none had touched her so much as that of Jesus Christ, who laid down His life to procure eternal life for others; and then she added, "Oh that all men might know and serve Him!"

Our Missionary soon afterwards heard something about her history. She had passed through severe affliction. Her only son fell sick, and she had sought help from Ifa, one of the national gods, "the revealer of secrets, and the guardian of marriages and childbirth." This god is consulted by means of sixteen palm-nuts, a rite which has reference to an old tradition, that sixteen persons founded Yoruba; that they brought with them a palm-nut, which produced a tree with sixteen branches, and that such a tree, with so many branches, grows in Mount Ado, where the chief priest of Ifa resides. Ifa is one of the great Orishas—the first being Obbatalla, the second Shango, and the third Ifa. In making sacrifices to Ifa, she spent much money, if so be her son's life might be preserved. But she was to learn, by painful discipline, the vanity of idols. She implicitly followed the directions of the priests, whatever it might cost her. Her son however became no better, nay, he grew worse, and at last died. The king of terrors was stronger than Ifa. It was a heathen death, without light or hope.

She found now that she had lost her son, and her money also. Soon came another sorrow, which, in her bereaved state, tried her much. A maid-servant, to whom she was much attached, fell ill, and again Ifa was resorted to, but in vain: the maid-servant died too. Thus she had been brought into trial. Her chief comforts had been taken from her,

and in such a way as to make her feel how uncertain earthly joys are. She wanted something to fill up the void in her heart, and yet did not know where to find it. It was just then the Missionary came into her compound, as though by him the Lord's promise was to be fulfilled—"When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in dry places," &c.

When it was publicly known that Abiefu had embraced the Christian religion, many were troubled, because, while she was an idolater, she enriched the priests much by the costly sacrifices which she offered to the gods. Forthwith they began to persecute her, in the hope of turning her from the faith. Her persecutors were those of her own household—her daughter, a last-surviving child, and a maid-servant. But although she felt keenly, none of these things moved her. Her eyes were set in the direction of the heavenly inheritance.

But now there came a trial of a public kind. She was summoned before the Ogbonis of Iporo, her tribe. The Ogbonis form a sort of town-council, connected with the government on the one hand, and the religion of the country on the other. The Ogboni house has three courts, into the third or innermost of which none, except the initiated, may enter, under pain of death. What is done there in its secrecy, what dread punishments inflicted, no one knows, but the Ogbonis are feared by the mightiest men in the land.

These men had been vexed to hear that she had given up her old faith, and they determined to do all they could to prevent her becoming a Christian. It was a solemn ordeal this through which she had to pass. But she knew now where to look for help. Of old she had been alone in her trouble, and she went, not knowing what might befall her, but now she went trusting in the Lord. They asked her what she had found in the Christian religion of such value, as to give up for the sake of it the religion of her ancestors. Her answer was—"I have found light, peace, and hope for the future, which I have not found in our ancestral faith." "Very well," they said, "keep what you have found to yourself, remain quiet in your house, and go no more to the Christian place of worship." She made them no answer, but was silent. She had made up her mind as to what she would do, but she resolved not to say it, but to do it.

They then put a fine upon her. She was to make a feast for the Ogbonis, and this she undertook to do. She well knew that to enter the Ogboni house on such occasions is fraught with danger. She hoped, however, that if she bore the expense, her personal attendance would be dispensed with, and that she would not have to enter into the council-house—one of the dark places of the earth, where any cruelty may be perpetrated with impunity.

The day came. Abiefu had made all her arrangements. The feast was to go on, but she herself did not purpose being present, when, to the consternation of all the Christians at Oshielle, a message came from the Ogbonis to say that she must come and deliver the feast herself, and that, unless she did so, it would not be accepted. As the providing of the feast was a punishment inflicted on her for renouncing the faith of her ancestors, there was every reason to fear that this summons on

her for personal attendance boded no good, and that some evil was intended to her. What could be done to help her? God could help her; man could not. It was agreed, therefore, among the Christians, that prayer and supplication should be offered to Almighty God that the danger might be averted, or that, if the worst came, she might remain steadfast in the faith. They remind us—these African Christians—of the church in the Acts of the Apostles, when Peter lay fast bound in prison, and prayer was made without ceasing unto God for him.

Abiefu set out for Abeokuta. Several days passed over, and nothing was heard of her. Anxiety on her behalf became great, and prayer became more fervent. From her family all they could learn was, that she was well, and that the Ogbonis had accepted the feast at her hands, but whether she had sacrificed her faith before the feast was accepted, this they could not ascertain. That this was the object which the Ogbonis had in view, when they insisted on her being present, was well known.

When they least hoped for it, Abiefu came back, uninjured in every way, her faith unbroken, and yet without having had to endure personal violence. It was a trying moment when she appeared before the Ogbonis. She was hard pressed; and as she had resolved, whatever it might cost her, not to deny the Lord that bought her, it was impossible to say to what their exasperation might lead. The poor woman did feel her need of help, and help was raised up to her of God from a quarter wholly unexpected. A nephew of hers, who had been of the number of her persecutors, rose in the council to speak in her behalf. Addressing the Ogbonis, he desired that she should be let alone, seeing she was an aged woman, who had long served the gods of her ancestors; and no doubt, had she found them serviceable to her, she would not have left them; so they troubled her no more.

Abiefu acknowledged with gratitude the Lord's goodness in putting it into the mind of her nephew to speak for her; and the Christians at Oshielle read in this His answer to their prayers; and thus all has worked for the confirmation of their faith and the establishment of the infant church.

HYMN FOR THE MORNING HOUR.

“EVEN ME.”

LORD, I hear of show'rs of blessings,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be:
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit.
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh forgive and rescue me!

Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless;
 Magnify it all in me.

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SIERRA LEONE.

*One soweth and another reapeth.*

WE have recently received the Fourth Annual Report of the Sierra-Leone Native Church-Pastorate Auxiliary; and there is one part of the report that we must introduce into the pages of the "Gleaner," it affords such a beautiful commentary on our Lord's words—"One soweth and another reapeth." It is as follows—

There are evident signs on all sides that the Lord does condescend to own and bless the labours of his servants for the spiritual welfare of his people. That Gospel, which to the Jews proved a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness, has proved the power of God unto salvation to many in our various congregations. The enemies of Christianity may spend their last breath to prove that Mohammedanism is better fitted for the African race than Christianity: this is a mere speculation: the fact still remains. The Gospel has done for the "sun-burnt child of Ham" precisely what it has done for any of his fairer brethren, raising him to a proper conception of his moral character; conveying to him a true idea of the one living God, and of a future state; giving peace and comfort to his mind; and inspiring him with bright hopes of a happy immortality. It is the sweet privilege of those who are now engaged in watering the precious seed sown, with many tears, by the worthies of former years, to behold in many a member of their congregations, not only how the religion of Jesus can adorn and bless the life, but also how it can make death peaceful and happy. One instance may be adduced here in proof of this, confirming the truth of those words of the Psalmist, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." This recently occurred at Regent, and is thus described by the Rev. G. Nicol—"Mammy Hagar, as the subject of the following remarks was called, was of the Ebo tribe, and was brought into the colony some forty years ago in the usual way, *i.e.* by British cruisers, and was baptized by the late Missionary Johnson. She confessed that then she did not understand the nature and requirements of the Gospel; but she was wonderfully kept by God's grace, so that, from the time she was baptized until her death, which occurred in December last, she has always been a consistent member, and humble; attending to all the means of grace. Poor as she was, and a widow (for she lost her husband many years ago), and depending on the charity of friends and the small Government allowance of twopence a-day granted to invalids and persons in her circumstances, she always managed to pay her class coppers regularly every week for the pastorate, and subscribe her mite

to the Church Missionary Society, the Bible Society, and, in fact, to every object brought before her notice in the parish. Three years ago she was brought near death's door. We gave her over. I felt deeply for her, because she was constantly at our house, and was like a grandmother to my children. However, it pleased the Lord to raise her up, contrary to her own expectation and that of her friends. Her appearance in church at her place, after a long and dangerous illness, was an occasion of great joy to all the members of the congregation, and hearty thanksgiving was publicly made for her. Still she never felt herself all right again. It was plain to all that she was much shaken; and in October last there were unmistakable signs that the earthly tabernacle would soon be dissolved. She was missed in church, being laid by with severe pains and general debility. I visited her, and felt in my own mind that with her it was only a question of weeks, perhaps days; that soon her happy spirit would be removed into the presence of the Lord. It was now that Jesus was glorified in his servant. Reduced to a mere skeleton, there she lay on a mat, near the ashes—literally so—the picture of a dying saint. Her sick chamber became the scene of great encouragement. She said to me, on one occasion, "Heaven, Sir, is not far; heaven live here," pointing to the palm of her hand: "I want to go to rest." Then she began to repeat, although she could not read a letter of the alphabet (and this, by the way, shows how the memories, as well as, I trust, the hearts of our people are well stored with Bible knowledge), that beautiful text, "Come unto me, all ye that labour," &c. &c., to "heavy laden." She repeated, "Me, Hagar John, have rest. Glory be to God." All who were present, with myself, burst into tears. But she turned round and said to me, "Master, my son, why do you cry?" I replied, "We all envy you: we would rather say, like Paul, 'To be with Christ is far better.'" "No, no," she said, "my son, my master; you have work to do: I am going home: mind your work. See Jesus near you" (pointing to the feet); "hold on; patience: without patience no man can see the kingdom of heaven." After a short pause, I replied in her own words, "Heaven, it is true, is not far; it is quite near." She turned round and said, with a feeling I shall not soon forget, "Master, it be far, far from the wicked; but near, very near to the righteous," pointing to her palm again. On another occasion when I visited her I read those beautiful words of our Saviour, "Let not your heart be troubled." As soon as I began she took it up, and repeated in broken bits (if I may so speak) the first verse and part of the second, then the latter part of the third, exactly like one who never learnt to read, but who could repeat bits of Scripture by rote. When she got to the end of the third verse, she said, with a consciousness of being perfectly correct, "That in 14th of St. John, 1st verse, not so?" I replied in the affirmative. She said, "Jesus prepares fine, fine room for poor Hagar, and fine, fine clothes: no trouble, no pain, no crying, no sin, for ever and ever. Amen." After this noble testimony to the value of Christ's Gospel she spoke but very little. She rather wished not to be disturbed, being in constant communion with God. Thus, after a few days of weariness and suffering, she fell asleep (for it was a falling asleep) in Jesus. A large company of Christian friends followed her remains to the grave, thanking God for having delivered our sister from

the miseries of this world, and given her such bright hopes of an immortality beyond the grave. Now we may calmly ask, Can Mohammedanism do this? Can infidelity accomplish this? But this is only one of the many results of Missionary labours. Thousands upon thousands have entered the portals of the heavenly Jerusalem in various parts of the heathen world, having had their robes washed in the blood of Jesus, whom Missionaries preach as the hope of the world to sinners."

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SUDDEN, YET NOT UNPREPARED.

THAT our Lord's summons may be such, He has Himself forewarned us: "in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Hence the need to be "ready." It is rather late to set about the work of preparation, when the conveyance, which waits for no man, is at the door. And how blessed, when called, to be found in Christ; to have the lamp trimmed; nothing more to be done but to rest on the Lord's promises, and wait his will.

The following exemplification of that preparation for death which is so becoming in those who profess faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is from the journal of the Rev. J. D. Thomas, of Mengnanapuram, Tinnevely.

April 23—At seven o'clock this morning, went to the neighbouring congregation of Madathuvelie, where I took the morning prayers and preached. The catechist, one of the oldest and most efficient in the district, read the lessons. He did not appear well, and left the church. After service, I heard that he had been attacked by cholera, which has been raging in these parts, and that he had taken some cholera pills. I returned to the bungalow, and, long before noon, was told that he was very ill and fast sinking. I sent him some "Jeremie's opiate" in a little brandy, the remedy which, humanly speaking, saved my life some years ago, when I had an attack of cholera while staying with the late dear Mr. Ragland in tents in North Tinnevely. I further recommended dry hot gram, salt, or sand, to be applied to the body, to produce heat. At noon, as we were going to church, I heard that the medicine seemed to do him a little good. We prayed for him in church, that if it should be the Lord's will to restore him, and spare him to us, He would do so. I took the service, and administered the sacrament to ninety-six communicants. The news when we came out of church respecting Thevasagayam, the catechist, was very sad, and left little or no hope of his recovery. The two other catechists who are stationed in this village had been with him constantly, and spoke of the perfect peace that he enjoyed, and said that he had made known all his wishes with regard to his wife and family, and the disposal of his effects. In the afternoon I went to see our friend. Outside the house I found carpenters busy making a coffin at the instigation of the people, who, from love to their pastor, wished to have every thing ready in case of his demise. The necessity in this country of speedy burial is very shocking to our ideas and feelings. Inside, the sight was still more painful: the strong man had been brought low, his pulse seemed gone, his eyes sunk, his body was cold and clammy, and the mark of death was impressed upon his serene countenance. A great

number of people, heathen and Christian, had come into the house : their regard for the man had overcome their fear of the disease. I at once shut the door, which was letting in a cold wind on the poor sufferer, and got hot bottles and fomentations applied to the body, and gave him some more medicine. Soon after, heat was produced in the body, and he began to revive. I then ordered a fowl to be killed and made into strong broth by my cook, which Thevasagayam seemed to relish, and took with great eagerness. This measure was strongly opposed by his friends, it being a foolish native notion that no food whatever should be given at such times. However, through God's blessing, it did him good, and when, at seven p.m., I left the house, there was a considerable change for the better, and every hope of his recovery. Before I went away we had prayers together, and I spoke to Thevasagayam about his feelings, and tried to ascertain the state of his mind. He seemed to have "perfect peace," and was trusting in his Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ. "I am now called," said he, "to make use of those weapons which I have been learning, and teaching others to use for the last twenty-five years. I know there is a crown of glory laid up for me, by the Lord the righteous Judge. I am going to receive it now. I have finished my course, I have fought the fight, Jesus has washed away my sin." It was very encouraging to hear this faithful servant of God thus express his confidence in Christ. May we all have the same like faith! Here is an answer to those who scorn and sneer at Missions. Here is an instance of the power of the Gospel unto salvation to them that believe, whether Jew or Gentile, bond or free, Englishman or Hindoo; and doubtless there are thousands more, whom we know not, but who, nevertheless, shall be found among the Lord's people in that day when He shall appear with ten thousands of his saints.

April 24—This morning, on my way to Naloomavady, called at the house of Thevasagayam : went in, and found, to my great joy, that he had a good night, and was very much better.

April 26—To-day we heard that Thevasagayam, catechist of Madathuvelli, had a relapse, and died at four o'clock this morning. Thus we have lost one of our ablest catechists, a faithful preacher of the Gospel, and a resolute opponent of Romanism. It was a remarkable coincidence that the second lesson on Sunday morning, which was the last portion of Scripture Thevasagayam read in public, should be Paul's solemn and affectionate farewell address to the elders of Ephesus, Acts xx. How appropriate are many parts of that address to Thevasagayam's own past life and labours!

May 5—Prepared a funeral sermon about the late Thevasagayam, catechist, and preached it in the evening to the catechists and school-masters.

Thus the wondrous process is going on : God's elect are being called home. One by one they are summoned to cross the river over which there is no bridge; but so soon as their feet are dipped in the brim of the water, the waters part, and they pass over as on dry ground. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

“THERE IS A RIVER THE STREAMS WHEREOF MAKE GLAD.”

To most of our readers it will be well-known that the vast peninsula of our Indian empire is bounded on the north by the stupendous chain of mountains called the Himalayas. This vast range, extending as it



WATERFALL IN THE HIMALAYAS.

April 1868.

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does from the Hindu Kush of Afghanistan on the west to the very borders of China proper on the east, effectually separates India from Thibet and the regions beyond, and is covered mostly, in its loftiest ridges, with perpetual snow. To the south of this snowy range, as it is called, the scenery is of surpassing grandeur and beauty, affording a perpetual feast to the traveller who has an eye for the picturesque. But, alas! while all nature is thus beautiful, and every thing around proclaims that the hand which made it is divine, the Hill people, or Puharees, are sunk in the gross darkness of superstition; and the language of the writer's heart and pen, on first coming among them, was, "I feel an increasing desire to be useful to the inhabitants of the lonely mountains and valleys with which I am surrounded. They are far gone from the knowledge and worship of the true God, and appear to have no hopes beyond the present world. Oh that the Lord would soon send a faithful zealous labourer for this part of his vineyard!"

Our sketch represents one of the numerous mountain streams taking a last leap, ere it pours forth its waters into the valley below, called the Dehra Dhoon, and joins the river Jumna. This river, with the Ganges, after fertilizing its plain, about eighteen miles in width, forces its way through the Shewallic range of hills which separates the elevated valley, 2800 feet above the level of the sea, from the plains of India. This stream does indeed contribute towards the fertility of this lovely valley; but there is another river, "the streams whereof do indeed make glad," whose waters have at length, in the good providence of God—which, by-the-by, we are often so anxious to outstrip—reached the Dehra Dhoon. The writer is not aware that at the time this sketch was taken a single native convert could be found near the spot. All seemed drear and dark; no single gleam of light had dawned. But the Gospel was to have its conquests here as elsewhere. Samuel, a native of the Hill province of Mundi, was added to the true fold. His knowledge of the truth was imparted by a Christian lady residing at one of our Hill stations close by. This man was baptized at Benares, and is now employed, and has been for several years past, in making known to others the Gospel message at the Society's Mission at Kot Kangra; sometimes at the station, at other times on itinerating tours to the heathen, being well acquainted with the dialect spoken in that part. "He is very happy in his work, and his influence among the native Christians is more weighty and beneficial than that of most learned converts. In this country, where acuteness and other mental gifts are so much more frequently met with than honesty, truthfulness, and disinterestedness, a man like Samuel, who adorns his profession chiefly by these qualities, joined to sincere humility and gentle, winning manners, is a most valuable instrument for good in the Lord's vineyard." So writes one who has seen the first convert and his labours for several years past; adding subsequently to the above—"He is as useful as ever, and we can only pray that the Lord may preserve him thus, and increase his bodily and spiritual health and strength;" and still later of himself and family—"They are a happy, comfortable household, and I wish we had a good many of this stamp in our own and in all our Indian Missions." Then there is Elias, once Hurree Sing, the Rajpoot, who taught Samuel to read, a man of sterner stamp, who was

brought to a knowledge of the truth himself by reading the Scriptures taught him by an unconverted Hindu of Calcutta—one who has had indeed to endure hardness and persecution and the loss of all things, even to the burial of his wife in her Hill village by his own hands, none daring to help in the interment of a Christian; one who has been made instrumental in the conversion of many of his relatives, and who is now fearlessly proclaiming his faith in Jesus to all comers, in his own mountain home, where thousands pass by on pilgrimage to Kedarnath, one of those snowy peaks which the poor Hindus imagine to be the abode of the gods.

Since then, Tulsi Paul has been raised from the mire of Hinduism to sit among the Lord's people, and is numbered among the ordained ministers of His word. He had not then raised his voice, as he afterwards did in the writer's presence, when preaching on the Hills near our waterfall, declaring his prayerful belief that the Lord would yet gather hundreds from the people. His prediction has, however, been literally fulfilled, and the colony of Christians in the Dhoon at Martendale, now three other villages being added, called Annfield, with its more than 200 native Christians, is located but a very short distance from the spot represented in our sketch. The pastor, the Rev. Tulsi Paul, is now stricken in years; and has, like Elias, endured the loss of all things for his Master's cause—a true native pastor in his appearance, his habits, his ideas, but as truly Christian at heart. These men are not perfect; they have not been cradled in a Christianity of the growth of centuries, but were reared—if the expression might be used—in the hotbed of idolatry and superstition. Still their boldness and patient suffering for the truth's sake, their self-denial and great liberality, would shame many a one who, like the writer, has been an eyewitness, and been made to feel lowly in his own eyes. Let us, dear reader, then, enlarge upon the prayer of the now aged Tulsi Paul, and pray the Lord, in His own good time, to grant us thousands of souls in the room of hundreds. The native teacher, Tulsi Paul, has stood before the native ruler of this province, and preached in full Durbar, in the visitors' presence, the fulness of the Gospel, and given a reason of the hope that was in him. Let us ask for more Pauls. Elias has endured manfully the bitterest persecution in this province, and has lived down the idea that no Christian could hold his own under the native rule. Let us ask for more men of like faith and courage. Samuel lives to adorn the faith he has embraced in his more quiet path. Let us ask for more Samuels. The grace of God received in the heart can produce such characters; and they would, each and all, confess most sincerely, "By the grace of God I am what I am"—"To His glory be all the praise!"

HOME BLOSSOMS.

WE have been very anxious to introduce into our pages gleanings from home as well as from abroad, notices of what Christians in England are doing to help forward the message of Gospel love to heathen lands, as well as notices of what Missionaries are doing in

India, China, or elsewhere, to win souls to Christ. There are many beautiful specimens to be gathered in the far-off lands of Missionary labour. Would that they were more carefully selected, and more tastefully brought together, so that every Gleaner might be as a bouquet of choice flowers, exhaling sweet perfume, refreshing to those who take it in hand. But, alas! our endeavours fall far short of our wishes. And yet, while we gather something from the foreign field, our own home must not be forgotten, and we would gather something from thence also, to add to our collection, for in the nooks and corners of old England, in retired places, where they shun observation, and love to bloom in secret to the Lord, are to be found many lowly Christians whom the world knows nothing of, but whom the Lord knows and prizes; and many unobtrusive services done simply to the Lord, like the two mites of the poor widow, which, if the Lord had not noticed them, no one else would have seen.

We have asked our friends in different parts of the country to gladden our hearts by telling us something of the work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope of the Lord's people here and there, as much as may be safely done, for many of our English flowers do not like, are not used to much sunshine. They love the shade, and seem to do best there. And there we would leave them, except a sample now and then for general encouragement, and just to show how much more there is behind. For we are persuaded the Lord has many people in these islands of Great Britain, who love His word, love His yoke and service, and who, to please Him in whom they trust, engage themselves, as they have opportunity, in various services, some to do good at home, others to send the Gospel abroad.

We have now before us several stirring details of what is being done by Parochial Associations to help the great Missionary work. They are from north and south, too many to bring within the compass of a single Number. Like leaves plucked from the sweet-smelling verberna, they are very fragrant and very choice, and we mean to be sparing of them, so as not to give too much of them at once; for we shall have another bouquet to make up next month, and we want to keep something for that. Here is the one we have selected for our present Number.

PAROCHIAL CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION IN OUR TOWNS AND CITIES.

The parish in question is situated in a city where the Church Missionary Society had one of its earliest Associations, and one which has been as well worked as any in the kingdom for many years, by means of district collectors, &c.

The parish church will seat about four hundred people, and the congregation contains only five or six families of the upper classes, the rest being small tradesmen, domestic servants and labouring poor.

All those in the congregation better able to give have long been subscribers to the Society. But the great majority belong to a class too often passed by and dissociated from ordinary Church Missionary effort. The idea suggested itself of interesting them personally in it, more than hitherto had been done by the annual sermons and meetings, and other efforts of the general Association.

Accordingly a meeting of the parish and congregation was called, an Association formed, a general canvass agreed to, and collectors, male and female, appointed.

The result of the first year's working of the Association is as follows : 190 new subscribers obtained ; of these, 140 subscribe not more than 5s. a year, *i.e.* three-fourths of the subscribers give little more than 1*d.* a week : 80 subscribe not more than 2*s.* 6*d.* a year, *i.e.* little more than a $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* a week.

The additional income thus arising to the Society in the first year of the Association's existence is upwards of 70*l.*

Of this sum, upwards of 20*l.* have been raised by the female servants in the congregation, who have four collectors of their own class, and 60 contributors.

The 70*l.* thus raised is independent of the collections at the annual sermons, which, though always unusually large, has increased this year, the increase being in silver and copper.

As instances of the greater liberality of contributors in the poorer classes, two cases might be mentioned : a young man, serving behind a counter, lately an apprentice, subscribes 6*d.* a week ; two young women, in a similar position, subscribe 10*s.* a quarter each.

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ISAIAH XXXV.

THE wilderness and Edom's solitude rejoice,  
 The desert laughs, and blossoms as the rose,  
 Thick spread with verdant leaf and gorgeous bloom,  
 Rejoicing e'en with joy and voice of song.  
 Where once was barren rock, the cedar, crown  
 Of Lebanon, with branching shade now grows ;  
 And, lo ! as gems to deck the waste, behold  
 The Rose of Sharon, Carmel's lily too—  
 The beauty and the glory of our God.  
 Hear this, ye fearful ; hark, ye weak of hand.  
 Be strong, fear not ; behold your God shall come,  
 Avenging all your wrongs, and pouring forth  
 His fury on your foes, yourselves to save.  
 Then eyes long-blind His glory shall behold.  
 Then ears in deafness stopped His voice shall hear.  
 As bounds the hart, so shall the lame man leap.  
 And then the dumb His praises shall proclaim.  
 In ground long parched with thirst shall living springs  
 Of water flow, and rushes, grass and reeds  
 Their heads uprear, and leafy pennons wave.  
 And, stretching through the smiling land, behold,  
 Embanked and broad, "The way of holiness."  
 For down along that road, that King's highway,  
 No foot unclean shall pass, nor ravening beast,

Nor lion roaring after prey be near,  
 But, clad in simple garb, wayfaring men  
 (As those who travel no uncertain path)  
 Adown that road in eager numbers go.  
 And gazing from its walls the angels see  
 The ransomed of the Lord redeemed from earth,  
 With songs and joy eternal from their heads,  
 To Zion, city of their God, return.  
 Ah, well may joy and songs their gladness crown,  
 Who now exchange for sorrow, sighs and tears  
 The glorious light of heaven's eternal day.

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 CEYLON—ITS PEOPLE.

OUR valued Missionary, the Rev. W. Oakley, of Ceylon, has forwarded to us information respecting this island and its population, from which we put together the following particulars.

The population consists of three races—Indo-Portuguese, Singhalese, and Tamils.

The Indo-Portuguese are the descendants of the European Portuguese, who once were masters of those parts of Ceylon which lie along the sea-coast, but never conquered the mountainous district which occupies the south-centre of the island. These are for the most part Romanists.

The Singhalese inhabit the southern and western parts of the island, and also the interior, where they are called Kandians, from the word *Kanda*, which signifies a "hill, or mountain."

The population of the northern portion of the island and of the eastern coast are Tamils.

The religion of the Kandians is Buddhism; so also is that of a large proportion of those who live in the south and west. The remaining Singhalese are either Protestants or Romanists. The religion of some of the Tamil people, especially the merchants and traders, is Mohammedanism, and the remaining Tamils are either Hindus or Romanists, with the happy exception of the little groups of Protestant Tamils which are springing up around the Mission stations.

It must also be remembered, that on the coffee estates in the Kandian territory there are not less than 200,000 Tamil coolies. Amongst these there is going forward a deeply-interesting Missionary work, carried on by Tamil Christians, who, with the people amongst whom they labour, have come over from the Tinnevely province of India. These native catechists are superintended and encouraged in their work by two European Missionaries.

Of these people the Singhalese are so far the least hopeful. This is caused by the deadening action of Buddhism, which recognises no Creator, no Saviour; "there is no one either to reward or punish." The commonly received notion is, that good deeds necessarily lead to happiness, and evil deeds to misery; but whether in his future transmigrations he shall be happy or miserable, the Buddhist has no means of knowing beforehand. The highest degree of happiness he expects or hopes for, is to cease to be, and this most of the people hope they shall one day reach, after passing through bodies of jackals, crows, serpents, toads, for ages.

As to religious worship, "they are content to visit the temples occasionally, and there make offerings of flowers before the larger images, and sometimes to give money or cloths to the priests." But when they come into trouble, or are attacked by sickness, they look for help and deliverance, not to Buddhism, but to devil-worship. There are books, which give a list of the different calamities men are liable to, while the devil, or devils, by whom the trouble is sent, are minutely described; and also what should be done to appease their anger, or drive them away. There are devil-temples, devil-priests, devil-dancers, &c.

The lowland Singhalese are, however, not only Buddhists and devil-worshippers, but very frequently are found to have put over these a form of Christianity. The Portuguese, when they were masters of these provinces, compelled them to profess Romanism; the Dutch, when they came into possession, compelled them to profess Protestantism. If they readily complied, there were temporal advantages with which they were rewarded by the government of the day; and as they were not expected to give up the old religion, but to put on a new, they did just as a person does who when going into public puts on a new dress over the old one which he wears every day, and takes it off again when he returns home. Thousands of families are to be found Christian in name, Buddhist in practice.

The Kandians, speaking the same language as the Singhalese, are quite a different class of people. They were never subject to the Portuguese or Dutch, nor have they, for the sake of temporal advantages, professed a religion which they neither understood nor cared for. "They are staunch Buddhists, and are a very independent people. They have their own gardens, and houses, and fields. They are not accustomed to engage in trade or business. They barter the produce of their gardens and fields for cloth, fish, &c., and seem perfectly content to remain at home. The cultivation of their paddy-fields occupies a very small portion of their time, and that only occasionally, and, as they have no wants, they lead a careless life. They visit their temples occasionally with offerings of rice and flowers, and join the people of their village in summoning a priest to read the sacred books to them once a year, or once in two years, and they sometimes go in company to visit and make offerings to some distant temple. From all parts of the island Singhalese come to visit the great temple at Kandy, and offer the first-fruits of their harvest. But in times of trouble and of darkness the Kandians, like the rest of the Singhalese, have recourse to charms and devil-worship.

Amidst these various races our Missionaries are at work, preaching the Gospel and winning souls to Christ, as the Lord blesses the word, amongst the Tamils of the north, and the Tamil coolies on the coffee estates in the Kandian country; amongst the Singhalese of the sea-coast provinces, and the Kandians in their own beautiful country of mountains and rivulets, and woods. Another paper in this Number brings out some points of interest connected with the work among the Kandians.

AUNT LINA'S SUNSHINE.

WE found this paper in an American periodical. It appears to be of English birth, for it is prefaced by the words, "from an English paper." We had not seen it before it was borne across the Atlantic

to the Christians of New York. They seem to have perceived its beauty, for they have given it a place in one of their publications, and so it comes back to us again, having won golden opinions from our Christian friends beyond the sea. We ourselves have liked it so, that we reproduce it in the "Gleaner," although, to some of our friends, it may not be new.

"And what is your name?" said I, as the child of the friend whom I had just come to visit passed before me.

"I'se Aunt Lina's Sunshine," was the pleasant answer of Louisa.

"That is a queer name," I said. "Why do they call you so?"

Shaking back her long ringlets, and looking up to me with her earnest, speaking eyes, she said, "Aunt Lina is papa's sister: she is blind and cannot see any thing, not the pretty flowers, nor the soft, white clouds, nor the little birds. She hears the birds sing, though, but she cannot see the pretty colours. She feels the warm sunshine, too, but she can't see how beautiful it makes the meadows look after the rain. But sometimes when she is sad and lonely she calls me to her, and I sit on my little stool by her side and say the pretty verses to her that I learn in the Sabbath-school; and I have learned some hymns, too, and I repeat those to her, and then she calls me her sunshine. Don't you think it's very nice to be Aunt Lina's Sunshine?"

"Yes, indeed I do. You are a real little Missionary," I said.

"No, I am not a Missionary. I know who the Missionaries are. They are people who go a great way off to the poor heathen that don't know any thing about Jesus, and tell them about Him. What made you say that I was a Missionary?"

"Because Missionaries do good, and you do good to Aunt Lina, don't you?"

"I don't tell her about Jesus, because she knows all about Him;" and the child stopped and thought a moment, and then looked up and added, "No, I am not a Missionary; I'se only Aunt Lina's Sunshine."

I kissed her broad, white brow, but said no more to her. But although I was silent, I didn't stop thinking; no, my thoughts were very busy with all the little girls and boys of my acquaintance. I wondered how many of them were "Sunbeams" in their homes. How many made themselves the lights of sad hearts by cheerful endeavours to make others happy. All have not an "Aunt Lina," blind to all beautiful things, and whose heart may be gladdened by the love of a little child, but many have a sick friend or acquaintance to whom kind attentions would come like sunlight, making an otherwise dreary home bright and cheerful; and all have friends who are sometimes "sad and lonely," to whom a word of love or sympathy would be more precious than the sunshine.

A FAR-OFF MISSION FIELD.

In our last number we gave a picture of a Kutcha-Kutchin chief, and accompanied it with a brief description of the tribe to which he belongs.

We should like to follow up the subject, and to tell our readers something more of this people, amongst whom the Gospel of Christ, made

known by one single Missionary, is making satisfactory progress, a work in which we are anxious that our readers should take that interest which will lead them to help it by their prayers. Our publications supply information respecting our various Missionary fields. Our object is to excite interest, for it is not to be supposed that people can feel much interest in matters of which they know but little, and we are anxious they should be interested, that they may help us—first by their prayers, then by their gifts.

Money is important. Prayer is still more so. There is room for Christians to grow in their belief of the power of prayer. Prayer in Christ's name carries with it prevailing power. The Father honours the Son by answering it. More prayer would bring down larger blessing. The fertilizing rain would drop more abundantly on the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills, as they looked down on the pastures clothed with flocks and the valleys covered over with corn, would rejoice on every side.

Let our readers then take a map of the world, and observe that north-west portion of the American continent which stretches out in a westerly direction, as though to embrace Asia approaching to meet it from the west, until the two continents are parted only by the narrow channel called Behring's Straits. That projection of the American continent is separated from the vast plains which extend around Hudson's Bay, and through which the great Mackenzie River flows, until it reaches the Arctic sea by the Rocky Mountains. The whole of this north-western limb is not English territory. The more western part, towards Behring's Straits, belongs now to the United States. Between the boundary line and the Rocky Mountains lies our Missionary district, called the Youcon district. To reach it our Missionary has to cross the Rocky Mountains. The Post on the Mackenzie side of the mountains, which may be considered as his starting-point, is Peel-River Fort. On the Youcon side of the mountains is another Post, called La Pierre's House. The distance between the Posts is a hundred miles, and at each of them is a little band of Christian Indians. Six hundred miles by canoe to the south-west lies Fort Youcon, which is the head-quarters of our Missionary, the Rev. R. M'Donald. There, also, is another group of Christian Indians. In different directions, from 150 to 500 miles distant from Fort Youcon, lie different tribes which have to be visited by our Missionary, and to what an extent this is done our readers may judge, when we tell them that in the year 1866 one Missionary travelled by canoe, sledge, and snow-shoes, no less than 5500 miles. He finds them dark heathen, and tells them of God's mercy in Christ. The Spirit of God opens the heart of many of these poor people, and they attend to the things which are spoken. After a time they are baptized. During the year 1866 no less than 150 adult Indians were baptized, and 150 more were waiting for baptism. As a little group of Christians is gathered at any spot, one from amongst the number, the most earnest and best fitted for the work, is chosen from amongst them, to be their Christian headman, and gather them for prayer and instruction, until the Missionary comes again. Thus Bonne Plume, baptized Andrew Flett, is over the Peel-Fort Indians; Katza, baptized Henry Venn, is over the La-Pierre-House

Indians; Bekenechartye, baptized David Anderson, is over the Black-River Indians; Sahnyate, baptized John Hardisty, is over the Kutchakutchin at Fort Youcon; and another Indian, baptized Peter Roe, is over the Gens-du-Large. The fathers of the Missionary work at home are perpetuated in the spiritual children born in the Mission fields.

As yet we have heard nothing of the year 1867. Our last letter from Mr. McDonald was dated October 24, 1866: it reached us October 16, 1867. We are therefore giving to our readers some of the very last tidings we have received.

On September 11th Mr. McDonald reached Peel-Fort River, and on the next day, during evening service, baptized five Indians of Peel's Fort, and six of La Pierre's House. Of these people, Mr. McDonald remarks in his journal—

"Sept. 12—This evening I appointed Andrew Flett, *alias* Bonne Plume, one of those baptized, as head over the others, to encourage them to lead a Christian life, and to teach them as far as lies in his power. He is a young man who appears to be a sincere Christian; and he will, I trust, do well. May God grant that all those baptized this day may become new creatures in Christ Jesus, and adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things by a holy life! A few of the Mackenzie-River Indians attended prayers; but some of them appear to be more inclined to Romanism than they did a year ago. A Romish priest has been among them within that interval, and it appears he has partially gained them over. But unless they enjoy a fairer opportunity of being instructed in the knowledge of divine truth than any they have as yet had, it is to be feared they will eventually, the most of them, if not all, become Romanists. I trust, however, that they will attend to the instruction which may be given them from time to time by Mrs. Flett; and that they will learn to know the truth as it is in Jesus."

Next day, with a party of twenty, he set out across the mountains, a journey which occupied four days. On the first of these snow fell most of the day. On the second day Mr. McDonald and a companion, stopping behind to pick berries, in the hope of overtaking the main body before they reached the camping ground, found themselves enveloped in a cloud, and lost their way. They wandered about all night, unsuccessfully, for, as they afterwards found, instead of going on, they had described a circle, and had gone back instead of pushing forward. In the morning they were found by the Indians, who had come to look for them.

On reaching La Pierre's House they found Henry Venn and his Christian Indians assembled to meet them. Since his last visit there had been sorrow among them, Henry Venn's wife having died three weeks before. "She was a sincere Christian, and her end was peace. She died in firm reliance on Christ, with the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. Her husband bears his bereavement with Christian resignation." The next day Mr. McDonald baptized ten adult Indians, and one boy of twelve years of age. He says—"After divine service I had a conversation with Henry Venn, and was glad to learn of him that the most of the Peel-River Indians had passed the summer with him, and that he had done what he could to instruct them in divine things. I

exhorted him to be faithful, and to be unwearied in his efforts to keep alive a spirit of piety among his tribe. May he be long blessed in his own soul and to the souls of others !”

On his way down from La Pierre's House to Fort Youcon, Mr. McDonald stopped at Peter Taylor's camp of Indians. Most of them were away when he arrived, but they soon gathered, when he baptized twenty-two of them, all adults excepting four.

Two days' voyage further down he was met by another band of Indians, according to previous arrangement, and of these he baptized twelve adults and one child.

On September 28th Fort Youcon was reached. Snow had been falling most of the way ; ice was drifting down the river, and winter was coming on with its usual severity to claim the country for its own for the next six or seven months. But the stern frost that seals up the rivers does not stay the progress of the waters of life. They still flow on to fertilize the waste.

TALAMPITYA.

OUR Missionary, the Rev. J. Alcock, is engaged in the itinerating branch of the Kandy Mission work, for the Missionary work which is being carried on in the beautiful central districts of Ceylon has various branches : there is the central work in the town of Kandy, for many years superintended by the Rev. W. Oakley ; the Kandy itinerating branch ; and the Tamil Cooly Mission.

In Kandy there are three congregations, the largest of them— a Singhalese congregation— assembling in Trinity church on the Mission premises, with an average attendance of 100, of whom 41 are communicants. In Kandy an encouraging movement is going forward with reference to the Lord's-day. Several large houses have discontinued business on Sunday—a very hopeful sign ; nor is this movement confined to Kandy : its influence is felt in the surrounding districts. At Hangurankettia, about eighteen miles from Kandy, the proprietor of the coffee estates permits no labour on the Sunday. There are, scattered here and there on the estates, some twenty baptized Christians, for whose benefit this gentleman has built a neat little church.

A temporary meeting was held in Hangurankettia church, in which the Christians were reminded of their duty to make Christ known to the heathen, and to support their own teachers. Our converts cannot be too early instructed in these duties. Formerly it was thought that they ought not to be approached with such subjects until they had become strong. These duties were reserved to be the topmost stone of the building, which, in many cases, never became strong enough to bear them : now we plant these Christian duties in the very foundation, and they grow with the

growth of the building. At the conclusion of the meeting, during which facts connected with the Society's labours in different parts of the world were placed before them, a collection was made of seven shillings. "Who will despise the day of small things?"

Our Missionary now resumed his journey, with the intention of visiting Talampitya, an interesting spot, where there is a congregation of earnest Christians, of which we have frequently spoken in the pages of the "Gleaner." He expected that some of them would have come to meet him at Kornegalle, about twenty-six miles from Kandy; but the letter which he had sent there had been delayed.

Sept. 26—Visited Talampitiya. My visit was quite unexpected, as my letter had been accidentally delayed. The intelligence of my arrival soon collected most of the Christians together, when we all united in prayer and thanksgiving for God's protection, and permitting us to meet again. I was glad to find that most of them are growing in grace, in heavenly love, and increasing in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. It appears to me that there are three or four remarkably pious men, who are used by God to feed this heavenly flame. The fire of God's love and the light of his truth is shining in this dark district, and will I trust never be put out, but that many will come to it and light their lamps. There was one circumstance which occupied our attention, which will illustrate the difficulties and the necessity of being prepared to take up the cross if they wish to be sincere followers of Jesus. The wife of one of the Christians has left her husband and family, and declares that she will not live with him. I could only recommend him to follow the advice of St. Paul, in I. Corinthians, and pray that God would give him wisdom concerning all things.

Sept. 30 : Lord's-day—This has been a very happy Sabbath to myself, and I trust one rich in blessing to many others. It has been my great privilege to admit four believers into our little communion. These are the first I have been privileged to baptize. Thus I have been permitted to reap that which I did not sow: others laboured, and I am permitted by God's blessing to enter into their labours. I found that the candidates had been under instruction for one year at least, and that they greatly desired baptism. They had very clear views of the corruption of the human heart, justification by faith, and the necessity of holiness, without which no man can see the Lord. Our little company, of about thirty, assembled at eleven o'clock in the schoolroom. We had no fine church; but a building well covered with straw. The four baptized persons chose the names—David, Salathiel, Silas, and Rebekah. Rebekah is the wife of one of our devoted Christians, well spoken of by all, especially those who are without the pale of our communion. I trust that our female Christians may be blessings, and living examples to the surrounding heathen, whose moral condition is too well known to need description. The other three baptized persons are all young men of about twenty, all married; and I trust ere long that their wives may follow in their footsteps.

"THEIR GODS ARE THE GODS OF THE HILLS."—1 KINGS, xx. 23.
ALAS that in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and after the lapse of more than twenty-seven centuries, the words of the servants of Benhadad, king of Syria, should be applicable to any portion of the



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human family; yet such is unhappily the case; and they may be used literally in reference to not a few of the poor idolaters of this sin-stricken world, and, among them, to a portion of those who inhabit some of the fairest parts of our vast Indian empire.

Prone as the heart of man has ever been to depart from the worship of the one only and true God, perhaps no people have exceeded the poor Hindu in the multiplicity of his idolatries; indeed it may be asked what object in nature is not worshipped by some one or other of the castes into which the people is subdivided. The sun, and moon and stars, those hosts of heaven, which, as the Psalmist says, declare the glory of God, birds, four-footed beasts, and creeping things, rivers, hills, and innumerable other objects, receive homage and worship, some choosing one and some another, according to circumstances. So that worship of Him to whom alone it is due from man is lost in this multitude of idolatries.

Our sketch in the present number represents a temple of the mountaineers who inhabit the vast ranges which form the northern boundary of Hindustan, "whose gods are the gods of the hills," at Koree Puntwaree, on the confines of the Sirmoor territory, picturesquely situated, as is usually the case, on a strip of table-land above the stream of Budree. It is dedicated to the god Nāj, whose abode, as the deluded people imagine, is the summit of the adjoining mountain, called Nāj Tiba, or the mountain of Nāj. When visited, no idol was in the temple, only a "shunk," or shell, which is blown like a horn on festival-days, to assemble the people from the surrounding villages for sacrifice. There was, besides, a small table or stand, doubtless intended to receive the idol on those occasions. There were five images of this same hill-god in all, which are brought forth for juthra, or festival, on which occasions goats and buffaloes are sacrificed. Three days' supply of provisions having been procured for the party, the ascent of Nāj Tiba was undertaken, and this precaution was necessary, as, with the exception of a few chalets of buffalo herdmen, about 600 feet above the temple, the only work of man to be seen was another temple, near the summit of this magnificent mountain, a stream of purest water issuing from its entrance, and dedicated to the same god of the hill, the track lying through a thick forest where silence and solitude reigned, save when broken by the cry of the beautiful musical pheasant, startled by the unusual sound of a footstep. The wild sheep and goat, various kinds of deers and bears, inhabit this glorious solitude, and also the god of the hill, as the poor people suppose, but no human being. Thus gross darkness covers the people, and the fact that not an individual was found in those parts able either to read or write, tended to make the condition of these poor people the more pitiable.

But since this sketch was taken, our readers will be happy to learn that considerable improvement has been effected. If at that time one individual out of perhaps thirty villages could read, it would have been found that he had been taught at the Kotgurh Mission school, connected with the Church Missionary Society, or at the school at Simla, for these were the only schools. Now the schools connected with that Mission number, according to recent accounts, more than a dozen in surrounding villages, which form the principal feature of the work of that Mission. More than 150

children have learned to read the word of God during the past three years, and more than that number of boys and girls continue to do so. This may appear small compared with the labours carried on in the more populous plains, but should not be despised.

What happy results may be expected from the return to their several scattered homes of these young persons, taking with them, as they will do, the Scriptures and tracts! When it is considered how comparatively sparse is the population, and how difficult of access are the villages, this mode of bringing the light of the Gospel to these dark abodes cannot but commend itself to every one; more especially as the work of itineration is not always possible, from various causes, and the language of the people is extremely rude, and greatly needing the introduction of a purer Hindee, of which language the dialect here spoken is but a jargon at present. Let us pray with more earnestness, that the God of all grace will pour out His Spirit, and prepare the hearts of the heathen for the reception of the seed of the everlasting word; that those who have now as their gods the gods of the hills, may be brought to bow with all true believers at the name of Jesus; and that, instead of the shunk calling to the sacrifice of bulls and of goats, there may be the sound of the church bells calling to the spiritual sacrifice of prayer and of praise to Him who is Lord of all the earth, of the hills, and of the valleys also. Meanwhile, let not our Missionaries grow weary of their work of faith and labour of love, but continue to sow beside all waters, leaving the result with Him who is the Lord of the harvest.

NATIVE CHURCHES—THEIR MISSIONARY ASSOCIATIONS.

IN a previous article some notices will be found of what English friends are doing to send the Gospel to distant lands.

And where they have succeeded in doing so, and native churches have been raised up in places where heathenism had reigned, our friends at home no doubt would desire to know whether the new Christians are engaged in the same work, and doing what they can to give the light, which they have so freely received, to those beyond who are as yet without it. We introduce, therefore, the following report of the Regent Church Association, forwarded to us by the Rev. G. Nicol, which will show that our Sierra Leone brethren are up and doing.

The annual meeting of the above Association was held on Monday the 2nd instant. The large church was well filled on the occasion, there being about 300 people present. The chair was occupied by Augustus Beale Hanson, Esq., of Her Majesty's Customs. Several friends were also present—the Rev. D. G. Williams of Fourah Bay, who preached the anniversary sermons on the preceding Lord's-day, Rev. T. C. Nylander of Gloucester, the Rev. A. G. Coomber, and Mr. T. A. John of the Niger Mission, Mr. P. Wilson of the Bullom Mission, and Mr. Mason, formerly of the Sherbro Mission. After singing and prayer, the chairman said he

felt very great pleasure in being present on the occasion : he considered himself highly honoured to be asked to preside over the meeting. This was not the first time the minister of this congregation had thus honoured him. He was no speaker, but he felt a deep interest in the progress of the work of the Church Missionary Society in the heathen world. As he was surrounded by those who were immediately connected with that Society, and who were better able to address the congregation, he would not occupy any time, but at once call upon the Rev. G. Nicol to read the Report.

The Report stated that the amount of subscriptions for the year 1867, on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, is as follows :—

Adult Subscribers	£12	8	0
Juvenile Association	1	0	0
Serrmons and Meetings	1	12	0
Special effort of the superintendent and teachers of the Sunday-school, for the Niger Mission	4	0	0
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	£19	0	0

Compared with 7l. 18s., the amount subscribed for 1865, it will be seen that the contributions of the congregation for the present year are more than double those of any previous period, the Jubilee year excepted.

The first speaker was Mr. J. Mason. He gave an interesting account of the introduction and progress of the Gospel in the Sherbro. He was the first agent sent by the Church Missionary Society to commence the work at Bendoo, in the humble capacity of school-teacher and catechist. He began with a few children, and his chapel was a small mud house, built by a native merchant. But before he left the country, he had a large number of children, both of Sierra-Leone traders, and the natives of the country, to attend his school. Instead of a mud house, they have now a substantial church built for the worship of Almighty God, capable of holding about 200 people. And besides Bendoo, they now occupy Bonthe, as another station of the Society. He mentioned the great service which the late Consul Hanson, father of our respected chairman, rendered to the cause of humanity and civilization in the Sherbro. Many of the children, he said, who are now under instruction in the Kissy Normal school, were rescued by Consul Hanson from slavery. Mr. Wilson of the Bullom Mission, himself a Bullom, gave an account of his life ; how he was wonderfully led by God to the knowledge of the truth, and to the blessed work of making that truth known to his fellow-countrymen. The Church Missionary Society went first to Bullom in 1804 ; and although now his country is the last, yet he believed the Gospel, having been a second time offered them, will spread far and wide. It has gone to Ro-banny and Ro-Benkè. The Rev. Mr. Coomber, a native of Regent, and Missionary to the Niger, next addressed the meeting. In a long and interesting speech he related the troubles of the Missionaries in the Niger, and the merciful deliverance of Bishop Crowther and his son Daudeson, from the hands of a cruel and covetous

heathen chief. The Lord had, he said, granted them much encouragement in their work of faith. He alluded also to the outbreak at Abeokuta, and appealed to the liberality, sympathies and prayers of the congregation on behalf of the Lord's work.

Mr. T. A. John, also a native of Regent, and a school teacher at Onitsha, on the Niger, lastly addressed the meeting. He had been labouring in that Mission now for about six years, under the Rev. J. C. Taylor. He could occupy the attention of the meeting for a long while by giving a detailed account of the work of the Church Missionary Society at Bonny, at Brass, and Onitsha, but he feared the time was expired. He showed plainly that many evil customs which ministers deplore, among professing Christians in this colony, in connexion with funerals, are all relics of heathenism.

After a vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed in a neat speech by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Nylander pronounced the benediction, and the meeting separated.

Collections after sermons and meetings, *l.* 12s.

THE PALAMCOTTAH ENGLISH SCHOOL,

WRITTEN BY THE PRINCIPAL, MR. CRUICKSHANKS, DEC. 31, 1867.

THE Anglo-Vernacular school under my charge is situated on the south side of a public road in Moorgancarichee, between the Mission Printing-office on the west, a Mohammedan mosque on the south, and the heathen portion of the village on the east, inhabited by Maravers, in the midst of whose houses stands a little chapel, dedicated to Kali, yclept Amen Cohil. To the west of the Mission Printing house, on the same side of the road, are the Mission church, the Rev. Mr. Sargent's residence, and the Preparandi Institution.

Nearly opposite to these last, on the north side of the road, at the western extremity, are the Mission Training Institution, and the Rev. Mr. Spratt's residence, as also Mr. Kember's house, a less commodious edifice, with other still more modest dwellings occupied by native Christians, extending along the whole side of the road as far as the channel forming the eastern limit of the village, which is bounded on three sides by paddy-fields. Within this limited area, intersected as described above by the road in question, one may see a church for Christians, a mosque for Mohammedans, and a cohil, or thunder temple, for the followers of Brahma; and thus the three religions which divide India among them are fully represented within these narrow limits, which likewise contain three educational establishments, one for the training of teachers required for the Tamil schools of the Mission, one for the preparation of students educated for the native ministry, and one imparting instruction to native youths, based on Christian principles, through the medium of English. This last mentioned being the Anglo-Vernacular day school under my care, I shall henceforth confine myself to it in the following observations.

This school has now been in existence twenty-four years. It was begun under me in 1844, and I have now twice been entrusted with the charge of it.

The average number of boys in the school during the half-year ending December 31st was stated at 225 ; the average daily attendance 172. Of the pupils some are Christians, but the greater part Hindus, chiefly Vellalabs, including a few Brahmins, Mohammedans, and Pariahs, all of whom read the Holy Scriptures, either in English or Tamil.

Many thus educated are now able ministerial servants in the employ of Government, filling posts under it of more or less importance, including those of Moonsiffs and Tahsildars. Some have been converted from Hinduism to Christianity, either under the direct operation of the school, or through the instrumentality of such as have been thus led to embrace the Gospel.

In October of last year, one of our senior lads, being in the highest class, and nineteen years of age, named Ramasamy, of whom I made mention in my last report as encouraging us to hope for his ultimate conversion, calling upon me at my house, requested to be received into the Christian church by baptism. I took him the same day to Mr. Sargent's in the midst of a shower of rain, emblematic of the dew of divine grace which we trust the Lord is causing to descend on his soul. It was then arranged that if he remained steadfast till the Sunday after the one immediately ensuing, his wishes should be complied with. In the mean time he went home, intending to live, if he could, as a Christian in the midst of his heathen neighbours ; but this he found no easy matter, for his father being absent, his other relatives required him to smear his forehead with ashes in token of his return to Hinduism, and enforced their demand by refusing to give him any food till he should accede to their terms. He therefore came back to me, and I placed him in charge of Edward, first native teacher in my school. On this occasion the youth earnestly requested to be baptized on the following Sunday, as previously arranged, and I seconded his request, on the ground that, while he remained unbaptized, his relatives would cling to the hope of being able to shake his resolution ; but Mr. Sargent wished to postpone the ceremony a little longer, considering it more dignified to avoid the appearance of precipitation. As the best time to baptize him was a question which Mr. Sargent, with whom the responsibility of administering the ceremony rested, was the most competent to judge of, I readily acquiesced in his decision, and found no difficulty in persuading the youth to do so likewise. On the next day, his father, who had been all the time absent from home, made his appearance, and, meeting his son in Edward's house, endeavoured to persuade him to return home, and abandon his intention of becoming a Christian. It seems he reminded him of the countless benefits he had bestowed on him, and appealed to his filial gratitude. The youth was much moved, but was enabled to resist these inducements to swerve from his steadfastness. At length, the father, finding his efforts useless, went away ; but, returning the next day, had an interview with Mr. Sargent. I do not know what passed between them, but the next day, after a conversation with his son, he returned again to Mr. Sargent, and signified his consent to his son's baptism, provided the ceremony took place on the following day. The youth was accordingly baptized on the 5th of November, five days earlier than Mr. Sargent at first intended. Strange to say, the father was

present and witnessed the baptism of his son, paying the most profound attention to every word spoken, and every act performed on the occasion. After the ceremony was over, I met David—for that was the new name given him—in the vestry; when, learning from the youth that he was presently going home with his father, I gave him my advice and blessing. He attended school on the following day, but his father wishing him to return home with him immediately, he left again a few minutes after. I did not understand this proceeding; but my suspicions were allayed when the youth came to school on the following day and the day after, as usual. In reply to my inquiries, the youth said that his father was very kind to him, and wished him above all things to continue to live at home. He assured him that all his wants should be attended to, and that he should receive no molestation whatever on the score of his new faith, having his permission, not only to attend school, but divine service at the church on Sunday, and all other religious ordinances also.

As stated above, he went home after his baptism, and remained an inmate of the family for ten or twelve days. He then came to me again on Monday, the 18th November, and told me that his father, who had returned to his place of business, situate a day's journey from Palamcottah, was replaced by his mother. As soon as she arrived, she overwhelmed him with reproaches, and having thus given vent to her feelings, became quiet till the following day, when she recommenced weeping and crying, continuing nearly for three days. At length the object of these lamentations became evident to the youth, who, unable to remain at home under these painful circumstances, quitted it on the fifth day after her arrival. It was then arranged that he should lodge and board with the deputy jailer, one of our former converts, Mr. Sargent undertaking to pay partly for the same.

I knew from the beginning that he could not live at home with his heathen relatives after his conversion to Christianity, but as he wished to make the trial, and Mr. Sargent approving of it, I said nothing to discourage the experiment. Such a project, in my opinion, can never be carried out, unless the family have a spare building in the same compound, which the convert is permitted to occupy, and, unless he has the means of subsisting at his own expense, a separate maintenance is generally out of the question, and the utmost he can expect is the indulgence just alluded to, which in some cases may be very convenient, but never without its drawbacks, being calculated, by retaining him under evil influences, to expose him to temptations incident to the situation.

But the father did not despair. He hoped yet to recover him. Seeking him out, he embraced him, and prayed that he would return with him; that as he must give up either his religion or his parents, he could not hesitate as to the course he ought to take. "I shall do neither," was the reply. "I will continue to love and help you, and yet continue a good Christian. The father could no longer restrain himself. Breaking forth into a rage, he exclaimed, "I was going to spend 500 rupees on your marriage, but I need not do so now: you have saved me so much money."

So he went away, but not for long. The next day he sought an

interview with Mr. Cruickshanks. By him he was most kindly received. Mr. Cruickshanks entered into all the poor man's sorrows; sympathized with and soothed him; and the result was that he was contented to leave his son at the school, where he is now acting as monitor to one of the junior classes.

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SAMUEL OF RATMEWELA, IN THE KANDIAN COUNTRY,  
CEYLON.

You may remember, (writes the Rev. W. Oakley) to have heard, about twenty-one years since, of Ratmewela, Abraham and Samuel. Abraham, you will remember, was a devil-dancer, or devil's priest. On his conversion he brought his books on devil-worship, asking me to keep or destroy them, that his family might never make any use of them. The day on which Abraham brought me those books, his brother—then a bigoted heathen—took his gun and threatened to shoot him for becoming a Christian, and for giving away his family property (the heathen books), and Abraham, though naturally a very hasty and irritable man, had, by the grace of God, become very humble and submissive, and, by the kindness of his manner and the earnestness of his appeal, completely subdued his brother, who, from that time, became an inquirer. After a short time he came with Abraham, to request that he might be instructed and baptized. He soon became such an earnest, simple-minded man, and so thoroughly sincere in his desire to renounce heathenism, that I baptized him by the name of Samuel.

The first serious difficulty which he had to contend with after his baptism was the conduct of his heathen wife. She was a person older than himself, and for a time she resolutely refused to have any thing to do with Christianity. Afterwards, she was persuaded to listen to instruction, and even attempted to learn to read. She attended the day-school (entirely her own choice), and might be seen standing up in a class with little boys and girls, trying to read words of two or three letters, but the people of the village (heathen) laughed at her, and she could not bear that. She therefore again determined to learn no more, and left her husband, to "go back to her people and to her gods" (like Orpah of old). Shortly afterwards she was taken ill, and died a heathen. About a year afterwards Samuel wished to marry again, but there was great difficulty in finding a suitable wife, none of the women of the village having yet placed themselves under Christian instruction. After a time, a young widow in the adjoining village, a person of good moral character, consented to place herself under Christian instruction. She was subsequently baptized by the name of Lydia, and married to Samuel.

Her trials commenced almost as soon as she was married. She had two children by her former husband, and they were both taken ill and died. Her heathen friends and relatives told her it was a judgment upon her, because she had forsaken the religion of her ancestors. But she bore the trial very meekly, and thus gave evidence of the sincerity of her faith in Christ. She is still a quiet, humble, steady Christian woman.



Samuel has been in a delicate state of health for some months past. His conduct, since he renounced heathenism, has been steady and consistent. He was not left altogether without persecution from the heathen, but his manner was always so kind and gentle, that he escaped much of that violent persecution to which his brother Abraham was exposed.

Samuel of Ratmewela has entered into his rest. The Lord whom he served has called him home. So we learn from the Rev. J. Alcock, in a letter written shortly after that of Mr. Oakley.

My chief purpose in writing the following is to inform the friends of our Mission of the peaceful end of one who had served the Lord faithfully for more than twenty years, old Samuel of Ratmewela. I might say many things of the life of this good old man, but my time is not sufficient. I deem it enough to say that old Samuel was baptized about twenty years ago, I believe by Mr. Oakley. His brother Abraham became a Christian before him, and I have heard him say that he was so bitter an enemy to Christ and his religion, that he had once determined to take his brother's life for becoming a Christian. In Samuel's case it might be truly said that the life-destroying wolf became a meek and harmless lamb. This is the Lord's doing, and it appears marvellous in our eyes. I do not hesitate in bringing Samuel forward as a remarkable example of the power of God's Spirit upon the human heart. A more humble, meek, conscientious, peaceful man I seldom found. He had received none of the benefits of education or refinement. I imagine he knew little of the world, beyond his own retired village. In short, I might say he knew scarcely any thing but Christ and him crucified, and he could truly say with St. Paul, "I count all other things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them but dung, that I may win Christ." It was his custom for the last twenty years to walk to Kandy every month, in order to receive the holy communion. Till within a year of his death he walked twenty miles on those Sundays, in order to avail himself of the means of grace. English Christians, both in England and Ceylon, might learn something from his bright example. The last time I saw him we took the Lord's Supper together. I then little thought it was the last time we should drink of this fruit of the vine, until the day when we drink it new in our Father's kingdom. The old man gave me two shillings which he had devoted to the Lord out of his very limited substance. From this, all Christians should learn a lesson, and give both out of their abundance and penury to the Lord. Some few days before his death he called nearly all the heathen in the village, and exhorted them, in his humble way, to flee from the wrath to come. He told them he was sensible that the end of his earthly pilgrimage was near, and the peaceful composed manner with which he looked upon the enemy death astonished his heathen neighbours. They, all their life time, have been in bondage through fear of death, but they were privileged to see the Lord's freeman who was able to say, O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? When the old man saw some of them weeping, he exclaimed, "Weep not for me, but weep for your own sins, and repent."

In a few days after, this good old soldier of Christ calmly slept in Jesus, and we have little doubt that his hope was realized, which he often spoke of when living, viz. that good angels carried his soul to Abraham's bosom. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.

In Samuel we have lost a good and consistent Christian. He was a light in his village, respected not only by Christians, but also by many of the heathen.

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 UNTO US A SON IS BORN.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
 Great David's greater son !
 Hail in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun.
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
 For those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And love and hope like flowers
 Spring in His path to birth.
 Before Him on the mountains,
 Shall peace the herald go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee ;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see :
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing.
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

O'er every foe victorious
 He on His throne shall rest.
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever
 His new best name of love.

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 HOME BLOSSOMS.

In our last Number we said that some more of the Home flowers remained in our hands, and that we purposed to make up a new bouquet of them for our May Number.

Assuredly, if April has its blossoms it would be strange were May to have none. For April, as by experience we know, has its cold, cutting winds, but we hope that May will bring us in more genial influences.

The good deeds which are the beautiful flowers of Christianity are not affected by a wintry climate. Amidst northern snows they bloom. On the cold bleak hills of the north, in the lovely glen, where Christian privileges are scanty, they are often found in their perfection. Their root is in the heart ; let there be on that heart the sunshine of the Saviour's presence and favour ; let the dews of His grace descend with refreshing power, and the sap of godly affection

will show itself in corresponding flowers and fruits. "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Let us look a little, then, into the Home field, and see if we may not find there some choice specimens of the "work of faith and labour of love" carried on in "the patience of hope." Let us "go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages; let us get up early to the vineyard; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates bud forth."

In our volume of last year we gave our readers a glimpse of what is doing at St. Thomas's, York. We have now before us the last Report of that earnest Association. It grows. The dimensions of the parish remain as contracted as they were before, yet still it grows. In Nov. 1866 the entire amount collected during the previous year was 153*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*; this last year it rises to a higher figure—172*l.* 18*s.* 4½*d.*: there are several departments of the work—wheel within wheel—and these, all moved by the one motive power, are busily at work. These are—

#### *The Missionary Boxes.*

There is also a larger sum from our *Missionary Boxes*. We do not allow these boxes to be carried from house to house for the purpose of collecting from others. They are all family-boxes. They stand in the house to receive the family offerings. The father drops in a portion of his weekly earnings. The grateful mother presents in this way her thank-offering for any special mercy that has been granted in the house. The children are trained to acknowledge God by giving their little offerings for the preaching of the Gospel. And many a farthing, the offering of a cheering heart, goes to swell the great stream which bears the Missionary to the regions of the perishing. I wish there were a Missionary Box in every house, to receive the little offerings of those who have but little to give.

#### *The Sale of Work.*

Many busy, painstaking helpers have again been encouraged by the result of *Sale of Work* in January last. It still produced more than before. And the pleasant little working party still goes on. We hope to invite our friends to pay a visit to our schoolroom again when next January comes. Any who wish to join our working party will be gladly welcomed; and they that handle the chisel and the hammer are invited to render again their aid. Little things which will sell at low prices will be very acceptable.

#### *Subscriptions.*

Through the patient diligence of our collectors, your *Subscriptions* have continued steadily to flow in. We have this year 293 Subscribers, from whom there have been received 1446 distinct gifts. Lowther-street still presents a numerous band of Subscribers. From its 114 families their excellent collector has received 463 gifts from 68 subscribers. These little offerings are very valuable. Never think your gifts too small to offer: The Lord sits over against the treasury, and his balances are not as ours.

*A new source of help.*

We have had help from a new source this year. Our young men, stirred up by activity of them that use the needle, said one to another, "And what shall we do?" So they practised for many weeks the singing of several hymns and anthems, and, on the morning of Christmas-day, they woke us with their sacred harmony. And the many gifts which they received were cast into our Missionary treasury.

This last mentioned department is most encouraging. Might we but hope to have the young men of England with us, what might we not look for? And why should it not be so? And the Lord's work would repay with interest all that they might be enabled to do to help it on, by the good it would reflect back on their own hearts and characters.

*The Collections.*

The efforts we have made in other ways has not caused our *Collections* in the church, after the annual sermons, to be any less than before. The amount is more this year than in the previous year. I am thankful for this, for it is a healthy sign when our other givings do not diminish our church collections.

It is the sustained work of this Association that we admire. The same steady pressure is kept up throughout the year, and so the machinery works on. It is not a spasmodic effort at the time of the anniversary, and then a lapse into forgetfulness and heaviness for several months. Hybernating Associations, which have their periodical sleep, do not progress.

One more fragment must conclude our Home notices for this month.

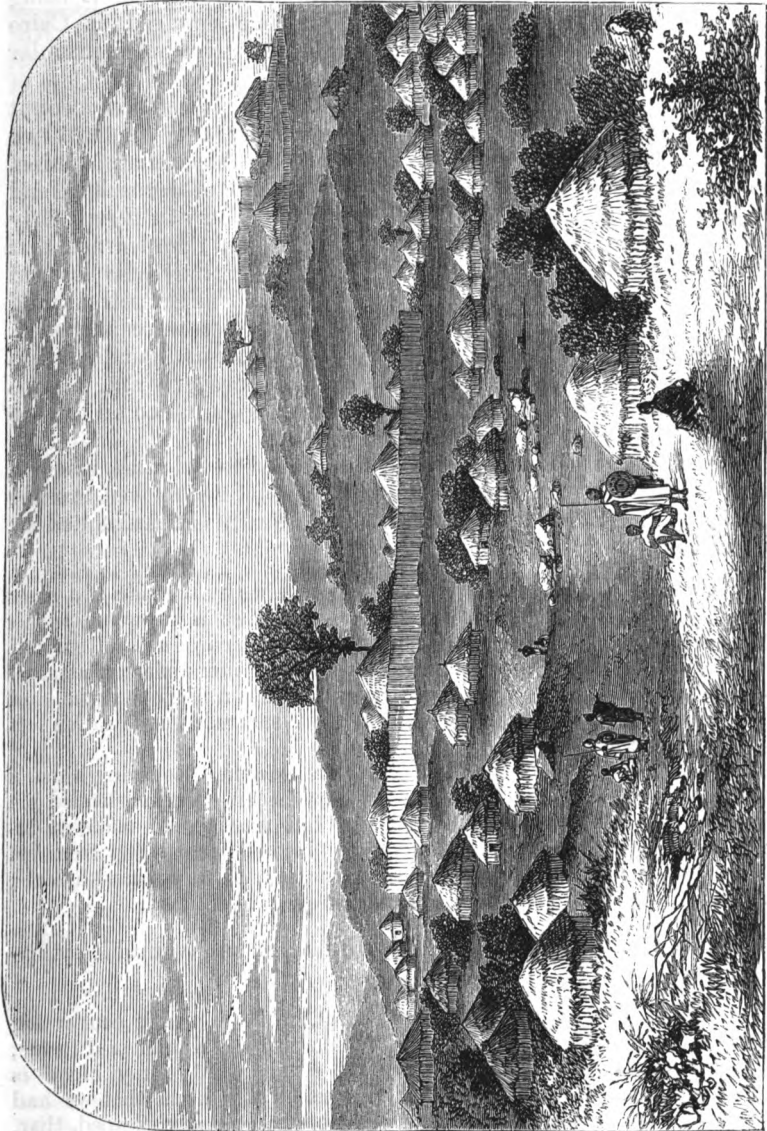
Collections for the Church Missionary Society in St. Nicholas Church, Durham, 26th January 1868, after two sermons by the Bishop of Ripon.

|                                   | £     | s. | d. |
|-----------------------------------|-------|----|----|
| 6 Five-pound notes . . . . .      | 30    | 0  | 0  |
| 23 Sovereigns . . . . .           | 23    | 0  | 0  |
| 10 Half-sovereigns . . . . .      | 5     | 0  | 0  |
| 2 Five shillings . . . . .        |       | 10 | 0  |
| 55 Half-crowns . . . . .          |       | 6  | 17 |
| 42 Two-shilling pieces . . . . .  |       | 4  | 4  |
| 147 Shillings . . . . .           |       | 7  | 7  |
| 234 Sixpences . . . . .           |       | 5  | 17 |
| 67 Fourpences . . . . .           |       | 1  | 2  |
| 122 Threepences . . . . .         |       | 1  | 10 |
| 360 Pence and halfpence . . . . . |       | 1  | 1  |
|                                   | <hr/> |    |    |
| 1068 pieces.                      | £86   | 10 | 0  |

The congregation of St. Nicholas has contributed, in ten years, 587*l.* to the Church Missionary Society. Beginning with 31*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*, it has steadily increased to 86*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.*

ABYSSINIA.

THE Church Missionary Society not many years ago, had a Mission in Abyssinia. In the year 1815 their attention had been much directed to the countries of the Mediterranean, and the idea was



DEBRA TABOR, ABYSSINIA.

June 1868.

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entertained that by suitable measures a revival might be brought about of the old Christian churches in those regions, which had sunk into decay.

The Abyssinian church, notwithstanding its remoteness, was brought into special notice, and this in consequence of it being known that a native had been for some time engaged at Cairo in translating the Scriptures into Amharic, the principal vernacular of Abyssinia.

This version was purchased by the Rev. W. Jowett, on account of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1820. In 1826 two Missionaries were appointed to commence the Abyssinian Mission, the Rev. Samuel Gobat, now Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, and the Rev. Christian Kugler. After a protracted stay in Egypt, they reached Massowah on December 28th, 1829, and then learned that the country was distracted by civil war. But they also learned that there were places of refuge to which they might retreat, and which were considered so sacred that they never were molested. The names of these places are Axum, Waldeba, Gundigundi, Debra Damot, and Debra Abäe. In these asylums, property and persons are secure. Debra Damot is a natural fortress, situated on the top of a mountain.

After a short stay at Gondar, they proceeded to Adowah, where a heavy affliction befell Mr. Gobat in the loss of his beloved brother Kugler. The accident which caused his death is thus related by Mr. Gobat.

On the 10th of December, as we were passing by the side of a river before sun-rise, we saw at a distance a great beast in the water, which we took for a crocodile. I said to Kugler, "Which of us shall go and shoot this animal?" He replied immediately, with a tone of apprehension, "I will go." On approaching, he thought it was a hippopotamus, and fired upon it; but his gun burst, and made several wounds in his left arm, which are not yet cured.

Dec. 23, 1830—To-day Kugler has had an accident. Believing himself entirely restored, he laid himself down on his left side, and leaned his head on his wounded hand, to read. While reading, he made an involuntary start; and all on a sudden the blood began to flow from his wound, which had appeared as good as healed. I was not with him; but he told me that he had lost at least two pounds of blood.

Repeated hæmorrhages followed, with other unfavourable symptoms.

Yesterday evening, a little after sunset, while we were conversing together on the advancement of the kingdom of God, Kugler said to me, in a mild but urgent manner: "Gobat! come quickly! my blood is flowing in great drops." I immediately seized the linen that we had prepared; but so large a quantity of blood had already escaped, that, when I raised his arm, he fainted away, and the blood stopped. Aichinger,

weak and suffering, sprang out of his bed to come and help me. I almost lost my senses on seeing him, from the idea that I might possibly lose the only two brethren that I have in this country. Kugler soon came to himself; but his first words were, "I am going to die. I could have wished to live longer, that I might proclaim the salvation which is in Jesus to this poor people: but the will of the Lord be done!" After that, he several times repeated, in the Tigré dialect: "I do not at all fear! Weep not for me. It is far better for me to die than to remain here." He then began to pray, in Tigré: "Lord Jesus, bless me!—Show mercy on me!—Receive me to Thyself! Thou art my Saviour—my Father! I have no Father but Thee!—I come to Thee! Receive my Spirit! Prepare me a place near Thyself!" He then began to pray in German, saying the same words. He added: "I give thanks to Thee, O Lord, for all the mercy which Thou hast manifested toward me! Thou hast been favourable to me to this very hour." He then said to me: "Gobat, salute all my brethren. Salute——: I have no commands for her." He again several times called upon the name of Jesus; and from time to time said: "Receive me!" When his voice began to fail, he said to me: "I can speak no more. Tell these people" (a great number around him) "that Jesus is my portion; and that they must, on no account, weep as they are accustomed to do. Perform no *Tescar*\*." After having again several times called upon the name of Jesus, he said to me: "Speak to me of the Saviour: I can speak no more." I could not yet bring myself to believe that he was on the point of leaving me: my heart was full, at seeing him and Aichinger in such a state: so that, when I attempted to speak, my voice failed me. But I had the consolation to see his soul entirely occupied with the thought of Jesus, in a full assurance of faith. "Be of good courage!" I said to him: "the Lord will not forsake you, in life or in death. He never forsakes those who put their trust in Him." "I know it well!" he replied, with a tone of confidence: "He has never forsaken me." Having said these words, he again cast a look all round him; and then fell asleep so gently, that for two hours none of the attendants could believe that he was really dead. It was about nine o'clock in the evening (Dec. 29) when he resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator and Saviour.

His calm and trustful death surprised the natives much, so much so, that a Mussulman who was present said, "I have seen many persons at the moment of their death; four have died in my arms; but I never saw faith triumph over death till this day."

These early facts are almost forgotten. We would revive their memory, and revisit the grave of Kugler.

Our Missionary efforts in Abyssinia, like Kugler, have lived a little while and then died. Let us pray that there may be a resurrection of this buried truth.

\* In this country, the relations and friends of a deceased person invite, at different times, many priests and poor people, to whom they give something to eat and drink, to engage them to pray for the soul of the deceased: this they call *Tescar*, *i. e.* "remembrance."

The late startling events in Abyssinia may produce remarkable changes, and a voice be heard crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." The perseverance of Britons has overcome great obstacles. Valleys have been exalted, and the mountain and hill have been made low; the crooked has been made straight, and the rough places plain.

Let us take courage. He who has commanded His Gospel to be preached to all nations will open a way into the very heart of inaccessible Abyssinia. The startling events which have just taken place may be made to work for the furtherance of this end, and the truth advance by a sure progress, until the stronghold of Abyssinia's idolatry has fallen.

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#### BHIMA.

WE like very much to know of individual cases of conversion amongst the heathen or Mohammedans, or the poor ignorant so-called Christians of the corrupt churches of the East and West. They are specially suitable for the "Gleaner." He who reaps the corn reaps down an armful at a time; but the humble gleaner follows behind, and picks up ear by ear.

The following case comes from the field of Western India, and yet we do not see precisely what a gleaner has to do in this field, for a gleaner is always to be found in fields which have yielded a harvest, and from whence it has been reaped; and the field of Western India has not yielded its harvest. It will do so, we doubt not; but as yet we gather there not so much the gleanings after the harvest, but the first-fruits before the harvest.

The Missionary who writes to us is the Rev. C. F. Schwarz, and the place where he is labouring is a large town called Junir. The classes of people to be won over there are Hindus and Mohammedans; and these must be taught in different languages, the Hindus in Marathi, and the Mohammedans in Hindustanee. Mr. Schwarz speaks and teaches in Marathi; another Missionary, Mr. Deimler, in the Hindustanee. What languages our Missionaries have to learn, and that so as to speak them intelligibly!

These introductory remarks will prepare the way for Mr. Schwarz's account of Bhima. It is as follows:—

I cannot withhold a most interesting case showing how God leads the simple and sincere by the hand, and provides for their souls. It is fresh to my mind, as it has happened only during the last week of the year. It is also the more striking, and at the same time instructive, because the kind providence of God, displayed in His dealing with the subject of the following account, is so clearly illustrated thereby.

On the 20th of December we came to a new camp near Naragaugam,



on the road from Poona to Junir. On the following Sunday, the 22nd, early in the morning, the wife of my catechist brought a widow woman, of about fifty years of age, to our tent, who presented herself as a most anxious candidate for baptism. She was a traveller and had put up for the night in a temple close to which my native assistants had occupied an open place during our stay at that village. In the morning our widow traveller recognised my people as Christians by their reading the Scriptures, and by their going off to preach; and when she, upon her inquiry, was told that they belonged to the Junir Mission, she eagerly inquired for the Missionary, and being informed of our presence in camp close by, she at once begged to be shown to us. Now I must mention that she had come a distance of forty-eight miles, and, having become ill of fever on the road, she could proceed but very slowly on her journey, which she had undertaken on purpose to join our Mission at Junir. Indeed, from her last stage she had hired a pony to ride, in order to be in time for Sunday service, which she wished to attend in Junir. The poor woman was rather weak from fever and fatigue: on this account I would not trouble her with many questions, but gave her at once appropriate medicines and food, and Mrs. Schwarz provided a place for her in our own tent. However, of her own accord she has given the following account of her former history:—

Bhima, for this is the name of our candidate, was the widow of a native Christian, who formerly belonged to the Brahmin caste, and was a native of Poona. Her husband had been baptized about twenty years ago by the late Rev. James Mitchell, of the Free Church Mission, Poona. She herself would not be baptized at the time, but still she lived with her husband. Papers which she had with her showed that, since 1857, her husband had been employed as overseer by several railway contractors, and lastly he was on the line from Bhosawal to Khundwah towards Jubbulpur, where he, only a few months ago, died at Berhampore. Now it had been her earnest desire, she said, for a long time to be also baptized, but no Mission being in existence in those regions, and no leave of absence having been given to her husband to go with her somewhere, her baptism was deferred. Her husband's death seemed to have affected her much: he died, as she said, after a very short illness, and while he was in the act of reading the Scriptures. Her only wish now was to die the same peaceful death her husband died, and therefore her desire for baptism became stronger than ever, and was not to remain unsatisfied. For this purpose she collected her property and returned to Poona, a distance of more than 300 miles. On her arrival there she was sadly disappointed on hearing that Mr. Mitchell was dead, because to him she wished to present herself for baptism. With whom she stayed in Junir, and whom she consulted, I do not know; but, strange to say, a certain Mr. G., a native Christian I believe, with whom I am not acquainted, directed her to me; and at once, after having put up her things in a hired room in Poona, she most energetically set out on her journey, and thus came to us. So far her own account: the remainder of her biography I am able to supply. Under my treatment, and Mrs. Schwarz's own special care and nursing, she seemed to improve for about five days. During this short period she endeared herself to us by her frankness and cheerfulness,

and especially by her gratitude for every thing that we ourselves or our servants did for her. She was certainly possessed of much good common sense, and, though she was weak, one could easily see that she had been very active and industrious. She spoke often of her husband's death with great affection and animation. Her knowledge of Christianity was simple, varied and precise, and her wish for baptism most earnestly expressed, but it was natural and unaffected. In short, the stamp of truth and sincerity was on her whole demeanour. Her plan was, after her baptism, or, if I wished, before it, to go back to Poona and fetch her remaining property, among which she mentioned a young buffalo cow given in charge of a cultivator, and thus she would live and die in connexion with the Mission. I did not see any reason to mistrust our simple-minded Bhima, nor did I think it necessary to postpone her baptism for an indefinite time; but still, for her sake and our satisfaction, I naturally wished, before baptizing our candidate, to get a little more acquainted with her. On Christmas-day she most devoutly joined our service in our tent, and after it was over she took up a book with a large print, and made out several words, saying, in her good humour, that her eyes were now getting dim, but formerly she could read Marathi well. We had expected that she would soon shake off her fever and recover her strength, but on the following day her strength rapidly gave way, and other bad symptoms made us doubtful of her recovery: on this account I arranged for her baptism on the following day. Her mind was quite composed, and to all the questions which I put to her she distinctly replied. During the following night she became somewhat uneasy on account of impeded respiration; her speech also failed her now though she remained quite conscious. She would tell us a great deal, but only now and then could we make out what she said. The name of Jesus was often distinctly heard, and about midday she almost plainly said, "The Lord may leave me here or take me away." Once, after having given her some drink and made her comfortable, she said, "I give much trouble," and her smile expressed her gratitude. When she saw Mrs. Schwarz in tears, she said, "Madam Sahib . . ." wishing to tell her much, but only the last words we could make out, and these were: "Jesus Christ will take me to Himself." It was now three P.M., and we sat down to dinner, leaving Wuzir Ali with our dying sister, but scarcely ten minutes had gone by before Wuzir Ali called me. I offered up a prayer, and commended her once more to the Saviour to take her spirit into His own charge, and to bring her to the heavenly joy; and while thus engaged on her behalf she fell asleep in Jesus, who, we feel assured, has accepted her.

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#### CEYLON—ITS PEOPLE.

IN a previous Number we collected from some notes of the Rev. W. Oakley a few points of information respecting this beautiful island and its inhabitants.

In this paper we propose to retouch some of these points. That portion of the people which professes Buddhism as its creed may with advantage

be spoken of somewhat more. This system influences not less than 350 millions of human beings. Two thousand years ago it became the national religion of Ceylon, and of the Indian Archipelago, and, although expelled from India by Hinduism, it has extended itself throughout the vast regions which stretch from Siberia to Siam, and from the Bay of Bengal to the western shores of the Pacific. In other countries it has been more or less altered from what it was originally, but less so in Ceylon than elsewhere. In this respect, as an able writer says "the Singhalese are the living mummies of past ages, and realize the eastern fable of the city whose inhabitants were perpetuated in marble."

There must be something in this system which is pleasing to the fallen nature of man, else it would not have spread so widely. The ivy climbs thickly over the ruins of a building, but it is because it finds so many uneven places to lay hold upon, and chinks into which to introduce the fine fibres of its roots. What is the feature in the fallen nature of man, to which Buddhism adapts itself? Its self-righteousness. There is nothing more remarkable in the condition of fallen man than his unwillingness, until taught of God, to admit his own insolvency. Some think, that, although they have erred, they have the principle of recovery in themselves. Buddhism encourages this vain expectation, and teaches its followers, that, by their own unassisted exertions, they can attain to perfect virtue here, and to supreme happiness hereafter. They believe in *locas*, or hells, where guilty souls must pass through purgatories, in order that they may be purified, until, after many ages, they become fitted for the lowest of the many heavens which rise in tiers one above the other. When the highest is reached, the demi-god finds that there is no one higher than himself; for whatever the Buddhists in ancient times might have thought, they do now deny a self-existent God. To lapse into a state called Nirwana, which, if it be not nothingness, is a dreamy repose, out of which they never waken, and which, therefore, comes to the same thing,—this is the heaven of the Buddhist.

Buddhism teaches that actions, as they are good or bad, produce their consequences; and when men begin to tremble because of their sins, Buddhism has no Saviour, no atonement to hold out. All that remains to be done is to reverence Buddha and make to him an offering. This will put off the consequences of a man's misdeeds, but not exempt him from the purgatory through which, sooner or later, he must pass.

We cannot be surprised, therefore, that the Buddhists of Ceylon are also devil-worshippers. They find nothing in their system to quiet an accusing conscience. Of a God of love, to whom they may turn, they know nothing; but they believe in evil spirits, and these they seek to propitiate that they may not harm them. This the Buddhist does. He sees around him pain and suffering; he feels them in himself. He considers such to be the acts of evil spirits, and he seeks to quiet them. In fact, demon worship was the ancient superstition of the people of Ceylon, nor has Buddhism ever rooted it out; and as Buddhism has nothing for guilt but penal suffering, the people fall back upon devil-worship. Is one in a family sick, and in danger? In the Gospel of Christ are to be found truths which comfort, and promises which support, and the future which Christ has promised to those who believe in Him opens

to the eye of faith, and sheds forth a bright radiance on the sick bed. But in Ceylon it is otherwise. The Buddhist sends for the devil-dancer. An altar covered with garlands, is set up before the eyes of the dying man. An animal is sacrificed. The dying man touches and offers to the evil spirit the wild flowers, the rice and the flesh which have been prepared. The dancers, dressed in masks to resemble the demon, go through their ceremonies. As the sun rises, a form of words is chanted, which is supposed to drive the demons away. The devil-dancers withdraw, and the man is left to die with a lie on his right hand.

The Buddhist, having thus been accustomed to have two religions, one for his pride and the other for his fears, finds no difficulty in putting on a form of Christianity over both, and professing himself a Christian; his object in the latter case being his worldly interest and advancement, by conforming himself in outward guise to the opinions of his rulers. Hence, when the Portuguese ruled, many of the Singhalese professed themselves Romanists; and when the Dutch ruled, many professed themselves to be Protestant Christians. The following anecdote will enable our readers to understand their motive. A Singhalese chief was once asked how he could satisfy himself to be so inconsistent as to be a Buddhist and a devil-worshipper too, and yet profess Christianity and call himself a Christian. Laying his hand on the arm of the questioner, the chief pointed seaward to a canoe, having a large spar or outrigger lashed alongside, and said—"Do you see the style of the boats in which our fishermen put to sea. That spar has its use. It is nearly as good as a second canoe, and keeps the first from upsetting. It is precisely so with myself. I add on your religion to steady my own, because I consider Christianity a very safe outrigger to Buddhism."

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COPIED FROM THE "AMERICAN CHURCH MISSIONARY REGISTER."

SOME interesting Papers on the subject, "Reasons why children should be interested in the Missionary Work," written by the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., have appeared from time to time in the "American Church Missionary Register."

We shall take the liberty of introducing to our readers one of the many illustrations adapted to the minds of children, which are used as a happy medium to bring before them the Missionary work and duty.

The "Gleaner" does perhaps sometimes come into the hands of children, and we should wish them to find in it something that they would like, and they will remember that the bunches which we now give them are foreign grapes, grown in America and ripened there.

*Paroula and her rushlight.*

There was once a little girl who lived with her grandmother in the

midst of a wood. The little girl's name was Paroula. Her grandmother's name was Mrs. Lewis. The wood was a very large one, and the cottage, in which Mrs. Lewis and her granddaughter lived, was very far in the wood.

One night the old grandmother was tired, and went early to bed, while Paroula sat up to finish some work. There was a good fire on the hearth, and a little rushlight burning on the table.

It was a wild, stormy night in winter. The door was bolted fast, and the window shutters were up. Paroula heard the rain as it beat against the window, and came pattering down on the roof. She heard the wind, too, as it whistled through the keyhole, or went rushing through the branches of the trees. Sometimes she thought she heard voices, but it was only the different noises which the wind made.

It got to be late. Her grandmother was asleep, and there was no one in the house for her to speak to. Yet she was not at all afraid, for she was a good girl, and she knew that God was present to take care of her.

At last she had finished her work, and was just getting ready for bed, when she became almost certain that she heard the sound of voices outside in the dark. She kept still, and breathed very softly, as she listened to hear the sound again.

Presently the voices seemed to come nearer. They grew louder and plainer. There were several persons together. They seemed to be standing on the path which ran through the woods not far from the cottage door, and to be in trouble about something.

At last she heard a voice which said, “Don't any of you know where we are?”

Then she heard several voices which answered, “No, Sir, not at all.”

Then the first voice said again, “Are you sure that the candle in your lantern is quite gone out? Couldn't you blow it in again if you tried?”

“No, Sir; I cannot even see the lantern; I can only feel it in my hand.”

Then there was silence for a while, till a voice which had not been heard before said, “I have a good map of the wood, if we only had a light?”

“And I have an excellent compass,” said another.

“And I,” said a third, “should know exactly where we are, if I could only see the path on which we are standing, and the marks on the trees; but I think we had better push on somehow or other, or we shall be too late. In a matter of life or death it does not do to waste time.”

“What is the use of pushing on unless we know the right road?” was the reply. “I don't see how to find that without a light of some kind. Without that I'm afraid we must stay here till the morning.”

“But the men will be dead, Sir, by that time,” said the others. “Remember they are to be executed in the morning. The pardon will be too late.”

Just then the men who were thus talking started in surprise. They saw a kind of square opening in the midst of the darkness. In the

opening they saw the figure of a little girl, with a tiny light in her hand; and behind her was the soft light of the inside of a cottage room, with a bright fire on the hearth. And while they looked on with wonder and astonishment, the little girl spoke to them, and said, "Here's a light! Here's a light to light your lantern with. I've heard all you've been saying, and I know about the message you are carrying. Make haste and light your lantern, and hurry on through the wood."

This was little Paroula. She had sat still and listened in the cottage, till she could keep still no longer. Then she had sprung from her seat, and thrown open the cottage door, and so had appeared suddenly in the midst of the darkness, with the light in her hand, to the men who had lost their way. And you can easily imagine how glad the men were, how eagerly they came up to the cottage door and lighted their lantern again, and looked at the map, and the compass, and the marks on the trees, and so found out the right road.

You will understand from what has been said that there were some men in an adjoining town who had been condemned to death, and who were to be executed the next morning. And the men who had lost their way in the wood were messengers carrying a pardon from the king, to save the lives of the condemned men.

Then, with their lantern lighted, and feeling sure of the way, they pushed on in their journey. And on their way back through the wood they stopped at this cottage again. They told the old grandmother that they had reached the city to which they had been sent in good time. They had delivered the king's pardon, and so had saved the lives of the poor men who were condemned to death. "But," said they, "we never should have been able to do this if we had not found the right road; and we never should have done this but for the help your granddaughter gave us, when she brought us the light we needed so much.

Here we see how much good was done by so little a thing as a rush-light; and there are several very nice Missionary lessons taught us by this story.

In the first place, we have a good illustration here of the condition of the heathen. It is just like that of those prisoners. They were condemned to death; and so are the heathen.—"all under sin," and "children of wrath," are the words in which the Bible represents the condition of all people till they learn to know and love Jesus.

And then there was a pardon for those prisoners, but they did not know of it. And in this respect the heathen are just like them. Jesus has died for them, and purchased a pardon; but they have never heard of His death, or of the pardon which He has purchased.

In the second place, we have a good illustration of the work that Missionaries have to do.

They are like the king's messengers spoken of in this story. A messenger is one sent; and this is just the definition of a Missionary. Those messengers were sent by the king to carry a pardon to men who were under condemnation. And this is exactly the Missionary's work.

It was necessary for those messengers to make haste, or the prisoners might be put to death before the pardon came. And so it is with the

Missionary. "The king's business requires haste." Remember the words of the hymn—

"The heathen perish; day by day  
Thousands on thousands pass away.  
O Christians! to their rescue fly:  
Preach Jesus to them ere they die."

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MARGATE MISSIONARY SHIP.

We have been favoured with an interesting account of the doings of our energetic friends at Margate in behalf of the great Missionary cause. The Rev. C. A. Gollmer, whose hand was on the African Missionary plough for twenty years, has kindly furnished us with the following details, which we place before our readers, that, as they peruse them, they may prove the truth of an apt saying, to which Mr. Gollmer refers—"Draw near the fire and you will get warm." Let us do so. It is good in these days, when, because iniquity abounds, the love of many waxes cold, to draw near to the encouraging influence of a good example, and, as men feel its warmth, be stirred up to go and do likewise.

"This Missionary fire," writes Mr. Gollmer, "has been burning in our south-eastern corner of the island for the last three years. The readings of the thermometer during these several years have been, 40, 100 and 146 degrees, and the golden ashes which we have raked together have realized no less than 286%." Truly a most handsome addition to the funds of the Society. May their example kindle a flame of Missionary love in all our hearts!

This special effort appears, from the information which we have received, to have originated with the Rev. H. Woods Tindall, who, remembering "how great a fuel a little fire kindleth," determined, with God's help, to give a healthy impulse to the interest in the Missionary cause, and to send a larger contribution from Margate to the Society's funds. Other friends were stirred up to a like resolve, and came forward to help in the work. Two pine trees, the largest standing seventeen feet high, were presented by a Kentish neighbour, which soon began to bend beneath the weight of various articles collected by Mrs. Tindall and others who were interested in the undertaking. On the 16th of February 1866 the trees were planted in the Assembly Rooms at Margate, and took kindly to the soil, for although their roots had been allowed but a short time to strike into the ground, a yield of 40% testified to their healthy and vigorous condition. Such was the result of the first year's harvest."

But, as Mr. Gollmer reminds us, there is no going without a growing. The effort increased. More friends came forward, and on February 8th, 1867, the trees were once more visited by about 700 persons, mostly juveniles, all eager to witness the success of this interesting experiment in the culture of trees; an instructive address upon Scripture trees being given by the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Bateman. In the evening the large tree was illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and the sale was briskly carried on until nine o'clock.

Now the produce of the preceding year having been so plentiful, we

could hardly have been surprised if the yield had somewhat fallen off. So far from this, it was more than doubled—the sum realized, being 100%.

Encouraged by this success, our Margate friends became yet more enterprising. Pine trees were found to grow far too slowly to keep pace with growing interest in the Missionary cause; and in the third year they determined to launch a ship upon the wide waters of Christian sympathy.

Now, as Mr. Gollmer remarks, Missionary ships require more time for loading than ordinary vessels, and, accordingly, five months' notice was given to friends far and wide, with a request that they would send a valuable contribution to the cargo. The invitation met with a ready response. In due time, bales, boxes and parcels arrived from all parts of England, containing a varied assortment of goods. A bill was issued by Mr. Tindall, the originator of Missionary ships, in which the following important announcement was made to the expectant public—

“The Missionary ship is signalled to arrive (D.V.) at the assembly rooms on Thursday, February 6th, 1868, when all who wish her a safe entry into port, and a quick discharge, are requested to meet and welcome her. After the proceedings have been opened, the ship will commence to unload her varied and well-selected freight, valued at nearly 150*l.*, and will continue to discharge cargo to all purchasers until five o'clock: at seven o'clock she will be illuminated from stem to stern, to enable her to clear out all goods until nine o'clock.”

Let us enter the large hall on the morning of the 6th. A bright sun seems to shine its approval upon the proceedings of the day. The Missionary ship, a pleasure-boat twenty feet long, which has been turned into a three-masted, full-rigged ship by the help, gratuitously given, of Margate sailors, stands upon the floor of the Assembly Room, laden with a valuable cargo. Some 600 juveniles and about 200 adults have assembled to see the launch at twelve o'clock; the Rev. Canon Bateman takes the chair, and after a hymn and prayer, the Rev. Henry Johnson, an African clergyman, delivers an interesting address on the Society's work at Sierra Leone, quaintly observing that he presents himself before his hearers as a receipt for their contributions to the Missionary cause. At the conclusion of the address, a hymn, “The Gospel Ship,” is sung, and the ship begins to unload. At seven o'clock it was illuminated tastefully by Chinese lamps, and had discharged its cargo by nine P.M., the amount realized for the benefit of the Church Missionary Society being 146*l.*, making a total of 286*l.* in the course of three years.

We have thought it well to present these facts to our readers, as well to stir up their zeal, as also in some measure to guide those who may feel disposed to embark upon a similar Missionary speculation.

There is a Greek proverb, “The beginning is the half of the whole.” This is very true. Let us set our shoulders to the wheel. Once set it going, and it is surprising how smoothly it will roll along. Let us only make a beginning, remembering that “what is well begun is half done.”

GOOD NEWS FROM CHINA.

CHINESE scenery is in some parts exceedingly grand and beautiful. The high ranges of mountains, the rivers which force their way through ravines and valleys, gathering contributions as they flow



CHINESE RIVER SCENERY.

July 1868.

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onwards, until at length, emerging into the plain country, they become a broad stream, present beautiful contrasts, and lead the mind onwards to encouraging expectations, for surely that God of love who has impressed upon the land the stamp of His beauty will not forget the people.

Nor has he done so. The feet of our Missionaries are beautiful on these mountains as they go forth publishing peace, and saying to the cities of China, Behold your God. Not only on the sea-coast, but in the interior, they go forth sowing beside all waters. In native boats along the stream of broad rivers, they penetrate to remote districts and cities, where a European never has been seen before, and there preach Christ.

And God is blessing his work. Eyes that have long been closed in heathen darkness, open to the light, and men and women of all ages, convinced of their sin, come to Jesus for salvation.

Some instances of this blessed work which is gladdening the hearts of our Missionaries in far off China, may be introduced into our pages. They are taken from the journals of our Missionary, the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, of Fuh-chau, and will, we doubt not, cause the hearts of those, who had not previously heard of these things, to lift up their hearts in gratitude to God.

I visited Ming-ang-teng for the first time three years ago : I was then hooted and laughed at. There was not a Christian there at that time, nor one who knew any thing of Jesus Christ. Now, when I am weak and sick, from the very place, and from among this very people, comes a message of affectionate sympathy, and an assurance that continued prayer is offered on my behalf at the throne of grace by a goodly number of, I believe and hope, earnest and sincere brethren and sisters in Christ. "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise and bless His holy name ! Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give praise." The first of these women who believed, and who was the means which God employed in bringing the rest to a knowledge of His salvation, is over sixty years of age. Before her conversion to Christianity, she belonged to the sect of vegetarians in connexion with Buddhism. A great many women joined this sect, and are supposed to practise with greater preciseness the religion of Buddha than the ordinary adherents of that form of idolatry. Indeed the greater proportion of this confraternity is composed of the female sex, and oftentimes show a zeal, and a devotedness worthy of a better cause. This woman first heard the truth in our little chapel, into which she was attracted one day as she passed by, seeing a large crowd about the door listening to the earnest exhortations of the catechist Ling-cheng-sing (called Timothy by the English chaplain). She sat and listened for a long time. God opened her heart to attend unto the things which were spoken by Sing, and she returned home determined to know more of the strange but joyful tidings which she had heard that day for the first time. She spoke to her friends of Jesus, of His death, of His power to save sinners, and of all that she heard from the catechist. These also were interested, and all came to the chapel

next day to hear more about salvation. In this manner they continued coming for several days, and at length declared themselves convinced, and placed themselves under the more systematic course of instruction preparatory to baptism. The majority of these women can read the Scriptures, a rare qualification in Chinese women : they therefore made more than ordinary progress in knowledge of divine things. The conversion of so many respectable persons to Christianity has made a great stir at Ming-ang-teng, and though it has excited great opposition, it has excited, also, a great and, I hope, a lasting interest in the truth. These women now became most anxious for baptism, but at that time, from circumstances already explained, I was unable to grant them this great privilege. Finding that I was not able to visit Ming-ang-teng, the old woman of whom I speak, determined to overcome every difficulty, made her way to Fuh-chau, and in person begged for admission into the Christian church. It was a most affecting sight, an old woman, over sixty years of age, coming a distance of over twenty miles to beg admission into the church of Christ. It was deeply interesting to see her, as I did, totter into my study in the evening, leaning upon her staff, and expressing her faith in Christ and pleading for baptism. She urged her old age, the uncertainty of life, and her great love to the Saviour, as reasons why she should be admitted. When I told her that the proper place for her to make a public confession of her faith in Christ was at Ming-ang-teng, amongst her friends and neighbours, and that it was doubtful whether I could break through my important rule of receiving members into the church only at the place where they resided and were converted, she looked sad indeed, and earnestly implored not to be sent back without baptism. Though at that moment I felt I could not send her away without granting her request, yet I felt it necessary to impress upon her, and upon others through her, the importance of the rule which I had laid down for my own guidance. I told her that, as she had come so far, and had urged some important reasons, I was willing to baptize her if, after due examination, we thought she understood the truth, and with her heart believed in Jesus. This was on Saturday evening, and it was really encouraging, soon after this interview, to see her at prayer-meeting entering so heartily, and with real devotion, into the prayer of the brethren for the conversion of China to the faith of Christ. After prayer she gave a short, simple, but affecting account of her conversion, and her faith in Jesus. She satisfied us all, and no man could forbid water that she should not be baptized, who had, as we believe, received the Holy Ghost as well as we. Accordingly I had the great privilege of admitting her the following morning into the congregation of Christ's flock, and signing her with the sign of the cross, as a token of her firm faith in the crucified as the crucifier of sin, and as the great atonement for human transgression. There were two others baptized on the same occasion.

I have since baptized another of these women from Ming-ang-teng, more interesting, if possible, than the person I have just described. She is quite a literary lady seventy-five years of age, but full of vigour and spiritual life. She came to Fuh-chau on Christmas eve, leaning on the arm of the catechist Cheng-seng, her father in Christ. After hearing her

confession of faith in Jesus, and satisfying myself as to the reality of her faith and the sincerity of her love, I baptized her on Christmas-day, in the presence of an immense congregation of her heathen countrymen, who flocked to our church on that day to witness our celebration of the Saviour's birth. It was deeply interesting and encouraging to myself to see this dear sister standing before the font, and clearly and firmly, in the presence of so many heathen, renouncing for ever the idolatry of her countrymen, and confessing her unchanging allegiance to Christ and His church. It was a glorious opportunity of preaching Christ to the heathen who witnessed the ceremony, and I trust and pray that many of those who were present and heard the truth which I was enabled to put before them on that occasion may yet be brought to Christ by what they heard and saw on this interesting day. There are occasions when the Missionary feels himself lifted entirely above himself, and experiences a power of speech ordinarily not granted to him. Without presumption, I think I may confess I felt that God was in the midst of us on this occasion, and helped me wonderfully to speak of Christ and His salvation to those poor ignorant pagans. The attention of the people, too, was very marked, and altogether it was a most blessed and deeply-interesting day to us.

Very great efforts have been made to draw away this woman from the faith, by members of the society to which she formerly belonged, but she has been kept steadfast. When her former co-religionists found that she had actually entered the church, they became enraged, and threatened all sorts of evils against her. None of these things moved her, except to pray for her persecutors. And she embraces every opportunity of bringing others to a knowledge of the Saviour.

NATURE AND FAITH.

We wept—'twas *Nature* wept—but *Faith*
 Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
 And in yon world so fair and bright
 Behold thee in refulgent light !
 We miss thee here, yet *Faith* would rather
 Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.

Nature sees the body dead—

Faith beholds the spirit fled ;

Nature stops at Jordan's tide—

Faith beholds the other side ;

That but hears farewell, and sighs,

This, thy welcome in the skies ;

Nature mourns a cruel blow—

Faith assures it is not so ;

Nature never sees thee more—

Faith but sees thee gone before ;

Nature tells a dismal story—

Faith has visions full of glory ;

Nature views the change with sadness—

Faith contemplates it with gladness ;

Nature murmurs—*Faith* gives meekness,

“Strength is perfected in weakness ;”

Nature writhes, and hates the rod—
Faith looks up, and blesses God ;
Sense looks downwards—*Faith* above ;
That sees harshness—*this* sees love.
 Oh, let *Faith* victorious be—
 Let it reign triumphantly !
 But thou art gone, not lost, but flown,
 Shall I then ask thee back, my own !
 Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness ?
 Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness ?
 Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee ?
 Back—from founts to which He leads thee ?
 Back—and leave thy Heavenly Father ?
 Back—to earth and sin ?—Nay, rather
 Would I live in solitude !
 I *would* not ask thee if I *could* ;
 But patient wait the high decree,
 That calls my spirit home to thee !

 BHULSA BOA, NOW SHANTWAN.

SEVERAL years back, as the late Rev. E. Rogers was itinerating in Candeish, some tracts which he distributed fell into the hands of a man named Bhulsa Boa. He read them, and, so far as his understanding was concerned, was convinced that Christianity was the true religion ; but his heart was not converted, and the love of the world made him resist his convictions, and remain professedly a heathen, for he was a Mahar guru, and had many disciples ; and yet, with strange inconsistency, he began to teach his followers what he knew of Christianity, composing for this purpose Christian poems, which he chanted to them. The result was, that several of his disciples became Christians, and were baptized, while he himself remained behind. In 1859 our Missionary, the Rev. C. C. Mengé, of Malligaum, found him at a village called Wadneir, and was astonished at his intelligence and wonderful knowledge of Christianity. He could not be persuaded, however, to act according to the light he had, and, to escape from the importunities of our Missionary, broke up suddenly from Wadneir, where he had resided many years, and went to live at a distant place, yet still within the limits of the Candeish province. Again, a few years back, Mr. Mengé found him there, but more indisposed than ever to listen to him, so much so, that he received what was said in any thing but a friendly spirit. All that could be done was to pray for him.

Soon afterwards he moved back to his native village, Pimpulgaum, and there he was attacked with an illness so severe that he thought he should die. His long smothered convictions now arose to trouble him, and in the distress of his mind he dreamt that some one appeared to him in bright apparel, and reproached him for his cowardice and rejection of eternal life. He awoke in terror, crying out again and again, *Baptism !*

It pleased God that his life should be spared, and another opportunity afforded him for repentance. So soon as he was able he came to Mr. Mengé at Malligaum, requesting to be baptized. The long-standing controversy with his convictions was at an end. He was willing to give up all for Christ, and was filled with joy and peace in believing. His whole family, wife and sons and daughters were all ready to follow his example, and unite themselves in discipleship to the Lord Jesus. Very refreshing it was to hear him testify to the blessed truths of the Gospel, for he was wonderfully taught by the Spirit in the word of God.

Mr. Mengé describes him as about sixty-five years old, full of energy and intelligence, and very anxious to spend the remainder of his days in the service of the good Shepherd.

He was baptized at Malligaum, in the presence of the native-Christian congregation and some Europeans, on June 13th, 1867.

After his baptism he drew up the following paper, entitled—

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SHANTWAN,
FORMERLY A MAHAR GURU, LATELY BAPTIZED AT MALLIGAUM.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF IN MARATHA.

When I was eighteen years old I learnt the Balbodh Maratha alphabet from a Brahmin in Pimpulgaum, my native village, in the Deccan. Neighbours then remarked to each other respecting me, "This lad will become the founder of a religious sect."

About this time the 36th regiment of native infantry passed through my village on their way to Baroda, and I resolved to go with it and take service there. A certain Mr. Wilson, in charge of the commissariat department employed me as hamal. One day, as I was reading a Christian tract, Mr. Wilson asked, "What are you reading." I answered, "About the name of God." Mr. Wilson continued, "God will not hear us; we are sinners: you must take the name of His Son Jesus Christ, through which to address Him." I replied, "I do not know that name." The gentleman said, "You will become acquainted with that name by and by."

My parents then persuaded me to marry, and, after some hesitation, I consented to marry in 1818. It was in the same year that the fort of Malligaum was taken by the English. At the celebration of my wedding, according to Mahar custom, my father killed some goats in honour of Khundoba, and also got a silver image of Khundoba made for me to worship in my family. I remonstrated with my father, and said, "Why do you spend so much money on idolatry?" My father answered, "When you were once very ill during your infancy, I made a vow to Khundoba, that if you should get better I would do this in his honour." I said, "Very well, Khundoba has ruined you: I will take my revenge on him." My father answered, "Do not say so, my son: Khundoba is very fierce and will make your face crooked."

There happened to be an eclipse of the moon at that time, and the village Mang went about begging alms and gifts of the people in order to deliver the moon from the monster Rahu. Some of them gave money, others clothes. I ran into the house and gave the Mang the silver idol

Khundoba. When my father asked me, "What have you given to that Mang?" I answered, "The silver image of Khundoba." On hearing this my father got angry, and said, "What! have you given away my great god to a Mang?" He then ran at me and hit me twice with his shoes. I escaped from home, and slept all night in the jungle. My father then cried and cared more for me than for Khundoba. When I heard that my father wished me to come back, I returned home the next morning. As soon as my father saw me he kissed me, and cried, "Do not act in this way, my son; God will make your face crooked." I said, "Father, Khundoba is no god; he was a man."

My father died in the year 1824, and I removed to the camp of Malligaum. When Duda Boa, our present Scripture-reader, Santosh, at Wadneir, heard that a celebrated Mahar guru from the Deccan had arrived in Malligaum, he called me away to Wadneir. I then stayed with him and composed a few songs in praise of Wittoba. About that time a book fell into my hands containing a dialogue between a Missionary and a Brahmin in Poona, about the merits of going on a pilgrimage to Pundherpore. I then composed 125 abhangs (songs) in honour of Jesus Christ. Dr. Wilson having heard that I was inquiring, kindly sent us some tracts, and in a letter he said, among other things, "Why do you spend money in going to Pundherpore? Come to Bombay." We did not follow the Rev. Doctor's advice. In the year 1859, Lakhiram, Bhagoba, Yemajee (formerly my disciples), and others, told Appajee Bappajee, our catechist at Malligaum, that there were two persons at Wadneir inquirers after God's truth. Appajee came to Wadneir, and asked, "How did you become acquainted with so much of God's word?" I answered, "For a long time I have known that God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost (in one) is the true God." Appajee then gave me a Maratha New Testament, and told me to pay him a visit at Malligaum. I made a short stay with him at Malligaum, but soon returned to Wadneir. Mr. Appajee then brought the late Mr. Rogers there to converse with me. The Rev. Mr. Rogers came four times to Wadneir, and urged me to be baptized. I refused, but Duda Boa and his son Tukaram were baptized by Mr. Rogers in the station church at camp Malligaum. Duda Boa's name was changed into Santosh, and Tukaram's became Samuel. Their friends at Wadneir were very angry, and would no longer associate with them.

About that time the Rev. C. C. Mengé and Mrs. Mengé came to Wadneir to examine the native Christians, and to see whether any of their former friends were inclined to embrace Christianity. Mr. Mengé asked Duda Boa whether he knew the ten commandments, and could repeat the names of the twelve apostles. Duda Boa called me. Mrs. Mengé then inquired of me, "Can you say the ten commandments?" I repeated the first commandment. Mrs. Mengé then said, "That will do." I was asked the names of the twelve apostles, and began to enumerate them, but Mrs. Mengé stopped me, and said, "Very well, that is enough." Mrs. Mengé then asked me, "Will you not be baptized into the name of Christ?" "If God shows mercy to me, I will," replied I. Mrs. Mengé went on, "God has shown mercy unto you, why do you hesitate?" My disciples then began to say, "Our guru (spiritual guide) knows nothing

of these things : Duda Boa brought the Christian religion to this place." When I saw that all the people of the village were against the Christian religion, I got afraid, and suddenly left the place by night, and fled to Warel. Mr. Rogers met me on the road, and asked me where I was going. I deceived him by not telling him the truth.

When Mr. and Mrs. Rogers left Malligaum on their way to Mahableshwar I met them at Julgaum, where I had established a small school. Mr. Rogers asked, "When are you going to be baptized?" I replied, "Some day I shall fulfil your wishes." When I was living at Sowkarwadi Mr. Rogers came three times to see me, but I each time gave him an evasive answer with regard to my desire of being baptized.

Some of my former disciples, who had become Christians, exhorted me to come out and be baptized. They said, "You have taught us Christianity, and now, why do you keep back? Lay hold on eternal life. You are living at present without God and without hope." Mr. Mengé then paid me a visit at Sowkarwadi, and told me that I should repent, and not continue knowingly to break the commandments of God, as this would draw upon me the terrible wrath of God. But my heart was hard and filled with pride. I therefore kept silence. Mr. Mengé came again, but the villagers sent me away to Pimpulgaum, my native village, near Yeola, and for five years I had no intercourse with any of the Missionaries. During that time I had a dream which made a deep impression upon me. I dreamt that my friend Santosh, at Wadneir, had died, and had become alive again. I then fell ill myself, and, being on the point of death, I committed my children to the care of my neighbours.

Once I went to sleep, and I saw in my dream a man clothed in white garments, and shining like a star—whether he looked like an angel or the Lord Jesus Himself I cannot tell—who said unto me, "Flee not : lay hold on life, lay hold on life." I cried out, "Baptism! baptism!" for my conscience was troubled. I had refused baptism myself, and warned my disciples against it, although I had preached Christianity to them. When I awoke, feeling a little better, I told my dream to my children. My eldest son said at once, "Father, if you had died our neighbours would have cared nothing about us, for now already they hate us because you do not worship idols, and, instead, sing the praises of our Lord Jesus Christ. Please to join the Christian church in Malligaum : we will follow you." We were thinking and conversing about this important matter, when Lukas, a Christian schoolmaster at Makmalabad, came to my house, and asked, "Why have you not been baptized? Come to Nasik : there is the Rev. Mr. Price, who will gladly baptize you." I answered, "My Christian church is at Malligaum. I have promised to join the congregation there, and I will keep my word." Lukas said, "The Rev. Mr. Mengé is gone to Anjenery Hill for the benefit of his health." "Never mind," I replied ; "in the mean time I will pay my friend Santosh a visit at Wadneir, and inform Mr. Mengé by letter that I am desirous of being baptized by him. Lukas then prayed with me, and left for Nasik. I went to Malligaum, where, in Mr. Mengé's absence, I met Samuel the Scripture-reader, who informed me that Mr. Mengé had just written to say that he was coming back to Malligaum, and would see me soon. In the mean time I stayed with my friend Santosh (Samuel's father).

When Mr. Mengé came he examined me, and decided on baptizing me after the Rev. C. S. Cooke should have returned from Mahableshwar. The Rev. C. C. Mengé also introduced me to the Rev. Charles Laing, Chaplain at Malligaum, who kindly allowed the baptism to take place at his church in the presence of the native-Christian congregation, and some members of the European, on the 18th of June 1867.

My name, hitherto Bhulsa Boa, was changed at my baptism into Shantwan, which means Consolation, because I am now comforted and happy, believing with my heart, and confessing with my lips, that Jesus Christ is my Saviour.

At this point the paper merges into the details of which we have already given a summary, and which happily ended in his public confession of Jesus as his Lord and Saviour.

In a letter dated Nov. 12, Mr. Mengé adds some further intelligence.

“Shantwan goes on well. Five of his grown-up children and four grandchildren desire to become Christians, and are daily instructed in our holy religion. Also two of his former disciples are prepared to follow their former Guru. He is now acting as a Scripture-reader, and has ample opportunity of preaching the Gospel in his own village and several other places.”

HOLLOWAY WORKING PARTY.

It must cheer the hearts of our brave Missionaries, as they bear the burden and heat of the day in distant lands, to feel assured that the little ones, whom they have left in trust with their Christian brethren, are watched and cared for. This confidence supplies them with renewed vigour. They go forth to their daily conflict nerved and braced to increased exertion. Whatever of trials and difficulties may be in store for themselves, they know that their children will be shielded, as far as possible, from human ills.

It was with a view to relieving their minds of this anxiety that the Children's Missionary Home was first established. Here the little ones, who have, in the providence of God, been separated from their parents, labouring in distant parts of the Lord's vineyard, are cared for by the Society, and receive a thoroughly good and useful education. Considered at first, by many persons, as a doubtful experiment, it has, by the blessing of God, proved a great success: nor, indeed, can it be otherwise, so long as it is conducted upon the principles which were laid down at its opening in 1850, namely, godliness, truth, regularity of system, punctuality of habits, order, neatness, and propriety of manners.

We take this opportunity of noticing a labour of love which has been carried on for some years for the benefit of this valuable institution—a Ladies' Working Association, in connexion with St. John's, Holloway, on behalf of the Church Missionary Children's Home. During the past year, forty-eight ladies have been members of the Association, twenty-four joining the party, which has been held regularly every month, except August and September, and the rest receiving work at their own homes.

The work consists of various kinds of under-clothing for boys and girls, and the number of articles made during the last year was no less than 295, making a total of 3132 articles of clothing since the formation of the Association in 1855, with an estimated value of 156*l*.

The usefulness of such Associations is very great. Nor is this to be measured merely by what they yield. Interesting papers on various Missionary subjects are read at the meetings, and thus information is given, and interest in the Missionary cause is quickened. We commend to the attention of the various working parties in England one subject in particular, which has been brought before the Holloway Association by Miss Cockle, a lady who, during a residence in Calcutta of many years, has herself seen what good has been done by the zenana Mission work. The facts she was able to state of open doors, long closed, and open-hearts shut up in prejudice, so interested the ladies of that working party, that one of them has undertaken to collect for that particular branch of Missionary work.

We earnestly recommend the subject to the attention of Ladies' Working Associations. It would be difficult to describe fully the importance of the work of zenana reform, when we consider the influence which is brought to bear upon society at large by the female sex. Their influence for good or evil is immense, whether it regards childhood, youth or mature age. Hitherto our degraded Hindu sisters have been almost beyond the reach of Christian influence. Married in mere childhood, they are henceforth shut out from society : not trusted by their husbands they are rigidly guarded from intercourse with the outer world : the only change they have from domestic care lies in the worship of idols and the stories about their gods, which do not improve, but corrupt. They are very ignorant and very bigoted.

But now a change is taking place. Education is leavening the native gentlemen of India. They mingle more and more with English society. They are quick of observation, and draw comparisons between an English and a native home, to the disadvantage of the latter. They meet English ladies in society, and find them to be agreeable, well-informed, and, moreover, the companions, not the slaves, of their husbands. They begin to think that the time is come when they should raise their wives to a similar position. But in order to this the native ladies must be educated, and hence it is that the zenanas are being opened. What a wide entrance for the introduction of Gospel truth. Here there is presented to the Christian ladies of Great Britain a wide field of usefulness. We call upon them to devote their hearts, their means, and, where it is possible, themselves to this great work of zenana reform.

EARTHQUAKE AT ST. THOMAS.

BUT few, we fancy, of our readers have ever experienced the shock of an earthquake. The idea is not an English one, and we thankfully place it in the same list with the yellow fever, tornadoes, and other horrors, from which, thank God, our beloved island is free. And yet these disturbances are by no means such strangers to this country as many suppose. Mrs. Somerville, in her work on Physical Geography, tells us that no less than

255 earthquakes have been felt in England at various times, harmless for the most part, without doubt, yet not always so.

There can be but little doubt that these earthquakes, or earthwaves as they may be called, have for the most part reached us when their force has been nearly spent. We have seldom felt the full force of the wave: Hence we have suffered but little. What must it be to live at the central seat of action? We can picture to ourselves in some degree the terrible visitation to which the inhabitants of St. Thomas and other West-Indian Islands were subjected a few months back. Truly their sufferings must have been great. First came the terrible hurricane of October 29; then, three weeks later, a tremendous earthquake, followed at various intervals by hundreds of shocks, which tried the stoutest hearts. Nor was this all. Cholera and yellow fever followed in their wake, spreading death and desolation. Yet faith burned brightly even in the darkness. "A great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice." Ah! it is the sure expectation of the still small voice, following close upon wind, earthquake and fire, which sustains the faith and courage of God's afflicted people. "We found the people crying and praying for mercy," writes a Christian brother on one of those terrible days. "The texts for the day greatly comfort us, 'Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear;' and, 'Having loved his own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.'" Another writes "It is pleasant to sing in church. 'Should earth lose its foundation,' etc.; but it is a very different thing to feel in reality the foundations of the earth thus awfully shaken, trembling and groaning under your feet. How intensely one feels one's own nothingness and helplessness under such a display of the power and majesty of God! Oh that the impression produced on many minds by the late events may be lasting, and lead to a change of heart and life!" Let us endeavour to describe to our readers the 18th of last November at St. Thomas.

It is nearly three o'clock in the afternoon. The terrors of the hurricane have subsided, and the inhabitants of this stirring little town are once more busied with their various occupations. There is no symptom of danger, for an earthquake, unlike other physical phenomena, gives no preparatory signals. A hurricane is preceded by the falling of the barometer; the volcano sends forth denser volumes of smoke from its crater; but in the case of an earthquake no warning is given; and this it is, which, together with the greater extent of its influence, and the terrible nature of the visitation itself, render it perhaps the most terrible physical danger to which we are liable.

On a sudden, then, the earth shook violently beneath their feet. "Shock followed shock," writes a Missionary, "and every one rushed out of house and store, leaving in some places hundreds of dollars on the counters, all fleeing for their lives beyond the reach of the fearfully rocking high walls, which threatened every moment to fall; while multitudes were lying on their knees in the streets, crying, "Lord, have mercy

on us." I hurried home at once to see what had become of my own people, house, church, and the eighty children who were at school in the room beneath the latter. I found the little ones screaming in their terror, frightened out of their wits by the fall of some bricks and mortar from the top of the wall; but, thank God! all were preserved from the least injury."

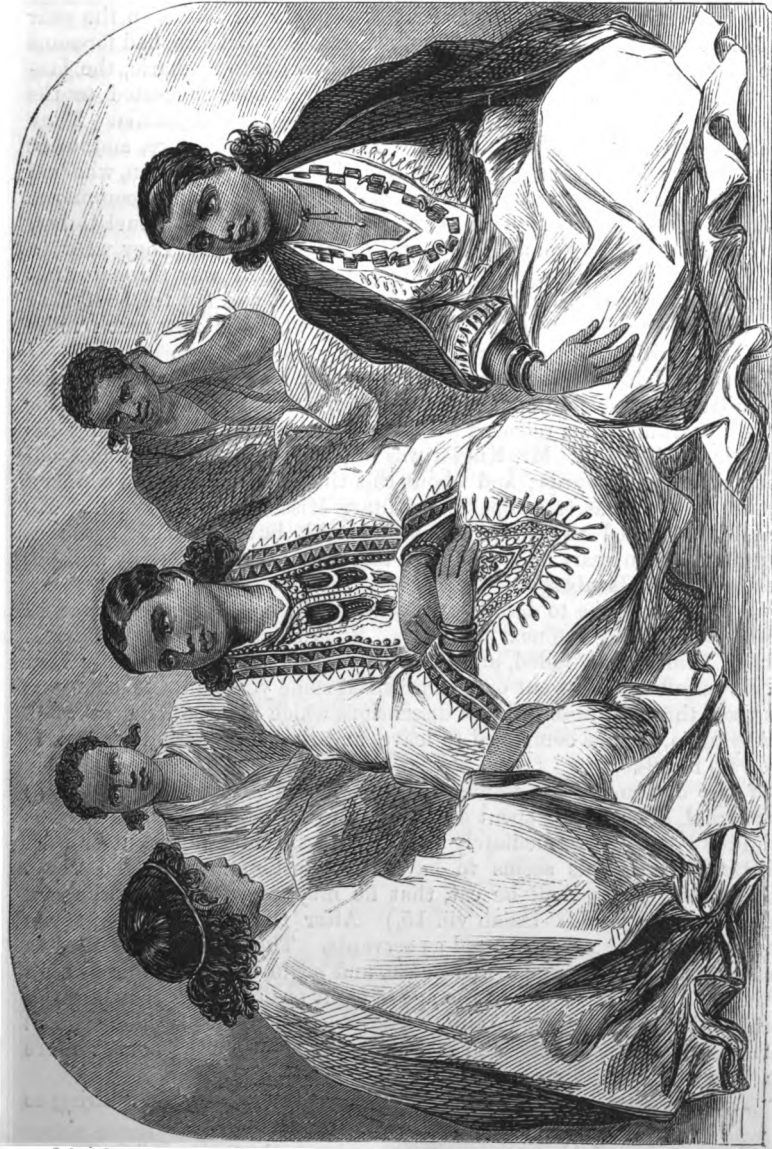
"Scarcely had the first terror subsided for a moment, when another still more terrible event took place, making every face pale with fear. The cry ran through the streets, "The sea is coming!" A huge mass of water was seen slowly rolling towards the harbour, the entrance to which seemed to be blocked up by a reef. Over this the ocean dashed its mighty waves with such force, that the foam went upwards like heavy clouds of smoke, while within the harbour the sea remained perfectly calm and smooth, and scarcely a breath of air could be felt. But for the great danger, it would have been the grandest sight possible. Slowly the terrific sea entered the harbour: the ships began to heave and roll: smaller craft, unable to escape, were seen tossing up and down, some capsized, others swallowed up in the surge. Schooners, sloops, lighters, boats, were all thrown ashore, in some places to a distance of a hundred yards from the wharf. Small wooden houses, too, were washed from their foundation, and carried away by the sudden flood. Then the wave receded, taking some of the vessels with it, and leaving the bottom of the sea for about 300 yards perfectly dry. Three several times the huge wave returned in the same manner, and then, in about an hour's time, the sea returned slowly to its former calmness. Now the evening drew on, and there followed an awful night. Shocks continued all the night through, sometimes every five minutes, never less frequently than three times in an hour, so that not an eye was closed. Hundreds of people fled to the hills for refuge, and in every direction nothing was heard but singing and praying, and then fresh cries of terror."

Such is the graphic picture which has been received from one of the United Brethren at St. Thomas, himself an eyewitness of the scene. We are forcibly reminded while reading it of that sublime passage in the 77th Psalm, where Asaph says, "The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee: they were afraid: the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water; the skies sent out a sound; thine arrows also went abroad. The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook."

In much love should our hearts be drawn out towards our Missionary brethren in distant Mission fields. It is true that such calamities fall not exclusively upon them, and that in this visitation the whole community has suffered alike. But to our Missionary brethren Christian sympathy peculiarly belongs. They are our representatives: they are our standing army: they fight in our stead the battle with Amalek. We can but hold up our hands in prayer. Let us do so. It is written, that "when Moses held up his hand, Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed;" and if we grow wearied, let us help one another, as Aaron and Hur helped Moses.

ABYSSINIAN LADIES.

THE Abyssinian Mission has so long ceased to appear in the Reports of our Society, that perhaps some of our readers may have almost forgotten that we have had a Mission in that country. Such, however, is not the



ABYSSINIAN LADIES.

August 1868.

I

case. As long ago as 1811 the Committee formed the project of establishing a Protestant College in Malta, which might in time exercise an influence upon those decayed Eastern churches which are to be found on the shores of the Mediterranean, such as the Greek, Armenian, Nestorian, and Coptic. Out of this plan the Mission to Abyssinia arose.

On the arrival of the Society's first Missionary in Malta in the year 1815, he found that a native of Abyssinia, resident in Cairo, had for some time been engaged in translating the Scriptures into Amharic, the language chiefly spoken by his countrymen. This at once suggested to the Committee the thought of extending their operations to Abyssinia. They considered it as an indication of God's good will and pleasure, and, after a time, selected two young men from their Islington Institution, who had received their first education in Bâle, and appointed them to commence the Mission in Abyssinia. These two men were the Rev. Samuel Gobat, now Bishop of Jerusalem, and the Rev. Christian Kugler. They went, in the first instance, to Egypt, intending to make their way through that country into Abyssinia. This was in 1826; but it was not till 1829 that they arrived at the port of Massowah, a name which is now much more familiar to British readers than it was thirty-nine years ago.

Mr. Gobat left Mr. Kugler on the coast, and, by the directions of the Committee, proceeded inland as far as Gondar. Here he remained for about a year, and then retraced his steps towards the coast, meeting his comrade on the road. Mr. Kugler was unfortunately killed by an accident* shortly afterwards; and about this time the state of the country was so disturbed as to compel the solitary Missionary to leave it. He therefore returned to Europe early in 1833, but was back again in Abyssinia in two years more, and was this time accompanied by another Missionary, Mr. Isenberg.

We have not space to describe the various changes that took place in the Mission during the next few years. It must suffice to say that Mr. Gobat's health soon failed, and that he had to return to England; that Dr. Krapf afterwards went out, and resided some years in the country; but that, through those internal dissensions which have so long prevailed in Abyssinia, he was compelled to leave, and that the Mission was finally given up in 1843.

Of the customs of the women of Abyssinia Mr. Gobat thus wrote in his journal, after he had spent some years in the country. "As soon as a child is born, it is immediately taught to drink lukewarm butter with a little honey. This seems to have been customary with the Jews. ('Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good.' Isaiah vii. 15.) After the age of six or seven years the children are considered as servants. The girls are occupied in managing the little affairs of the house, and begin to fetch water as soon as they can walk steadily: at the age of eight or nine years they begin to fetch wood from the mountains. The daughters of the higher class learn nothing but spinning and managing the affairs of the house: there are, however, a few ladies who can read.

"The following is the course through which young persons desiring to

* For an account of this we must refer our readers to the "Gleaner" for June.

be instructed are led. After they know how to read, they learn the Gospel of St. John, then some of the Epistles of St. Paul, and some of the Homilies of St. Chrysostom; after these the Psalms and some Prayers. In this way the greater part of their time is spent in learning to sing, and all this in an unknown tongue.

“When the Abyssinians arrive at an advanced age, most of them become monks or nuns, and if they have any possessions they deliver them over to their children, who support them till their death.”

From the accounts we have received of the political and religious state of Abyssinia, as given by those who took part in the recent expedition, we can hardly look upon the country as inviting us to fresh Missionary effort at present. It is very clear that there is so much religious degradation, combined with such an absence of any firm government, as to render the work of the Missionary most unpromising and very perilous. The atmosphere of a decayed Christianity, so sadly depressing to the Missionary, is often considered to be far more hostile to his work than any form of idolatry.

GATHERED FRUIT.

WOULD our readers like to know something of what a Tamil clergyman is enabled to do among his brethren of South India? His name is the Rev. James Cornelius, and the district in which he resides, among the native-Christian flock entrusted to his charge, is called Sivagasi.

First let us hear what he says of himself and of his district—

I am a native Christian, born of parents who were converts to Christianity. For about fifteen years I have been preaching the glorious Gospel of the blessed God to Christians and heathen. For the last seven years I have been an ordained minister of Christ in my humble sphere. The Mission District in which I am at present labouring is, I think, the poorest, and has been the least successful in the circle of the Tinnevelly Mission, and let the facts connected with my work, which I am going to put down, speak for themselves. I think I can introduce them by saying that, during the last year, I have seen and heard much to encourage me in my work, much to prove that the Gospel I preach is the power of God unto salvation, much to shew that the ignorant, superstitious and deceitful Hindus of this district are under the converting and sanctifying influences of the word of God.

In my district there are 327 Christians and 473 inquirers, making a total of about 800 souls under my care. These 800 people are scattered in twenty-one Christian villages and assemble for divine service in thirteen churches, or rather prayer-houses.

Now for the points of encouragement to which he refers. There can be no greater encouragement than to find that the Lord is using a congregation on earth as a place of training and preparation for those who shall be heirs of the heavenly inheritance, so that

there is a process of transplanting going forward, from earth to heaven.

Last year several Christians died in my district. The catechists and I often went to see them, and minister comfort and consolation to them in their last moments. Four of them, I am sure, died in the Lord. Their life as Christians was exemplary, for they endeavoured to their utmost to adorn their profession. I always looked upon them as true Christians, and my belief was confirmed when I attended their death-beds. As many Christians and myself were edified by the manner in which they glorified Christ in their last moments, I beg to add a short account of them.

The name of the first was Arulanandham. He was about sixty years old. Though called at the eleventh hour, yet he soon showed that he had felt the power of the Gospel. His diligence in learning his lessons, his regularity in attending the means of grace, his repentance and faith, which I could not but observe every time I saw him, induced me to baptize him at once. He was also soon admitted to the communion. While a heathen he was a notorious drunkard, so much so, that his name was a proverb for drunkenness. After he joined us he totally gave up that sin, and often used to say in a feeling manner, "How thankful I ought to be to the Lord, who called me to know Him in my old age, and who gave me grace to give up that great sin of mine." Some months before his death he lost the use of his sight. This, however, did not trouble him much. Though his village was about a mile to the west of the place where the catechist resided, yet every Sunday he would ask one of his sons to act as his guide, and would come to the Church long before the service commenced. Even the heathen would go to him to make up their differences and to have their quarrels settled. He made use of these opportunities in speaking to them about the Lord Jesus. When he was very ill, he asked one of his sons, who was able to read, to sit by him and read to him out of the Bible. As he lay on his death-bed, he would ask the catechist to read to him, "the story of the woman whom our Lord called Dog," "that part which spoke of the penitent thief," "the story of the woman who washed our Lord's feet with her tears," "the story of the woman who sat at our Lord's feet, and listened to his teaching," &c. This was the way in which he pointed out the parts of Scripture he liked best. Before he died, he expressed his unwavering confidence in the redemption of the Lord Jesus, and said that he had no doubt that He who had compassion on his soul in his old age, would keep him on his dying bed, and take him to Himself. A few moments before his death, just as he was about to breathe his last, he sent for his wife and children, advised them to cling to the Saviour, and not to give heed to the persuasions of the heathen; and then, like the patriarchs of old, blessed them. Thus lived and thus died this true disciple of the Lord Jesus. The catechist, when speaking about him, said that his example used often to stir him up to diligence in his duties.

The wife of the abovementioned Arulanandham was like-minded with him. She was baptized, and admitted to the communion with her husband. Ever gentle and meek, she was always careful not to give

offence to anybody. She was very kind to the catechist and to the Christians whenever they went to see her. Though ignorant, yet it was soon evident that she was more than a mere nominal Christian. Like her husband, she was very regular in her attendance on the means of grace. In one thing she excelled very many Christians. Before sowing her lands, she used to pray for a blessing, and vow unto the Lord so much for every *kottei* out of her produce; and when the harvest time came, before taking any thing to her house, she would very carefully measure the grain she had vowed unto the Lord, place it on the heads of her sons, and bring it to the catechist. The catechist, speaking about this, remarked that her countenance at the time used to shine with the joy and cheerfulness that possessed her inmost soul. She survived her husband only a few weeks, and soon joined him in the realms above. As she was about to die, one of her relatives asked her if she was going to leave her children. Her answer was, "If I had been bitten by a snake, as I was returning from the church last Sunday, and had died, what could I have done for them then? I commend them to my God and my Saviour: He will take care of them."

A young woman, by name Rachel, shall be my third example. When very young she used to attend our service with her sisters. For some months she used to walk six miles every Sunday to be present at divine service. Her wish to read the Bible for herself was so intense, that she bought a First Tamil book, and would go five miles to receive a lesson from a schoolmaster who promised to teach her. In this way she soon learned to read. She knew a great many passages of Scripture by heart, and would speak to the heathen freely about her Saviour. Whenever she heard or saw any thing wrong in the family, she was the first to reprove her parents and sisters, and would come and tell it to the catechist, begging him at the same time to advise them and to pray for them. When she was put out of the congregation for marrying her deceased sister's husband, she was uneasy, begged often to be taken back, for she said, "How long is my child to remain unbaptized, and we without the holy communion?" and when she was at last received into the church, no one can express her joy, which gave vent to many thankful expressions. But her end was near. Small-pox had so disfigured her body that her friends soon gave up all hopes of her recovery. When she saw her sisters crying, she reproved them, and said, "Don't you know that I am going to that Saviour who loved me and gave himself for me?" To her husband she said, "My sister, your former wife, died of this very disease. The heathen may try to upset your mind: don't listen to them, keep close to the Saviour. I have fought my fight, I have finished my course; you will also soon follow me; only be a true Christian." When one of her sisters, pointing to her only child, asked if she was anxious about her, she said "No. When the cow dies does she furnish her calf with grass? My Saviour will take care of my child." With such confidence and faith she fell asleep. Her example seems to have been very beneficial to the heathen and Christians who knew her.

Vedhamanikkam, of Melkarandhei, whilst a heathen, was a stage-player. At first he seems to have joined the Christians from worldly motives, but it was not long before he tasted the goodness of God in his

soul. Unlike many other inquirers in his village, he was spoken of as an honest and truth-speaking man. When his sins were pointed out to him, he was very anxious to show that he had abandoned them altogether. He was the first fruits in his village, having been first baptized and admitted to the Communion. When he was taken ill, he spoke about the Saviour to those who came to see him. His friends urged him to use the sacred ashes of the heathen, and to consult a fortune-teller; but he refused to do so, asked them not to come near him, and, before his death, begged his Christian friends to take care of his only son, to bring him up in the knowledge of Christ, and to see that he did not marry among his heathen relatives.

Are not these the fruits of Christianity? Do not these prove the power of the Gospel? Can infidelity work such changes? With such examples before me, certainly I need not be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ in South India. Here, as elsewhere, it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

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### HERE AND THERE ;

OR THOUGHTS FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH.

THE above is the title of a book which has been sent us, we know not by whom. It is a book of pleasing contrasts. It contrasts what the Lord's people must meet *here*, with what they shall have *there*, whither they are going. There are, on each alternate page, one of these contrasts, the dark and the light. There is also a group of texts given which the reader is invited to look at, and the whole subject is then illustrated by some choice extracts in poetry and prose.

We give one of these. We have selected this one because we are writing on the sea-shore, and the great sea is stretched out before us, and we know well that

#### HERE

"There is sorrow on the sea." Jer. xlix. 23.  
 "Is. lvii. 20; 2 Cor. xi. 26.

#### THERE

"No more sea." Rev. xxi. 1.

#### NO MORE SEA.

"How sweet to think of the quiet haven when tossed on the pitiless waves of sorrow; but *they* obey His will, and we need fear no evil."  
 —J. T.

"That vast expanse,—that heaving mass which is never still,—is it not the very emblem of separation? the very type of unrest? In that new creation there shall be '*no more sea, no more separation, no more unrest.*'—  
 W. D. M.

"From the children whom He chasteneth He hideth not His face,  
 The tide of grief can never rise above the throne of grace."—L. N. R.

“I feel Thy hand the tempest rules, that Thou canst hear and save,  
That Thou hast set a bound unto the wildest, stormiest wave.”—A. S.

“The ‘sorrow on’ life’s stormy main  
Is *there* no longer known;  
There shall be ‘*no more sea*’ or pain,  
In that fair, spring-bright home.”

“And still, o’er all life’s changing sea,  
In calm or stormy swell,  
I’ll look in faith straight up to Thee,  
Jesus, Immanuel!”—ROBERTA.

Yes, let us do so. Then, at last, all shall be well. The restless sea may change, as it often has done; the waves become rough and high, and our little bark may be tossed helplessly about. Nevertheless, let us, like David, encourage ourselves in the Lord our God, and although all His waves and billows go over us, let our motto be, “Hope thou in God.” It may be that we shall find ourselves battered, water-logged, but we shall not founder. We shall be brought safe into port, and cast anchor there.

We add the group of texts,

Psalms xviii. 16; lxviii. 22; lxxvii. 19; lxxxix. 9.

Psalms xciii. 3, 4; Isaiah xliii. 16; li. 10; lxiii. 11.

Jer. v. 22; Ez. xlvi. 1—12; Matt. xiv. 22—34.

Mark iv. 39—41; Luke xxi. 25.

Rev. iv. 6; xv. 2; xx. 13.

“When thou passest *through the waters, I will be with thee*; and through the rivers, they shall *not overflow thee*. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour. Is. xliii. 2—5.

## MISSIONARY MEETING AT WEST STAFFORD,

NEAR DORCHESTER.

THIS little village, though limited in its extent and population, occupies no insignificant position among the branches of this venerable Society, for, by the help of earnest, zealous friends, the cause of Missionary work is kept ever before the inhabitants residing in this locality, of which the rectory of West Stafford forms the centre. The crowning event in each year is that of holding a district gathering in the village; and so popular has this delightful little *réunion* become that there never fails to be a good attendance, whilst as a consequence the results are very satisfactory. This year’s anniversary took place on Tuesday, May 26, when the meeting was held, as usual, in the parish church. The weather, upon the state of which so much depends on these occasions, turned out delightfully fine, though earlier in the day the elements had assumed a threatening aspect, and a large number of persons from Dorchester embraced the opportunity offered them of a pleasant couple of miles’ ramble to the place of meeting. The air was clear and fresh, while the breeze was redolent of odours from the wild flowers and newly-mown hay, which all combined to render the walk a pleasant one. The distant chiming of the bells in

the church tower, upon which floated a large ensign, served as a guide to approaching visitors, and the route lay across fields and meandering streams, along which the traveller escaped much of the inconvenience to which he would have been subject on the dusty highway. The sweet, picturesque little village of West Stafford appears just now at its best—clean and bright, as if taken out of a bandbox for the season—with its cleanly streets and well-kept cottages. The glimpses one gets in at open doors convey a favourable impression generally of the domestic comfort of the poorer population, and cannot be seen without reminding us that tender hands are there to care for the necessities of the humble, and to alleviate care whenever it presents itself. May such loving ones be long spared to West Stafford.

In the absence of the esteemed rector of the parish, the Rev. Reginald Smith, who did not feel equal to the exertion after his late illness, the duties of chairman devolved upon the Rev. C. W. Bingham; and amongst the clergy who took their seats with him in the chancel were—the Rev. Philip Eliot (incumbent of St. John's, Bournemouth), Rev. G. E. Moule, (returned Missionary from China), &c.

The proceedings were commenced by singing Bishop Heber's well-known Missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," after which prayer was offered by the Rev. T. W. Knipe.

The Chairman then said he was truly glad to welcome such a large company as he now saw before him. He was rather afraid, however, that some of them might be a little disappointed in not seeing the dear, excellent minister of this parish presiding as usual over their Church Missionary meeting; but he thought Mr. Smith had been very wisely persuaded—considering that he was not yet thoroughly restored to health—to absent himself on that occasion. It was satisfactory to know that there had been a most gratifying advance in the general funds of the Society during the past year. Whereas last year they were only able to report that the income from the associations had been larger than in the preceding year, they were now able to announce that they had advanced upon that increase more than 5000*l.*; so that the income of the Church Missionary Society, derived from its associations during the past year, has been more than 121,000*l.* And now it devolved upon him to tell them what portion of that sum had been gathered in this parish. First of all he found that the annual subscriptions, including donations, amounted to about 16*l.*; collection at the last annual meeting, 44*l.*; collected for the Philadelphia school in Tincevelly, 2*l.*; Mrs. Duke, 7*l.*; Juvenile Church Missionary Society, 1*l.* 10*s.*; making a total of 70*l.* 10*s.* Now he had been making a little calculation since the meeting commenced, (if his figures were not correct he would contradict the statement he was about to make, if he had the opportunity, at the end of the meeting,) and he found that if every parish in the county of Dorset did as much for the Society as West Stafford, instead of the county sending some 1700*l.* a year to the Parent Society, it would send more than 20,000*l.*, or about one-sixth part of the total sum that was collected from all the associations throughout the country. He thought, therefore, he had made out his claim upon those who came from other parishes to see if they could not do a little more elsewhere, seeing that if they could get as much from all the parishes as they did from West Stafford, the contribu-

tions for this county would be so largely increased. Stafford is not a large parish—it is not an average parish even—and it was true that these subscriptions were not all derived from Stafford people ; but he did not see why there should not be the means of obtaining gatherings elsewhere somewhat similar to that which was annually made here.

The Rev. Philip Eliot thought there could be no need whatever to explain to a Missionary meeting in Stafford what the Church Missionary Society was, and what was the work it had undertaken to do. If, therefore, they knew the object of the Society, then they must see that every person who, however humbly, shared in this work, was really doing what was the work of God, and he consequently became a fellow-labourer with God. Oh ! if they could but feel more than they did the real dignity of being fellow-labourers with God, he was quite certain they would need no urging whatever to stir them up to a warmer and more earnest interest in the cause of Christian Missions. He said that they wanted to feel more and more that they were fellow-labourers with God, and if they kept this in view, and strove to do so when they made their offerings and lifted their hearts in prayer for this work, they would, he was sure, make larger offerings, and more earnest prayers for God's blessing upon it. One object in meeting at gatherings such as these was to join, as they had done, in asking God's blessing upon the work, so that the hearts of those who met together might be stirred up by what they heard—by way of information, argument, or appeal—to a warmer interest in the cause of the Society. Keeping this object in view, he should make the few observations he intended to offer this evening. The rev. gentleman then proceeded to speak of the Youcon River settlement, one of the most remote, if not indeed the most remote of all our Missionary stations in North America. He then produced statistics to show that the entire sum spent in Missions was equal only to half the cost of building and fitting out a vessel for our navy, half the amount paid annually in this country in the shape of taxes on dogs, and about the same as is paid as taxes on carriages. All the money which had been spent by the Church of England since the Reformation in the work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen, equalled just about one year's duty upon spirits, wine, malt, and tobacco ! These figures must make them feel deeply humbled to think that more is not done in the glorious work. In conclusion, he urged them to increased efforts in the cause, looking forward to the time when

“ Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run ;  
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.”

The hymn commencing with “To bless Thy chosen race,” was next sung, after which

The Rev. G. E. Moule addressed the meeting and gave some information respecting the religions which exist among the Chinese, viz., the worship of Confucius and Buddha, and the religion of the Taouists. These religions did not divide the Chinese nation into three great sects, as might be supposed ; the people were more or less influenced by each. These systems did not inculcate cruelty, as in India and Africa, nor did they encourage impurity, neither did they teach falsehood in any way, for one of the Buddhist precepts was “Thou shalt not lie ;” but they taught idolatry.

In Confucianism there is no idolatry, and probably in the time of Confucius himself there was not an idol there. The system of idolatry seemed to have been brought from India by the Buddhists, who came in the year A. D. 60, by the invitation of an emperor, who felt the need of some better teaching than they already possessed, and the people evidently felt the same. Confucius held out duty, but without hope of reward, and feeling themselves in ignorance with regard to a future state, they desired some more excellent way. He spoke of the ritual of Buddhism as similar to that of the Church of Rome, and it was held by the priests, that the grandeur of the ritual was one chief means of regenerating the world. He traced the progress of Buddhism up to the present day, and spoke of the images erected for its worship in different parts of China, and the pillage of the temples by the Taeping rebels. He related at length some of the superstitions which so blind the Chinese people. Amongst the most absurd is that of the "God of the Kitchen," or the most universally worshipped of their household deities. This image was kept in every kitchen where the Gospel was not known, though sometimes it was not a very stately image, and very often consisted only of a rude printed paper stuck on the wall, with a little censer for incense, and places in which to fix candles. The superstition attaching to this god is very remarkable. He is believed to be a divine spy over the goings on in every house in China, and he is messenger to the heavenly gods in the Pantheon of China. On the twenty-fourth day of the twelfth month in the Chinese year—though not exactly corresponding with our Christmas-day—this god of the kitchen is believed to go up from every house to the Olympus of China, to report the condition and conduct of the family. It was positively the case that the people endeavoured, if possible, to deceive this god, and induce him to carry up a false report about them, especially in the polished city of Hangchow, where he (the speaker) laboured. They tried to induce the god to carry up the report that the people were poor, and in a miserable condition, so as to excite the pity and allay the jealousy and envy of the superior gods. When these had heard the report of this messenger, it was supposed that on the following day they came down to see if the report were true, and to mete out reward or punishment as deserved. In conclusion, he related several instances of conversion among the Chinese, and exhorted the meeting to increased zeal and assistance in the cause in which the Missionaries were engaged.

After a few closing remarks from the Chairman, the hymn "Thou, whose Almighty word," was sung, and the proceedings were brought to a close by the Chairman pronouncing the benediction. The amount collected was 33*l*.

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#### THE PILGRIM.

"THE way is dark, my Father, cloud on cloud  
Is gathering quickly o'er my head ; and loud  
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand  
Like one bewildered ; Father, take my hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father ! and the night  
 Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight  
 Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,  
 Encompass me. Oh, Father ! take my hand,  
 And from the night  
 Lead up to light  
 Thy child.

The way is long, my Father ! and my soul  
 Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal ;  
 While yet I journey through this weary land,  
 Keep me from wandering. Father ! take my hand,  
 Quickly and straight  
 Lead to Heaven's gate  
 Thy child.

The path is rough, my Father, many a thorn  
 Has pierced me ; and my weary feet are torn,  
 And, bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command  
 Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand,  
 Then, safe and blest,  
 Lead up to rest  
 Thy child.

The throng is great, my Father ! many a doubt,  
 And fear, and danger compass me about,  
 And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand,  
 Or go, alone. Oh, Father ! take my hand,  
 And through the throng  
 Lead safe along  
 Thy child.

The cross is heavy, Father ! I have borne  
 So long, and still do bear it. Let my worn  
 And fainting spirit rise to that blessed land  
 Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,  
 And, reaching down,  
 Lead to the crown  
 Thy child !”

“The way is dark, my child ! but leads to light ;  
 I would not have thee always walk by sight.  
 My dealings, now, thou canst not understand ;  
 I meant it so ; but I will take thy hand,  
 And through the gloom  
 Lead safely home  
 My child.

The day goes fast, my child ! but is the night  
 Darker to *Me* than day ? in *Me* is light :  
 Keep close to *Me*, and every spectral band  
 Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,  
 And through the night  
 Lead up to light  
 My child.

The way is long, my child ! but it shall be  
 Not one step longer than is best for thee :  
 And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand  
 Close to the gate, how I did take thy hand,  
 And, quick and straight,  
 Lead to Heaven's gate  
 My child.

The path *is* rough, my child ! but oh ! how sweet  
 Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet,  
 When thou shalt reach the borders of that land  
 To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,  
     And, safe and blest,  
     With Me shall rest  
     My child.

The throng *is* great, my child ! but at thy side  
 Thy *Father* walks ! then be not terrified,  
 For *I* am with thee :—will thy foes command  
 To let thee freely pass ; will take thy hand,  
     And through the throng  
     Lead safe along  
     My child.

The cross *is* heavy, child ! yet there is One  
 Who bore a heavier for thee : My Son,  
 My well-beloved—with *Him* bear thine, and stand  
 With *Him*, at last ; and from thy Father's hand,  
     Thy cross laid down,  
     Receive thy crown,  
     My child."



## PSALM cxliii. 8.

"Give, therefore, Thy servant a hearing heart."—1 KINGS iii. 9.

GIVE ear unto my prayer, O Lord, and stirring,  
 With Thy sweet voice, my spirit's deepest chord,  
 Open my lips to praise ; and, in the morning,  
 "Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness, Lord."

In silent sun-shine, and in glistening dew-drops,  
 In golden sun-sets, and in daisied sward ;  
 By every way-side flower that breathes "consider,"  
 "Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness, Lord."

In love of friends, in laugh of little children,  
 In thought and work, by fire-side or abroad,  
 In everything that gladdens and refreshes,  
 "Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness, Lord."

Hide not Thy face from me, Lord ! when I enter,  
 With fear, into the cloud with trouble stored ;—  
 But still in bitterest sorrow,—keenest suffering,  
 "Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness, Lord."

A heart that stedfastly in God's love trusteth,  
 Can well contented with His will accord :  
 In storm or calm, in work or weary waiting,  
 "Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness, Lord."

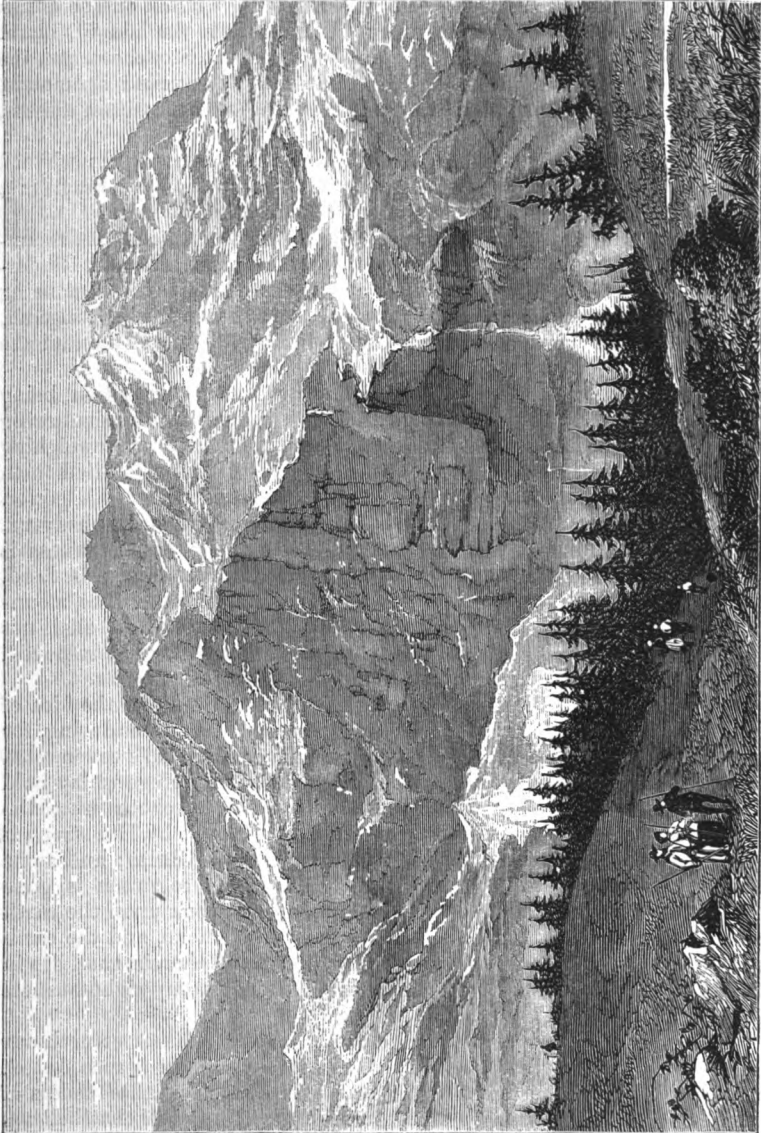
Dear Lord, I would alike in shade or sunshine,  
 Thy faithful love with grateful heart record ;  
 But, lest my life grow songless,—every morning  
 "Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness, Lord."

J. E. B.



**SWITZERLAND AND ITS MOUNTAINS.**

THE Alps, as seen from Rome on a clear day, present a grand spectacle. The whole range of the Bernese Alps is spread forth crowned with snowy peaks of superior elevation. Our engraving presents one of these—the



*September 1868.*

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Jungfrau, with its two peaks, the Silberhorn (horn of silver) and the Schneehorn (horn of snow.) These summits and the higher slopes are shrouded over with snow of a dazzling whiteness, while on the inferior slopes, when not too abrupt, may be seen the snow and the glaciers.

When the day is fine and cloudless, the view is sublime. This, however, is not always so. These few lines are being written on the banks of the river Aar, about a mile from its entrance into the lake of Thun. Opposite, on the south shore of the lake, stand the Stockhorn and the Niesin; but they have been during these few days veiled in clouds, which part occasionally, and afford glimpses of the great mountain masses, which they obscure.

The traveller is, however, in due time repaid; and from the churchyard along the lake, the Blumlis Alp stands forth conspicuously; or, from a point higher up, may be seen the Jungfrau, with other heights.

From the summit of the Niesin (7763 English feet) the snowy mountains of the Bernese Oberland may be seen; from the Altals and Rinderhorn on the west, to the Wetterhorn on the east, the finest object being the Blumlis Alp, and the range extending from thence to the Jungfrau, the more distant view comprising the summit of Mont Blanc and the Dent du Midi.

Can grand mountain ranges be viewed without some lesson being conveyed by them? They are often referred to in Scripture as shadowing forth the glorious excellencies of that God, who is described as "weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," and who piled them up, these huge masses one upon the other, as evidences of his power. Thus the Psalmist exclaims—"Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep; O Lord, thou preservest man and beast." And again in Isaiah—"The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy upon thee."

The mountains, as we look upon them, convey to the mind the idea of stability. And yet there is something more stable, more enduring, for the mountains may be removed; but this never can, God's covenanted mercy in Christ Jesus, sure to all who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them, His mercy which reacheth unto the heavens, and His faithfulness unto the clouds. He who by His strength setteth fast the mountains, has set fast His mercy on Christ; and as he does so, he says—"My righteousness is near; my salvation is gone forth . . . lift up your eyes to the heavens and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner; but my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished."

"Let us lift up our eyes then to the hills, from whence cometh our help," for now "the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets, even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all, and upon all that believe, for there is no difference, for all have sinned and came short of the glory

of God." Thither let all fly who are oppressed with a sense of sin. "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place from one generation to another; before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting, Thou art God."

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people." And the land of the Swiss is a mountain-girdled land. The Jura mountains screen it off from France. Penetrating through these defiles, the traveller finds himself amongst the lakes and pleasant towns, the villas and gardens of a free people; while Southward rise the mighty ramparts, first of the Bernese Alps, and then, beyond the Valais, of the great central range dividing it from Italy; while further east extend the Rhetian Alps.

Mighty empires have on every side encompassed this little territory; yet it has remained free. The mountains have been round about it, nay, better still, the divine protection has been around it, and the land has been consecrated to religious freedom, so that there has been room here for the Christianity of the Bible to be taught and professed.

Painful it is to pass through France and see the churches solely engaged in the service of a corrupt Christianity, which obscures the glory of the Saviour, and sets up the image of the Virgin as the immediate refuge of the sinner. Pleasant it is to pass from thence into a Swiss town, Neufchâtel for instance, and see the arrangements made for the sanctification of the Sabbath, and the preaching of the Gospel.

With Switzerland the Church Missionary Society has been long in sympathy. The Missionary College at Basle has furnished us with many valuable Missionaries, and that more particularly at a time when from England few or none were to be had. Their names are recorded in the annals of the Society, men who, in their day and generation endured hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and laid down their lives in the great battle-field of truth against error.

May mighty and reviving influences be poured out on the Protestants of Switzerland. We do not say all is hope. Far from it. There is much of salt which has lost its savour; a doctrine without Christ, and a name without vitality. It is painful to see in a large town a fine old church on the Sunday, for public worship in the morning, for catechism in the afternoon, and then shut up for the rest of the day. But the Lord has His people in this land, and may they increase more and more, until they fill the land.

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### THE KOLS OF CHOTA NAGPORE.

WE wish to introduce to our readers a primitive people, amongst whom Christian Missionaries have been privileged to introduce the Gospel with marked success.

They are the Kols, inhabiting the eastern portion of a highland country of Central India, rising some 2000 feet above the sea level.

Evidently the Kols, with the Sonthals and other kindred tribes, were once the occupants of the plain country, until the Hindu races came in and drove them into these fastnesses, where they found a refuge—a new

country, well suited to their wants, and out of the reach of their enemies, for these hills are difficult of access.

The various tribes of aborigines to be found in this and contiguous districts of Central India amount to a considerable population, probably not less than several millions. The Basle Missionary Society has made a prosperous commencement towards their evangelization, in connexion with the Kols; and the Church Missionary Society a promising one in connexion with the Sonthals.

The religion of the Kols is a demon-worship, such as is found to prevail among the primitive races, until it has been superseded by some more elaborate kind of idolatry, such as Buddhism or Brahminism.

But this, with few exceptions, has not been the case with the Kols. Some of them who are better off, and aspire to be Zemindars, have taken to Brahmins and to Koli, but the mass of the people adhere to their "made gods." They have their local deities or devils, to whom they offer propitiatory sacrifices, and their carousals, at which they eat, drink, sing and dance. They have their wizards and their witches. It is to the wildest and most savage of the tribe that such powers are generally ascribed; and it is singular that not only do the Kols themselves, but the Hindus around them believe that they do possess such powers; so that while the Kols as a people have not taken to the worship of any Hindu idols, the Hindus think it expedient to propitiate the gods of the Kols.

The Kols are divided into two tribes, Oraons and Moondahs. These never intermarry, although in all other respects they live as one people.

Each village has its priest, called the Pahan, and by him all the observances for propitiating the village gods or devils are performed. No Brahmins are permitted to interfere; the office is generally hereditary, although not necessarily so. He has under his charge the land called Dalikhatari, and from the proceeds of this land he has to support himself, and provide the rice and rice-beer required for the festivals.

The Kols are generally a mild inoffensive race, although capable of being wildly excited, in connexion with that which amongst all backward races ever proves to be an irritating question—that of land-tenure. On this matter some have had trouble with the Kols; but if this be not touched upon, or their rights interfered with, they are quiet enough, and would be contented to plod on just as their fathers did before them.

And that condition is a very low one. An Oraon family lives huddled together in a small, ill-constructed and untidy looking hut, the village consisting of a street or court of such huts. These huts have no gardens or orchards attached to them, but outside the village are planted groves of fruit-trees, which form a beautiful feature in the scenery of Chota Nagpore. In every village there is a house called the Doomcoorea, in which all the unmarried men and boys are obliged to sleep, any one absenting himself being subject to a fine. In this building are kept the flags, musical instruments, yaks tails, and other things used at festivals; while immediately in front is a circular space, the village dancing ground, sheltered by fine old trees, with seats placed about under their shade.

The Moondahs do not use the Doomcoorea, the houses which they

build being such as decently to accommodate the whole family. These houses are larger, and not so crowded, being provided with verandahs, and separate departments for the different members of the family. Although it has no Doomcoorea, yet every Moondah village has its dancing place.

These dances, as illustrative of national customs and manners, are seen to most advantage at the great festivals called Jutras. The girls put on their best dress, generally a white saree, with a broad red border, their hair being tastefully arranged with flowers and plumes of the long breast feathers of the paddy-bird. The young men array themselves in a snow-white cloth, having on their heads Turkey red turbans, with flowers and peacock's feathers. "As parties from the different villages approach the appointed place, they may be observed completing their toilettes in the open fields. When all is ready the groups form, and their approach from different sides, with their banners and yaks tails waving, horns and cymbals sounding, marshalled into alternate ranks of lads and lasses, all keeping perfect step, with the gay head-dresses of the girls, and the numerous brass ornaments of the boys glittering in the sun, forms a lively and pleasant picture."

Alas! this is the sunny side of the picture. The torch-light lightens up the foreground, behind is the gloom; and there, hidden in that gloom, are the sorrows of our poor humanity, and nothing to relieve them. It is so with those races to which Christianity is a stranger. Like ourselves, they have sorrows to contend with; unlike ourselves, they know not of Him, who is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and their sorrow, when it comes, is a sorrow without hope.

The dark side of the heathen Kol is his belief in witchcraft. When sickness comes, it is regarded as coming either from the wrath of some evil spirit, who has to be appeased, or from the spell of some witch or sorcerer, who, if discovered, ought to be destroyed. The action of British rule has put a restraint upon witch murders, so that they are now rare; but if any one is suspected to be such, the village is soon made too hot to hold him.

"In 1857, when, in consequence of the mutinies, Singbhoom was temporarily without officers, the Ho tribes of the southern parts of the district, always the most turbulent, released from a restraint they had never been very patient under, set to work to search out the witches and sorcerers, who it was supposed, from the long spell of protection they had enjoyed, had increased and multiplied to a dangerous extent. In a report on this subject from the district officer in 1860, it is stated that the destruction of human life that ensued is too terrible to contemplate; whole families were put an end to. In some instances the destroyers, issuing forth in the dusk, and commencing with the denounced wizard and his household, went from house to house, until before morning dawn they had succeeded in extinguishing, as they supposed, the whole race."

So true it is that even amongst the most inoffensive of heathen tribes, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

What a bright light it throws on this little sketch to be able to add that amongst the "Moondah-Oraons," for the word Kol is not their name, but a term of abuse given them by the Hindus, Christianity is

rapidly spreading. In 1864 the baptized converts numbered 5923. In 1865 they had increased to 7828. The young Oraons are intensely fond of decorating their persons with beads and brass ornaments. These the converts have entirely discarded, and may at once be known by the absence of such things. They do not join in the dances or festivals, and are not even present as spectators. “They appear to lose all relish for their old amusements, and shrink with horror at the idea of resuming their discarded ornaments. It is marvellous with what firmness old prejudices are abandoned, old customs are discarded, and even tastes changed, when they become Christians; and there is now a wide spread feeling among the Kols themselves, that this change will eventually come upon them all.”

The Lord's name be praised!

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“NOT NOW.”

“He that had been possessed with the Devil, prayed Him that he might be with Him.”—Mark v. 18.

Not *now* my child,—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam,—
A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness,
And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's Home!

Not *now*,—for I have wand'ers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love,
Not *now*,—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not *now*,—for I have lov'd ones sad and weary,
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow,
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not *now*,—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widow'd hearts to sing;
Not *now*,—for orphans' tears are thickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not *now*,—for many a hungry one is pining,
Thy willing hand must be outstretch'd and free;
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not *now*,—for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
And pris'ners' sighs sound strangely on the breeze,
Man's pris'ners, but thy Saviour's noble free-men;
Hast thou no ministry of love for these!

Not *now*,—for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin,—
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open—
Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in!—

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary,
Canst thou not *watch with me* one little hour?

One little hour !—and *then* the glorious crowning,
 The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm,—
 One little hour !—and *then* the Hallelujah,
 Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm !

C. P.

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WOMAN'S MISSION TO THE WOMEN OF SYRIA.

“THE Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord ; but the Lord was not in the wind : and after the wind an earthquake ; but the Lord was not in the earthquake : and after the earthquake, a fire ; but the Lord was not in the fire : and after the fire a still small voice.” It is ever so. The still small voice is God's message of mercy in Christ Jesus to sinful man. But it is often of necessity that judgments, afflictions of various kinds, the wind, the earthquake, the fire go before it, or else many will not hear it. They are as the plough which breaks up the hard ground, else the seed could not be sown.

It has been so in the Lebanon. That goodly mountain region is peopled by various races, and more particularly by the Druses and Maronites, the former a kind of mongrel Mohammedans ; the others professing Christians of the Romish persuasion. Between these races a deadly feud has existed for generations, which has broken out from time to time. The last outbreak, in 1860, was one of peculiar atrocity. It is generally concluded that the Druses were the aggressors ; the Maronites retaliated. The Turkish troops on the mountains were few in number. The Druses availed themselves of the opportunity, and assembling in great force, began to sack the Maronite towns and villages, and to massacre the inhabitants.

One of the places thus assaulted was Hashbaya, lying under the shadow of Mount Hermon. When the Druses surrounded the town, the Christians, finding themselves unequal to resist them, fled to the Serai, where the Turkish troops were quartered, imploring protection. This the commander promised to afford them provided they laid down their arms. They did so. The arms were put on the backs of mules, under the pretext of their being forwarded to a place of safety. Before, however, the mules were sent out of the valley, the Druses fell upon them, and, the soldiers making no resistance, possessed themselves of the arms.

Meanwhile the Christians, men, women and children, remained shut up in the Serai with hardly any food and water, and in a state of great suffering. The soldiers now began to leave, and the unfortunate people saw, when too late, how grievously they had been deceived. They rushed into the outer court and entreated to be let out. The signal was then given : the gates were thrown open, and the Druses rushing in, commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the males, of whom not more than forty or fifty escaped.

About three weeks after, having occupied themselves during the interval in sacking other places, the Druses again surrounded the town. The Christians were defenceless, for, like those at Hashbaya, they had

been persuaded by the Turkish governor to give up to him their arms. According to his directions they had assembled, the greater part of them, in the Serai. At a signal the gates were thrown open, the Druses rushed in, and began cutting down all the males. Some contrived to hide themselves in drains; others, who were only wounded, crawled away. It must be remembered that these people at Deir el Kamar had been wealthy, living in well-built and comfortable houses. The survivors were reduced to the utmost want. In this horrible massacre from 1100 to 1200 males perished, the boys being no more spared than the men. The Druses then set fire to the town, the smoke of which came over Beyrout as a column of cloud to warn the people there of what had occurred.

These horrible events led to a French intervention. French troops were landed. The Turkish officials were compelled to exert themselves, and after a time the Lebanon was restored to quietude.

Is the still small voice of Gospel truth now being heard there, and are the people willing to hear?

The American Missionaries are at work, and Mrs. Bowen Thompson, through the aid of kind Christian friends in England and elsewhere, is increasing her schools for girls throughout the Lebanon.

One of this lady's earliest visits was to Hashbaya, and she describes the pitiable condition in which she found this, once the largest, most prosperous and beautiful village of the Lebanon. But what is more to the point, her proposal of opening a school for girls, Druses and Maronites, was eagerly hailed by all parties. That school is at work. It is attended by members of the family of Sitt Naify, the sister of the great Druse chief, Said Jumblatt Beg of Mokhtara.

So wonderfully does God work, bringing good out of evil.



#### "NUNC DIMITTIS," OR A CHINESE SIMEON.

ON the 18th of April 1865, whilst visiting, in company with a young catechist, the large district lying to the north of the Tsong-gyiao station of the Church Missionary Society, I reached a small village named Lu-kô, of which I made a memorandum in my journal as "a little village, but with good listeners." Here an old man, deaf, but very intelligent, listened eagerly. He was greatly entertained at the suggestion that the words for "abusive language" and "murder" (in his vernacular) are not much unlike in sound; and that the one vice is but the root of the other. The young catechist spoke long and very clearly on Christ's power, on His life, death and resurrection."

It is of this old man, now gone, I trust, to his eternal rest, that I wish to give a few particulars. He was of the lowest class—a class composed of play-actors, sedan-chair bearers and barbers; but he was not in poverty, since he had three married sons, with whom he lived in rotation.

His conscience seems to have been awakened, in a certain sense, for some time previous to our visit, for he had tried several ways to obtain peace; but the Buddhist priests rejected him because his fees were too small, and he seemed eagerly desirous of finding the true way.



I visited him again in October of the same year, with the senior catechist of the district, Sing Eng-teh.

We were obliged to shout into the old man's ear, he being exceedingly hard of hearing, and having no ear-trumpet. The catechist, who has a penetrating voice and a ready tongue, spoke with great vigour for a long time; and as sentence after sentence, either convincing of sin, or telling the good news, caught his ear, the old man shouted and clapped his hands for joy. A large number of the villagers were standing around, amongst others, the old man's sister and the schoolmaster. “Tell him not to curse,” said his sister, for this appeared to be his besetting sin. He learnt a prayer, and declared his fixed purpose to come to the chapel next Sunday, and to walk in the true way which he had found. I told him I should inquire of his sister and of the schoolmaster, on my next visit, whether he had left off this bad habit or not.

Soon after I heard from the catechist, that in order to remember the doctrine the better, he had, of his own accord, burnt a cross on his wrist; a remarkable proof of earnest sincerity, though still mixed with much ignorance, as the catechist rightly thought. Indeed, were this the only use of crosses, one could better bear with it. For some weeks, however, he did not visit the chapel; but on the 30th of January 1866, when I called on him again, I found that he had been forcibly prevented from going to the Tsông-gyiao station, three miles from his home, by his youngest son, who had returned from Shanghai. We talked to him for a long time, and saw good reason to believe that he had not gone back. He assured me that he prayed three times a day, and this, the unbelieving son, who was present, corroborated. In May he applied earnestly for baptism; but during the greater part of the year illness, and his son's opposition, prevented his attending the chapel.

In March 1867, when they visited him again, he said he could not leave off his old habit. His tongue was accustomed to curse, and refused to obey.

I gave him two prescriptions; first, prayer for the Holy Spirit's influence, and, secondly, calling to remembrance Christ's sufferings for this very sin.

In May I saw him again at the Tsông-gyiao chapel, by appointment. He was eager to be baptized, and assured me he had overcome his sin. “Listen,” said he; “my son has some eggs under a hen, and I thought that in this wet weather they would be better in-doors. So I took them up, hen and all, and put them in the room. Presently my son comes in to dinner, and when he had done, up he gets and steps back straight into the nest, breaking two eggs. Didn't he abuse me! Well, I used to give him back abuse with interest, but I did not then. I was only sorry to have put down the eggs so carelessly.”

I did not like to put off the old man any longer, and, having received a good account of him from the catechist, who had visited his home, I baptized him at a special service in the Tsông-gyiao chapel on the 18th of June, 1867. From that day he grew in zeal and faith, though, from his deafness, it was difficult to impart much fresh instruction. He received the communion to his great joy, for the first time, in the autumn. In January last he attended a combined Chinese prayer-meeting, held in

the Presbyterian church in Ningpo, when some 300 Christians were present. On this occasion he seemed to himself to have climbed half-way to heaven.

In February the Bishop of Victoria visited Ningpo, and old Simeon was confirmed with thirty-five others. He made a desperate effort to get into my dining-room, and fall down before the bishop; and my last intercourse with my old friend consisted in the struggle to raise him from the ground, saying, "Stand up, the bishop also is a man."

For the sake of the vast surrounding district, and partly also on Simeon's account, I opened a small chapel last January, about a mile and a half from his house, in the large town of Loh-do-gyiao. He diligently attended the services, often bringing with him his sister, who at last, though still very ignorant, applied for baptism. He was exceedingly zealous in persuading others to come, and had succeeded in inducing a man named Wông to do so just before he was suddenly called home.

I had fixed April 29th for a visit to him and his sister, but was hindered, first by the arrival of catechists from the country, and then by the rain. I was not aware that at that time he was laid low with virulent typhus. I received, however, on that very day, fresh assurances from the Tsông-gyiao Christians, that the old man's besetting sin had disappeared. On the following day the catechist, going over to tell him of the postponement of my visit, found him very ill, but happy; and when delirious, fancying himself in the chapel, now at Tsông-gyiao, now at Loh-do-gyiao. The catechist anticipated no immediate danger, but arranged to call again. On Saturday night, however, before that visit could be paid, he died, having first given strict directions to his son-in-law, the only one of his relatives who attended him, to have no idolatrous feast nor superstitious ceremonies at or after the funeral. "I trust in Jesus," he said: "I don't want such things." And so he died. Mr. Bates, who was taking the service at Tsông-gyiao on the following day, sent me the news in the evening. I was filled with sorrow and with joy;—joy, for if our merciful Lord will receive us at the last, after all our light and all our sins, has He not welcomed Simeon, after his sixty years of darkness, yet, with such firm vigorous faith and earnest zeal? He has gone to the grave with the sign of the cross on his wrist; and I believe the crucified has received his soul.

Our little church, however, sorrows deeply. Old Simeon was not a prince or a gentleman, but he was a living, earnest Christian; and catechists and disciples alike felt the force of his example. God grant that that example may yet speak from my old friend's grave!

About the same time, Mr. Burns, of the "English Presbyterian Mission," was called home. "His works" in Dundee, thirty years ago, and his long unwearied labours in China, "follow him" into heaven; and the whole Missionary army sorrows for its loss and rejoices in the warrior's joy.

I sometimes wonder in what different ways the angel choirs welcomed these two Christians home.

But this is a surer, sweeter thought, that they are both "like Him" in whom they believed, "seeing Him as He is."

A. E. M.

A COLLECTION MADE ON BEHALF OF THE CHURCH  
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE details of this collection have been forwarded to us from Ireland, It is a considerable one, amounting to nearly 80%. It has been gathered by Collecting Cards, and within the first six months of the present year. The Collecting Cards put into circulation numbered 113. One of them has been forwarded to us. It consists of a card folded, so as to be in size like a sheet of small note paper. On the first page the plan proposed to be carried out is explained thus—

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

*Collecting Card.*

“The silver and the gold are mine, saith  
the Lord of Hosts.”—Haggai ii. 8.

Trusting to God, and praying earnestly to Him  
for help, I will try and collect  
before July 1st, 1868,

TEN SHILLINGS,

by asking for subscriptions of

ONE SHILLING,

and by encouraging those who cannot afford this  
to give weekly

ONE PENNY OR ONE HALFPENNY,

in order to increase the funds of the  
Church Missionary Society.

Signature of Collector : Matilda Pentland.

Number of Collecting Card (170.)

Note.—The amount collected to be sent before  
July 1st, 1868, to

REV. G. F. W. MUNBY } Church Missionary College,  
or } Islington, N.  
ROBERT F. TRENCH }

On the fourth page of the Card the following sentence is printed in large type—

WHAT CAN I DO  
FOR  
THE MILLIONS OF PERISHING HEATHEN  
IN  
AFRICA, CHINA AND INDIA ?

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.”—Ecclesiastes ix. 10.

And after this, two verses of the hymn beginning

The heathen perish day by day,  
Thousands on thousands pass away.

The two interior pages are reserved for the names of the Collectors.

The hive to which the honey is to be brought is plainly the Church Missionary College, Islington; but we do not know how to carry the similitude further, for the winged agents, which gather the honey, go forth from the hive, to which they bring it after a successful raid upon the flowers. But it is not so in this instance. They who gather this honey have their honey very widely dispersed indeed. They have evidently one interest, one object; but their homes are far apart, and although fellow-workers in this matter, will never meet, all of them, face to face, until, their work being done, they meet in the great home.

There is a difference between a circle and an ellipse. A circle has a centre. The ellipse has two foci. The influence connected with this little movement is not as a circle, but as an ellipse. It possesses not merely one point of influence, but two; for one of its Secretaries is an English, and the other an Irish clergyman, and thus, within the ellipse described, friends in England and Ireland are included.

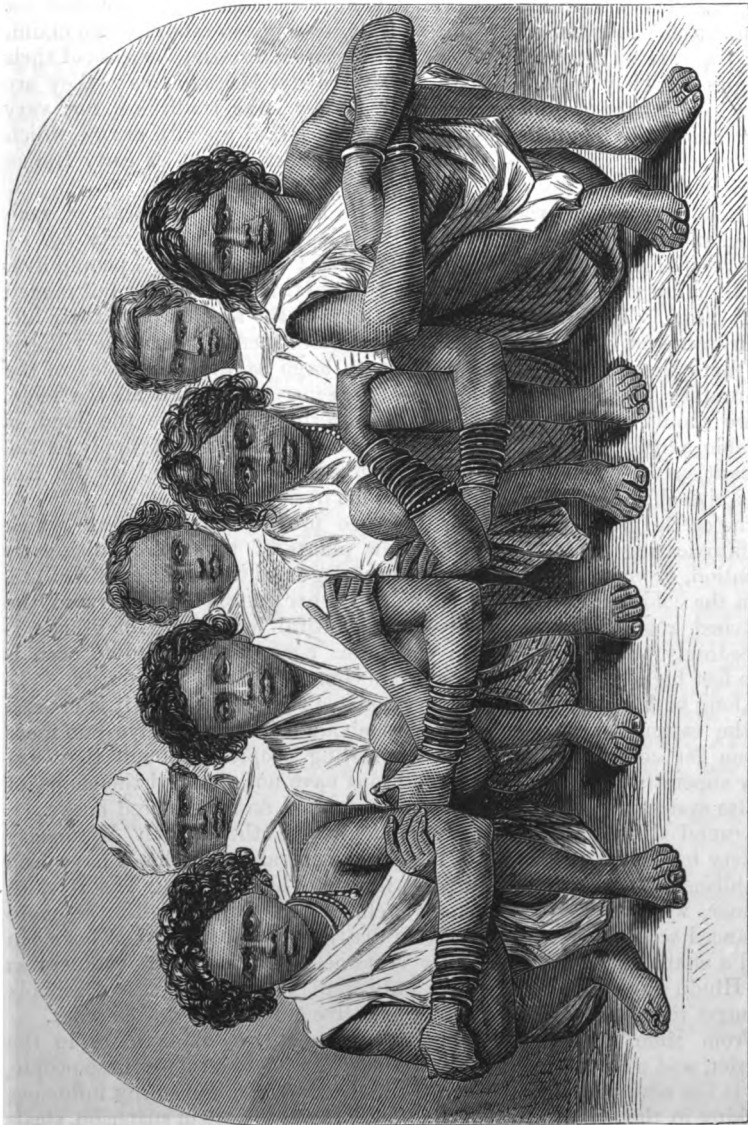
The number of Collectors is ninety-five. Of these, two-thirds are dispersed throughout Ireland, the other friends having their residence in various parts of England, north and south. There is mention made of Torquay, Exeter, Portsmouth, London, Surbiton, Tunbridge Wells, Ipswich, Crewe, Hull, &c., and in Ireland, of Dublin, Kildare, Portarlington, Kells, Nenagh, Belturbet, Cavan, Clones, &c. &c. These Collectors have gathered, some more, some less, than 10*s*. Two of the Collectors rise as high as 4*l*. each, one from Belturbet, the other from Surbiton; they descend as low as 4*s*., 3*s*., 2*s*. 6*d*.; but in these cases, also, we doubt not the Collectors did what they could. But there is plenty of room for all workers, some having the greater, some the less opportunity; and abundance of room for more, should they desire to come in. The gardens are ample, and the flowers numerous from which the honey may be extracted.

There has been also a supplemental collection of 6*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*., one of special interest, gathered at the Church Missionary Society Children's Home, and from the children of Missionaries. We have looked over this list with deep interest. The names are those with which we are familiar in the foreign work. These names send us flying off in our recollections to the four ends of the earth; and to the many fields of the Society's labour; India, North and South, Ceylon, North-west America, New Zealand. They are names honoured in the Mission field. They have now descended to these children. As they have entered into their father's names, may they in due time enter into their labours.

We have only one difficulty connected with this interesting movement: it is this. The kind friend who has forwarded these details to us, one of the Secretaries, and now girding on his armour, that he may go out himself to the Missionary field, has requested "to have the accompanying lists inserted in the "Gleaner" for September." But they would take up so large a portion of our little Number, that we should have no room for Missionary intelligence; and what would other friends say, who are not included in the charmed circle, when they opened the monthly Number and saw nothing but a list of names? There is reason to apprehend that the Editor would get into sad disrepute; and we must request our friend to accept this little notification as our *amende*.

KOIS.

WE present our readers with an engraving, on the truthfulness of which they can rely, for it is taken from a photograph, and the sun is a faithful painter.



GROUP OF KOIS.

This is a group of the Koi or Koya people, who live in villages on either side of the river Godavery, in India. Those in the foreground are women, those in the rear are men: they are "sitting" for their portrait, and having seen and known only such Europeans as have shown their kindness, they do not appear to be afraid either of the artist or of his camera. The women are not pretty, nor are the men handsome, and yet we must claim for the group this at least, and try to establish the claim, that they are an interesting people. They are interesting because of their antiquity. They are not Hindus, they are not Mussulmans; they are older inhabitants of India than either. They have traditions, not very clear indeed, but doubtless with some truth mixed up with errors, which connect them with some of the noblest and most ancient of early Indian warriors.

These very people, whose likenesses are here engraved, speak of each other, and are spoken of, as my lord, my lady, as the case may be. I have seen Hindus, on coming into the district where the Koi people live, greatly amused at the high-sounding titles of this very ancient but ragged aristocracy. They are interesting because of the simplicity of their life. Their wants are few, and nature freely supplies them. Their little villages are mere clearings in the jungle, just as large as the necessities of the community dictate. The village is in the centre: around it are the fields, as we should say, a few acres of Indian corn; and, where the land is suitable, a little patch of cotton is about all. Here, then, is a supply for the necessities of life. The cotton is exchanged for cloths, and so the Koi finds himself fed and clothed, as far as his notions of clothes go.

The cattle give milk, and the Ippa-tree provides flowers from which an intoxicating drink is made. A few plants of tobacco, requiring no attention, or very little, complete the catalogue of the luxuries of Koi life.

In the cold weather, when melons and other gourds have covered the thatched roof with their shady and beautiful leaves, a Koi village is exceedingly pretty; but it is a dangerous time, for the Indian corn is nine feet high, and tigers and panthers come up to the very doors.

Along both banks of the Godavery, above the point where it is crossed by the eastern ghauts, these villages abound. We will give one more reason for considering them an interesting people. Though they are very superstitious, yet their superstitions have not assumed the shape of a false system: they have no false temples and no false sacred books.

Around the village of Dumagudiem, where the Church Missionary Society has had a station for a few years, several little schools have been established, where the Kois were willing to have them. The Rev. C. Tanner, who knows these schools well, and is familiar with the more advanced schools in the Masulipatam district, says that the Koi boys can read a chapter in the Telugu New Testament with as much readiness as the Hindu boys at Bunder. The only limit to the progress of schools amongst them is the want of suitable native teachers to do the work.

From time to time, different Missionaries have made tours in the district, and some of the English officers have worked hard for these people, but it has always been a trying field. Some subtle, unhealthy influence, working in the bright atmosphere, which seems to disarm suspicion, steals away the health, and drives the labourer from the vineyard. He cannot

leave them without much regret, and need not leave them without this comfort, that the Lord God, which gathereth the outcasts of Israel, saith, "Yet will I gather others unto Him besides those that are gathered to Him."

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WHAT THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS IN CHINA ARE DOING.

WE have often said, and cannot too often repeat the saying, that Missionary work is to be judged of, not by the number of the converts, but by their reality. One real convert is worth more than a host of nominal ones, and for this reason, that, being in earnest, he reproduces his Christianity, whereas nominal converts are useless for this purpose; nay, more, by their heartlessness they prejudice the heathen against Christianity.

We remember when no wheat was grown in New Zealand, and the natives fed on potatoes and pigs, diversified by a horrid feast on human flesh. In those early days, one of our Missionaries brought some wheat grain into the East Cape district. It was a very small supply, so small as to fit into a stocking. This he carefully sowed, and it brought forth seed tenfold. The produce he divided among natives whom he could trust, on the condition that they were to keep the entire of the yield for seed, and sow it. Before the late wars these districts were covered with rich fields of corn.

The converts which the Missionary gathers round him may be few in number; but if they be genuine, they have in them a reproductive power. Only let him use them for seed; that is, let him employ them, as far as he can, to teach Christianity to their countrymen, and, after a time, the little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

Now we have our converts in China. They are only a handful, especially when compared with the immense population of that country; but we find that they can be used as seed, and that the generality of them are real Christians, who, having tasted that the Lord is gracious, desire to bring others acquainted with that graciousness. Having found sweet honey, they do not mean to keep the secret to themselves: they wish their relatives, friends and neighbours to share it with them. As they have the wish, so God has given them the ability to be useful, and they prove to be very efficient evangelists.

Our Missionaries have therefore sown these men throughout the towns and villages in China. This is the plan our two Missionaries in Fuh-chau province have pursued. They had a little group of converts in the city of Fuh-chau. They did not keep them there, like plants in a greenhouse. There were large cities around them at various distances, 50, 100, 150 miles and more, and all in utter darkness. They planted these men out, and, by the blessing of God, they are doing their work well. They are wise, earnest and persevering. They love the work because they love their Saviour, whose work it is: they are reproducing Christianity in these places, and raising up new congregations.

One of these towns is called Ming-aug-teng. The catechist here, whose name is Timothy, is said to be everything we could wish for; faithful, earnest, prayerful, zealous and original in his way of working. Recently Mr. Wolfe baptized an interesting group of people, the fruits of

his labours—two men, two women and two children. A great many heathen were present to witness what was going on, and the greatest order and decorum was observed.

Are we interested in this work as we should be? The pastor of the flock takes up the infant in his arms and presents it to the Lord. Do we take up this infant Mission in the arms of faith, and present a prayer to the Lord that it may grow up to maturity, and that, when it grows up, it may not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, but manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world and the devil? We are glad to hear of conversions from amongst the heathen, but do we follow up this work with our prayers? The Lord has commenced the work of conversion in China, and given our Missionaries some first-fruits, as a token and encouragement. Could He not make the few, many? Who can tell how much, by withholding our prayers, we retard the progress of the work?

Some of these cases were full of interest. One of the women had been recommended by the catechist in the words of Paul—"She hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also." She took for her Christian name, Phebe. She has gone through the fiery ordeal of persecution, and has suffered much for the Lord's sake. But now, as Mr. Wolfe says, all these trials are over, the dark clouds are removed, and the storm has become a calm. The prayer of faith has triumphed. Her son, who, on her conversion, became her bitter persecutor, and who attempted to assassinate the faithful catechist because he was the means of her conversion, has been given to her prayers and to ours, and has been baptized. His baptism took place at Fuh-chau, in the presence of eighty native Christians, among whom was his own mother, and a large number of heathen. This woman devotes her whole time to the cause of the Gospel at her native town, and God is blessing her efforts in no small degree. She is quite a literary character, and this places her at a great advantage among her neighbours. She may be seen with her Bible and her Prayer-book, exhorting and praying with her countrywomen.

Another of those baptized on the above occasion has given his house in a neighbouring village to be occupied as a chapel and preaching-place.

There is another town, Lo-nguong. Here, some time back, took place two interesting cases of conversion, one of a very dissipated young man, and the other of a rigid old idolater, his father, for whom the young man, when brought to his right mind, prayed much.

Since then they have both been zealous for the truth, occasionally addressing their fellow-townsmen on its behalf; and as they have given up, the one his vices, and the other his idolatry, the change undeniably wrought in them gives weight to their words. The Christians at Lo-nguong have been busy in repairing the new Mission premises, which have just been taken, and which were greatly wanted. The expense of repairing and furnishing the chapel and school is entirely met by the old man. When finished it will have cost 120 dollars. He has, in addition, presented a beautifully carved pulpit, and shows himself deeply interested in the building up of the church of Christ in his native place.

Such then are our native Christians in China. May they never lose

their first love, and may they never be beguiled from the simplicity that is in Christ!

The experience of our Missionaries is not peculiar to them. An American Missionary, writing from Amoy, says—"Almost every convert is a Missionary, and the European Missionaries have often to enter upon new fields opened up by native agency." I might give you many instances of this: one must suffice. A Missionary, one Lord's-day morning, approaching a village where no European had been before, found the people assembled for worship in a place hired by themselves. They were keeping the day holy to the Lord.

GOOD NEWS FROM ABEOKUTA.

THE intelligence received from the Missions is seldom of one complexion. Coming from so many quarters, where the work is in every possible stage of progress, it is of a chequered aspect. The tidings are like the chariots in Zechariah's prophecy, one being drawn by red horses, another by black, another by white, and another by grised and bay. Sometimes the tidings tell of war and danger to our Missions; sometimes they make known to us calamitous events, disappointing and painful, which put us all in mourning; again the Lord deals with us as He did with Paul—"When we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side: without were fightings, within were fears. Nevertheless, God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus." So, when cast down by painful tidings, the same Lord whom Paul served, and whom we seek to serve by making known His Gospel according to his commandment, comforts us by good news. Not unfrequently too, the good news comes from the very Mission, from whence, not long since, painful intelligence had reached us, and thus the white horses follow immediately after the black.

Some time ago we had painful tidings to communicate from Abeokuta—the closing of the churches by order of the Bashorun and chief; the suspension of public Christian worship; the riotous proceedings of the roughs of the city; the sacking of the churches and residences of the Missionaries; and the retirement of the European Missionaries to Lagos, and also several of the native teachers.

Since then we have endeavoured to keep our readers acquainted with events as they have occurred, communicating to them, from time to time, the intelligence received from the native pastor at Oshielle, the Rev. W. Moore. He has visited from his out-station the scattered flocks in Abeokuta, and finding himself unobstructed by the authorities, he availed himself of this tacit permission, and held meetings, at which the Christians assembled for prayer and instruction in the word of God. Thus the native Christians have been preserved from too great discouragement, and kept together in the hope of better days.

And now the clouds are breaking, and the sun is beginning to shine forth. The storm we trust is over, and the work of reparation has commenced.

Since the day of the outbreak, Oct. 16th, 1867, it has been generally considered that the Christians had no longer any right to the Missionary.

stations, and that the ground on which the ruined tenements stood was now the property of those who had been the ringleaders of the work on that occasion.

But the Bashorun has decided otherwise. He, with others of the chiefs, signified their determination to restore Christian worship to the position it had lost, and wished this to be publicly known. They had therefore resolved to hand over the stations to the Christians, in order that they might be put to use at once, and accordingly the Ake elders urged on the Christians the duty of re-occupying the premises without delay.

The Christians did not need much incitement. They came with glad alacrity, like the Jews in Nehemiah's time to remove the rubbish and repair the wall. On June 1st, a large body of converts, both men and women, chiefly of the Ake congregation, assembled in the Ake Missionary compound, and at once set to work, clearing away the obnoxious weeds by which the compound had become densely covered, so much so as to render difficult the realization of a very different order of things some ten months before, when that very spot had been inhabited by some hundred Christian people, old and young. The undertaking proved to be much more arduous than they had expected; but the Ake Christians found help, willing labourers from other congregations flocked to aid them, for the work needed to be done promptly. Nor were these helpers only from the church congregations. The Wesleyans were there, uniting with their church brethren, and cheering them on by sympathy and active help; while the Ake people contributed the money to provide necessary food.

Would that it might be so at home. Thus good is brought out of evil. Common afflictions have conduced to union. Is this the way in which we are to be taught at home the value of Christian union, and be led to understand more fully than we have as yet how good and pleasant it is for brethren, in the belief of the great saving truths of the Gospel, to dwell together in unity?

In this undertaking the Christians have been encouraged to persevere by the Bashorun himself. He has told them to go on, and repair without fear the Ake Church; that he would not only protect them, but help them by taking on himself the cost of a portion of the work; and that the doors, which he desired should be made at once, were to be made at his cost.

Thus they seem to be carrying on the work of rebuilding, pretty much after the fashion with the Jews in Nehemiah's time, when each tribe, each family, charged itself with a special portion of the wall, and wrought side by side with its townfolk on either hand.

Not only has the process of restoration commenced, but the native pastors and teachers have returned from Lagos, and resumed their work. To this step they were decided by a resolution of the Parent Committee, to the effect that all the native agents who had fled to Lagos should be encouraged to return to Abeokuta, and, with the other native agents who had remained there, endeavour to keep the native Christians steadfast and unmoveable in their Christian profession.

The Igbein people, who are the most determined opponents of Christianity, endeavoured indeed to prevent their doing so. These people took possession of two villages on the banks of the river Ogun, with the view

of intercepting the communications with Lagos, and preventing the return of the native teachers. But the resolute action of the Bashorun and other chiefs compelled them to vacate this post, and leave the road open.

More recently the Bashorun has received a deputation of the native Christians, in which were some of the agents who had returned from Lagos. He expressed himself gratified at their return, and requested that for the present they should reside at Ake, where he would be able to give them full protection. He also gave them permission to ring the school bell, which had been silent since the outbreak.

Ogudipe, a friendly chief, has also invited them to re-occupy the township of Ikija, to ring the Church bell, and thus publicly summon the people to the worship of the true God.

"Thus," writes Mr. Moore, "the stations at Ake and Ikija have been restored to us. The bells, which had been silent forty Sundays, have rung out freely, and been heard once more through the town. The heathen thought that Christianity was done for in Abeokuta. Thanks be to God we re-commenced it publicly this day (June 28th), when, to a congregation of 423 persons, I had the privilege of preaching from the passage—'All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is that word which by the Gospel is preached unto you.'" (1 Pet. i. 24, 25.)

The text was appropriate, for their being permitted, after so severe an ordeal, to assemble once more for Christian worship, was in itself a proof of the enduring power of the word of God. Man, in his unhappy enmity to that which is so well fitted to restore him to the happiness which he has lost, may try to get rid of it, and crush it out. Often has this been attempted in many other places as well as Abeokuta, yet true Christianity lives on and gathers strength. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."

There has been a meeting of the native teachers: districts have been assigned to them, and the Mission, rising out of the confusion into which it had been thrown, is being shaped into order and systematic working. Ake, Ikija, Owu, have been re-occupied. Igbein alone remains excluded, for as yet the people of that district exhibit no signs of repentance.

These are good tidings, and we thank God for them.

Ps. XCII. 14.

THE following lines have been written by an old friend of the Church Missionary Society, one who has loved it for its works' sake.

"And said I that my limbs were old?
 And said I that my heart was cold,
 And that I could not sing of love?"
 Not of His love who freely died,
 Who poured the life-blood from his side,
 That I might share His throne above?"

POETRY.—THE CORD OF LOVE.

Lord, warm my heart to sing Thy praise,
 And tell Thy love till all my days
 Have reached their heaven-appointed sum :
 Pour down Thy grace on others too,
 In pity to this world of woe,
 Bring all Thy children quickly home !

Send forth Thy heralds far and wide,
 Quickly, oh quickly let the tide
 Of saving grace and mercy flow :
 Let all Thy people everywhere
 Send forth the song of praise and prayer,
 From every hearth and home below !

Let hearts now cold, and eyes now dim,
 Behold and know and worship Him,
 Who sits upon that throne above ;
 So let Thy chosen flock soon meet,
 To cast their crowns before His feet
 Who is Himself all light and love.

 THE CORD OF LOVE.

WE cannot see the twinings
 In God's long Cord of Love.
 We cannot trace the windings
 By matchless Wisdom wove

E'en as a skein, when ravell'd,
 Still holds the hidden end ;
 So Love's mysterious windings
 Around our chastenings blend.

That Cord can ne'er be broken,
 'Tis held by God alone :
 The Lord's seal is the token,
 He knows, He keeps His own.

And when the Father chasteneth,
 His children's faith to prove,
 The Cord is held by Jesus—
 The unseen end is Love.

Love, deep, divine, unsearchable,
 Love is the binding Cord,
 And, hid beneath the chastening,
 Twines round the saints of God.

JAPAN.

THE Americans are not, as yet, a homogeneous nation. The population at present is a vast gathering of fragments of races, which have not thoroughly blended. But in time this will be done. In the midst of the mass there is at work a splendid leaven. There are numbers who love the truths of the Gospel, and desire that it should be widely known at home and abroad. So far as home is concerned we feel assured that this most valuable portion of the American community will increase in power, and exercise a healthful influence upon the great Republic.

In a Missionary point of view the American Christians are second to none, their enterprising nature peculiarly fitting them for the work of evangelization in remote, and, we may almost say, inaccessible countries.

In January 1866 a most interesting letter was addressed by Mr. C. R. S. Brown, an American Missionary at Yokohama, in Japan, to a member of the Parent Committee of the Church Missionary Society, in which he calls upon all Christian brethren for their earnest prayers that the partially open door in that country may be set wide open for the introduction of the Gospel.

Among other obstacles to the extension of Christianity which he enumerates in that letter are the penal edicts, which, at the time when he was writing, were still in force against Christians. "There is no evidence," he writes, "that the old edicts against Christianity have been revoked: no proclamation from the Government as yet assures the people that they would not be treated as criminals worthy of death, should they be suspected of favouring the Christian religion. We call upon our brethren in Christ to pray that this last obstacle may be removed."

That these edicts are not regarded as obsolete, but may be brought into action at any moment, according to the caprice of a heathen Government, appears from the following paragraph which appeared in the "Homeward Mail" of September 7th—

"From Nagasaki we hear that the Governor had caused to be drowned 200 native Christians because of their religion, in spite of the remonstrances of the foreign consuls. There being about 40,000 native Christians in Japan, it is to be hoped that European nations will be able to find some means of yet saving them from extermination."

Japan has of late been passing through the miseries of civil war. A great revolutionary movement has convulsed the country, the causes of which are explained in the following communication from Bishop Williams of the American Episcopal church, dated January 1868—

"The Daimiyos, or several of the more powerful of them, seem determined to abolish, or greatly modify, the power of the Tycoon, and elevate the Mikado to his legitimate position as emperor *de facto*, as he is *de jure*. For more than two hundred years the Mikado has been a nonentity, leading a life of seclusion, kept almost as a prisoner of state, and bound by the strictest rules of etiquette, which prescribed nearly everything he could or could not do. In the meantime the Government has been administered by the Tycoon and Council of State, some more important affairs being referred to the Mikado for approval.

"The Daimiyos were compelled by Gongen Sama, the successor of Taiko, to reside at Yedo six months in the year, and were not permitted to take

their families with them when they visited their provinces. They were kept virtually as hostages—guarantees for their good behaviour—pledges that they would not attempt a revolt in their absence.

“The more powerful Daimiyos have long felt very restive under such treatment of the Tycoon, whom they looked upon as one of their peers, only a Daimiyo like one of themselves; and since the late treaties they have forced the Tycoon to consent to their residing permanently with their families in their own provinces. They have been drawing around the Mikado, evidently with the intention of elevating the Mikado and weakening the powers of the Tycoon.

“All of these changes tend to the furtherance of the Gospel. The unrestricted opening of the country to the spread of Christianity will very probably be effected by the independent action of the princes.

“The Missionaries are much more open and free in their intercourse in instructing the Japanese than when I left the country. Mr. Ballagh, of the Dutch Reformed Mission, gathers a number every Sunday morning in Dr. Hepburn’s dispensary, for prayers and instruction in the Bible. The Sunday morning I spent in Yokohama there were about fifteen present, and they were remarkably quiet and attentive. Most of them had their Bibles open, and followed his explanations very closely.

“Mr. Verbeck, the only Protestant Missionary in Nagasaki, teaches, several hours a day, a Government school. He feels much encouragement in the great work he is doing, and some facts he mentioned are full of interest; but he would not like to make public the particulars of his work at present, as there has lately been some excitement at Nagasaki on account of the Roman Catholics.”

For some considerable time the Missionaries have been engaged in compiling a Japanese-English Dictionary, containing about 40,000 words. This valuable work has just been published at the Mission press in Shanghai, and will be most useful to both Japanese and English, in prosecuting the study of the respective languages. The Missionaries stationed at Yokohama are now engaged in translating the Gospel according to St. Mathew, and we expect soon to hear of its publication.

The Japanese are an intelligent people. They are most eager, moreover, to acquire an insight into the various arts and sciences which are known to Europeans. Not, indeed, that printing is unknown in Japan. Though unacquainted with moveable types, they have for a long time made use of a kind of stereotype in wood, by means of which they have produced various works of science, moral philosophy, poetry, travels, and even encyclopædias. They have the greatest respect for literary men, and the facility with which the Missionaries have acquired their language will greatly tend to command their respect and attention. This facility is owing, not to the simplicity of the language, but to the perseverance and unwearying exertions of the Missionaries.

The Japanese language is not, as is often supposed, a mere dialect of the Chinese, but is said by philologists to be so dissimilar to all known languages in structure, grammar, and every characteristic, as to prove that the nation who speak it must be a distinct race and colony. The Chinese language is monosyllabic. The Japanese is polysyllabic. It has a sweet mellifluous sound, and has an alphabet of forty-seven letters,

which may be written in four different sets of characters; in addition to which the Chinese is used as a kind of learned character. Another means of attaining to closer intimacy with the natives, and indirectly promoting the cause of Christianity, is the medical dispensary.

This institution is open daily, except on Sundays, the number of patients averaging about thirty, and as they come from all parts of the country, the opportunities thus afforded for good are incalculable. On entering the dispensary you may see the ten commandments and various passages of Scripture translated into Japanese, and suspended from the walls, showing that the balm of Gilead occupies a prominent place among the healing medicines of the Missionary.

There is also a class of medical students, numbering eight persons, who take the greatest interest in the instruction given to them by Dr. Hepburn. Medicine, indeed, is a science which is much cultivated in Japan, and original works on this subject, are often published in that country.

“AND SO HE BRINGETH THEM TO THE HAVEN WHERE
THEY WOULD BE.”

Yes, billow after billow—see they come,
Faster and rougher, as your little boat
Nears evermore the haven. Oftentimes
It seems to sink and fall adown the wave,
As if borne backward by the struggling tide;
Yet, mounting billow after billow, wave
On wave o'er-riding, tempest-tossed and shattered,
Still, still it nears the haven evermore.
“Poor mariner! art not thou sadly weary?”
Dear brother, rest is sweeter after toil.
“Grows not thine eye confused and dim with sight
Of nothing but the wintry waters?” True;
But then my pole-star, constant and serene,
Above the changing waters, changes not.
“But what if clouds as often veil the sky?”
Oh, then an unseen hand hath ever ta'en
The rudder of my feeble hands the while;
And I cling to it. “Answer me once more,
Mariner; What think'st thou when the waters beat
Thy frail boat backward from the longed-for harbour?”
Oh, brother, though innumerable waves
Still seem to rise betwixt me and my home,
I know that they are numbered; not one less
Should bear me homeward, if I had my will;
For One who knows what tempests are to weather,
O'er whom there broke the wildest billows once,
He bids these waters swell. In His good time
The last rough wave shall bear me on its bosom,
Into the haven of eternal peace.
No billows after! *They are numbered, brother.*
“Oh, gentle mariner, steer on, steer on;
My tears still flow for thee, but they are tears
In which faith strives with grief, and overcomes.”

A LESSON FROM A MOHAMMEDAN.

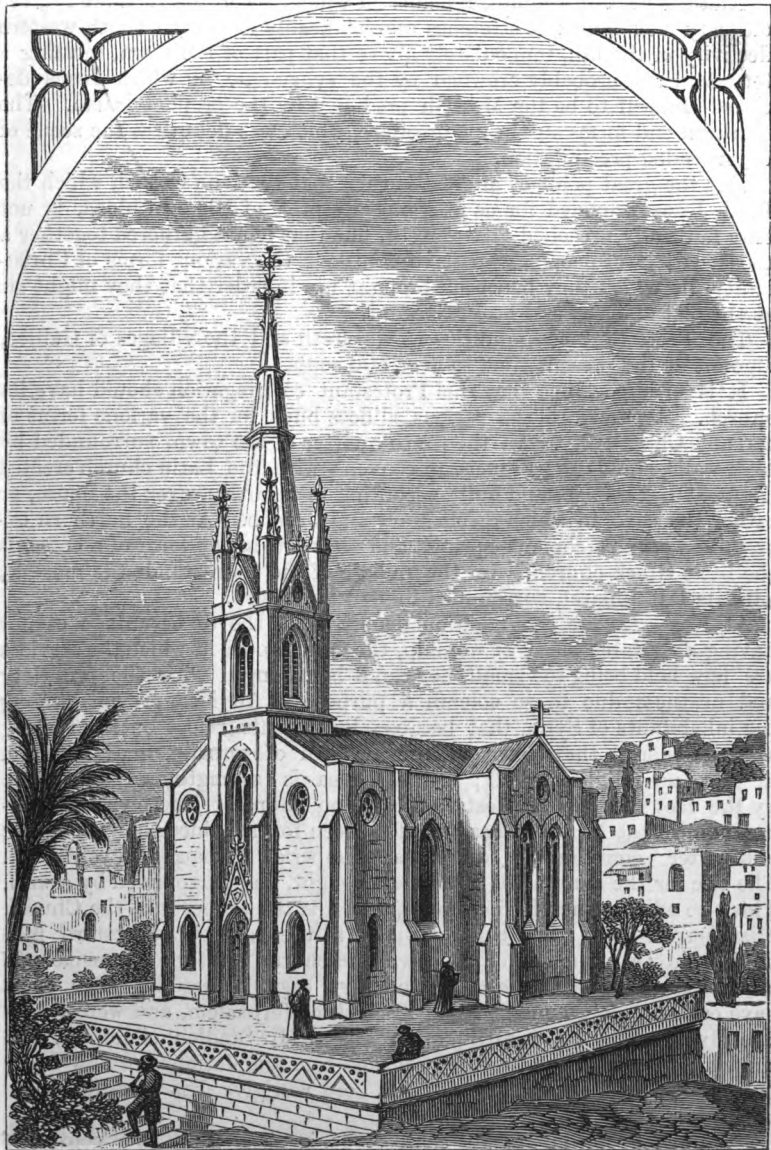
WE have occasionally spoken in the "Gleaner" of the Strangers' Home at Limehouse. It is a large house, in which poor strangers from all the countries of Asia, who are staying for a while in London, may be housed and fed for a small payment. This Institution was commenced some twelve years ago, and has done a vast amount of good during that time. It has not only contributed to the comfort of the poor foreigners who used to be turned adrift in the streets of the worst part of London, but we have good reason to hope that in many cases it has been the means of teaching them something of that Christ whom we English Christians profess to serve.

But though we are ready to talk of the "poor benighted heathen," and though we may have good reason to pity them, yet we must not be too proud to take a lesson from them sometimes.

Such a lesson was given not long ago by a Mohammedan at the Strangers' Home. He had been born near Calcutta, but had gone as a Cooly to the West Indies. Probably many of our readers are aware that the natives of India go in large numbers to other countries, and there work as labourers in the sugar plantations. We have a very flourishing Mission among the Coolies from South India who have settled in Ceylon, and another important Mission amongst the Coolies in the Island of Mauritius. The wages of this man of whom we are speaking had been very small, but he had saved them all; and after he had been toiling hard for some eight or ten of the best years of his life, he found himself with between 80% and 90%. Of course you will suppose that he now determined to go home, and to live in Bengal amongst his old friends and relatives, with whom he would pass for a man of wealth. Not so. He came to London, and stayed at the Strangers' Home, as being the best and cheapest place at which he could find a lodging. He then announced his intention of making a pilgrimage to Mecca. Nothing would serve him but he must go to Mecca, and visit the tomb of his prophet. He was offered a very cheap passage home to Calcutta, but he utterly refused it. He determined to go by the most expensive route to Mecca, and to this end he devoted nearly the whole of his ten year's savings. What little might remain he would give away in alms at Mecca, and would then have to begin the world afresh. The manager of the Strangers' Home remonstrated with him, and pointed out to him that he had much better keep at any rate a little of his money, in order to help him when he got home, but he would not hear of it. His answer is worth remembering. He said, "No, I must go to Mecca. I will spend all my money in going there. I don't care how much it costs. God gave me all my money: I am only giving it back again to Him."

Surely this Mohammedan is a lesson to us. He obeyed the Koran, which he looked upon as his Bible; and for this he was ready to sacrifice every penny he had. No doubt he might have done much better with his money; he might have done more good to himself and others with it; yet we must admire his readiness in sacrificing all for what he believed to be the word of God.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH NOW BUILDING AT NAZARETH.
NAZARETH of Galilee—its historical reminiscences how deeply interesting!
“Joseph came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth; and there Joseph



November 1868.

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and Mary dwelt," and "He was subject unto them;" and there His townfolk "filled with wrath, rose up and thrust him out of the city; and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong."

And the brow of the hill, remains on which, according to Luke iv., the old city was built: it stretches unmistakably along the south-western declivity of the hill, immediately above that part of the town, forming a terrace, then probably crowned by the synagogue in which Jesus declared Himself to be the Messiah predicted by the prophet Isaiah. The northern end forms an abrupt precipice, which was doubtless the scene of the intended precipitation.

But the great point of interest is this, that the true Gospel, which the Lord Jesus provided for us at the costly price of His own blood, is not only faithfully preached at Nazareth, but that it has gathered together a congregation of people, who have forsaken the various forms of Christianity in which they had been brought up, in order that they might sit at the feet of Jesus and hear His word.

The Protestant communities at Nazareth and the villages of Galilee, amount at the present time to over 500 souls.

It is of importance that this Protestant congregation should have its church. Around are the various edifices built for the various forms of corrupt Christianity. In the south quarter of the town, surrounded by high walls, stands the Franciscan convent, with the Latin church erected about 150 years ago, and built, according to tradition, over the house, or rather the cave, in which dwelt Mary and Joseph. At the northern extremity we find a copious spring, and above it, in the form of a cross, is the little Greek church. In the middle of the town stands the mosque, with its tall minaret, surrounded by dark cypresses.

At Nazareth the congregation deeply feels the disadvantage of not having a suitable place of worship, the schoolroom in which the services are now held being too small, nor can it be arranged with the propriety and neatness due to so solemn a purpose. An idea prevails among the inhabitants of Syria, that because Protestants reject outward show and ceremony, they have no proper form of worship, and therefore, in fact, no religion at all; and the idea is strengthened in Galilee by the fact that the Protestants have no church. The plan of building a church at Nazareth has therefore been formed since the year 1863; and after considerable delay, an Imperial firman was obtained. The site for the church has since been bought, and surrounded by a wall. This site adjoins the Mission house, which is the property of the Church Missionary Society; and being situated at the slope of the western hill, in the south-west quarter of the town, the church will form a conspicuous and highly ornamental feature, and very easily accessible. The plans have originally been made by Mr. Schick of Jerusalem, and were subsequently corrected by an excellent architect, Mr. Stadlen of Zurich, who visited Palestine in the present year, and the foundations are now being proceeded with, in the trust that the Lord will give His blessing to the undertaking.

Nazareth is an important centre. It is situated in the centre of Galilee, seven hours ride from the Mediterranean, and about equally dis-

tant from the roadsteads of Acca and Caiffa. It lies nearly 700 feet above the plain of Esdraelon, but is completely hidden from the view of the traveller in a peculiar depression of the mountains, whose summits rise in a circular form for several hundred feet above the town. From the top of the western mountain, on the side of which the town lies, one enjoys one of the finest views in Palestine. Towards the north, the eye rests upon the grand, snow-covered height of Hermon, and, nearer, on the mountains of Safed, with the town and ruined castle. To the east rises the round top of Tabor, with the blue mountains of Gilead at its back, which descend abruptly to the valley of the Jordan. Towards the south one overlooks the plain of Esdraelon, with the little Hermon, at the foot of which lie Nain and Endor. Behind this rise Gilboa and Jesreel, once the summer residence of the Kings of Samaria; and in the background the mountains of Samaria, with Ebal, close the wide circle. Towards the west, the long steep side of Carmel stretches into the sea, and the lovely bay of Acca extends from this to the Raseh Makura at its north-western extremity. The beautifully wooded hills which occupy the space between the sea and the mountains of Nazareth give to this part of the country a peculiar charm and richness.

The town of Nazareth, compared with the ruined state of the rest of the country, leaves upon the mind of the traveller the pleasant impression of a prosperous and wonderfully rising place. To the fact of Christians being here in a majority is due the circumstance that Nazareth is becoming more and more the centre for the Christian population in the north of Palestine, and a bulwark against the intolerant spirit of Mohammedanism. Notwithstanding the heavy affliction of the cholera in 1865, by which all commerce was suspended; notwithstanding the dreadful devastation of locusts in two successive years, and the increasingly oppressive taxation of the Christian population, Nazareth is still on the increase. Under these circumstances there can be no doubt as to the suitability of Nazareth as the basis of Missionary operations, for it is by native Christians, and especially by Protestants, that the Gospel must be introduced among Mohammedans.

Our Missionary, the Rev. John Zeller, to whom we are indebted for the above particulars, concludes with the following appeal, which we doubt not will be responded to.

The great poverty of most members of the congregation renders it impossible for them to erect a church out of their own means, requiring, as it will, about 2000*l*, though they have already to begin to contribute towards it. Under the many trials which they are called upon to endure, the sympathy of their brethren, expressed by aiding them in building a church, would be the greatest encouragement to them. They therefore beg their fellow-Christians and Protestants in other countries to come to their assistance in erecting a suitable building for divine worship. It may not be amiss to state, also, that the erection of such a building will give a suitable place of worship to tourists and travellers passing through Palestine, to whom attendance at divine service in the place, so long the home of our Redeemer, cannot fail to be peculiarly gratifying.

NATIVE MISSIONARIES.

THE facts we are about to give to our readers have not occurred in any of our own Mission fields; but we are gleaners, and we glean everywhere. Wherever there lies a stray ear of corn we pick it up. Wherever we find a telling fact, fitted to give to the friends of Missions encouragement, and send them with greater spirit to their work, we import it into our pages. We do no wrong to those from whom we get it, inasmuch as we do not deprive them of it. Their pages are not the poorer; but we ourselves are certainly the richer.

The country is Natal; the town, Pieter-Maritzburg; the Missionary, formerly of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, now in connexion with the Free Church of Scotland.

He had long and anxiously thought in what way, and by what means, the Gospel of Christ could be conveyed to the far-distant tribes inhabiting the unhealthy regions of the African continent. That question has been answered.

The Boers have been in the habit of employing the natives of the interior in elephant-hunting. Several of these people, having learned that a labour-market was open for them in Natal among the European colonists, came down from great distances, intending to remain long enough to earn some money in service, and then to return to their own people.

Six of these, natives of the Zout Pans Berg territory in the interior, came to the Mission school, and learned about Christ. They were indeed filled with wonder. They had found something above gold or silver. So filled were their hearts with the good news, that, like the bee, which, when loaded with the honey, must needs return to the hive, so they must needs return to their people. Off, therefore, they set upon their errand. They have been since heard of. Hundreds of miles they had to travel, but their nightly readings and prayers never were forgotten. With a bent stick set in the ground, and their lantern at the top of it, they read at night, even when passing through the countries occupied by the Dutch Boers.

One of them, Nathaniel Baibai, left his brethren some days before they reached the end of their journey, his tribe lying some days nearer than those of his companions. On reaching home he lost no time in beginning his work. With the Kaffir Scriptures in his hand, he went from town to town, translating as he read to the crowds, both old and young, who gathered around him to hear the wonders of a Saviour's love to sinful man. A few days after Nathaniel left them, his companions were stopped by the Dutch Boers, on suspicion that their bundles contained contraband goods, namely, powder and lead. They found, however, nothing except Bibles, spelling-books and hymn-books; so, after delaying them three days, they let them go. Between the Dutch Boers and their nation war has since broken out, so that all communications are for the present interrupted.

No sooner had these six pioneers left Pieter-Maritzburg, than several of the native converts came forward to ask that a day school might be established, in which they could get more teaching than was possible in

gam was ready to give up caste, and to conform himself entirely to the will of God. They were sent home to reconsider the step which they were about to take, and when they were come a second time to me Soobramanian still persisted in his reluctance to give up caste; Sangaralingam declared, after a little hesitation, that he was determined to let nothing of the kind stand in the way of his soul's salvation. As these youths were not then in my school, having left it some time previously, I was at a loss to know how to act in regard to them. While I felt that they should have every encouragement, I was unwilling to needlessly hazard the well-being of the school by receiving them in the same way as I would youths actually under instruction, and consequently under observation; not but that I was ready, at the call of duty, to do everything in my power to forward the salvation of an immortal soul, which is worth the sacrifice of a thousand schools. But in this case my duty required nothing more from me than to place them under the care of some Missionary; and accordingly I sent one of them Sangaralingam, of whom I thought most favourably, to the Rev. Stephen Hobbs, at Satthangulam, who subsequently transferred him to the care of the Rev. J. Devasagayam, in Kadatchapuram, where he was employed as schoolmaster. From there he wrote several times to me; and his letters, though written in bad English, breathed a very good spirit, expressing an ardent desire for more knowledge of the Scriptures, and opportunities of usefulness amongst the heathen.

To make a long story short, he was, in due season, baptized by the name of William Gnanapragasam, and by and by employed under the Rev. E. Sargent at Palamcottah, till he obtained his present situation of deputy jailor, in which I understand he has given entire satisfaction. But I must not conclude this little sketch without relating a very affecting incident which happened at the bedside of his dying father. When the old man felt that his end was approaching, he assembled his children about him, and gave them a little wholesome advice, such as a Hindu might be supposed able to offer his children in regard to their future behaviour in the present world, for what he said to them had no reference to a future state of existence. As soon as he had made an end of speaking, Gnanapragasam, seizing the opportunity, respectfully exhorted his father to believe in the Lord Jesus, assuring him that it was the only way whereby he must be saved. "Yes," said the poor dying man, "I now need the help of God, and I implore Him also to save my soul."

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

TEACH me live! 'tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away;
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson—*how to live*,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life:
Arm me for conflict now; fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live ! Thy purpose to fulfil ;
 Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine ;
 Each day renew, re-mould this stubborn will ;
 Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live for self, and sin no more,
 But use the time remaining to me yet ;
 Not mine own pleasure seeking, as before—
 Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live ! no idler let me be,
 But in Thy service hand and heart employ ;
 Prepare to do Thy bidding cheerfully :
 Be this my highest and my holiest joy !

Teach me to live ! my daily cross to bear,
 Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load ;
 Only be with me ; let me feel Thee near :
 Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live ! and find my life in Thee,
 Looking from earth and earthly things away ;
 Let me not falter, but untiringly
 Press on, and gain new strength and power each day.

Teach me to live ! with kindly words for all,
 Wearing no cold repulsive brow of gloom ;
 Waiting, with cheerful patience, till Thy call
 Summons my spirit to her heavenly home.

THE SECUNDR A ORPHANAGE.

SECUNDR A is about four and a half miles from the Fort of Agra, not far from the tomb of the Emperor Akbar. There, in numerous buildings, are located 456 native Christians, and orphans of both sexes, about 181 boys, and 159 girls. The girls attend three hours in the cold and four hours in the hot season ; three hours more are employed in other work, as sewing, knitting, &c. They also cook their own meals by turns, and the food, both for hospitals and the nursery. The boys have their usual school-hours and lessons, and are employed in out-door work, whenever there is anything for them to do in the field and garden. In due time they are moved to the School of Industry, where they are instructed in some one of the following branches—Printing in English and vernacular, bookbinding, carpentering, iron-work, blacksmith and locksmith, paper-making, type-casting and engraving.

In May 1867 the cholera broke out amongst the girls, of whom thirteen out of forty-six cases died, the boys remaining untouched. It was shortly after the heavy trials of such a visitation that Mrs. Däuble, the wife of the Rev. C. G. Däuble, the Missionary in charge, wrote the following pages.

a night school, as they wished, when they returned home, to give themselves to the instruction of their countrymen. That they might be free to attend, they proposed to give up service with their European masters, thus relinquishing all prospect of earthly gain, and to wash their own clothes, provided only that they might be fed.

The Missionary, Mr. Allison, has obtained a grant from Government to enable him to do this, and has engaged a master; and thus the Training School commenced, January 7th, 1868, with seventeen pupils, besides seventeen others, who, not having as yet got clear of their engagements with their masters, attend only a part of each day. Most anxious are they to learn. They never seem to tire, and are making progress in reading, writing and arithmetic. They are all either baptized or purpose to be. They keep up their own simple habits, with a piece of wood or stone for a pillow, and living on two meals a day of Indian corn porridge, with a little salt.

This school appears to be a rendezvous for natives from the interior. The school steadily increases, and if some return home, others take their place. Thus they pick up what fits them to be emissaries of civilization to the dark tribes in the interior, who are entirely beyond the reach of European Missionaries. The acting superintendent, calling without notice, in December last, found assembled 110 men and five women—no children, the school being exclusively for adults; and as teachers are few, the scholars did all they could to teach one another. Forty could read, and thirty-nine had purchased the Gospels for themselves at 4s. 6d. each, a thing which the Superintendent declared to be unparalleled in the colony.

Seeds are strangely borne to distant places by birds, on the wings of the wind, by the waves of the sea. What if the seed of divine truth be thus carried into the dark interior of Southern Africa, there to be sown, and there to bring forth fruit.

CONVERSIONS IN THE ANGLO-VERNACULAR SCHOOL AT PALAMCOTTAH.

MR. CRUIKSHANKS, the principal of this school, has forwarded to us a narrative of various instances of conversion which have taken place during a period of twenty-four years. He begins with Saththianadhan—

Saththianadhan, a Wilson's scholar, was the first amongst our pupils to renounce Hinduism and embrace Christianity.

At first he would hardly listen with patience to any observations exposing the sin and folly of idolatry. He seemed determined to close his mind against all convictions, refusing to make the smallest concession on the side of truth, and astonishing even his heathen schoolfellows by his obstinate bigotry. But by and by he became completely changed in his views and feelings, attending with uncommon interest, not only to the reading of the word of God, but to whatever was said thereon for his instruction in righteousness; and it was affecting to observe how he regretted the barriers which caste had thrown up between him and the

way of salvation, which he evidently longed to enter. While he was in this frame of mind several youths belonging to my school, in company with others, one day passed by a pagoda. Iruvangadam, afterwards called Saththianadhan, was one of them, and, pointing to an idol—an image of Pooliar, or Ganesa, placed outside the building—asked his companions, “Is that one of our gods?” and, on being answered in the affirmative, boldly denied that the image was a god, and, to prove that he did not consider it as any thing more than a piece of stone, smote it with his foot, declaring that he defied its revenge; with which he was threatened by one of the most superstitious of the party. This bold act, while it struck one or two with horror, only excited the merriment of the rest, thus proving that they participated in his contempt for idolatry.

Again, when the Hindu festival in honour of the same god occurred shortly after, he refused to worship the clay image made to represent the god on such occasions. This provoked his mother, who reported the circumstance to his father. When the boy was questioned as to his reason for so strange a behaviour, he at first made no reply; but when further accused of totally neglecting the worship of the gods adored by the Hindus in the neighbouring temples, he answered, that being prevented by his studies for so much as visiting those temples, he was not at leisure to pay his respects to the idols worshipped in them.

Such was the youth who, in August 1847, came to my house late one Saturday evening, accompanied by a Christian schoolfellow of his, now the Rev. M. Perianayagam. Saying he had something to communicate, he agreeably surprised me by declaring that he wished to give himself to the Lord by becoming a Christian. I endeavoured to ascertain his real motive for desiring to take so important a step; and being satisfied that he was sincere, I took him into my closet, and there prayed for him, entreating the Lord to give him an abundant measure of His grace, and strengthening him with might by His Spirit in his inner man to support and comfort him under all his approaching trials. He was then sent without delay to Megnanapuram, accompanied by his friend Perianayagam, the same Christian schoolfellow alluded to above; and it was settled that he should write from thence to his father, informing him of the step he had taken, and the consequent necessity he was under of staying away from home. He was thus out of harm’s way for the present, and the Rev. John Thomas, under whose care he was now placed, I knew was able to give him the protection which he needed under the circumstances.

Without dwelling on the visit of his father to Megnanapuram, and the youth’s appearance before a magistrate to declare publicly that he was not detained by us against his will, I will conclude this hasty sketch of his conversion by adding that he was baptized on a Sunday in November of the same year, being named William Thomas, to which the surname of Saththianadhan was afterwards added. He was, some years subsequently, ordained, and is happily still alive, actively and usefully working in the Mission as a native clergyman of the Church of England.

In September 1847 Sangaralingam now called Gnanapragasam, and his cousin Soobramanian, formerly pupils in my school, came to me professing a desire to embrace the Gospel. When they were asked if they would give up caste, Soobramanian was not prepared to do so; but Sangaralin-

We have left a very trying season behind us. At the end of May we were visited by cholera : it was a hard and trying time. The first case made its appearance on Ascension-day : one girl was found lying sick with cholera on the outside of the verandah. The girls, during the hot weather, sleep on the verandah instead of inside. The sick girl was directly sent to the hospital, but before an hour had elapsed she was no more. At half-past seven o'clock all the children went to church. One of the girls had to leave the church, and as she did no more return, I went to see what was the matter with her, and found her sick on the steps of our hospital. I took her to my bungalow and gave her medicine. She seemed better, but an hour afterwards she got worse again, so I sent her over to the hospital. Hour by hour brought new cases. We wrote to Dr. Playfair, who came the same evening, and afterwards twice daily, from Agra, to look after our sick ones.

In the evening of the same day we had two rooms full of cholera sick children. I chose sixteen of the bigger girls to act as nurses during the night by turns ; we ourselves took our turn. What a night it was ! The air so close and hot, and round us the suffering children. Three of the girls died during the night. How the poor suffering, dying children appreciated it when something was read to them from the word of God ! Next day more sick children were brought in, so that all four rooms of the hospital were fully occupied. The healthy boys and girls had been removed on the day of the outbreak of the cholera ; the former occupied a garden containing some buildings near Agra, the latter were sent over to our old compound, in which formerly the girls' school was, still in ruins since the mutiny. My husband had the ruin repaired, so that our girls could be sheltered there. Three of the bigger girls who had watched the previous night were taken ill : two of them died. One of them was a very nice girl. As soon as she felt ill she joined her hands and asked me to send for the Sahib to pray with her ; and after she became too weak to speak she would still join her hands for prayer. The other girls who had acted as nurses the night previous got frightened, and asked to be allowed to go to the other compound, to their healthy companions. I felt for a moment sad : there was sickness everywhere about, and even if we could have got some hired help they would not have felt the interest in the orphans they ought to have ; besides, it was a question if we could have got some to help us. On the other hand, I did not like to force our girls ; so I told them, " I cannot force you : it is a work of love to nurse your sick and dying sisters. If you shall get the cholera, you will get it even if you go to the other compound : and if it is not the will of God that you shall get the cholera, you will not get it by nursing your sick sisters : but so much I tell you, whoever now goes and leaves the sick, and gets sick afterwards, I cannot nurse." This had effect, and only one girl left. The twenty-eight girls who had to act as nurses under us were of great use : they had their turns every three hours, fourteen of them, and not one of them got ill, although some were found, overpowered by sleep and heat, in the same bed with the sick girls. The heat was dreadful in the end of May and beginning of June ; the hot winds were blowing their full force : there were not even the comforts in the hospital we enjoy in our own bungalows, no punkahs, and two fires had to be kept up in every room. It was a time of great trial, but such times have their blessings too,

Mr. Shackell, Mr. Rebsch, and all those employed in the Orphanage, did what they could for the sufferers, the two former gentlemen helping the native doctor day and night in distributing the medicines. The native Christians, after having done their day's work, would stay up by turns at night to help.

As soon as some of the children got a little better they would ask for their New Testaments, and, weak as they were, they would try to read it. How attentive they were notwithstanding their sufferings, during morning and evening prayers, which were regularly held with them.

Forty-eight of the orphans were dangerously ill of cholera: out of the number, ten girls and three little boys died: it was chiefly amongst the girls. It was a great day of rejoicing when all the orphans were allowed to return back to Secundra. The boys entered the compound singing hymns; it was a beautiful moonlight night, everything looked so peaceful. At the end of August the cholera seemed again to make its appearance amongst our boys. How sad we felt, both not feeling strong; but God hath spared us: only one of the boys died, the others got well.

One of your protégés, Thomas Boyd, was buried last Saturday. He was one of our brightest boys; such a pleasant face, such a happy smile was always playing on his countenance. We shall long miss him. He died of consumption. He did not complain of anything: it was only observed that he looked rather thin, and was therefore sent to the hospital; but he would come every day to play with wooden bricks on our verandah, or look at pictures, or to have a quiet rest. He enjoyed his food and his sago mixed with a little wine every day. We thought that a change of air would do him good, and sent him to Runkutta, where a Christian family is living. He liked the thought of going there, but he only returned from there to die in our midst.

During the cholera time we lost several of our brightest girls: generally stupid girls can bear much more than our bright ones. Just now such a bright little girl, Begum Chando, is lying very ill, and there seems no hope for her recovery. Last Saturday I asked her, "Have you any pain?" She said, "No." When I asked her, "Do you know that you are dangerously ill? Now if you had the choice, would you prefer to get well again, or to die?" She said, "I do not wish to remain in this world: I want to go to Jesus." I am often quite astonished to see how little fear these children have of death: they put such simple faith in their Saviour, that they shall be happy with Him, and so they peacefully fall asleep.

Will you join your prayers with ours that God may send an outpouring of His Spirit over Secundra, that it may become a garden of the Lord where the Lord Himself dwells?

Spared as these girls have been, may they indeed prove to be trees of righteousness of the Lord's planting, and bring forth "pleasant fruits."

TELUGU VILLAGES.

THE Telugus are a numerous people, and are spread over a large portion of India. They lie along the East Coast between the Tamils to the south, and the people of Orissa to the north, extending from thence far into the interior, over the greater part of the territories

of the Nizam, and in a north-westerly direction, until they touch the Mahratta country. They number, altogether, not less than fourteen millions of people, amongst whom we have had a Mission for twenty-seven years. Its site has been the Krishna district, in which our Missionaries occupy three large and important towns, Masulipatam, Bezvara, and Ellore. We have the following account of a Pariah priest, who, with his wife, brother and children, has lately been baptized—

As a priest to the lower orders, he used to carry the dumb idols from village to village, and obtain money and rice, &c., and deceive the poor deluded people by them. As he was going on with his deceitful trade, he once happened to be at Angalore, where we have one of our vernacular schools, and conversed on the subject of religion with the schoolmaster. As he afterwards told me, by this interesting conversation his faith in heathenism was somewhat shaken, and he wanted to know more of this new and living way, and begged the teacher and the people to introduce him to dear Mr. Sharkey, who was at Gudivada. The first conversation he had with Mr. Sharkey made such deep impression upon his mind, he said, that he could not any longer continue as a deceiver and blind guide, to go about with his dumb idols to delude the people. He was invited to Bunder to receive more instruction in the first principles of Christianity. The idols which had once been his favourite gods are now deposited in a Missionary's house. I think he is happy for having cast his lot with us; and, as far as I know, his conduct is satisfactory, and his behaviour towards his fellow-Christians in the settlement good. He and his brother Lutchmudu are both reading in the Colporteurs' training class, which has existed at this station for the last two years.

Bezvara is the centre of a very interesting work amongst a low-caste people called the Malas. Our readers will find a full account of this people in our "Gleaner" volume for 1866, p. 13, accompanied with an engraving of a group of Mala females; and in our volume for 1865 they will find an account of a Mala headman called Venkiah.

One of their villages, called Raghapuram, is about twenty miles from Bezvara. The work among the Malas, in this part of the district, began at Raghapuram; and our Missionary, Mr. Ellington, tells us that there has been of late a large number of Christians, so that there now remain only three heathen houses in the whole Mala settlement.

Quite recently, thirty-nine persons, at one time, agreed to cast away their idols, and attend our worship on the coming Sabbath. It is gladdening to one's heart to see how our school-room is crowded at every corner on Sundays. Something must be done, and done soon, either to erect a new building, or to enlarge the old one; for the place has become altogether too strait for us. In the house of one of the leading men who have just come over to us, there was, until the other day, a very large earthen pot, which had for a very long period been regarded as their god by the members of the family. I am informed that, years ago, it was

the custom to hold a triennial feast, and to expend some 200 or 300 rupees in honour of this supposed deity. The idol has now been cast away, and its different belongings, its shoes, drinking and cooking utensils, &c., were delivered up to me, and they are still in my possession.

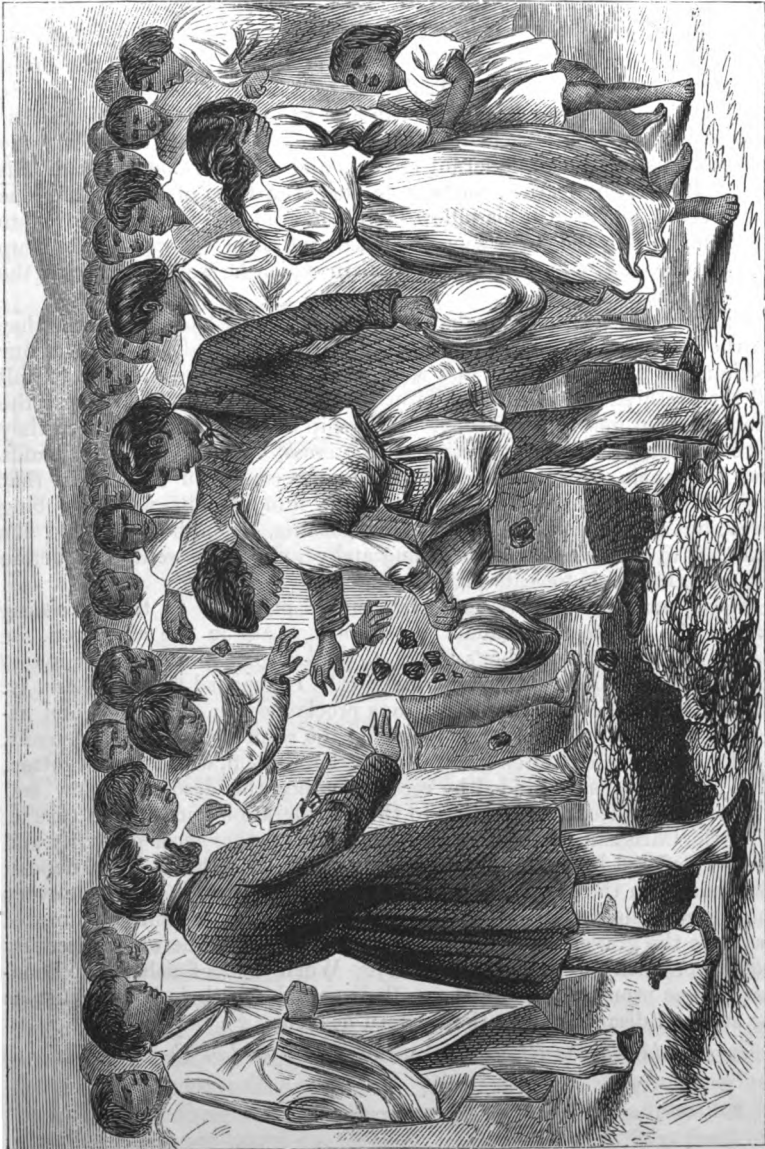
Another village mentioned by him is Ramakristapuram; and he proceeds to tell us something of what has taken place there, and in the adjacent villages, during the year, from which our readers will see what cause we have for gratitude and encouragement—

The village of Ramakristapuram is about thirty miles distant from Bezvara, and eighteen from the out-station of Raghapuram. Soon after a spirit of inquiry had been first awakened at the last-mentioned village, nearly nine years ago, a man who had come a distance of about twenty miles in quest of money that was owing to him, saw our first schoolroom and prayer-house in course of erection, and inquired for what purpose it was intended. A year afterwards, on coming the same way again, he heard more of the truth, and became desirous to embrace Christianity; but he could not see his way clear. How could he possibly stand all alone, his relatives all opposed to him, and he himself in debt, and therefore at the mercy of the heathen around him? But we have reason to believe that he was a man who prayed alone. After a while his way seemed to be made more clear: he sold his cattle, got out of debt, ultimately left his own people, came to reside at Raghapuram, and there supported himself and family by weaving. After a while, one of the relatives who had hitherto been so much opposed, came to visit him, stayed a month in his house, and, during that time, received instruction in the truths of our holy religion. On returning to his own home, he told his new views and feelings to his relatives, friends and neighbours, persuaded several of them to believe and receive instruction, and began by endeavouring to impart to them what he had himself learned; so that there are now in that neighbourhood between thirty and forty waiting to be baptized. I have been but seldom able to visit these people myself, nor have I been able to give them a teacher who could reside amongst them. Our agents visited them from time to time. The Word was all the more precious on account of its only being occasionally brought to them. They gladly received it; by the efforts they made to keep in memory the truths they learned, they greatly encouraged those who were sent to instruct them; and none of the candidates for baptism, notwithstanding the superior advantages that others have had, are better, if so well, prepared, as I believe these to be.

How wonderfully God works! Who shall venture "to despise the day of small things?" for how often the small beginning leads to great results. And is not this God's way of working? He begins with a seed and ends with a mighty tree, bearing year by year a harvest of seed, and the parent of a forest. And Christianity in its beginning is compared by our Lord Himself to leaven so small that it is hid in the mass, or to a grain of mustard-seed, "the least of all seeds."

HAPPY DEATH OF A SEMINOLE INDIAN.

ON last Sabbath morning brother Pahos Hacho breathed his last. He was a member of our church, and a devoted Christian. But when we meet hereafter to worship God, there will be one more vacant seat, one



BURIAL OF PAHOS HACHO.

December 1868.

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voice less lifted up in prayer and praise. During the hot month of the past summer, he toiled hard to earn a livelihood for his little family; but suddenly he was attacked with fever, so violent that no medical aid could check its course. During three long weeks he suffered the greatest bodily distress. I visited him often during his sickness, and found him a patient sufferer.

Although it was sad to witness his sufferings, yet I could not help rejoicing in seeing so strikingly displayed in this dark man of the forest the triumphs of the Gospel. Truly I felt, in hearing his earnest prayers, and the confidence which he placed in Jesus Christ, it is not in vain that the Gospel has been preached to the heathen. Once he groped his way in heathenish darkness, ignorant of God, and of salvation through His Son. But having learned the way to God, the hope of eternal life was his sweet comfort. On his pillow lay his hymn-book, which he loved to read and to sing the sweet songs which it contained. I would take it up and commence singing the dear words, in which he would join with the utmost delight.

One day when I told him that a brother minister had come, and that on the coming Sabbath we expected to celebrate the dying love of our Saviour, he burst into tears and wept like a child, requesting me to tell all the brethren not to forget him in their prayers. At his request the brethren held meetings for religious worship at his house, and when they were all singing of Jesus suffering on the cross, he would raise his hands and clap them, so happy did he feel in possessing an interest in that Saviour. On Saturday, the last time I saw him alive, life was fast ebbing away, but he survived until Sabbath morning, when he requested his brethren to come to his house to sing and pray. They went, but before they left, his spirit took its flight.

They prepared his grave and coffin, and I preached to the remaining part of the congregation under our arbour. Late in the afternoon, we met at our departed brother's house, to perform for him our last act of kindness. It was a very solemn meeting. I preached from 1 Thess. iv. 13—17, and hope that the truths thus proclaimed to that large and attentive audience of Red men, concerning the resurrection and judgment, together with the solemn circumstances of the occasion, will not be forgotten. The discourse was concluded by recommending the desolate widow and orphan of our deceased brother to the consideration and tender care of all the Christian brethren present, and after prayer most fervently and feelingly offered by our good chief, Long John, we proceeded to deposit the remains in the grave. After the corpse was placed in the grave every one present showed their last token of respect by dropping a lump of clay into the grave. It was then filled up, meanwhile the whole assembly looking on with the deepest solemnity. When it was finished, the benediction was pronounced, and then all dispersed for their homes, just as the sun had disappeared in the western heavens.

(From the Record of the American Board of Foreign Missions.)

AROUND MADRAS.

WHEN teaching is followed up by example, then its influence is greatly increased. We have our groups of native Christians in various parts of India, and we are very anxious that they should be as leaven amongst their countrymen, and be so Christian themselves as that they shall christianize others; and that not only for the sake of the heathen around, but for their own sake also; for heathenism, like a putrid body, is always sending forth from itself evil influences, and Christians who live in the midst of these can only protect themselves by being active in communicating their Christianity. This keeps them in a healthy state, and enables them to report the deadening influences around; and thus, while they do good to others, they get good themselves.

We are anxious, therefore, that our churches and congregations in the midst of heathenism should be christianly active, and we rejoice to say that they are becoming so increasingly. The churches in the Tamil country are more or less engaged in this work. They act on the heathen around, and send forth their Missionaries to the Tamil Coolies in Ceylon. The same process is going on amongst our Christians in Travancore: there, slave converts slave, and old congregations raise new ones.

One of the things which told most upon the Tamil Christians, and stirred them up to Missionary work, was setting them an example. This was done by the North-Tinnevely Itinerating Mission. Instead of fixing themselves at centres, some of our Missionaries went forth itinerating, living in tents, and going from place to place over a large extent of country, sowing the seed. Some of the catechists from the settled congregations went and worked with them, and brought back tidings of what was being done, and the Christians became more and more interested.

Now we have, in Madras town, three Christian congregations. The baptized alone are 680 in number, of whom 318 are communicants. Besides these, there are 691 persons under instruction. They are liberal too, for they contribute to various Christian purposes at the rate of one rupee per annum. It is desirable they should become actively Missionary, and to lead them on by example, the Missionaries who had been in North Tinnevely had entered upon a new itinerancy around Madras.

The district in which they itinerate lies along the coast, and they have been thus enabled to remain in tents much longer than in the interior, where the heat is more oppressive. They have been over a tract of country seventy miles from north to south, with a breadth of from five to twenty-five miles, in which all the villages have been visited within three miles of the sea; and it is supposed that not less than 10,739 have heard the Gospel. They find that they need two

languages for the work, Tamil and Telugu. They have sold 365 tracts, and 65 Scripture portions. Of the tracts, 299 were children's tracts, got up by the Madras Tract Society in a small, neat form, with bright yellow, red and blue covers. There is one tract which, both in this district and in Tinnevelly, is a great favourite, the "Mango Story," or "Young Preacher."

In comparing our present field with that of North Tinnevelly, we find some points of difference, but perhaps more of resemblance. With regard to the general aspect of the country, both here and there we find ourselves on a level plain, studded over with villages: *there* the monotony was relieved by the majestic line of the western Ghauts, stretching right across the horizon, as we looked out from our tents to the west and north-west: *here*, the far greater picturesqueness of the villages makes us almost forget that we have lost our favourite mountain range. The trees around each are more numerous, and the foliage more varied. Mango topes, unknown in North Tinnevelly, intersperse their dark rich green with the broader *hanyan*, and the more towering elm-like tamarind. The palmyra, though the most frequent, is not, as there, the only representative of its tribe, but is constantly mingled with the more feathery cocoanut and date palms; while here and there the clustering and delicately formed branches of the bamboo add their peculiar richness to the woodland scene, while the larger tanks for irrigation are quite as common as in Tinnevelly, the smaller village tanks are more frequent, and this, added perhaps to a greater richness in the soil, seems one cause of the luxuriant foliage, and gives to some parts of the country an almost park-like appearance.

The people do not seem to differ materially from those of North Tinnevelly. Like them, they are agriculturists, and, upon the whole, simple-minded. There hardly seems to be a larger proportion of them able to read. They show the same activity and energy in what has to do with the supply of their bodily wants; the same apathy, and unbelief in higher things. There is also the same superstition: the village temples are, if any thing, more numerous, and are certainly better built. The red brick *gopuram* rising above its kindred temple, and that again surrounded by its large high wall, is a common sight among the clustering trees of even the smaller villages. We have not met with the same opposition from Brahmins that we did in North Tinnevelly, though they at times show pretty plainly that our absence would be more acceptable than our company. Positive rudeness we have endeavoured calmly but firmly to check. From two classes we have had a cordial welcome and a willing hearing, not indeed universally, but in the majority of instances; these are the Pariahs and the Fisher-caste. With the latter we have sat down beside their nets and boats on the sandy beach, and often had almost all the little village round us, while we have read of the miraculous draught, or the parable of the net drawn to shore. With the Pariahs, particularly in some parts of the district, we have had still larger audiences; and when we have sat down in the little verandah of one of their houses, or stood up in their street (always built at a distance from the main village), and told them the story of the prodigal,

or set forth the love of God in Christ, we have felt, as we saw their earnest, attentive looks, how true was that word of the Saviour, "To the poor the Gospel is preached." We shall watch with interest the reception which these poor people give us on our second round, which we have commenced with the new half-year.

Our Missionaries have not yet had much help from the native church in Madras. They had three visits from one of the native pastors, whose preaching at the tents and in the villages was greatly valued. One catechist also came and gave good help for a week. But we trust that the very fact of European Missionaries travelling about amongst the heathen, without native helpers, will rouse our native Christians to effort.

May the good Lord bless our Missionaries in their work, and make them a blessing!

THE CONVERT AND HIS TEACHER.

TAM-CHING, a Christian Chinese, at present studying for the ministry at Canton, thus comforts the Missionary, who in California, had been the instrument of his conversion, and who was in deep affliction, having lost his wife—

Wishing the illustrious teacher, from the most high Jehovah, which is the true God in three persons, may receive grace and peace.

I remember that formerly in God's house I heard the doctrine: it pointed me to heaven. With the deepest thankfulness, I received those distinguished favours. It is now a long time since, by your kindness and pains, I received those benefits; but though my heart was cut in twain, I could not forget.

The report is, that the lady has bid adieu and departed from this dusty world, and, relying on the grace of the Lord, has ascended up to heaven's mansion, there face to face to chant the praises of the one true God in three persons.

According to man's reasoning, this is the tendering and separating of one body; and truly it is a cause for grief and weeping! But according to the teachings of the book of glad tidings, Paul says, For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain! also he says, To depart and be with Christ is far better. Jesus says, I will cause that where I am there shall ye be also. Therefore, from these points of view, considering the subject, we contemplate the soul while in the body as a lamp covered by an earthen vessel: if suddenly the vessel is broken its light shines out bright as the sun and the moon. Now say whether it is a cause for mourning, or a cause for rejoicing?

While in this world there is not one thing we can call our own; but having departed from the world suddenly we become possessors of all things: then which is better, to be poor, or to be rich? Ah! how blessed is it to go home!

Although the husband and wife in all affairs—in feelings, in love—are

intensely bound together and belong to one another; and when suddenly one is taken from the world, it is like the sundering of the string of a harp, whose heart, thus broken, would not be in extreme distress? Yet let me express ten thousand hopes that the harp-string may be again united.

Properly my duty requires that I should hasten to your palace, and in person set forth and expand my words for the comfort of your heart; but, alas! the distance is great, hills and streams separate us, and though hurriedly I might run I would never get through. Therefore earnestly I arrange a few words, and embrace an opportunity just now offering, respectfully to send my composition, which is as uncultivated as the crowing of the fowls, but yet offered with a sincere heart, though the penmanship is coarse, and the style wanting in elegant diction and in the respectful phraseology.

LIVING OR DYING TO CHRIST!

"I know not what to choose—whether to live

A little longer here, or to depart:

That would be sweet; to be at rest, to toil

No more; no more feel pain, to have no griefs,

No anxious fears, nor for myself nor others,—

That would be sweet; and sweeter still, to have

No more for sin, affection or desire;

But to be near, and feel that nearness; near

Unto my Lord; to have a thrilling sense

Of blessedness, the certainty of joy

At hand yet greater; safe, for ever safe

So to be resting would be sweet, and yet

To live for Christ—to live to do His pleasure,

To fight the fight, clad in His panoply,

Knowing that He looks on the while, and smiles

By love unfathomable ever moved:

To go and tell to others of His grace,

The bliss unutterable of the life

That is in Him.

Surely a life so spent is blessedness,

And all too little to repay His love—

The love of His most costly sacrifice.

Which shall I choose—living, to live to Christ,

Or dying, die to Him—which shall I choose?

Whichever of the twain shall to Thy glory be,

That, Lord, I pray, Thou wilt appoint for me."

THE TINNEVELLY MISSION.

THE following interesting fragments of intelligence have been communicated to us by one of our native pastors in Tinnevelly. Our readers are aware that we have now many of these men, doing the

Lord's work efficiently among their countrymen. Last May there were sixteen of them: this month thirteen more have been added. The Lord increases the number of pastors and flocks more and more, until the plains of Tinnevelly be covered with them. Our correspondent, the Rev. V. Devanagayam, is in the Sivagasi district.

We have not as yet been successful in gathering any converts, either from Brahmins or Mohammedans. Their prejudice towards our religion does not seem to have diminished at all.

Some of the Brahmins in North Tinnevelly are a wealthy class of people, though they are not proportionably intelligent. They are therefore little fitted to examine where truth exists and thus satisfy the cravings of their hearts. Of all the Brahmins I have ever met with, I can think of but one, who lives near Puthoor, to be a man of some learning. He was so confident of his learning, that he once proposed to have a discussion with Mr. Haglaid. But it is his learning which Satan uses as a means to blind his eyes, lest he should see the excellency that is in Christ. I have, however, some hopes of a Brahmin, who lives at Kalugainalei, a notable heathen village not far from this place; and the way by which he has been led to know and appreciate the truth of Christianity is worthy of notice. You may remember an account given by me of an intelligent heathen schoolmaster of that place. He had received, through me, a Tamil New Testament, a gift of the Bible Society, and read it several times over, and, being convinced of the truth contained therein, although he has not publicly professed the name of Christ, he began to tell his friend, the Brahmin referred to above, what his belief was about the Christian religion. Hence arose a private discussion on the subject between them both for nearly ten months; and now, through God's mercy, the Brahmin has been thoroughly convinced of the truth of Christianity, though he has not as yet overcome the fear of the world. The Lord, however, who has the hearts of all mankind, knows when and how to bring him and the schoolmaster to the fold. The schoolmaster now holds public discussion with the learned heathen of the place, advocating the truth which he found after two years' patient search and inquiry.

Besides the Brahmins who hate Christianity, there are some other classes of men here who are no less haters of our holy religion than the former, and these are the Zemindars and Kattukuthagaidan (land proprietors). The Brahmins dislike Christianity because their idol worship is exposed, and the difference of caste, of which the Brahmins claim to be the highest, is set at naught by the teaching and preaching of the Gospel. And the reason why the Zemindars hate Christianity is because it stands, to some extent, in the way of their oppressing their poor subjects; for they know by experience that when they begin to do wrong and injustice to their poor subjects, they join the Christians, and hence their cruel freedom of exacting unlawful gain is curtailed. Of this there are several instances. But if any of these great men become sincere Christians, they will, no doubt, prove a great blessing to the church, as well as to their tenants, some of whom, at least, will, through God's

blessing, be inclined to follow their great Lord's example. But the words of our blessed Lord, viz, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God," are literally applicable to the case of these rich men. You ask me if I am in the habit of paying them friendly visits. I see them now and then, and make it a point to set the Gospel before them each time I see them, and they are outwardly civil to me, and listen attentively to the Gospel message; but I fear that their real wish is that I should never preach either to themselves or their dependants. The Lord open their eyes to see the unsearchable riches of Christ!

Nearly 130 people in my district have come over during the last eighteen months. The motives of many of these are, I fear, of a very mixed character.

I am able, however, to inform you of a definite and interesting case of conversion that has taken place here a few months ago, in the person of a Naik of some importance. He had been, until he became a Christian, a priest to a heathen goddess named Dhiodhei; but he had received from Mr. Meadows and myself our books in Telugu, which he had continued to read. He had also been in the habit of paying me a visit, with a view to learn a little English, having already known two of the native languages. Of course, each time he came to me I tried to speak the Gospel to him, entreating him to receive the Lord Jesus as his own Saviour. I did not know then that he was a heathen priest. His reply at each time was, that he had been convinced of the truth of Christianity, but that his wife stood in his way; that the moment she knew he became a Christian she would desert him. All my reasonings and expostulations seemed to make no impression upon him. The last time he came I found out, though not from himself, that he had been the priest of a heathen goddess; that people from thirty and forty miles had come to consult him, and worship the goddess through him, and that the fact was one of the chief reasons which kept him from becoming a Christian. I then told him plainly that he was not only accountable for his own sins, but also that the blood of all these people whose eyes had been blinded through his witchcraft would be required at his hands. He then went away, evidently with a heavy heart, and that was the last time I saw him as a heathen. Ever since that time he became a more frequent reader of the Bible, and less earnest in the worship of his idol. But this always was so apparent, that it was at once noticed by his bigoted wife, who, while her husband was busy, seized seven of his Scripture portions, and destroyed them.

You can fancy what might have been the feelings of the poor man, who was fondly attached to the books. He was quite indignant at his wife's rash conduct, went at once to his heathen temple, cut the wooden goddess in pieces, which had been worshipped with so much veneration for three generations in his family, the priesthood having come down to him from his grandfather, besides all the brass utensils belonging to the temple; declared to his wife and his other relatives that he was no more a heathen, much less their family priest, but that he had become a Christian; and so on the following Sunday he went and worshipped with my Christians at Alagaburi, which is near his village. Ever since he became a Christian

he is obliged to cook his own food, his wife hating him with all possible hatred; and the extent of her hatred to him might be gathered from the following account of her treatment of one of her children, who is very fond of his father. The other day she found the child on his father's lap, upon which she was so enraged, that she laid hold of him, and, after beating him, she went on to put pepper into his eyes for going near his father. May God have mercy on the poor woman, and soon make her follow the good example of her husband! The man's name is Tola Naik, and his age is forty. He rejoices in his new profession, and appears to grow in grace, and even increases in fervency.

GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

THE great volcano at Hawaii, called Mouna Loa, broke forth in April last with a dread eruption. Fire was seen at four points, and the lava streams rushed down rapidly in different directions, the largest stream flowing in the direction of Kahuku in Kau. Then came the shocks of earthquakes, which were felt all round the island. At Kahuku the stone church was destroyed, as well as other buildings. Suddenly the eruption stopped; the smoke and fires disappeared, but the jars, vibrations and tremblings of the earth went on almost incessantly, day and night. The ground quivered, and the island seemed as though it had no stable foundation.

At length, on the fifth day after the volcano had begun to heave, a shock of earthquake came, such as the island had never before experienced.

The earth rose and sank, and its surface rolled like the ocean in a storm. Trees swayed to and fro; shrubbery and grasses trembled; stone walls fell flat; underpinning of houses was thrown down; houses reeled, trembled, cracked; some tilted, some slid nearly off from their foundations, a few fell. Timbers, ceilings, partitions, plastering, &c., cracked; furniture, earthen and glass ware, were shivered; book-cases, bureaus, wardrobes, cabinets, tables, &c., were started from their places, and many thrown down with violence; and all houses were filled with debris, from garret to cellar. Chimneys and smoke-stacks fell; stoves were smashed; ovens broken; baths broken up; machinery in sugar-mills disturbed; sugar-boilers and cooling vats nearly emptied; and all things on the earth's surface moved. The shock was terrific, and its violence lasted some three minutes. The earth rent, and seams and fissures, from an inch to two feet wide, opened in the streets and fields. Avalanches of rocks and earth fell from the precipices along the coast; banks caved off; watercourses ran mad; the sea rose and swept over the lower banks and barriers; and general consternation reigned among the people. The noise of the cracking earth, of the falling of thousands of feet of stone wall, of the rocking houses, breaking of timbers, boards, &c., and the smashing of furniture and wares, was confusing.

Some persons were killed, others marvellously escaped. A company of children were playing under a ledge on the sea-shore, when the great shock came. They huddled together like a brood of frightened chickens

and prayed, the rocks meanwhile falling thick on both sides of them; but the Lord preserved them.

At Kau it was still worse: one of the Missionaries describes thus what passed there:

“The earth rent, and a volume of rocks, mud and earth was projected, two or three miles long and as many wide, burying a village and thirty people, with goats, pigs, fowls, and from 500 to 600 head of cattle and horses. This was as sudden as a springing of a mine, and there was no escape for those in its range. The explosion was attended with terrific noise, and the whole atmosphere was filled with dust.

“Looking seaward, all was fear and consternation. A tidal wave came in, some twenty feet high, sweeping off the wreck of houses along the shore. Thus in a few moments that shore was desolated, and all its substance destroyed.

Fearful visitations these. God would teach men something. They speak of the firmness of the earth, and when their affairs are prosperous, they say, “To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant.” Both are alike unstable. Earthquakes come, and the stable earth trembles: troubles come, and temporal prosperity is broken up and ruined: we need something more reliable. “The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.”

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.

IN a most interesting letter lately received from the Rev. F. N. Alexander, our Missionary at Ellore, we find the following account of the great eclipse—

Thinking that you would like to hear something of the great eclipse which occurred in these parts on the 18th, I will try and describe it as well as I can. I started from Ellore the day before to go to Bezvara, as that is forty miles nearer the line where totality was greatest. I did not think there was any difficulty in proceeding by canal boat, which is our great mode of conveyance in these parts; but on the morning of our departure I was surprised to find it was nearly impossible to get on, as only one small boat would go that day, and it was doubtful whether even that would go. All the boats were laid up for the occasion, and all the relays of men who tow the boat along the line had departed to their homes. All this was for fear of the dreaded eclipse on the morrow. The most extraordinary stories were afloat about this. It was rumoured that total darkness would prevail at least for one day. The comities of Ellore gave notice that their shops would not be open the entire day; so the people in the town, and indeed all the country over, provided themselves with sufficient oil to last through so long a night, and also provisions, &c., for their families. The people everywhere were in great fear. It was said that the dreaded cyclone of 1864 would come again, that the Godaveri and Krishna would unite their streams, and flood the whole country, as on a former occasion long years ago, and

many other suchlike stories. You know the native idea about an eclipse, and it is firmly believed by all classes, is, that a snake swallows the glorious sun, and there is the greatest danger that it may never be disgorged; so the people kept saying, "If the sun goes, then the earth will float up in the heavens; or the earth, having nothing to sustain it, will turn upside down; or a mighty wind will rush over the face of the whole earth. These stories were everywhere believed. Wherever you went they formed the one topic of conversation amongst all classes. So you readily understand how unwilling the poor ignorant boatmen were to run the risk of being caught away from their homes in the midst of such horrors.

However, I persuaded our boatmen to start at a very early hour, by assuring them they would reach Bezvara before the eclipse began. I had fourteen of our school girls with us, and many people said the *Padri Sahib* is going to Bezvara in order to get up on the high mountains there, and so escape the coming deluge. We had great difficulty to get the boat along, as at every station the pullers had run away; but after all we arrived in Bezvara by 7 A.M., just an hour before the important time.

Mr. Darling had just come in from Ragapur, whither he had gone with Fern and Gordon, who were up here to see the great sight. However, they went off to Rondapilli, eight miles from Bezvara, and saw the eclipse there from the highest mountain in all these parts.

All that morning boys from the Church Missionary Society's Anglo-vernacular school were coming to Mr. Darling for smoked glasses, and several of the village authorities, natives, sent messengers to ask him for them, as he had days before explained to them by word of mouth, and by diagram, the real nature and causes of the eclipse, and offered to give them these glasses in order that they might see the progress of the eclipse; and it was curious and interesting to observe these boys showing a total disregard to the slavish fears of the native population. The boys heard from their teacher the true nature of the phenomenon, and, instead of dreading the approach of darkness as a terrible calamity, they were out in the streets and open ways taking observations with their smoked glasses.

The shadow first crossed the sun, as nearly as we could judge, at 8 A.M., and at first it looked like nothing but a slight scoop taken out of the top of the sun. It was very remarkable how slowly the obscuration went on, at first, compared with the progress afterwards. I think for over an hour it went on, the shadow slowly descending from top downwards for over an hour; but we observed that when the sun was a little more than half obscured the darkening process went rapidly on, and the day became quite shady, like a bleak November day in England. For about ten minutes before the total darkness I could easily gaze on the lessened sun with the naked eye, and the beautiful corona encircled the sun: the colours were, I think, yellow and pink, or perhaps light blue. At that moment the crescent left us of the sun, though quite large to the naked eye, was, through the smoked glass, like a very thin golden thread, and in another minute, quite suddenly, the moon came right between us and the sun, and there was total darkness.

It was truly a grand and imposing sight : one could not help gazing up and feeling full of awe, and I thought of the verse, "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come ;" and the whole thing gave me some idea of what fear there will be when all the tribes of the earth shall mourn because of Him ; but I thought "we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth," and as on the day of the eclipse while unbelievers are full of fear, we will be looking up with joy, for the time of our redemption draweth nigh.

"The time of total darkness with us was, as nearly as possible, five minutes : directly under the centre line it would be eight minutes. It was so dark that Mr. Darling could not see the dial of the watch in his hands, though I could do so, but I could not see the house on the hill close beside us. The stars came out. I think we saw about twenty, and Venus shone as brightly as in the night. It was a very peculiar darkness. It conveyed the idea that it was material and not like the well-known darkness of night. We could see with the naked eye—for we had no telescope—round the edge of the moon certain little notches of light, as if light were striking into a very dark room through a hole in the shutter, but what these were we did not know. I cannot say I noticed the cattle returning home. Some were grazing on the hill-side the whole time, and never stirred ; but the birds were certainly silent in the trees, and some large bats and other large birds kept hovering and fluttering low in the air, evidently very much troubled and out of place. Just at the end of five minutes, on the very top of the sun, broke out a most dazzling star of light : it was more like a blue light than anything else, so suddenly and brilliantly did it shine out ; and, a second after, there was the same thin crescent of sun, and the beautiful corona round observed before. I think for five minutes I was able to look at the sun, and the shadow continued decreasing, till, at eleven A. M., it was quite gone. Thus ended a most beautiful and imposing sight. The feeling in my mind was that I would not for anything have missed so fair a sight. The whole native population continued fasting till all was over, and the Brahmins went down in great numbers to bathe in the Krishna. When darkness came on, a great shout was set up, and prayers offered up for the restoration of their god, as they called the sun. What a blessed thing that light is now rising in obscurity, and how apt at such a time the prophesy of Isaiah—

"Behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people ; but the Lord shall arise upon you, and His glory shall be seen upon you."

