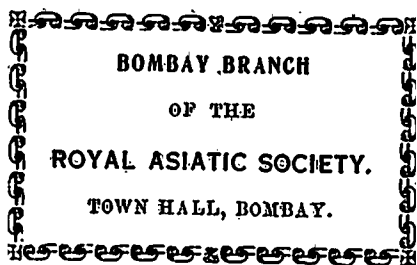




00088254



**BOMBAY BRANCH  
OF THE  
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.  
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.**





00088254

# JOURNAL OF A VISITATION

TO THE

PROVINCES

OF

TRAVANCORE AND TINNEVELLY,

In the Diocese of Madras.

1840—1841.

88254

*See*

BY THE RIGHT REV.

GEORGE TREVOR SPENCER, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF MADRAS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. G. F. & J. RIVINGTON,

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,  
AND WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

1842.



TO  
THE RIGHT REVEREND  
DANIEL WILSON, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, AND METROPOLITAN OF INDIA.

---

MY DEAR LORD,

A few friends, partial most probably as friends are apt to be, to whom the journal of my late visitation of Travancore and Tinnevely has been shown, have almost persuaded me that it will be read with interest by many who are interested in India. Your Lordship is well aware of the peculiar circumstances under which the visitation of the former district was undertaken and accomplished, as I

have felt it at once a comfort and a duty to acquaint you with all that has taken place respecting it.

In determining to invite the clergy of the Church of England located in Travancore to place themselves immediately under the spiritual superintendance of the Bishops of Madras, an invitation which was responded to instantly and in the best spirit, I acted, as is well known to your Lordship, in accordance with the advice of one by whom we all delight to be directed; and although difficulties of the same character did not exist in Tinnevelly, that district also has had its peculiar trials and sorrows, which those who are anxious for the progress of Christianity in India will be thankful to hear are now at an end.

My little volume offers, indeed, but a hurried report of first impressions, written when and where I could find leisure to write them, for the information of one most interested in my



“sayings and doings.” First impressions, however, when faithfully reported, have a value peculiarly their own; and as these two large and flourishing missionary districts had never yet been visited by a bishop of our Church, my remarks upon them, brief as they are, may not prove altogether unacceptable to the Christian public.

Having then made up my mind to publish my Journal, I could only dedicate it to one person; to the friend equally wise and kind; to the adviser equally prompt and able; to the comforter and cheerer under difficulties and trials, of the nature and extent of which none can be so adequate a judge; to yourself, my dear Lord, to whom I owe so large a debt of gratitude for confidence most liberally granted, and for that encouragement to persevere in the straight and narrow path of Christian faithfulness, duty, and love, in which you are so eminently qualified to guide me.

That you may long be spared to fill our metropolitan chair, is the fervent prayer of your Lordship's most obliged and affectionate servant and brother,

G. T. MADRAS.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE existence of a branch of the holy Catholic Apostolic Church of Christ, located for centuries on the south-western coast of the vast peninsula of India, and professing the faith once delivered to the saints, although well known to the theological historian, was first brought to the notice of the English public in a popular and attractive manner by one of India's brightest ornaments, the late Dr. Buchanan. That a Christian Church has been long established in the province of Travancore, a peculiarly strong hold of idolatry, I need scarcely say is an unquestionable fact; but I fear it is scarcely less unquestionable that that excellent man was deceived by appearances, by the outward visible sign of Christianity pre-

sent by numerous churches, each provided with a numerous and canonically ordained ministering clergy, into the fond belief, so dear to a good man's heart, that the inward spiritual grace of pure Christian doctrine, and a life adorning the Christian profession, were there also. An ardent temperament is thus apt to colour every attractive object which *appears* to be congenial to it with something of its own enthusiasm, and to forget that this adventitious colouring is merely superficial, in the same manner as the beams of the sun are sometimes so glowingly painted upon a glacier, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves they have not left there some portion of their softening heat. It is certain that whoever *now* visits the Syrian Church planted in Travancore, will return from the inspection of it with far less favourable impressions of the practicability of a vital union between that Church and our own, than he would carry thither if fresh from the perusal of the "Christian Researches;" for it cannot be denied that Dr. Buchanan's book gives us an idea of a faithful, active, and intelligent priesthood established in that remote

region, which its actual condition does not by any means confirm.

Whoever takes the trouble to read this little journal will readily perceive, that I have found a very different state of things from that which I had thus been led to expect, and that I am satisfied that an union of the Anglican and Syrian Churches in southern India is at present impossible.

But although this is the conviction of my own mind, I should perhaps hesitate to declare it so positively, were it not fully borne out by the far more valuable evidence of our missionary clergy, who are equally persuaded with myself that any attempt at such an union could only end in disappointment.

Some persons, who think as they wish, may imagine that the example of the Anglican Church cannot be without some effect upon the Syrian. I confess, I doubt it much: I doubt whether it has any more effect in Travancore, than it has upon the Roman Catholics in Europe. Most sincerely do I pray that I may not have formed an uncharitable estimate of a Church, whose preservation for so many

years in such a country as India *was*, cannot but be an object of dear and deep interest to every Christian: but to adapt to the present enquiry the excellent observations of Mr. Perceval relative to another and a most important investigation, "as charity aims, or should aim, at the welfare of mankind, and as the welfare of men is inseparably involved in their reception of and adherence to the truth; it follows that that which is most true must be most charitable." The only question then is, whether my view of the actual state of the Syrian Church is *true*; if so, charity requires that I should teach it, and forbids my keeping it back. Unless we know the whole truth respecting the Syrians, it will be useless for us to seek to do them good. To me there appears, I fairly own, but one way of serving them; it is to provide for the rising generation of both sexes a really Christian education. It will be accepted by quite enough of them to leaven eventually the whole lump. We can make next to nothing of the adults; but I unhesitatingly believe that very much may be done among the children.

Those who duly reflect upon the strange eventful history of British power and British influence in India, must be persuaded, I think, that neither has the Anglican Church been permitted by Providence to strike root here downwards and to bear fruit upwards, without some higher purpose, (high as that undoubtedly is,) than the consolation and encouragement in Christian faith, duty, and obedience of a few thousand Englishmen. Our Church in India is peculiarly and emphatically a missionary Church; and among other missionary labours, her ministers in Travancore cannot be more nobly or more profitably employed than in thus making the children of the Syrian Church their own. I am convinced that there is no other method within our reach of benefiting this sister Church. The experiment however has not yet been tried, as it ought to be, liberally as well as faithfully.

The question whether the cause of true religion would be a gainer by receiving any of the Syrian clergy into our communion, is one of deep interest. I have touched upon it in my journal, and I venture to hope that the opinion

I have given, may meet with the approbation of far more competent judges than from my limited experience I can pretend to be. My own persuasion is, that to admit a Syrian priest to minister among our people might produce excellent effects, *if he came to us in sincerity and truth, and if his conduct correspond with his convictions*; but that as the reception of any one of their clergy, whose character is not clear as the noon-day, and whose motives for desiring to join us are in the slightest degree questionable, would be proportionably injurious, we are bound to obtain for ourselves every security for his future faithfulness, that can be provided by the most rigorous investigation, as well as by the amplest testimonials. Fully recognizing their orders, and anxious to show all due respect to that ancient Church, before I could in any way unite with the Syrians, I would wish to detect in them, as I heartily pray that they were more largely developed among ourselves, the “twelve signs of grace and predestination” enumerated by the Apostolic Bishop Taylor; for “these are the marks of the Lord Jesus, and the character of a Christian; this is



a good religion ; and these things God's grace hath put into our powers, and God's laws have made to be our duty, and the nature of men and the needs of commonwealths have made to be necessary. The other accidents and pomps of a Church are things without our power, and are not in our choice ; they are good to be used when they may be had, and they serve to illustrate or advantage it ; but if any of them constitute a Church in the beginning of a society and a government, yet they are not of its constitution as it is Christian, and hopes to be saved."

Of the Tinnevelly district I have spoken simply and truly as it is, one of the strongest bulwarks of Christian truth, as taught by the Church of England, in India. The unhappy schism, well known to all who take an interest in religious matters in this country, occurred before my arrival in the diocese ; and most thankful am I to say, that to the best of my belief it is utterly passed away as a tale that is told.

With respect to the journal itself, I shall offer no apology for the *undressed* form in

which it is presented. Such things, if they have any value at all, are most valuable when they come warm and direct from the heart. To give a picture of Travancore and Tinnevely, as connected with the best interests of our Church in southern India, would require, among many other qualifications, a residence of years; mine therefore is but a sketch, but the outline is true to the reality.

I may add, that the present little volume is a part of a diary kept by me from the time of my departure from England, which, though not intended for publication, may perhaps be printed hereafter.

*Bishopstoke, Kotagherry,  
18th Feb. 1841.*

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
Coimbatore .....	1
Paulghaut .....	9
Waddikor-cherry .....	17
Pattikarta .....	20
Trichoor .....	22
Camp en route to Cochin .....	28
Balghauty, near Cochin .....	32
Cottayam .....	45
Cottayam College .....	57
Alleppie .....	63
Mavelikarra .....	73
Quilon .....	77
Trevandrum .....	92
Nagricoil .....	103
Cape Comorin .....	105
Dohnovor .....	114
Moodeloor .....	120
Nazareth .....	125
Palamcotta .....	131
Vurdooputty Bungalow .....	138
Darapoorum .....	143
Coimbatore .....	147
A Sermon Preached at the Consecration of St. Thomas's Church at Quilon .....	149
A Sermon Preached in Trinity Church, Palamcotta .....	171
Visitation Charge delivered at Tinnevely and Travancore .....	199
Appendix .....	243



A

## NARRATIVE,

&c.

---

*Coimbatore, November 10, 1840.*

ON the afternoon of the 9th of November I left my Indian mountain home, where, thanks be to God, I have enjoyed six months of genuine home happiness, such as I had scarcely dared to hope could have been mine in this country; and accompanied by my eldest boy, who, though only eleven years old, has already a very quick and true eye for the beauties of nature, scrambled and slid down the steep and lovely pass of Jackanary, which connects Kotagherry with the rich plains of Coimbatore. Oxford and Cambridge would indeed have been frightened from

B

their propriety into expressions of most unbecoming amazement, could they have seen the bishop of this vast diocese setting forth on his visitation, muffled in mackintosh cloak and hood, which in a few minutes proved to be any thing but water-proof against an Indian monsoon, and floundering in the deep slippery mud of an Indian mountain-ghaut. My heavy baggage had been sent forward, and nothing could be more independent of appearances than our travelling equipage, which consisted of two stout ponies of the noble Pegue breed, and two bare-legged horse-keepers, as springy and wiry as antelopes.

I know not how far the movements of a bishop in India, or his manner of moving, may be amusing to the world; but as I do know that this little volume, should it ever attain to that dignity, will be read with interest by those for whom it is more especially written, I will try to give some idea of the latter.

Certainly his mode of travelling partakes more of the "barbaric" than of the "gorgeous East;" and although as far removed as possible from that dignified simplicity which best

becomes a bishop, is equally removed from the pomp and circumstance of glorious *procession*, usually associated, by those who know nothing of the country, with every thing Oriental.—Groceries of all kinds, and medicines of many kinds, beer, and wine, and brandy, and soda-water, and fever-drops, and ready prepared cholera-mixture, coffee-mill and washing-tub, curry-powder and raspberry-jam, and butter, not “in a lordly dish,” but in a chatty covered with a plantain leaf, a “cowrie” box of books, and a still larger one of stationery, a compact canteen from the Strand, and two large sacks of potatoes from the Neilgherries: all carried on the heads and backs of coolies, bullocks, and camels, with tents and bullock “bandies,” and Lascars and Sepoys to guard them,—two dressing boys, that one may be always a march in advance, a cook, a “maty,” and grass-cutters, that neither we nor our horses may be half starved or half poisoned by the way, present to the mind a very different picture from the plain, quietly handsome travelling carriage and pair of my mitred brethren in England. It is wonderful how this heterogeneous mass is held together

in any thing like comfortable order, which indeed can only be maintained by enforcing a kind of semi-military discipline; and even when there is not partial confusion, there is always a noise and bustle, far from agreeable to one whose duties and tastes alike lead him to be engaged by other thoughts than the means of subsisting in tolerable comfort in a land offering to the unprovided wayfaring man little beyond the tender mercies of a public bungalow. With patience, however, and good humour, joined to that precious *compagne de voyage*, experience, travelling in India is really neither difficult nor unpleasant; and the feeling of triumphing over obstacles, although it does not amount to the romance of a pilgrimage, gives it a zest peculiarly its own.

The Jackanary pass, although partaking less of the character of that scenery "which savage Rosa dashed," than of that more subdued dale and woodland country which "learned Poussin drew," is very beautiful. By-the-bye, and literally by the way, there is a tree about half down the ghaut, so vast and solemn, that it may well be called one of nature's temples, and the poet-



ical times of paganism—the paganism of India is *not* poetical—might have ascribed to it its nymphs and dryads,—

The intelligible forms of ancient poetry,  
 The fair humanities of old religion,  
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
 That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,  
 Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
 Or chasms and watery depths.

I have been a lover and seeker out of trees all my life, and never have I seen one more majestic. This ghaut, while it does not aspire to the grandeur of the other ascents to the Neilgherries, has beauties all its own: wooded hills and valleys, copses such as even Chatsworth might envy, and which Chatsworth's good duke—he nobly deserves the epithet—would delight to look upon; brakes from which the whirring pheasant ought to spring, but whose absence is almost made up for by the scarcely less beautiful pheasant crow; and a mountain stream “with its prawlings and its prabblings,” worthy of Derbyshire. You might fancy yourself riding through the grounds, half park, half forest, of one of England's unrivalled country-seats, and wonder why you do not

catch a view of the house, there being so many points from which you *ought* to see it. The appearance of the low country, as we came down upon it, was altogether English, owing partly to the high cultivation of its hedged fields, and partly, perhaps, to the vapoury medium of the monsoon through which we looked upon them. A guard of police peons awaiting our arrival round a watch-fire, and two or three more than half naked fellows brandishing their bamboo torches, or fire-sticks, as we approached, soon, however, dispelled the illusion, and told me that we were not in a land where we were sure to “find the warmest welcome at an *inn*,” but must accommodate ourselves to the scanty and ill-served fare of a hostless bungalow, and be most thankful for the accommodation. After a very cheering cup of tea at Matypollium, we ensconced ourselves for the night in our palanquins, and our bearers, poor fellows, struggled on through a night of rain and a road of mud and water to Coimbatore.

A sudden change of twenty degrees of temperature, which is in fact a change of an Euro-

pean to an Asiatic climate, has of course its natural effect upon me; nor do I feel either in mind or body the man I was at Kotagherry; still, with prudence, which I mean to use, I hope that God will give me strength for the work that lies before me. I feel a more than usual weight of responsibility, because the future peace of the Church in Travancore and Tinnevelly must in a great measure depend upon my faithfulness and charity; but I feel also that He who sent me hither will not leave me nor forsake me as long as I put my trust in Him; and in this confidence I shall go forward.

*Coimbatore, November 11.*

I was favoured this morning with a visit from two Dissenting missionaries who reside in this place, and have the character of being pious and devoted men. They are in the employ of the London Missionary Society, which has had an establishment here for many years. Mr. Addis, the senior missionary, has apparently a great knowledge of the natives, and most certainly his report of them is far from

encouraging. Writing on the native mind seems like writing on sand, easily done, and you may write anything you wish, for it will receive any and every impression; but, alas! it is as easily effaced; you can *fix* nothing there. He assures me that all are obstinate fatalists, which I knew already; and that many are positive atheists, which I did not know. If a man is virtuous, he deserves no praise, for he cannot help being so; and if vicious, he is to be pitied, not punished. Such is the fatalism of the mass. The partial atheism which he has found among them, arises from a discovery which some of them have made, that their gods of wood, and stone, and plaister, are no gods, but the work of men's hands, and can do nothing for their worshippers; and hence they argue, that because these are powerless, there can be no God at all. This being the character of the adults, I fear the Christian missionary must turn to the children, and trust, under God's grace and guidance, to do that by education which he too evidently cannot do by argument.

*Paulghaut, November 14.*

We reached this very pretty place early this morning ; but since I last wrote to you, I have been out of India and in Italy. After passing through a vast jungle, or rather forest, for it fairly deserves that more ennobling title, and contains some splendid timber, we emerged upon a country almost as Italian as Italy itself. At one village I could have fancied myself in the neighbourhood of the Lago Maggiore ; not that there is a lake, for like almost all Indian scenery it wants water ; but still it is very different from any thing I have yet met with here ; I think more beautiful, and certainly more humanized. The huts of this village have a particularly neat appearance, thatched with palm-leaves, which might easily be mistaken for those of the Gran Turco, and wreathed with the gourd, rich at once in flowers and fruit, the almost universal ornament of the Italian cottage ; and they are all enclosed by a pretty bamboo fence, entwined with the gloriosa superba, and the loveliest convolvulus I ever saw. I quite expected to see the elm supporting its graceful spouse the vine, which

would have completed the picture, as far as still life is concerned; for, alas! there was neither the *lingua Toscana* to listen to, nor the *bocca Romana* to warble it. The people here, however, have a very different cast of countenance from those about Coimbatore, and appear of a higher race; they look you full in the face, and walk erect, like those to whom the land *ought* to belong.

At one of these villages, for we passed two or three, I remarked a little temple of singular form. It is built of teak wood, and the entrance front is shaped like the square stern of a ship, with a heavy but very pretty roof. Mr. Jones ascertained it to be dedicated to "the goddess of the small-pox." Neither of us had met with this style of building before.

The road to this place is shaded for several miles by large banyan trees, and passes through a rich and well cultivated country, where all looks green, and fresh, and cheerful. In the back ground is a noble range of mountains, their base in deep shade, and their tops bathed in sunlight. Of Paulghaut itself, and of its carpenters, I will tell you something when I have made their acquaintance.

*Paulghaut, November 15.*

And now for a few words about Paulghaut, which, though very different from what I had expected, is more beautiful. I had looked for a picturesque dirty village in the heart of a jungle, halfway up a mountain ghaut, and I found a very comfortable looking town, surrounded by inclosed fields in the highest cultivation, in a country offering that most perfect rural scenery, when the mountains are *beginning* to subside, and *smoothe* themselves into the plains, still preserving something of their savageness, and all of their grandeur, as the leading feature of the landscape, and at the same time submitting their fair fresh slopes to "the ravage of the gentle plough." The Italian character of the country, of which I spoke yesterday, is now modified, though not lost in the Indian; as without predominating, as it does on the western coast of Ceylon, the palm-tree has re-assumed its just place in the scenery. How admirably nature plants! She always "sticks in" her trees — how unlike a fine guinea a-day improver! — just where they

ought to be. How I wish my dear friend G. were here to help me to *word* my admiration of nature: thoughts I never want, for I have always felt her measureless superiority; she alone remains "good, while all flesh hath corrupted itself on the face of the whole earth." They who have not been in the tropics can have no idea of the exquisite green of the "paddy grounds;" I thought those of Lombardy beautiful until I came to India; but here they are the very perfection of verdure, and are fine large fields of rice, not the little mud-framed inclosures of the Carnatic, looking like so many dried up fish-ponds, compelled to grow grain because they can no longer hold water. The roads about this pretty town are excellent, and far more extensive than is usual at a "station" in India. Paulghaut was till lately the head quarters of a regiment, the withdrawal of which, to meet the heavy demands now made upon our native army, must be a great loss to it; and in the course of my afternoon ride yesterday I remarked several officers' bungalows, upon which "time's defacing fingers" were at work with their usual



rapidity in this climate, where nature is so peculiarly his active minister in his office of destroyer. There is something most especially melancholy in the appearance of a deserted and rapidly decaying *European* house in India: there is nothing to soften down the stern fact of the destruction which is going on there, or to throw a poetical mantle over the crumbling skeleton which stands out in all its hideous bareness: and it is impossible not to think, with a feeling of sadness, of its recent tenants, our countrymen, strangers like ourselves in a land which their fathers and mothers never knew, and which has not therefore for them a single *home* association, who were here so lately, and have been laid, perhaps, by this time in the early grave so often found in India by the English. It is, moreover, a *new* ruin, always an unsightly object. Think of Tintern Abbey, and of a tumbled-down lath and plaster villa of yesterday, and you will understand what I mean.

There is a very pretty fort here, and apparently of some strength, with an esplanade of excellent turf, which would make a noble cricket ground. We rode into it, and were

happy to find only four sick sepoy in the hospital. There are no guns mounted, nor do I know whether it possesses any, but the place seems in very good repair, and could be easily defended, I should imagine, against any except European soldiery. The view of the mountains from it is grand.

This town has a very respectable air of business, to which its situation as a kind of halting place and half-way house, between the Malabar and Coimbatore districts is highly favourable; it is the third town in Malabar. Mr. Addis, of the London Missionary Society, has here a native catechist, who is employed in distributing tracts, but the number of native Christians is, I believe, very small. It would be a delightful residence for one of our missionary clergy; and might be taken up by us, I should think, with as fair a prospect of success as is generally held out to our labours in this land of fascinating idolatry and gigantic prejudice.

The roofs of the temples and of the houses of the richer natives are peculiar, and I should imagine that they took them from the Portuguese: they tend to give the place an European

appearance very pleasing to an European eye. The town, for India, is remarkably clean, the result I presume of an active police, and the people civil. I walked two or three miles this morning into the country, and every step my admiration of it increased. India is indeed worth keeping; may we hold it so faithfully that we may not be ashamed to give an account of our stewardship when the time shall come, which we must anticipate, when we may be no longer stewards! I met a great many people coming towards the town carrying pieces of sugar cane, which all natives of India are fond of chewing. I have already, I think, remarked upon the fine appearance of the people of this district, in comparison with those of other parts of India which I have visited. Some of the women, or rather girls, for they were very young, were really pretty; and all had a contented happy look, walked and talked cheerfully, and did not *scream* as they do in the Carnatic. There is also a much greater variety of countenance here than there, where one human being is like another being, just as one donkey is like another donkey; and they

have a fair complexion, fair for India, without the *unwholesome* look which generally accompanies it in a native of the tropics. The women wear a great many ornaments, and a very peculiar earring, of which I hope to procure a specimen.

Our service this morning was attended by the sub-collector Mr. Silver, who has been very obliging in offering me every assistance in his power; and by an old lady, a Mrs. Sayers, who has lived at Paulghaut for thirty-nine years. She is an Englishwoman, and her husband was at the head of the furniture manufactory, for which this place is still celebrated. Mr. Jones read the prayers, and I preached to them, contrary to my habit and wish, extempore on the Epistle of the day; and endeavoured to impress upon them the peculiar necessity of Christians in this country living in such a manner among the heathen, as to adorn the Gospel of God their Saviour in all things; and assured them that every English person in India, ought to consider himself a missionary of that Gospel, and to preach it by his life. This is a very favourite theme with me, and I spoke for about half an hour with

fluency, and I would humbly hope not without some good effect. After the service, I had some conversation with Mrs. Sayers, and found that having lost both her sons by cholera, and her three daughters being married and far away, she was living here quite alone. Unless her mind has become Indianized as well as her constitution, it must be a frightful solitude. I feel much interested in this desolate country-woman, and earnestly pray that she may have been taught to seek, and consequently to find, that comfort which only the Comforter can impart; that rest which only the Saviour can give, and which He so freely offers to the weary and heavy laden.

Long before day break to-morrow we must be on the road to Trichoor.

*Waddikor-cherry, November 16.*

We left Paulghaut, where I have passed two days very comfortably, at four this morning; Mrs. Jones in her palanquin, and Mr. Jones and myself on horseback; my favourite mode of travelling in every country where you can

be sure of your weather. We had some little difficulty in crossing the Paulghaut river, a wide but not rapid stream; which we found much deeper than we had been led to expect, and our trowsers were thoroughly soaked in accomplishing it. During the rainy season the passage must be dangerous. Our way to Alatoor lay partly through paddy grounds, the smell of which was far from agreeable, and partly through the richest order of park scenery. Such trees!—every one a king of the green sward. Among others I observed a tree remarkably like the beech both in leaf and stem. From Alatoor to this place the ride is delightful: the palms and cocoa nuts had disappeared, and I was again in Italy; the day breaking over this fine country was a lovely sight; it was indeed the rosy-fingered morn; but perhaps the *day-glimmering* which announced it, “as coming events cast their shadows before,” was lovelier still. There is something indescribably beautiful in the soft melting away of darkness, not into garish, gawdy light; but into that sober, colourless, *chiar’ oscuro*, by which day is here ushered in; which they, who have not

“taken the wings of the morning” in India can scarcely conceive. The time I mean, is that very brief space *which immediately precedes the approaching sun-rise of a Claude*: no reddening of the sky, and not unlike moonlight, “if it could be like any thing but itself.” Certainly this Indian travelling is an art only to be learned by experience: and a man is made here a traveller, as he is made every where an orator; no inspiration could teach it to him. Thanks to my kind and thoughtful companions, I now move about in comfort, and every reasonable want is supplied without the slightest confusion. “Good entertainment” is every where at hand, and to be had for the asking; mutton, potatoes, and pudding—all dear to an Englishman—for the body, and some well chosen books for the mind. With such resources at command, I fear the “heroism” of Indian travelling is quite done away with, and I cannot pretend that we have had hitherto any sufferings worthy of record. As for the heat, it is undoubtedly great to European feelings, but perfectly bearable.

Our bungalow way of life is very simple.

After our morning prayers and breakfast, I betake myself to my travelling arm-chair, where I read and write and think and forget myself, until we are able to go out. An evening ramble, a late dinner, and a very early bed finish the chapter of the day.

*Pattikarta, November 17.*

Indian travelling is not without its romance after all, and therefore I unsay my words of yesterday. How frequently this happens to a traveller who merely sweeps through a country, gathering and carrying away with him little but its dust; and this is inevitably the case with a wandering journalist like myself, who has no abiding-place in the land he is traversing, but merely gleans the scanty grain and straw of first impressions. And yet these have their value, the straw as well as the grain; they are still the genuine produce of the soil, and are moreover fresh and wholesome, for I have always found that first impressions are worth the trouble of picking up. But to my tale: I said yesterday that travelling



in this country was become very prosaic: I unsay it, for this morning's journey was spiced with the poetry of danger. Our way lay through the Waddikor-cherry jungle, which extends from that place to Trichoor, one vast primeval, and I should almost think indestructible, forest. We had not ridden above two or three miles before we detected evident traces of elephants, and ere long we came upon a huge heap of dung, which one of our peons putting his foot upon, declared it to be quite warm and freshly dropped. Three or four yards further, the broken bushes plainly shewed the passage of his huge body from the road into the jungle; and I can assure you it is rather an ugly sight. Another half-hour's ride brought us to a very disagreeable prospect; servants, sepoy, horses and baggage, lying together in heaps, the bullock carts having been stopped, partly by the badness of the road, which is in truth next to impassable to wheel-carriages, and partly by a visit from these lords and masters of the forest, who had glared upon them with their hideously disproportioned eyes, and effectually intercepted them in their expedition. A male

monster, it appears, took the lead in barring their passage; and one of my sepoy, more brave than wise, loaded his musket with the intention of disputing the authority of this Macgregor of the jungle; fortunately, however, he was dissuaded from a step which would most probably have cost some of the party their lives, and the beast gave them another stare and left them. A servant of mine encountered two more; and the traces of them were so fresh and frequent, as to convince me that the road is far from safe. However, I highly enjoyed the ride, for the scenery is the perfection of its kind, the trees as grand and the flowers as beautiful as in the Wynaud jungle, of which I tried to give you an idea two years ago.

We have pitched our tents for the day at this jungle-village, with the intention of riding to Trichoor in the evening. The thermometer is at  $88^{\circ}$ , but I am thankful to say I bear it well.

*Trichoor, November 18.*

India is a wonderful country, and he who called it the most precious jewel in the British

crown spoke well, and ought to have been better listened to. The more I know of it, the more it astonishes me, and its real value is only now beginning to attract the attention it has so long claimed in vain. I do not speak of its wealth in barbaric pearl and gold, for I am well aware that "the Pagoda tree" has been shaken and beaten, as I have seen those noble walnut trees in Germany, until in our greediness for the fruit we have sadly mutilated the plant, lopped it of some of its best bearing shoots, and crushed many of its buds of promise: but it remains to be proved what India may be made under a more considerate, more politic, and I had almost said a more *human* system, gathering only what the country may be brought fairly to produce without unnatural forcing: reaping in short what we *have* sown, and not what we have not sown. And it is evident that the time is not very far off, when a great step will be taken towards the moral cultivation of the native character by the introduction among them of that great second harbinger, under Divine Providence, of civilization, steam; which seems destined to fulfil a

mission inferior only to the press, in the glorious labour of softening, moulding, and humanizing mankind. When this vast peninsula shall possess its steam-fleet; a consummation which the recent discovery of valuable coal in several parts of India is steadily accelerating; and the native merchant who is this week at Bombay, may be in the course of the next at Calcutta; the natives cannot fail of becoming gradually more European and less Asiatic in their habits of thinking, and thinking leads to emulating and to acting. The mind grows with its vocation; dwarfed by ignorance, crippled by fanaticism, "cabined, cribbed," by the extreme difficulty, which to an indolent oriental amounts almost to an impossibility, of changing place and object, it will necessarily expand in time to its fair proportions, when the power and means of locomotion shall be readily at command. Poets have feigned a life of ignorance to be a life of innocence: but he who knows mankind, knows that the vices unhappily attendant on civilization, numerous as they are, are far exceeded by those of men in the semi-barbarous state of the natives of India: and the

Christian knows that the only real civilizer is the Gospel ; .

“ Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.”

It proves nothing against Christianity, that nations professing it, such as the inhabitants of Brazil and of the South American Republics, are in a moral state little better than the higher order of Hindoos and Mahometans, except that the Gospel has not been *really* embraced by them. How peculiarly great, then, is the responsibility of the ministers of that Gospel in India, and how unremittingly ought they to labour to set it forth to those to whom they have been sent, as the most excellent gift that can be offered them for their worldly comfort and improvement, as well as for their ultimate salvation. It is an unquestionable fact, that Christianity contains the promise both of the life that <sup>now</sup> is, and of that which is to come; and while it shapes, and models, and purifies the immortal soul for heaven, it makes the mortal man as happy as a state of mortality will permit. If Christians are not happy even here, it is because they have only *touched* and not *taken hold of* the Gospel.

But I have wandered, though I hope not altogether unprofitably, from my present halting place, Trichoor, of which I must endeavour to give some little account. Little it will necessarily be, for how can a bird of passage, flying across a strange country, have more than a "bird's eye" view of it? The forest (I don't like the word jungle, which is associated in my mind with malaria and fever) continues from Pattikarta to within about two miles of Trichoor, when the country becomes open and undulating, something like that of the Mysore, but much finer, with richly wooded hills, not mountains, as a frame to the picture. It is also tufted over with clumps of trees—topes they call them in India—in which the various trees are so exquisitely mingled, that to a painter or a planter's eye the colouring is perfect; nor can I enough admire nature's handy work in placing every tree exactly where it ought to be placed to complete the beauty of a landscape which man has not marred by meddling with it.

Trichoor is a populous and rather large native town, and the houses have the same

appearance of superior comfort which I have already mentioned as characterizing this part of India. It has a temple with four gateways of singular architecture, a mixture, in my opinion, of the Hindoo and Portuguese, which produces a very good effect; it possesses, also, a handsome and very Portuguese-looking Roman Catholic Church. However sadly our elder sister has erred from the faith once delivered to the saints, it is impossible to behold this elevation of the cross in a Heathen land, without feelings of peculiar emotion. There it stands, the emblem of our redemption, lifted up in this moral wilderness; and the humble and charitable Christian, who judges but himself alone, will look upon it with reverence, praying that, like St. John, who baptized only with water, it may be the forerunner of the perfect religion of Him who shall baptize these poor people with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

I have just been informed that there is a small Protestant congregation here, gleaned by Mr. Harley, our missionary at Cochin, from the Roman Catholics; and I have re-

requested them to meet me this afternoon. Mr. Harley is building a church for them by subscription, to which I shall most readily contribute, and I shall warmly recommend them to the kind consideration of the Resident. In the mean time I have requested Mr. Jones to obtain all the information concerning them and their catechist that he can pick up, which his enviable knowledge of the native languages enables him to do with equal ease and accuracy.

We are most hospitably lodged and entertained here in the Resident's bungalow, an excellent and cool house, where I would gladly pass two or three days; but I have no time to lose: "Yon sun we follow in his course," and I must reach Cochin as soon as possible.

*Camp en route to Cochin,*

*November 19.*

I had some conversation yesterday afternoon with the little Protestant congregation at Trichoor. Mr. Kohlhoff, a son of my venerable friend at Tanjore, who is superintendent of the Rajah of Cochin's woods (or as the



Germans would call it, His Highness's Forester) acting as my Malayalim interpreter. These interviews are generally very unsatisfactory to me, because it is impossible to form any accurate estimate of the sincerity of those I speak with; but I can easily conceive that it is a comfort to them to be assured that the Bishop feels an interest in their spiritual and temporal welfare; and any consolation that I may have it in my power to offer to persons thus situated is most heartily at their command. The native Christians are almost all from the lowest orders, and are literally despised and rejected for Christ's sake and the Gospel's; exposed to many insults, and not unfrequently to positive persecution. They have, therefore, a peculiar claim upon me, and shall always have their claim allowed. As soon as it was cool enough to leave the house, I went to the ground where Mr. Harley is about to build his church. The foundation is dug, and the stones for building are collected, but its further progress waits for the completion of the subscription list. The sum specified is six hundred rupees, and I trust I shall be able

to help it forward. The situation is well chosen, except that it is rather too near the Roman Catholic church, which will tower above it, proudly eminent, and to a people so strongly influenced by outward show, may suggest a comparison not very favourable to the Protestants. It is decidedly my wish that all our churches should be built as much like churches as possible, but as our poverty must content itself for the present with humbler and meeting-house looking edifices, I would not needlessly place them in juxtaposition with the really ecclesiastical buildings of the Romanists, who have here a church such as is usually found in a small town in Italy.

Mr. Kitson, a very pleasing young officer, and who brought with him the to me additional recommendation of being well acquainted with Erlestoke, dined with me, as did Mr. Kohlhoff, and we had a gallop together over Salisbury Plain.

The Roman Catholics are very strong at Trichoor, numbering three hundred out of about a thousand families, and at another village we passed this morning, where there

is also a handsome church, I was told that they are reckoned at two thousand souls.

A ride of about two hours brought us, partly across paddy-fields and marshes literally covered with a greater variety of water-fowl than I had ever seen gathered together, (comprehending, I should think, the whole family of the long-bills,) and partly under the shade of melancholy boughs under one of the delightful and most welcome avenues so common in this part of the country, to our halting-place for the morning, near a little village, the name of which we could not ascertain. About two miles from the place, we were met by the rural authorities, represented by the cutwal, half a dozen peons, and as many drummers, the noisiest and most indefatigable of their kind, who harbingered us with all honour into our quarters. The village people had decorated the approach to our little encampment very prettily with flower-garlands and palmyra-branches. My tent, though hot, was not so oppressive as I had expected to find it, as during part of the day we enjoyed the blessing of a sea-breeze, and I spent the morning much

to my comfort, and I trust a little to my improvement, with Bishop Burnet and Mr. W. Gladstone. Of the ride to the place of embarkation I can say but little, except that, thanks to my imprudence in setting off at least an hour too early, I have suffered much from it.

*Balghauty, near Cochin,  
November 20.*

By five this morning we were in the residency boats, and hurrying as fast as two sets of sixteen oars could drive us, over the Backwater, a narrow lake, its banks covered with palms and cocoa-nut trees, from the midst of which an occasional village peeps out very prettily. A two hours' row brought us to Karupadana, where we landed and walked through a neat and apparently well supplied bazaar to the Roman Catholic church, the interior of which did not keep the promise of its fair outside, being only half furnished, and slovenly, with a very shabby altar surmounted by a miserable picture of our blessed Redeemer. The priest was celebrating matins in the private

oratory attached to his house, as we were distinctly informed by the somewhat monotonous sound—half prayer, half chaunt—which proceeded from it, accompanied by the inseparable assistant of a Romanist service, the jingling of the little silver bell. As we sat for a few minutes in the shade of some large mangoes near the church, I discovered a movement which I thought indicated that the priest was meditating a visit, a compliment which, on account of my travelling dress, I felt it right to decline, and we accordingly hurried on board again. Under other circumstances I should have made a point of receiving this gentleman, to whom I would not willingly have appeared wanting in courtesy, more especially as it might be interpreted as the result of bigotry and intolerance. Seen from the water, the church has a very good effect; and I repeat my thankfulness at the sight even of this imperfect exaltation of the Cross over the gods of the heathen, as an earnest of better things to come. While we freely acknowledge that the Church of Rome has erred, and erred most grievously, we are bound equally to acknowledge that she has

enshrined within her bosom those precious jewels of the faith, the ineffable Trinity, and the passion and death of Him as very man whom she fully recognizes as very God. Instead of trying, then, to lay her honour in the dust, let us remember rather, while we smite her *friendly* and reprove her, what she was, before she went astray after her own inventions, and pray that she may be graciously brought back to the simplicity of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

The Spirit has in a great measure 'deserted the temple, let us not therefore desecrate the sacred edifice, but rather look upon it with sorrow and with hope: sorrow, that its glory, though not utterly departed, is so sadly dimmed for a season, and hope, that it may soon return. Depend upon it we shall never win our Romanist brethren to love and seek a more spiritual and evangelical faith by outraging that which, faulty as it is, they have received as a precious trust from their fathers. No convert was ever made by violence, thousands by truth clothed in humility and adorned by charity.

The Roman Catholic population is large in

this country, and our boatmen, who are evidently of that persuasion, cheered their labour by singing loudly, but not inharmoniously, a chaunt, in which the praise of St. Anthony, the patron of those whose business is on the waters, was a frequent burthen.

Exactly in six hours from the time of starting we reached this beautiful and delightful place, for it richly deserves both of those much abused epithets, without having suffered any inconvenience from the sun. It is an island, and every wind that blows arrives cooled by the water. The approach to it is pretty, notwithstanding the thousands of monotonous palm-trees which line the banks of the Backwater, and as the boat swept round the little island to the landing-place, three Roman Catholic churches came into view, giving a pleasing and Christian character to the scene\*.

\* My arrival at this place called to my mind with sorrow—for we are not forbidden to sorrow, but only not to sorrow as men that have no hope for them that sleep in Christ—the loss that this province has sustained by the death of its late political resident, Colonel Maclean. A more sincere Christian, and, consequently, a better man, I never knew, and I knew him well. For much sterling information respecting the real state

*Balgauty, November 21.*

I have seen three of my Travancore clergy this morning. How satisfactory that I can call them mine, and that the archbishop's decision has relieved them from their anomalous and most unecclesiastical position. The Rev. Messrs. Peet, Harley, and Hawksworth breakfasted with me. My first impressions, which I have almost always found trustworthy, are decidedly in their favour, as unaffectedly pious devoted clergymen. They all are pleased with their stations, which I always consider a good sign. Without entering into the details of business, which I reserved for a more improved acquaintance, our conversation naturally turned on missionary matters. They evidently entertain a very low opinion of the Syrians, some of whose stations in this neighbourhood I have arranged to visit in their

and real wants of India, for sympathy and advice equally precious under many trials which peculiar circumstances brought to his knowledge, and for a friendship of which I was justly proud, and the remembrance of which will be always dear to me, I owed much to him while living, and the debt is not cancelled by his death. May British India never be without such men, to do good to India and credit to England! Every Englishman here should feel that he represents his country. Colonel Maclean felt this, and always acted upon it.



company in the course of next week. Independent of the information and pleasure which I shall derive from their society, I think it right that, on such an expedition, the bishop should be accompanied by as many of his presbyters as can be collected.

We rowed this evening round this part of the Backwater, which expands itself here into a beautiful lake, and made a little tour as far as Cochin. There is nothing very striking in the scenery, as the banks are spoilt by the perpetual cocoa-nuts. The many boats and canoes, however, have a very pretty effect. On approaching the town we observed several of the "white Jews," of whom I hope to know and say something hereafter. All I can report of them at present is, that they are fine picturesque looking fellows, their dress not unlike that of the Parsees, and with little white skull-caps on their heads. We also passed a palace of the Rajah's, where, however, he scarcely ever resides, which has all the appearance of an Italian convent, and combined with the handsome Roman Catholic church in its immediate neighbourhood to make me fancy myself any-

where but in India. Cochin is evidently a dilapidated and poverty-smitten place: the only vessels in the harbour are a few dhonies and Arab buggalos, my old acquaintance of Jedda and Mocha; and there is none of that organized movement and methodical bustle inseparable from a port "well to do in the world." The bar, I am told, is dangerous, and will not admit ships of large tonnage. The Chinese fishing-net—the sprawling bamboo implement which is so frequently represented on Chinese cups and saucers—is much in use here. Mr. Jones very aptly described its appearance as that of an enormous lanky-legged spider. Each net pays a small tax to government, and produces very good fish, superior in my opinion to that of the eastern coast. This place is also celebrated for its oysters,—a luxury for those still possessed of an European digestion.

*Sunday, November 22.*

I preached this morning at Cochin, on Mark x. 21. The church is a very large old Dutch building, paved in many parts with tombstones

of the seventeenth century, which is high European antiquity in India. There are no monuments on the walls, nor is it to be compared, in point of ecclesiastical appearance, with the Wolfenthat at Colombo, or that noble edifice at Point de Galle. Still it is a fine church, and I heartily wish the land were full of such. The congregation—a very large one for this little place, where there are no British troops and but one civilian—were, as I have always found them in India, particularly attentive. Mr. Harley tells me there were between five and six hundred present. I was sadly exhausted by the heat, and by the excitement which with me is unfortunately inseparable from preaching; and I feel, to use a homely but very expressive proverb, that I am “burning the candle of life at both ends.” I will not, however, quit my post, so long as sufficient strength is granted me to do any good in that service to which I have been called. But here lies the difficulty: humbly as I think of myself, I may yet deceive myself on this point, as upon so many others, without being aware of it, and imagine that I may still be useful in the Church of Christ,

when I am become altogether unprofitable. I must leave the question to be decided by Him who alone knows what is good for me, resolved to do the best I can while I *am* here, and resigned in every event to His decree. His will be done.

Mr. Jones preached in the evening an excellent sermon, which I heard distinctly, and I humbly hope not altogether unprofitably, from the porch of the church, to which I was obliged to retreat to save myself from fainting. There is a little society at Cochin, principally Dutch and the descendants of Dutch, who lead here the quiet and almost primitive life of a very remote country town in England "sixty years since." These worthy persons have a most respectable appearance; and but for the orientalism of the gentlemen's white jackets, and for the almost insupportable heat, I might have fancied myself in a parish church at home. It was a great pleasure to me to see at Church persons of all ages, "both young men and maidens, *old men and children*," praising together the name of the Lord. This is a very rare sight in India, where all are comparatively

young, though almost all withering, alas! ere their prime, under the influence of the ungenial climate. I well remember on my arrival at Bombay, being struck by the almost *unnaturally* youthful appearance of those very high in office, forgetting at the moment, that as civilians come out at eighteen and return home—if they ever return—soon after forty, the most important appointments must be held by persons not arrived at that period of life which in Europe is usually associated with exalted official rank and responsibility; an old man, therefore, is a rarity in India, and a blended congregation of all ages, rarer still. I have often felt it very saddening never to see English boys and girls. You see infants; but the stern decree of the climate, in addition to the very great difficulty of obtaining for them any thing like a proper education, compels the parents to send them home; and many a bereaved mother in India sits like another Rachel weeping for her children, because to *her* they are not, and never will be: she parts with them in childhood, to meet them—if ever to meet them again—as young men and women, “how different, yet the same,” moulded by strangers into strangers to them.

*Balgauty, November 30.*

After a week of idleness, the result of a week of suffering, I resume my Journal. By sleeping with my windows open towards the east, I have had what they call here a stroke of the land-wind, in other words, a sudden and violent chill, which produced a swelled face accompanied by very severe pain, which nothing would relieve for four or five days. Laudanum only increased 'it, and brought on some of those hideous visions described with such terrible truth by the "opium-eater." I was compelled to defer the Confirmation, and almost to give up every kind of business. I continued however to listen to the missionary clergy, who were kind enough to visit me, although I could scarcely speak to them in return; and on Wednesday they all took the prescribed oaths before me and received their licences. Yesterday I was sufficiently recovered to hold the Confirmation; and it was a beautiful sight to see so deeply attentive a congregation of all ages met together in the fine old church, to witness one of the most heart-touching rites of our holy religion. Although very feeble,

I got through the service without difficulty, carried on by the exciting interest of the work and of the scene before me; and I addressed the candidates at considerable length. Perhaps what I said to them may not have been altogether spoken in vain, God grant it may prove so. All appeared much affected, and for my own part, I can truly say that I spoke to them out of the abundance of my heart.

It is clear to me that Cochin ought to have a chaplain; the occasional ministrations of Mr. Harley, faithful and devoted as he is, are not sufficient to supply their spiritual wants: there would be ample occupation for the whole time and whole heart of a clergyman among the European residents, who are apparently strongly attached to the Church, and know nothing of dissent. Upwards of a hundred partook in the morning of the Lord's Supper, which I was too weak to administer, and the evening service was equally well attended; Mr. Chapman preached a sermon that delighted me, full of faithfulness and full of love. I am highly pleased with this gentleman, as indeed I am with all my newly acquired clergy.

Many of the "white Jews" attended Church both yesterday and last Sunday, probably out of curiosity to see a bishop. I fear they must have been sadly disappointed at my beardless face, and must have found my "bodily presence weak:" whether "my speech was contemptible" they were not able to judge from their ignorance of my language. Their complexion is sallow like that of the Persians; they have good countenances, in which the Jewish expression is not so legibly marked as I had expected to find it, and though very poor are considered very respectable. They can give no account of themselves, except that they are believed to be of the tribe of Judah; and they have a tradition that their ancestors sought at Cochin an asylum from some persecution about 3000 years ago! I need scarcely say that this story is highly apocryphal. The account of them by Dr. Buchanan, meagre as it necessarily is, may perhaps be relied upon as the most authentic. Illness prevented me from visiting their synagogue, or holding any communication with them, which I much regret. I did not see any of the "black Jews,"



who are a mongrel race, nor will the "white Jews" intermarry with them.

The existence of this singular people in this remote corner of India is a highly interesting fact. 'It is supposed that they were once both numerous and wealthy, and dwelt at Cranganore, from whence they were expelled, on account of some sedition, by the sovereign of the country.

*Cottayam, December 2.*

A tedious row of twelve hours brought us to this lovely place, this Christian oasis, in the vast heathen desert of Travancore. We left Balghauty at nine on Monday evening: the night was unusually hot, and the boat, from the necessity of closing the windows, stifling. At day-light I opened my eyes upon a beautiful country.\* We had quitted the Backwater, and had entered the Cottayam river, its banks clothed with splendid forest trees, the staple wealth of this timber-mart of India; and the horizon hemmed in by a mountain-range on either side. It was a tranquil and a happy scene, such as I love to look upon; but that

terrible enemy to Europeans in India, the sun, soon found us, and put an end to all enjoyment until we could seek shelter from his fierce beams, under some more effectual protection than the flat low wooden roof of a boat-cabin; and by the time we reached Cottayam, I felt very much exhausted. The reception, however, which I met with here did me good like a medicine: Mr. and Mrs. Bailey received me at once as their bishop and their brother. In the evening I walked out to look about me, and the first place I visited was Mr. Bailey's new Church, which he is building with admirable taste, after a design of his own. The style is pure Gothic, and when finished it will be one of the finest Churches in India. The work proceeds slowly for want of funds, which are entirely dependent on private subscriptions. We sadly want a good Church-building fund in this country, and I fear we shall always want it, until it shall please God to kindle a true catholic spirit among us. The temporary Church for Mr. Bailey's congregation is a large and very neat building, though, like almost all our places of worship in this part of the country,

totally devoid of any external ecclesiastical character. I frequently see a meeting-house which looks like a chapel, but I very seldom meet with a Church which does not strongly resemble a conventicle: I am delighted therefore at this determination of Mr. Bailey's, that Cottayam shall possess a Church worthy of the name. I went also to the college; but as I shall probably have much to say on this subject hereafter, I will wait until my information is more matured. I believe it to be in excellent hands; and if Mr. Chapman is properly supported, we may hope great things from it. A visit to the reverend H. Baker, whom I found most patriarchally encompassed by his children, concluded my ramble; and I returned home highly gratified by all that I had seen, and blessing God that it hath pleased Him to put it into the hearts of his servants to raise up in the midst of a heathen land this little stronghold of the everlasting Gospel.

I fear the Syrian church is in a very degenerate state; every enquiry brings me to the same sad conclusion. I have neither heard from the Metran nor seen any of their Catanars,

and I think they have determined not to come near me. I am very far from quarrelling with them on this account, as I see no good likely to result from our meeting, beyond the gratification of an idle though natural curiosity. We could not even conscientiously wish each other good speed in the name of the Lord; our object being to bring the people to the light, while it is too evidently theirs to keep them in darkness. I am come most reluctantly to the persuasion, that the cause of Christianity will never be promoted in India by the Syrian church. To put a piece of new cloth into this old tattered garment would only make the rent worse; I write thus of a sister church with most sincere sorrow. But if the Syrian church be thus fallen, that of the Syro-Roman is if possible lower still: Nothing apparently can be more degraded than that unhappy Church in southern India; it is a body without a soul, and therefore hastening rapidly to corruption. As are the Priests, so are the people. How far we may be permitted to benefit them is a very interesting speculation: but in all that we attempt to do for them we

must bear in mind the proverb, "Physician, heal thyself!" And I much fear that until we are able to present to them a Church not only Catholic in its doctrine and Apostolic in its discipline, but strictly bound together by the bonds of the Gospel, they will reply to our charitable efforts for their improvement, by warning us of the prior necessity of our own.

*Cottayam, December 3.*

I visited, yesterday, one of the Syrian churches, of which there are several in this immediate neighbourhood. Like all their ecclesiastical buildings, it looks much handsomer without than I found it to be within. The chancel, which is considerably raised, and railed off from the body of the church, is daubed in fresco with representations of different passages in the life of our Saviour; I have however seen as bad in Italy. There is no pulpit; but a Syriac Bible, printed in England, is placed on a little desk before the altar, and portions of Scripture, appointed by the Church, are read daily to the people. The altar is decorated

with a crucifix of particularly bad workmanship, and a large lamp was burning in front of it. I saw no font, but I presume it must have escaped my observation. The same style of architecture pervades all these churches, heavy and almost clumsy, but still strictly preserving the ecclesiastical character. The Syrians generally inter their dead in the cemetery adjoining the Church: Roman Syrians I believe have no burial-grounds; but bury their dead in a building exactly similar in form to a church, which while it is an object of peculiar regard and reverence to the people, is the chief source of his emolument to the priest, who exacts a fee, considerable for this poor country, upon every interment. I believe that we might draw many nominal proselytes from the Romo-Syrian to the Anglican Church, if we would build their beloved mausoleum; but independently of other strong and obvious objections, we can scarcely raise churches for the living, much less for the dead.

The services of the Church which I saw yesterday, are performed by five Catanars and one deacon. There is a daily service, and

every fast and festival is strictly kept; but they very seldom preach to the people, and I fear their ministrations are most formal and heartless. Marcus, the Catanar who showed us the church, is very desirous, I am told, to join the Church of England; he has a remarkably good countenance, and Mr. Bailey speaks very well of him.

The Confirmation, the first of four which I have felt it my duty to appoint for this extensive district of Cottayam, took place this morning. Being translated sentence by sentence into Malayalim, the service, including the Litany, was unavoidably long and exhausting; and at the conclusion of it, I addressed the candidates through the medium of Mr. Baker, who appeared to me a most fluent interpreter, until my head warned me to desist. There were one hundred and ten candidates, all neat and clean, and evidently much interested. I am still very weak, and this climate is any thing but strengthening. I trust, however, that my visit here is doing good.

The question has been asked me, whether I would be willing to receive any of the Syrian

Catanars who might be desirous of joining the Anglican Church? My course seems very simple. Their orders are indisputable, although there is reason to fear that the present Metran confers them with most unapostolical indiscrimination; but the receiving of a Syrian priest into actual employment as a clergyman of our communion must depend upon his character. If he can produce unquestionable testimonials, I shall not hesitate to admit him, when provided with a proper title, upon his taking the usual oaths, and making the usual subscriptions; but he must be prepared for a very searching investigation into his life and morals, and, so far as it is possible to penetrate them, into his motives for coming over to us.

*December 4.*

The Confirmation this morning at Pullum was delightful, and I am most thankful to have been permitted to administer it to the little congregation there. Accompanied by four Presbyters, and a Catechist ready for ordination, I felt that I was escorted as becomes a



bishop. My heart is strongly drawn to these native congregations, and quite swelled within me when, as the voice of one man, the poor people at Pullum made the responses in the Litany. It is charming thus to hear the Lord's song in a strange land. In my address I endeavoured to encourage them to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called, and to be especially watchful that the name of Christ be not blasphemed among the Heathen by the contrast between their profession and their lives. I was much less exhausted than usual, and went through the service without that tendency to fainting from which I generally suffer so much. Here, as at Trichoor and at Cottayam, the missionary in charge, the Reverend H. Baker, is building a church. My reverend brethren in this district are indefatigable in their exertions to erect houses to God more worthy of his name. Would that their praiseworthy example were followed throughout India. At breakfast I was visited by a petty Rajah of the neighbourhood—the native 'squire of Pullum, who, Mr. Baker tells me, has shown kindness to the Christians, and

although a bigot to his creed, has even given him some assistance in building his church. I thanked him for the liberal feeling he had evinced towards his poor Christian dependents, and requested him to continue to treat them kindly, assuring him, that any favour granted to them would be conferred on myself. My clergy here are all that I could wish them to be. Would that I had a hundred such; I could easily find ample employment for them all.

*December 5.*

Our little voyage this morning was very pretty: the river, which we were now ascending, is much narrower, and rather more obedient to the injunction given to Father Thames to "keep between his banks," which are covered with forest-trees. I saw very little ground under cultivation, although much paddy is grown as soon as the waters have sufficiently subsided. These boatmen give a short quick jerking stroke, which is far from pleasant; they have good countenances, and are merry light-hearted fellows. How I envy their power of

exposing themselves with perfect impunity to the sun! It kills *me* by inches. Colatta church is beautifully situated, and set, as it especially ought to be in this land, upon a hill. It is built after the fashion of the Syrian churches, and surmounted by the Cross. The interior is very neat, the Chancel vaulted, which has a very good effect, and the Communion-table and chairs very prettily carved. The clergy here have been very happy in their choice of sites for their churches, which are placed exactly where they ought to be placed: Mr. Bailey's will be the pride of the country. Forty-one persons were confirmed at Colatta, whom I subsequently addressed, as it is my custom, from the altar. My head failed me a little during the service; but I rallied, and got through my address with fluency and with tolerable comfort. May the labours of this morning be blessed to these poor people and to myself, who most need a blessing, for Jesus Christ's sake.

*December 7.*

I preached and administered the Sacrament

of the Lord's Supper yesterday in the College Chapel, a very neat building, though not quite so collegiate-looking as I could wish it to be, to a most attentive congregation of English and natives, the latter the students of the establishment. There being four clergymen present, a great gathering of clergy for an "up-country" station in India, besides Mr. Johnson, who is waiting for ordination; I made my sermon partly a kind of missionary charge, and partly an address to the pupils of the College, by whom, I am assured by Mr. Chapman, it was perfectly understood. The Catanar, Marcus, whom I have already mentioned, was present, the only Syrian priest who has as yet made his appearance among us since my arrival; and my suspicion is confirmed, that they keep aloof in consequence of instructions from the Metran, who it seems is very sore at the decision of the arbiters respecting the disputed college property. Union with the Syrians is, I clearly see, not to be thought of at present, and I fear the reformation of their Church is as far off as ever: no glimmerings of it are perceptible. Our course, however, is straight before us, and

I earnestly hope that we shall never be tempted to deviate from it: it is that of absolute non-interference with their Church, while we offer the best education it is in our power to offer to the youth of the district, an education on the sound, pure, evangelical basis of the Church of England. Such an education the Cottayam College is fully competent to supply; and I would respectfully urge upon the Church Missionary Society to cherish and strengthen that institution as a most efficient means, under God's grace, of really evangelizing this interesting and promising part of India; I say promising, because wherever the Cross is lifted up, surely there is promise that of those who look upon it, even with the eye of superstitious ignorance, some may be brought to worship Him who died upon it for them in spirit and in truth.

*Cottayam College, December 9.*

I left my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, yesterday morning, and removed my quarters to this place. I feel most warmly interested in the prosperity of this Institution, looking

upon it as a nucleus of Christian education for the whole province. There is a neat Chapel, in which divine service is performed every morning and evening; in the morning in Malayalim, and in the evening in English. It is delightful to me to attend these services, and almost throws me back upon the days of Oxford. This morning I confirmed fourteen of the students; but I was far from well, and could not address them for above a quarter of an hour. After breakfast, at the request of Mr. Chapman, I distributed a few prizes to the most deserving, and availed myself of the opportunity to speak to them for some time on the blessings of a Christian and practically useful education, such as that which is so charitably offered to them, and entreated them to do their part in this labour of love by being diligent and obedient. Mr. Chapman is just the person for this institution, and the Society could hardly have made a better choice. His whole heart is evidently in his work, and he possesses the happy and, I suspect, rare art of communicating knowledge not only in an intelligible but in an acceptable form. As a divine, I think him admirably

adapted for the office of Principal of a College, which we hope will prove a nursery for a future native clergy: for I have talked much with him on the subject, and am convinced that he is a sound and faithful minister of the Church of England.

I shall leave Cottayam with regret, and shall always pray for the prosperity of a place where I have found much, very much, to gratify, and nothing to distress me. All seems peace and good-will. The three exemplary clergymen of the station are devoted to their duties, each having his separate walk, and are labouring most assiduously to promote Christ's kingdom in Travancore: and I am bound to speak in similar terms of Mr. Catechist Johnson, who, but for an obstacle about his title, would by this time have been admitted by me into holy orders.

*December 10.*

My visit to Cottayam is now drawing to a close, as I have been obliged to make arrangements for our departure to-morrow for Alleppe. Gladly would I have lingered on at

this quiet happy spot, breathing its Christian air; and I shall leave it with regret, though not without a hope that I may be permitted to return to it. Who, however, can calculate upon the fulfilment of such hopes any where, and least of all in India? Having no public duties this morning, I employed myself among other matters in writing to Mr. Tucker, (the secretary of the Church Missionary Society in Madras,) a few lines on the state and prospects of the Travancore mission; and perhaps I cannot better express my opinion on this subject than by quoting some passages from my letter.

“ I have now passed ten days at Cottayam, and the more I see of it the more I am convinced that the strength of the Christian cause in this part of India in many points is to be found in this mission. The contiguity and extensive influence of the Syrian Church, which although, alas! almost dead to good works, is still a venerable and venerated monument of Christianity, gives the Travancore mission a peculiar importance: and I am persuaded that with God’s blessing on the faithful labours here of the Church of England, a new and



infinitely better order of things will ere long arise; and that many of those who now sleep will awake at her voice, and arise from the dead, and Christ will give them light. The reception which I have met with from all the clergy here has been most gratifying, and there is but one feeling among them, a feeling of thankfulness to the archbishop for having enabled them to place themselves under episcopal superintendence and protection. All have unhesitatingly accepted my licence, and they will henceforth be considered by me, as exactly on the same footing as that of the other clergy of the diocese. Henceforth therefore, so far as *we* are concerned, all things will be done “decently and in order.” . . . . . “I am highly pleased with all the clergy of this district, as also with Mr. Johnson; they appear to me faithful, indefatigable men, full of a right spirit, and a blessing evidently rests upon their labours. I have visited all the congregations in the immediate neighbourhood of Cottayam, and have held four Confirmations here. On every occasion my observations, interpreted to them either by Mr. Bailey or by Mr. Baker, were

listened to with deep interest, and I have received from my reverend Brethren the delightful assurance that there is reason to hope that I have been permitted to do some good among them. In Mr. Chapman, the Society has a most valuable coadjutor; and I look forward with confidence to the time when, under his faithful and judicious superintendence, this little Institution will assume a most important and influential character, as a training-place for a future native Church of England clergy. If my opinion carries any weight with you, I would earnestly entreat you to commend the Cottayam College to the Society's most favourable consideration: for my own part I look upon it as a future nursery of civilization upon the purest principles of Gospel truth; and as long as it is conducted on its present system, it shall always command such support and assistance as I am able to offer. Its usefulness however may be considerably enlarged by placing larger means at the disposal of its Principal. Among other actual deficiencies, there is a great want of books; and there are also other matters connected with the Institution, to which

I hope to call the attention of the Society through you, should we be permitted to meet again. The church-building spirit which pervades our clergy here is highly praiseworthy. It seems to me peculiarly important in this district to give our churches a really ecclesiastical character, which indeed few of them possess in any part of India, except at the presidencies, and not always there. Mr. Bailey's new church at Cottayam will be the pride of the country."

*Alleppie, December 12.*

Slavery exists in this country, as I have already mentioned, to a very great extent. Out of a population of about twelve hundred thousand, it is calculated that at the least one hundred thousand are slaves. I am assured that they are generally speaking well treated, and do not complain of their lot: they are, however, purposely kept in a state of the most barbarous ignorance by their interested masters, who are sufficiently shrewd to foresee the consequences of allowing them to be educated. They cannot purchase their freedom, but their

masters may emancipate them. I am not aware whether the British government has ever remonstrated against this hateful system, which in its best form, (if indeed such an epithet can be applied to anything so intrinsically and irremediably bad,) is so justly forbidden by our laws, and abhorrent to our principles.

We arrived here at about eleven o'clock last night, after a row of six hours, the latter part of our little voyage on a canal, at the entrance to which we were received with the usual noisy barbaric honours. The scene was, however, unusually striking, from the fineness of the moon-lit starry night, and the moon and stars here are glorious things; the numerous torches which flashed and flamed on either side of the water, and from it, for either element seemed equally indifferent to the torch-bearers; the wild but not unpleasing discord of the drums, pipes, and cymbals, and the crowding and rushing of peons and coolies, who, whenever our boats touched ground, which occurred very frequently, dashed into the water, and with a sharp shrill cry heaved them through the mud. Thus we were upwards of an hour struggling

up this canal, preceded and followed by such a *cortège* as can only be seen in India. A very hospitable reception awaited us at Mr. Hawksworth's comfortable house.

As yet I know nothing of this place, and my thoughts revert to Cottayam, where I have passed eleven truly happy days, happy in the exercise of my various duties, and most happy in feeling assured that my humble efforts to do my appointed work "as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," were understood, and viewed with affectionate interest by the clergy of the place, while there is reason to hope that they have not been thrown away upon their congregations.

During the time that I was Mr. Chapman's guest, I regularly attended divine service, both morning and evening, in the College chapel, and heartily wish I could do so every day of my life, as there is something peculiarly delightful to me in this meeting together day by day in the house of God, the house of prayer, praise, and thanksgiving. My last official act at Cottayam, was a conversation which at his request I had with a Malpan, who

had expressed a wished to speak with me on certain subjects relative to our Church and his own. The account given to me of this gentleman by the Cottayam clergy is very favourable. They represent him to be faithful to his own Church, the Syrian, but perfectly alive to the urgent necessity of its reformation: and that with this view, he had been for some time in the habit of *preaching* to his people; which although expressly enjoined by their canons, is unfortunately very rarely practised by the Syrian clergy, being strongly discouraged by the present Metran, who has actually suspended two or three young Cat Danars for venturing to do it without his especial permission. Among other questions of less importance, he proposed to me the following: whether and on what terms I 'would receive a Cat Danar into the ministry of the Anglican Church? To which I replied, that as I fully recognized the validity of their orders, there would be no difficulty on that head; but that previously to the reception on my part of any Priest of their persuasion, I should insist upon the most rigid examination into his character,

and should require the strongest testimonials in his favour from my own clergy. He appeared fully to acquiesce in the reasonableness of this, and was evidently gratified that I did not question his ordination. To the enquiry whether there would be any obstacle to the reception of a layman of their Church into ours, I answered, none whatever, so far as I was concerned. The door of the Church of England stands open to all who desire to enter in, and our clergy had undoubted authority to receive them, provided that they found them worthy of admission into our communion; it is in short a parochial and not an episcopal question. At the same time I utterly disclaimed all desire to make proselytes among the Syrians or Roman Catholics, by any other method than the force of truth, exemplified in our doctrine and discipline and above all in our lives. The Malpan then observed, that gross abuses notoriously existed in the Syrian Church, into which he wished me to enquire, with the view of my suggesting a remedy. Upon this I again positively disclaimed any

pretence to a right of intermeddling with the affairs of an independent sister Church, although I should be ready to receive any written statement on this subject which he would transmit to me through Mr. Baker, who acted as our interpreter, merely in order to put me in possession of the facts, should he still be anxious for me to be acquainted with them. I felt that we were trenching upon dangerous ground, lest it should be said that the English bishop had set himself up, as a judge over them. We are bound, in my opinion, to be very cautious as well as very faithful in our dealings with the Syrians; and for my own part I should not feel myself justified in overstepping the line I have prescribed. Neither, indeed, do I think that we should derive the slightest benefit from it, as it seems to me very improbable that any of their priests will join us from conviction, although perhaps one or two might be tempted to come over to us from the filthy lucre of gain; and the value of such proselytes would be as well known to the Syrians as to ourselves. A permanently beneficial impression



can only be made upon the Syrians, by such an education as I hope will be liberally offered to them at the Cottayam College.

This Malpan, who is Syriac instructor in the college, appeared to me a sensible intelligent person. I am assured that he has no desire to join us: his object being to stir up his own Church, to which he is devotedly attached. He is a fine-looking man, tall, thin, and bearded, and altogether of a noble presence.

Either Dr. Buchanan was deceived by appearances into drawing a more favourable sketch of the Syrian Church, than was justified by the real state of things, or that Church has much degenerated since he visited it in 1806; for I greatly fear that it is at present a mere *nominis umbra*. May we be graciously permitted to rekindle the smoking flax in this ancient and deeply interesting Christian community, by showing ourselves to the Syrians in all things a pattern of good works: in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of us. We shall most ef-

fectually reform *them* by being very watchful over ourselves.

December 14.

I have had so much to do since my arrival here, that I have had but little time to write. Alleppie is evidently a very important missionary station. The population is large, and of almost "every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation:" as, being the principal trading port of Travancore, it is much frequented by the Arabs, some of whom are very flourishing merchants here, and by the natives of Ceylon, Cutch, Seinde, and indeed of all the western coast of the vast peninsula of India. You see here in consequence a variety of costume which gives the place a cheerful character, and somewhat redeems its natural and irremediable ugliness, a forest of cocoa-nut trees in a bed of barren sand. From their appearance, a stranger would at once pronounce the Arabs the *rerum dominos gentemque togatam* of Alleppie. They are fine, intelligent, venerable-looking men, with benevolent countenances and profusely magnificent beards. I can quite understand

their holding us beardless Europeans somewhat in contempt. I could have fancied myself again at Mocha when I met the Arab women groping about the town with their faces completely masked by the hideous red handkerchief. Among such a mingled multitude, it is indeed a blessing to find our Church firmly established, and her spirit-stirring offices uninterruptedly performed; and the church tower rising not proudly, but holily eminent in the very heart of the town, high above every other building, is "a joyful and a pleasant thing." The church, which is now undergoing a complete repair, will be, when finished, a very handsome edifice. There is a good bell and a good clock in the tower, and the whole has an appearance delightfully English. Mr. Hawksworth had contrived to cover in the chancel, so as to make it very tolerably *sun-proof*; and yesterday morning I had the gratification of confirming a hundred and twenty-five persons. It was a most cheering sight; and kindled by the excitement inseparable with me from the discharge of this most fatherly duty, I made them an unusually long address, admirably interpreted, I am told,

by Mr. Bailey, who had kindly accompanied me for this purpose from Cottayam, and which, as it appeared to touch their hearts, will not be without its effect, we may humbly hope, on their lives. In the evening we called together the little English congregation of the place ; and although contrary to medical orders, I could not resist preaching to them on the subject most appropriate to the season, the Advent of our blessed Lord. This morning I went with Mr. Hawksworth, who appears to me to be most anxious to do all the good in his power, to see a little chapel, or prayer-house, as they call such buildings here, about two miles from his residence. A small native flock is assembled here for divine service every morning and evening. How delightful is it to find these little fountains of truth in this thirsty land. Had we churches, or money to build them, our missions might be extended to almost any length and breadth in Travancore. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hawksworth are, I am assured, indefatigable in learning the language of the country. What a miserably mistaken system is that which condemns the clergy to celibacy.

The clergyman's wife, if disposed and able to do her duty, is almost as efficient a minister of the Gospel as the clergyman himself;—she preaches irresistibly by her example.

*Mavelikarra, December 17.*

This is truly a missionary station in the fullest sense of the term. Mavelikarra is situated in the centre of a dense heathen population, calculated at about sixty thousand souls, and in the very lion's den of idolatry,—it being one of the most Brahmin-ridden places in the country. The pagodas here—hideous, barn-like, storehouse-looking edifices—are considered of peculiar sanctity, and their innumerable priests are of a most rampant holiness, and heartily detest the Christians, whom they take every safe opportunity to insult and oppress. There are, moreover, about twenty Syrian churches in the district, with large congregations, upon whom the preaching, and still more the example, of a clergyman of the Church of England, cannot fail eventually of producing some blessed effect. In fact, it has done so

already, as I was introduced this morning to a very influential lay-member of that communion, who, Mr. Peet assures me, has made up his mind to come over to us very shortly, and who will bring with him a very large accession of strength to our Mavelikarra flock. I was much pleased with the appearance and manners of this old man ; there was sincerity in his looks : and if looks are ever to be relied upon as an index of the mind, I have not a doubt that he is sincere. He spoke of the ill-usage to which the Christians are here exposed from the intolerant heathen, but evidently not with any desire to enhance the merit of belonging to a persecuted sect. I told him that, much as I should rejoice in such a convert, neither I nor Mr. Peet sought in any way to work upon his feelings, but trusted that he would simply follow the dictates of his judgment and conscience after faithful prayer to God to direct him to the truth, and briefly recapitulated the principles by which, as I have already stated, we ought in my opinion to be guided in our dealings with the Syrians. He assured me that he would act as I advised, and parted from me

promising me his prayers. And most thankful do I feel for the prayers of these poor people, and their good wishes; they are a great comfort and encouragement to me, and I heartily desire to be remembered among them as a good missionary bishop. It is infinitely better than a proud title: it is a blessed one. Mr. Peet, who is a most active and energetic labourer in his Lord's vineyard, and just the man for such a mission as this,—where the new ground is not only to be ploughed up, but to be cleared of all its jungle of thorns, and briars, and noxious weeds,—has already made some very important converts from heathenism, and one most valuable one from the Syrians, a Malpan, who has joined our communion, and is proving himself a very faithful and useful minister. He has the charge of a large and increasing congregation, to which it is my intention hereafter to licence him. I confirmed this morning seventy-two of Mr. Peet's Mavelikarra congregation, many of them old and grey-headed, whom he has gathered from out the heathen in their eleventh hour. This mission is flourish-

ing, and we may hope, without presumption, that the blessing of God rests upon it. Illness prevented me from speaking to those who were confirmed as long as I could have wished; and after addressing them for about a quarter of an hour, I was obliged to depute that pleasing duty to my ready and kind interpreter, Mr. Baker. Mr. Peet has no church here at present, and uses a temporary building for divine service; but, like his brethren, he is very zealous on this point, and has selected an excellent site for the erection of one.

The country here is very pretty, so far as the innumerable cocoa-nut trees permit you to see it. There is a large dismantled fort,—which, however, could never have been of any strength,—in which is situated the principal pagoda. Close to this pagoda is a most glorious tree, a peepul, which, if it *could* grow in England, would give fame to a whole county; the spread of the boughs is enormous, and the trunk of proportionate grandeur. I cannot wonder at the poor ignorant natives holding such trees sacred. There is a tree very common here,—I



think they call it the piny,—from which is extracted an excellent varnish. It has very much the appearance of a beech.

I was favoured yesterday with a visit from a rajah who resides at Mavelikarra, a cousin of the reigning rajah of Travancore. He came mounted on a very handsome Arab; and, with his very fat person, and his cloth of gold dress, he really looked not unlike bluff King Harry in the old picture (Holbein, is it not?) of his interview with Francis the First, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, near Calais. I asked him where he purchased his splendid costume, and to my surprise he told me that it came from England. The stuff must be made expressly for rajahs and baboos, for no one else could (or, at least, would) wear it. My visitor seemed a heavy, dull animal of a man, and I was glad when he took his departure; although, for the sake of Mr. Peet and the mission, I made a point of being very civil to him.

*Quilon, December 19.*

This is a very fine place, I mean the Residency, which is all that I have as yet seen of

Quilon: It is beautifully situated "in a very pretty park-like enclosure, almost surrounded by water; but the water is not, as at Balghauty, so near as to affect, as I suspect it must do there, the healthiness of the house. We arrived here at five this morning, after the most noisy voyage I have hitherto experienced, as our boat was very frequently aground, and consequently obliged to be wedged through the mud by the shouting, yelling multitude, who seemed to spring up out of the sedgy banks where and whenever their services were wanted. We were exactly ten hours on the water, during which I snatched a little sleep occasionally, but literally by fits and starts. At one of our halting-places, a more than usual uproar made me open the door of my little cabin, and a very striking sight awaited me. We were close to a bridge, in the centre of which th<sup>e</sup> J<sup>h</sup>sildar of the district, whatever it might be, a fine-looking fellow, with an ample beard, had taken up his position with his myrmidons to make his salaam and present his limes and tuberoses. The night was very dark, black as it is only in the tropics, and the banks of the river as well

as the bridge were thronged with people, every man, with the exception of the rural authorities, carrying a bundle of flaming dry sticks, which he continually waved around and above us, while the long green graceful fans of the cocoa-nut trees caught the reflected light, and might almost have been mistaken for so many beautiful fire-works. I am sure that the most accomplished *maitre de ballet* could not have grouped his people better; the effect was quite theatrical. As we shot under the bridge the rush of the shouting splashing torch-bearers, the clash of the cymbals, and the perpetual *rub-a-dub-dub* of the drums, for they are not beaten in military fashion, but thumped, was quite exciting. Travelling, brings an Indian Bishop acquainted with strange company.

While at Mavelikarra I received a message from the Metran, a kind of feeler, I suspect, to enquire if I would see him if he called upon me. Of course I replied that I should be much gratified by his visit, and should be happy and ready to receive him the next morning. He, however, as I expected, sent a lame excuse that he could not procure bearers. The fact, I be-

lieve, is, that he never had any intention of meeting me, but hoped, that I might be induced to write him an episcopal letter, something in the style of that of Bishop Heber to Mar Athanasius; which I am informed he would have used with great effect among his people. He bears, I am sorry to say, a very indifferent character, which greatly contributes to the present degraded state of his church. I feel very much for the poor Syrians; but my conviction of the impossibility of our being of use to them, except by showing them in our conduct the superiority of the Church of England, and by offering their children a sound Christian education, is strengthened by all that I hear and see from day to day. Perhaps I cannot better explain my feelings on this point than by quoting a few passages from a sermon I preached at Cottayam College Chapel.

“By the Christian kindness of those who love their souls, because they acknowledge the whole family of mankind to be their brethren, the college at Cottayam has been founded for the education of the youth of this district. How thankful, my young friends, ought you

to be to God who has thus raised up for you such generous benefactors, who ask for no other reward but the happiness which is inseparable from going about doing good, the comfort of witnessing and contributing largely to your improvement, and the hope, which is very dear to them, that you may prove useful guides in their darkness to your benighted countrymen. Show then your gratitude by your diligence in your studies, and by your respectful obedience to those who are set over you. Time, so precious to us all, is in one respect peculiarly precious to *you*; for if we neglect the opportunity of acquiring valuable knowledge in youth, we seldom acquire it afterwards. The foundation must be well and firmly laid by you now, or the building to be raised upon it hereafter will be of comparatively little use or value, for youth is the season of *impressions*; the mind never remains a mere blank sheet of paper; something *must* be written there as soon as it is capable of receiving it, something *either good or bad*; and what is *then* written, *can never be entirely blotted out*. This however is not the place to enter into a disqui-

sition upon the plan of study which you ought to pursue, even if it were my province to dilate upon it, and which has been already marked out for you by him who, as he is most immediately interested in your progress, is best qualified to superintend it: yet one thing I may and must impress upon you; it is this: endeavour *now* to the utmost of your ability *to learn the mind of Christ*. You will find it in the Bible; and it is so clearly written there, that it is impossible to misunderstand it if you will but apply yourselves to the study in an honest and good heart. When far away from this place, I shall often inquire after your proficiency in this most precious knowledge; and I earnestly pray that the answer to my inquiry may always be an answer of peace, an assurance that, according to the light which is in you, you are growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and only Saviour, and therefore that that mind has begun to be developed in you which was also in Christ Jesus. We do not presume to judge others; God, who knows our hearts, knows that we have quite enough to do to judge ourselves; that through the all-

sufficient atonement of Christ pleaded in our behalf, we may not be condemned in that fearful judgment hereafter. The only way in which I conceive that we are at once privileged and called upon, to interfere with the Syrian and Roman Catholic Churches in this country, is first and foremost, by the example of our lives and the faithfulness and purity of our doctrine, and secondly, by offering, so far as our limited means will permit, to all who will accept of it, the opportunity of being educated in those principles and after that discipline, which we fully believe to comprise the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Wherever I go, then, in India, and for obvious reasons most especially here, my voice shall be raised for education: education we may reasonably hope will open the doors of their hearts, and the King of glory shall come in. . . . .

“ But if it be so necessary that this mind which was in Christ Jesus should be also in every Christian, how peculiarly and eminently is it required to be manifested in you, my reverend brethren, and dear fellow-labourers, and in me. We are God’s ambassadors, not

merely to our own countrymen, but first and foremost to the heathen, for I also am engaged in the same work with you, and it would be my joy and crown of rejoicing, if indeed I could joy and rejoice in any thing that I do, to be counted worthy of the title of a missionary Bishop. Let, then, this mind be in us, the mind of Him who brake not the bruised reed and quenched not the smoking flax; and let us prove that it is there by our faithfulness and by our charity; faithfulness which will not slumber nor sleep, until we shall have brought all committed to us within the sound at least of the word of salvation, in sure and certain hope that at God's good time they will be made doers of that word and not hearers only; and charity, which because it hopeth all things for those intrusted to our care, suffereth long and is kind; ever bearing in mind that God is love; pitying therefore those that are weaker than ourselves for his sake who has had so much compassion upon us, and thus manifesting to the heathen that we are come hither because the love of God and of perishing souls constrained us to come; and that, as our Mas-



ter loved his own that were in the world unto the end, we also will persevere in our labour of love for those to whom we are sent, as long as utterance may be given unto us, that we may open our mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel. It may be, brethren, that little fruit has hitherto blessed our labours; it may be that like Peter, and James, and John, we have even toiled all the night and have taken nothing; for the missionary's, is not only a life of toil, but a life of disappointment; nevertheless, like those patriarchs of Christianity, let us be always ready at our Master's word to let down the net. We may and must meet with many difficulties, and many discouragements from an evil world without, and from a treacherous heart within, for we have to conquer not only the hearts of others but our own; nevertheless, the missionary cause must ultimately triumph; for it is the cause of Him who died upon the Cross, that his Gospel, whereby alone we can be saved, should be preached to every creature. Be then of good cheer: only let this mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus, and all at last will be well. The day-

spring from on high shall dawn upon this benighted country, and the missionary's voice is now audibly crying in this wilderness, that the kingdom of heaven is at hand: and when the heathen who now sit in darkness and in the shadow of death shall behold the sun of righteousness arising for them with healing in his wings, however utterly indifferent to his advent now, they will rejoice with exceeding great joy.

“ We cannot hope to live to see it; but as assuredly as the Gospel is the word of God, that blessed day shall come at the appointed time, and shall not tarry; wherefore let us comfort one another with these words. And ask not doubtingly one of another when we behold the whole land given up to idolatry, ‘ Can these bones live? For thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you and ye shall live: and I will put my spirit in you, and ye shall live: then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it and performed it, saith the Lord.’ Brethren, let it be then our heart's desire and prayer to God for India that its millions may be saved. The way we know, and the means we know;

let us watch and pray, that that mind may be in those whom He has already given us, and in ourselves, which was also in Christ Jesus.”

*Quilon, December 21.*

This is a pretty place, and was once the station of a large military force, although at present it can only boast one native regiment. The roads are excellent, and for an Indian cantonment extensive, and the houses apparently good. The church is a very neat building, well arranged, and in excellent repair. It has long, too long, been without a chaplain, and I shall consider it my duty to give Quilon a resident clergyman as soon as possible, who will be put in charge of our congregation here, together with those at Cochin and Trevandrum. Cochin unquestionably ought to have a Chaplain to itself; but it would be useless for me to make such a proposition at present. Should my application to the Court of Directors prove successful, I shall perhaps have one to send thither. How sadly do we want clergymen in India, men of faith and of work, at once zealous and

sound. I could easily find employment for fifty chaplains. ;

I confirmed yesterday thirteen young persons prepared for the solemn rite by Mr. Peet, who has most kindly visited Quilon from time to time; and been a minister to this little flock without a shepherd, as far as his other arduous duties would permit. In my sermon I endeavoured to explain the history and intent of confirmation, and the authority on which it rests as an Apostolic institution; and Mr. Peet followed up the subject in a most energetic discourse in the evening. To day being the festival of St. Thomas, I consecrated the Church which I named after that saint; assisted by my missionary chaplain Mr. Jones, and by the reverend Messrs. Peet, Chapman, and Hawksworth. Although not very well, I felt it my duty to preach on this occasion, and my sermon appeared to be listened to with interest. The consecration of a Church in India, the setting of it apart for ever to the worship of God, after the religion of our fathers and our home, is a very touching ceremony, and I think that all present felt it to be so.

*December 22.*

I have nothing further to record of this pretty cantonment. The chaplain whom I contemplate placing here will find some difficulties peculiar to the station, but at the same time very much to encourage him. In fact I am persuaded, that the Church has only to show herself in this country what she really is, to be adhered to by far the greater number of the English and Indo-British inhabitants, and to be honoured by all. Whenever a clergyman does his duty conscientiously and charitably, he invariably gains a commanding influence. I have not the slightest desire that the Church of England in India, should interfere with the mission of others who are come hither out of love to Christ to assist us, however uninvited, to teach his Gospel to the heathen; but she is bound faithfully to fulfil her own, which is for her clergy so to preach Christ crucified; and so to live after the example which He and his Apostles have set before us, and in obedience to the commission which He has expressly given to us, as to silence all *reason-*

*able* objections against either her doctrine or her discipline. Should Providence continue to us the possession of this wonderful empire, I have not a doubt that the Church system may be fully developed and carried out here; and it is the prayer and the hope of the Indian Bishops and clergy, that the parochial system of England may be brought home to every congregation of our communion; and that they may eventually possess each their duly ordained native parish minister, and their duly consecrated native parish Church.

The school here appears to be well conducted; but of course in this as in all things, Quilon feels the chilling influence of having been so long without a resident minister. An occasional visit from the most devoted and active clergyman, can have no permanent effect upon the hearts and lives of the people: they are excited by it for the time, but the excitement soon subsides, for what abiding impression was ever made by excitement? The mind rapidly falls back into its wonted lethargy, and indemnifies itself for the unusual fatigue of reflection and self-examination by a longer and

a deeper sleep. The Lord is not "in the wind," "in the earthquake," or "in the fire;" but in "the still small voice," speaking constantly to the ear and heart of the sinner.

I receive from time to time most cheering letters from the Bishop of Calcutta, full of that glowing piety, hard good sense, and tender affection, which are so beautifully and peculiarly blended in the character of our excellent Metropolitan; and it is a very great comfort to me to find that we are treading in the same path, although I follow in it, as the child Iulus followed the hero Æneas, *haud passibus æquis*.

The view from my window here is remarkably pretty. The Backwater sweeps gracefully round the little peninsula, on which the residency is built, and several boats are passing with oars and sail up and down and across it; and were it not for the sepoy guard at the door, and the melancholy clank of the chains from the convicts at work in the garden, it would not be very difficult to fancy myself in some villa overlooking the Thames.

*Trevandrum, December 23.*

Here we are at last; but I cannot say much in favour either of the water or of the road by which we came. We left Quilon at five yesterday afternoon, and arrived here at nine this morning; we were six hours working our way up the Quilon canal, half of which time we were aground. It was very hard work for the poor boatmen, but they laboured at it most cheerfully and manfully. We then landed, where I know not, and getting into palanquins, scrambled over seven miles of almost the worst road that in all my various wanderings it has yet been my lot to encounter. Occasionally it was necessary to get out of the palanquin, as otherwise the bearers could not have carried it. One very steep and rugged descent brought us to the sea shore, along which our course lay for three or four miles, and the sea was uttering its mighty voice, as it has done from the beginning of time. There is something to me peculiarly grand in the heavy roll and break of the sea at night; I have heard some call it monotonous; to me it is sublime, and



I love to listen to it, and fancy it does me good. A shaking and jumbling of three hours and a half's duration, brought us once more to the water's side, where we embarked under a promise of a smoother passage. I had a volume of Bishop Wilson's sermons in the boat, the apostolic Bishop of Sodor and Man, and read one of them, an excellent one, as they all are, before I lay down for the night. How I love his writings: they are drawn fresh from the well of "pure and undefiled religion," and he gives us to taste, not of highly seasoned dishes, concocted to suit the unhealthy appetite of the day, but of the living water of Christ.

Of the remainder of the voyage I know nothing, until opening my eyes long after sunrise I found that we were in a canal which brought us to Trevandrum. The residency being at some distance from the landing-place, I had an opportunity of seeing something of the town, which to judge from the perpetual red and white streaks on the walls, must be crowded *usque ad nauseam* with brahmins. The native houses—the greater part of the buildings are mere huts—looked quaint and dirty; and the

women, their ears dragged down by the most preposterous wooden ear-rings, peeped out at us as we passed, but did not manifest much curiosity. The brahmins, who thronged the streets, appeared more than usually sulky. We have a fine view here of the mountains, but the house and grounds are very inferior to the residency at Quilon.

*December 24.*

The little capital of the Indian "Eele-King," the lord and master of its finest forests of teak and black-wood, is very prettily situated on a slightly elevated ground, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of well-shaped mountains, some of them presenting a very bold outline, their highest point about 4500 feet above the sea. The intervening country, broken undulating ground, is covered with low jungle relieved by occasional tufts of fine trees; with paddy cultivation, wherever water can be obtained, in the little valleys. The place evidently cannot feed its inhabitants, the population being calculated at upwards of thirty thousand.

At the base of one part of the mountain range, coffee is beginning to be largely cultivated; Mr. Huxom, a gentleman whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Quilon, has already an extensive plantation there; and should the undertaking be liberally patronized by the Travancore government, doubtless many other speculators would follow his example. Mr. Huxom told me that the Travancore coffee was superior to that grown in Ceylon, and indeed was second only to that of Mocha, whither I have been assured much Indian coffee annually finds its way, to assume there a higher title and price for the European market. Unfortunately the country in the immediate neighbourhood of these mountains is so very unhealthy from the terrible jungle fever, that it is most unsafe to reside there except for a few months in the year. For the same reason I dare not now go to Cottallum, which is a great disappointment to me. Trevandrum itself has been very recently visited by that still more awful scourge of India, the cholera; and in its most desperate type, that most singular state of collapse, from which it is almost impossible

to rouse the sufferer, who rapidly sinks and dies, as though under the influence of some uncontrollable poison. I am most thankful to say that the cool winds peculiar to this season have checked the pestilence, and it is hoped, removed it. I believe that we know as little of the immediate cause of cholera, as when it first "received its dire commission to destroy" in 1816. The British residents in India ought to pray with peculiar fervour to God, to deliver the land "from pestilence and famine," with both of which, for some to us inscrutable purpose, He permits it to be periodically visited. His ways are indeed utterly past finding out by us; and let us not presume to reason upon that which must always remain incomprehensible to our limited understandings, but commit ourselves to Him in prayer and in faith, and in full assurance that He both knows and decrees what is best for us.

This morning I paid a visit of ceremony to the Rajah, to whom I was presented by the British resident, my hospitable host Colonel Cullen. The sovereign of this beautiful country is about twenty-six years of age, of a very

pleasing countenance, and his manners strikingly simple and gentlemanlike. He speaks English with perfect fluency, is an accomplished Persian and Arabic scholar, and is in other respects unusually well informed; having had the advantage of a much better education than commonly falls to the lot of oriental princes. Could he escape from the swaddling-bands of the Brahmins, it is supposed that he would shew himself a really enlightened ruler. This however seems almost impossible, as these crafty priests have thrown their meshes so effectually around him that he can scarcely stir hand or foot without their permission. They possess unbounded influence over his mind, the influence which can only be attained by superstition; and the puppet of royalty is moved according to their will and pleasure by the brahminical string. It is very much to be lamented; as unquestionably he might do, and probably has the inclination to do, much for his country, which now remains undone. Certainly their terrible religion is the bane and curse of India. The Brahminical superstition hangs over the land like an impervious murky

vapour, and seems to defy the sun of truth to scatter it. The Brahmins here are still all-powerful, and are held by the other castes as something far better than men, and very little inferior to gods.

The rajah's brother and presumptive heir, a pleasing, and, I am told, very well-informed young man, met us at the door, and conducted us with much courtesy, but with far fewer *orientalisms* than attended my reception at the courts of Mysore and Tanjore, into the room of audience. The comparative simplicity which pervades this little court is very pleasing. The palace, like all Indian palaces, is only remarkable for its numerous handsome mirrors, and almost innumerable tawdry prints and pictures. There are, however, some portraits of the reigning family, executed by a French artist, in a far better style. The interview lasted about a quarter of an hour, and we shook hands cordially at meeting and parting.

The country in the immediate neighbourhood of this place is magnificent, and excellent roads enable you to enjoy it; but Trevandrum has other attractions peculiar to itself, which must

render it an agreeable residence. An observatory has been erected here by the rajah, at the suggestion of a former resident, the enlightened General Fraser; and Mr. Caldicot, the astronomer, has been sent to England to purchase the best instruments at the expense of this truly liberal prince, who also supports here a large and excellent school, under the management of an English master, who, I am told, is highly qualified for the office. Trevandrum possesses moreover a printing press,—where an almanack, compiled by the astronomer, is published every year;—and a well-managed hospital. If there were no such people as Brahmins, Trevandrum would be a little centre of civilization, which would eventually produce a most beneficial effect throughout Southern India.

*Christmas Day.*

Christmas Day! How unlike that all-beloved day in England. No carols under our windows; no holly in our churches; no snow on the ground, and a withering tropical sun over our

heads. Still Christ is every where: and let this be our comfort.

We had a much larger congregation than I should have thought Trevandrum could have produced, to whom I preached and administered the Lord's Supper. How thankful ought Christians to feel, that from the Himalaya to the furthest extremity of this vast peninsula, from Semla to Trevandrum, the Incarnation of our blessed Lord is now rightly and duly celebrated. A great change has indeed been effected in India in the course of the last fifteen or twenty years. The voice is at least crying in the wilderness.

“Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him.”

I.

See from the East the bright, the Morning Star,  
Shines like an altar-light in highest heaven:  
Warning, unheeded, millions from afar,  
“To you a Child is born, a Son is given.”  
Alas! unworshipped is that Star by those,  
The millions of this idol-peopled land,



Who slumber on in sin and death's repose,  
 And will not see, nor hear, nor understand.  
 Tread *we* at least the path the Magi trod;  
 Christians! let *us* arise, and hail our Saviour God.

## II.

Boundless, ineffable, incarnate Love!  
 Redeemer, Judge of all men, can it be .  
 Thou could'st forget heaven's brightest throne above  
 For earth and death, that we might live thro' Thee?  
 The birds have nests, the foxes have their den,  
 But cold thy welcome to our world of sin;  
 The adored of angels, crucified of men,  
 There was no place for Thee within the inn,—  
 Thou that didst love, and live, and die for all,—  
 Save with the innocent beasts who shared with Thee their  
 stall.

## III.

Their manger was Thy cradle, and Thy bed  
 The common grass that God had planted near:  
 Rough, but meet pillow for that baby-head,  
 Self-doom'd the accursed crown of thorns to wear.  
 And o'er Thee bends the Mother ever bless'd,  
 The virgin mother of the sinless boy,  
 While unseen angels chaunt Thee to Thy rest,  
 The only rest earth gave Thee to enjoy.  
 True to the chosen time, the chosen spot,  
 Thou cam'st into a world that knew, receiv'd Thee not.

## IV.

The axe is at the root of every tree;  
 Where the tree falls, there must it also lie.  
 Now is the accepted time for you, for me;  
 Repent and live!—Harden your hearts and die!

Come then, ye thirsty, to the living waters ;  
 Drink from life's Fountain, and your soul shall live.  
 Hither, sin's heavy laden sons and daughters !  
 Eat of the Bread which Christ alone can give.  
 Children of grace, this is the promised Stem,  
 Uncomely tho' it seem ; haste we to Bethlehem.

## V.

Be Thou our soother in our hours of woe,  
 Be Thou companion in our hour of joy,  
 Thou that hast taught the way that we must go  
 To see Thy God and ours, Immanuel boy !  
 Strait, rugged, steep to climb, that heavenward way  
 Which Thou didst come to open to thine own,  
 And all would walk in it must watch and pray,  
 Spend and be spent, to win thy Gospel crown.  
 Be ever near, our ever ready Friend,  
 And as Thou lov'st us now, so love us to the end.

*December 28.*

The large room at the residency was full of people for divine service yesterday morning. It was a most pleasing sight, and shows what could be done by a resident clergyman willing and able to do our Master's work here. I confirmed seven persons,—two of them evidently devout soldiers,—and preached on St. Mark i. 15.

And so ends my visitation of Travancore,

which I shall always look back upon with the most heartfelt thankfulness. My strength has been most graciously supported, and I venture to hope that, unworthy as I am, my labour has not been altogether in vain. At the same time I most freely confess that I have shown myself in innumerable instances not only an unprofitable, but a culpably negligent servant; and my only hope for pardon and acceptance is in the atonement of Him who died for all, even the greatest of sinners.

*Nagrigoil, December 29.*

Palanquin travelling in India is necessarily fatiguing; but the exhaustion and wearisomeness of it are much increased by the noisy honours which, according to the custom of the country, are paid by the native authorities to travellers of a certain rank. The piping and tom-tomming last night were almost incessant, and all attempts at sleep were hopeless. But perhaps a still greater annoyance is the peremptory visit of the tahsildar, who tears open the door of your palanquin, and insists upon

forcing his limes into your hand, and his wreath of flowers over your neck, utterly indifferent whether he murder sleep or not. I think we have had no less than six of these most unwelcome intrusions in the course of our last night's journey.

I fully enter into Bishop Heber's dislike to this purblind mode of traversing the country, seeing nothing and yet enjoying no repose. We left Trevandrum about five yesterday evening, and were fourteen hours and a half on the road, although the distance is but forty-three miles. I shall be very thankful to be on horseback again,—the only way of moving about this strange land that I really enjoy.

Of the country which I was carried over last night I have of course next to nothing to report, having seen so little of it. At day-break we were passing between small inclosures of paddy with a ridge of low mountains, or rather of lofty and finely-broken rocks, to the eastward. The ground, which from want of water is not under cultivation, has a parched and almost volcanic appearance. The noble trees for which Travancore is so celebrated had dis-

appeared, and their places very poorly occupied by the palm.

I think I forgot to mention the view from the Trevandrum Observatory. It is remarkably fine.

*Cape Comorin, December 30.*

A very different place (as is almost always the case) from what I had expected it to be. My idea of Cape Comorin was of a noble headland with high steep cliffs jutting out boldly into the ocean, which dashed and bellowed at its base; the reality is a low flat coast, utterly devoid of beauty. One charm, however, it possesses in perfection, a never-failing sea-breeze; and the heat, therefore, can never be very oppressive here. It seems strange to me to find myself at the extreme point of this immense peninsula. Hitherto God has been very gracious to me. What a world of debasing idolatry, and of every degrading and contaminating passion have I left behind me; and before me is the ocean, faint but only emblem here below of the unchanging, unchangeable eternity which awaits us all. This is a most

meet spot for a Christian bishop to commune with his own heart. Hitherto, I repeat with a heart full of thankfulness, God has been very gracious to me, far more than I had dared to hope, and infinitely more than I deserve. May he be merciful unto me a sinner for Jesus Christ's sake !

Having been kindly invited, during my brief halt at Nagricoil, by Mr. Mault and Mr. Russell, two missionaries belonging to the London Missionary Society, to visit their schools, I most readily availed myself of the invitation. Mr. Mault, who has been resident at Nagricoil for upwards of twenty years, has done wonders there, and deserves and receives the respect and gratitude of all who are interested in the spiritual welfare and improvement of the poor natives. Most assuredly he has mine. In the girls' school they make what appeared to me very fine lace. I can answer for the prettiness of the patterns. The thread used is English, and Mrs. Mault assured me that the lace was ordered faster than the orders could be executed. Profitable as this trade may prove to them, they learn, however, something infinitely more valu-

able. Tamil being the language of this place, Mr. Jones, at my request, examined the girls in a chapter of the Bible, and reported most favourably of their proficiency. The boys being instructed in English, I undertook their examination myself, and was not a little surprised to find that they were reading Homer in the original! They read to me a few verses of the Iliad, and also of the Greek Testament, and their knowledge of the Greek language is really very respectable, and does great credit to their instructor. They also read to me in English a chapter of the Bible, which they translated readily, and I was told very accurately into Tamil. Every question that I proposed to them was most correctly answered. Deeply interested as I am in the progress of native education, I was delighted with all that I saw and heard; indeed I have seldom had a greater treat. The Nagricoil missionaries have fifteen thousand native Christians under instruction. Who would not wish them good speed in this labour of love in the name of our common Master? I do most cordially.

Mr. Jones told me yesterday a little anecdote

which strongly illustrates the real character of casté. On the way from Trevandrum to Nagricoil we halted to make some coffee; and after using what milk we wanted, Mr. Jones gave the vessel containing it to his head bearer, a man brought from Madras for the journey, and in every respect his servant, thinking that it would be a treat to him to drink it. The man took it, and immediately called out in a very loud voice to the crowd that was assembled as usual to stare at us, "Is there a Pariah among you to drink this milk?" No one chose to confess himself on such a summons the lowest of the low, the Pariahs being the very outcasts of the people; and on receiving no answer, the fellow threw away the milk given to him by his master, which had been polluted by the touch of a Christian, with the most sovereign contempt.

I must not forget to mention the view from the missionary premises at Nagricoil, which is strikingly beautiful. The road hither is pretty until within a mile or two of the coast, when it becomes a mere sand-bed, dotted with a very inferior species of palm-tree. We observed



several pagodas built in the style of architecture general in the eastern provinces of India, and we met a band of filthy and most impudent-looking pilgrims, returning probably from Ramisseram, and on their way, they said, to Benares. What a terrible superstition!

*December 31.*

I have given up this day to rest from the fatigue of travelling, and to-morrow, with the new year, I propose to begin a new course of labour, the visitation of the district of Tinnevely. I shall be compelled, however, to pass through those very important missionary stations more rapidly than I have done through Travancore, as I have a long journey before me, and have been distinctly warned that to travel in the low country during the hot season would expose me to a wanton and most unjustifiable risk of my life.

Another year of my Indian episcopate is now ended; and a year of the anxious and wearing life which a bishop is obliged to live in India may be fairly considered equivalent to three in

England. By this reckoning, therefore, I am three years older in constitution than when I returned from Ceylon. Since that period I have been constantly employed, whether at home or travelling, in the active but, I freely confess, most imperfect discharge of the various duties of my office, duties many of them peculiar to a bishop in India, and from the peculiar circumstances of the country very difficult to fulfil: but although I have endeavoured to be faithful, the retrospect gives me neither satisfaction nor comfort. My mind, it may be, is in a rather more healthy state, my faith more confirmed, and my charity more enlarged; and I will venture to hope that it is so; for the trials and sorrows, and the many blessings and mercies of the past year have not, perhaps, been altogether lost upon me; but still this year will leave me as it found me, a most unprofitable servant. I am writing from the extreme point, "the Land's End" of Southern India. Behind me are its very few Christians and its hundred millions of idolaters and Mahomedans, and before me is the Indian ocean, the same as it was from the beginning

of time and as it will be till time shall be no more. I could scarcely have chosen a fitter place for the solemn reflections which the last day of the year brings to the mind even of the most thoughtless.

By the providence of God I have been permitted to see the close of that year, at the beginning of which I *now* distinctly recollect having made so many good resolutions. The time is come to ask myself how I have kept them. I dare not say that I have faithfully kept one. Good resolutions are, indeed, a mere broken reed to lean upon, because they encourage us to trust to *them* rather than to the promised assistance from above. In my own strength I will make no more; but I will continually pray for help and strength to God through Christ; in full assurance that his grace, when asked in faith, and in an humble and contrite spirit, will not only not be refused, but will be sufficient for me. But I am entering upon thoughts too sacred to be written in such a journal as this, and indeed this laying bare the heart to be gazed at by any fellow sinner has always seemed to me too like pray-

ing our *private* prayers in public, that we may be seen of men: let me commune with my own heart, and be still. I will only add, then, that if, as is indeed but too probable, I have given offence in the course of this year, either in my ministry, or by any public or private act or expression, I most gladly atone for it, as far as is possible, by my sincere regret; and should any have dealt unkindly or uncharitably by me, either by misrepresenting my words or actions, or by that far more frequent offence against charity and brotherly kindness, by receiving and repeating the misrepresentations of others without inquiry into their truth, I forgive them as heartily as I hope for Christ's sake to be forgiven.

This year will always be remembered by me with especial gratitude to God, who most mercifully permitted me to be re-united in the beginning of it to my wife and children, from whom I had been separated for nineteen months under circumstances peculiarly trying. How very different is my Indian life now to what it was without them!

A hurried journal, such as this, is not the

place for me to give my opinion of the state and prospects of Christianity as connected with the Church of England in this diocese; I continue, however, to write it freely to those with whom I correspond on this most interesting subject. I will only say here, that with very much to encourage, there is also very much to keep us humble. And this state of things is unquestionably good for us. If we were too prosperous, we should become confident in ourselves; as it is, our trust is in the Lord.

I walked this morning to the little village of the Cape. It is crowded with pagodas and other buildings dedicated to Hindoo superstition; and among them stands a little Roman Catholic church,—the cross side by side with the grossest emblems of the vilest idolatry.

“So shines a good deed in this naughty world.”

In Italy and the other Roman Catholic countries of Europe we look at that sign with deep regret that its adorers should not possess a purer faith,—the real and unadulterated religion of the cross they ignorantly worship; but, although I am fully aware of the present degraded state

of the native Romanists, and heartily lament it, I cannot behold the cross thus set up under *any* circumstances in heathen India, without a feeling of thankfulness and reverence.

*Dohnovor, New Year's Day.*

I will make no good resolutions, except the resolution to pray more earnestly and constantly for the grace of God to keep me in the way I should go, through Jesus Christ my only Saviour.

With the New Year I begin my visitation of Tinnevelly,—if, indeed, a brief and hurried *run* through this important district deserves the name. I left Cape Comorin with regret, as I had enjoyed there some rest, and feel that I require more. The fresh sea-breezes and the perfect tranquillity of the Cape were most welcome, after the fatiguing, though delightful, duties of Travancore: duties which I feel I have performed very insufficiently, although I think I did my best. I may at least venture to say, that I brought to the discharge of them “a willing mind.”

Long before day-break we were on horseback

struggling through the heavy sand; and it was a long, hot, and fatiguing ride to Paragoody, where, however, we had the comfort of finding our tents pitched in a tamarind tope, affording a most welcome shade. The character of the scenery is now quite changed, and become sadly monotonous: nothing but sand and the ugliest of ugly palmyras. The sun was still high and hot when we set off for Dohnovor in palanquins, having stationed our horses about three miles in advance. The road now lay along the skirts of the mountainous, or rather the rocky, range which divides this part of Tinnevelly from Travancore, the highest point of which, known by the name of the *Nose* of Comorin, is a striking object, and a landmark at sea from a considerable distance. It was past eight o'clock when I reached Dohnovor, almost exhausted by my long day's work.

*January 2.*

Dohnovor is the residence of the reverend E. Dent, and the centre of the very extensive missionary district intrusted to his care. We

had a very pretty and touching sight and scene here this morning. The twenty catechists and twenty school-masters attached to the district came in procession, with pipe and tabor, to pay their respects to their bishop. They chaunted a little song of welcome; and after the usual ceremonial of presenting flower garlands and limes, the head catechist made me a speech, expressive of their pleasure at having me among them, and of their prayers for my support and strengthening from on high. I was much pleased with this simple and original reception, which seemed to savour of the style and manners of primitive Christianity. Unfortunately, I felt too unwell to address them in reply beyond a very few words, which were interpreted to them by Mr. Dent. My strength begins to fail me, and I feel that I have done as much as I ought to do with any regard to the cautions of my medical advisers. But how can I obey them? To pass through Tinnevelly without looking at its many Christian missions, or to refuse to confirm the numerous candidates, or to speak a few words of comfort and encouragement to the congregations, would be im-



possible; and now that I am here I must endeavour to do my duty without counting the cost.

I confirmed this morning a hundred and sixty persons of all ages; but my strength quite gave way when I attempted to make them an address, and I was obliged to be removed from the church,—a building far too small for the congregation,—leaving Mr. Jones to say to them what, had I been able, I would most gladly have said to them myself.

I have had the pleasure of meeting for the first time the reverend George Pettit, a most active missionary,—praise indeed which belongs to him in common with all his brethren, who are every where “faithful men,”—and also the reverend John Devasagayam, a native clergyman, of whom I have every reason to think most favourably. John, as he is familiarly called by his fellow-labourers, has a very good countenance; he is, I believe, upwards of fifty, but full of vigour, and indefatigable. He has utterly renounced caste, and ate and drank with us as an European; while at the same time he is perfectly free from the affectation of

being above his countrymen, and is simply and truly a Christian Indian. John's dress is similar to that worn by Christian Aroolappen\*, the native costume, white linen with a broad black girdle. It has a very pretty effect. When officiating he wears the surplice. He appears to me to be an excellent specimen of a native parish priest, such as India must possess by hundreds and thousands before it can be fully evangelized. May many such be raised up among us; but, in the mean time, let us continue patient in well-doing, assured that when the Lord shall give the word, great will be the company of those that shall publish it in India. We must contentedly bear the burthen and heat of the day, but the harvest will be gathered by a native clergy.

*Sunday, January 3.*

After an early dinner yesterday I took leave of our kind host, who is evidently devoted to his duties, and travelling all night in a palan-

\* The Rev. Christian Aroolappen, a native clergyman of Madras, admitted by me to deacon's orders in 1839.

quin, arrived here early this morning. The place is called Sattankollum, (Lacedæmon,) and I am the guest of the reverend Mr. Blackman. I have had the pleasure of receiving three letters here from Mr. Tucker. One of them, however, brings bad tidings, as it announces the death of Mr. Ridsdale, for several years an indefatigable missionary in this diocese, and whom I had hoped to have welcomed back to India in the course of the present year. He has left a widow and a large family. May the Father of the fatherless and the God of the widow support and comfort them. In all other respects Mr. Tucker's report from England is highly encouraging.

Divine service being performed here in Tamil, and the church necessarily very hot, I did not attend it. In the afternoon we called our little party together in the house, and after reading the beautiful prayers of our Church, I preached on 1 Cor. xv. 22. In the evening, accompanied by Mr. Blackman, I visited a Christian village, the appearance of which delighted me. Unquestionably the Christians have the pro-

mise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come; they look so much happier than their heathen countrymen. And so they must be: the peace of God has visited them.

*Moodloor, January 5.*

I want words to express my astonishment at all that I see in this land of promise. The word of the Lord is covering it. I am no enthusiast, in the abuse of that term; and looking at the state of things in my diocese, as an overseer ought to look at them, with a steady eye, I am not deceived by appearances, and most assuredly I would not willingly deceive others; but I unhesitatingly declare to all who are interested in the progress of the Gospel in India, that this is a land of promise. In other parts of the country I find the poor native Christians a little flock dwelling among wolves: here we have Christian villages,—villages entirely Christian. It is a glorious sight, and I thank God and take courage as I look at it.

At Sattancollum, where I have passed two

happy days, I had the comfort of confirming two hundred and fifty persons, who I am assured by their excellent minister can give a very satisfactory account of the faith that is in them. It was indeed a cheering sight to see "old men and children, young men and maidens" crowding around the altar of the only true God, to receive at the hands of their bishop a blessing in his name, upon their promise that they would endeavour from that day forth, through the aid of the Comforter, to keep their baptismal vows. All were strikingly and yet most simply devout; not the slightest affectation of rapture, but the holy and chastened spirit of prayer and praise was upon them. I addressed them at some length, and all appeared much interested in what I said.

I had the gratification during my brief visit to make the acquaintance of two more of my clergy, the reverend Messrs. Thomas and Miller. Mr. Blackman I had already known at Madras. I am told that the native heathens in these parts are a highly imaginative and superstitious people; fully persuaded that dreams have an especial commission either for

good or evil, and that the air is full of malignant beings, who must be propitiated in order to avert their anger. Even professing Christians among them have been sometimes detected in "devil dancing," that is, dancing in a particular dress before an emblem of the evil spirit, when any of their family are ill, or any other misfortune overtakes them. Devil worship is very common in Tinnevelly. It is extremely difficult for a stranger really to know the natives, who possess in perfection the art of disguising their genuine feelings. Until India becomes, if I may be allowed the expression, thoroughly Europeanized by education, our acquaintance with their real character must continue very superficial; and even among his own people the most experienced missionary will be often deceived.

I cannot describe the effect produced upon the mind in this country by a visit to a Christian village. One almost feels at home again! Every countenance speaks joy and welcome, and the native Christian greeting "God be praised" sounds most cheering. The poor simple people throng about my horse, calling

down blessings on my head, and follow me to their little Church, where I speak a few words of kindness to them. Such has been my reception in three of these villages, which are the property of one of our Church societies, and are in fact little Christian colonies. Each has a resident catechist, and they are regularly and frequently visited by the missionary of the district, who knows his sheep and is known of them. The men are almost all "climbers" of the palmyra, which is to them almost what a cow is to a poor man in England: the women are generally employed in weaving the coarse cloth of the country; and the catechist is in the habit of assembling them under the shade of the wide spreading tamarind tree, where he explains to them some passage of Scripture as they work. The women consequently are better instructed than the men, who are necessarily occupied apart from each other by their daily labour; but great care is bestowed upon all, and the parochial system is in full activity.

The Churches are very simple buildings, and certainly have not the ecclesiastical character I could wish them to have; and this I am told

is the case throughout Tinnevelly. A noble Church; however, will shortly be built at this place through the liberality of our noblest "friend in need Society," the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Moodeloor is a large village entirely Christian, the population consisting of one thousand and eight souls, more than nine hundred of whom have been baptized. This, I ought to mention, is not the case in all the Christian villages in Tinnevelly, where many of the inhabitants have not yet been admitted to Baptism, but are still in a state of catechetical preparation for that holy Sacrament. The drum—we have no bells—is beating for Church, where I am to hold a Confirmation.

The Confirmation is over, and I am thankful to say that I went through the service with comparative ease. There were two hundred and thirteen candidates; may they be enabled to keep the solemn promise and vow which they have taken upon themselves, thus "openly before the Church!"



*Nazareth, January 7.*

My time is so constantly occupied, that I have seldom leisure to continue my rough and hasty notes since I entered Tinnevelly, where all that I see and hear in connection with our missions is highly gratifying to me.

At Meignanapoorum, the residence of the reverend J. Thomas, I confirmed two hundred and seventy persons; and wherever I go, I am assured that the poor people participate in this Apostolic ordinance with delight, and are most gratified that such a privilege is accorded to them. My reception at Meignanapoorum was very pleasing. The catechists and congregation met me about a mile from the place, and conducted me to Mr. Thomas's house, singing a simple and pretty hymn, while one of them scattered flowers before me. These little tributes of oriental respect for their bishop, which in England might appear extravagant, belong to the country, and I receive them as such in the spirit in which they are offered. On my arrival, the head catechist in the name of his brethren and himself read me

an address, which Mr. Thomas assures me was entirely their own composition, and which I cannot resist transcribing.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Madras. The Catechists and Christian schoolmasters in the Meignanapoorum district desire with all reverence to offer their humble address and congratulation.

As in the primitive ages of Christianity the Apostles were the instruments of communicating strength of faith and joy to the churches of Antioch, Ephesus, and others; so by the mercy of God, your lordship has been brought into our country in health and safety in order to inquire into the state of the Churches, and to confirm them: and now that we have seen your face, and are about to be made partakers of those high privileges which we have not hitherto enjoyed, we desire to offer to Almighty God our most unfeigned thanks.

That the prayers which your lordship is this day about to offer in the sanctuary on our behalf; the Confirmation; and those exhortations which we shall hear;—that these means

of grace may bring down upon us the abundant blessing of God, we beseech your lordship in your secret prayers constantly to supplicate the throne of grace in our behalf.

That your lordship may enjoy health and length of days, and be permitted to administer to other congregations those blessings which you are about to confer upon us this day, and moreover be spared to come again among us, we are not only in duty bound, but are also full of desire to offer our prayers to Almighty God.

Signed, &c.

It was composed of course in Tamil, and this translation, or rather paraphrase, is by Mr. Thomas, and is shorn of its honorifics and other orientalisms, which are very copious in the original, leaving its spirit however untouched.

Thirty years ago the Church at Meignanapoorum was a devil temple. I naturally alluded to this fact in my Confirmation address, and reminded them how very thankful they ought to be, as I am, that in a building which not

many years since echoed the blasphemies and witnessed the obscenities of devil worship, was now proclaimed to them the ever-blessed everlasting Gospel. It being the feast of the Epiphany, I recalled to their memory the great mercies of the God of the Gentiles, who had thus graciously enabled them to see the Saviour's star in the East, and to come and worship Him. May they always rejoice in that Saviour with exceeding great joy!

I certainly had no conception until I came into Tinnevely, either of the extent or of the strength of the Christian cause in this most interesting district. I had heard of it, but was in the habit of asking doubtingly, can these things be? I have now not the slightest doubt whatever. I particularly dislike and avoid all exaggerated statements respecting "the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and I would as studiously endeavour not to mislead others, as to escape being misled myself: but I affirm it as my deliberate conviction, that the parochial system of the Church of England is in active operation in Tinnevely. The plan pursued by

the missionary clergy both here and in Travancore seem to me particularly well-adapted to accomplish their object. Their doctrine I have every reason to believe is simply, truly, and fully that of the Church of England, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left, but faithfully delivering that message which the Church has committed to them; while their discipline and the management of their congregations is wholesome, godly, and primitive.

Excommunication, a word almost obsolete, because the thing it signifies is unfortunately now scarcely known in England, is in full force here; not as an instrument of tyrannical bigotry, but as a most efficacious means of chastening, correcting, and amending those who are hardened against public exhortation, and will not be brought back by private rebuke. It has been exercised here on several occasions with the best effect. Not only individuals but whole congregations have been separated by their minister from the means of grace, who are now among the most faithful. Such was the usage in the Apostolic Church of Christ in holier and doubtless happier days:

and who can blame these "faithful men" for thus reviving it among those who are not only able but most willing to receive it?

I am convinced that we only want clergymen of head and heart competent to the work, to increase our missions to any extent. It is most gratifying to me to find that my missionary clergy and myself are of one mind, not only with respect to the work to be done, but as to the way of doing it.

Accompanied by Messrs. Blackman, Thomas, and Dent, the latter my indefatigable interpreter, I rode over to this place this morning. Much rain fell during the night, and the air was delightfully cool. We stopped for a few minutes on our way at a little Christian village under the charge of Mr. Thomas, and the poor people followed me into the church, where I spoke a few words to them. Their look of joyful recognition when they saw their clergyman was charming: it is impossible to mistake it, and I observe it wherever I go. It is the heart's welcome.

*Palamcotta, January 9.*

We arrived here this morning after a night's journey,—to me, who am become feverish with fatigue and excitement, a sleepless night's journey,—from Nazareth. I had the pleasure of passing two days at that important station, where I confirmed four hundred and forty-one persons. The church at Nazareth is the largest and best, and the most like a church that I have seen in Tinnevelly, and the congregation remarkably orderly. All that I heard and saw there was very satisfactory, and Mr. Caemerer, who is the son of one of the old German patriarchs of Southern India, reports well of his people and of the success which has blessed his labours. The situation of Nazareth is, for Tinnevelly, pretty; but not to be compared with that of Palamcotta. From the house where I am lodged I have a view of a magnificent range of mountains, on which the setting sun is now pouring a flood of tropical light. Of the road hither of course I know nothing, until within four or five miles of the

place, when, according to my custom, whenever it is practicable, I mounted my horse and rode into my quarters. We passed a very extensive fort, from the massive stones of which they are constructing, I am told, a bridge over the river, at the sole expence of a noble-minded native gentleman of Palamcotta.

*January 11.*

The river here, when full, must be a very fine object. There are several heathen temples on the banks, which add considerably to the beauty of the landscape. Would that the only true God were worshipped within them! The population is large, and the place has a thriving appearance. There are several native houses, evidently the property of men "well to do in the world." The numerous trees and paddy-fields are most welcome to the eye, after the sandy, treeless desert,—treeless save the melancholy gaunt palmyra,—which we have lately traversed. The town of Tinnevelly, the native capital of the district, is about three



miles from Palamcotta. I rode to the entrance of the town on Saturday, which has nothing to attract a stranger.

The tomb of the truly pious, learned, and devoted Rhenius is near the fort. He did much mischief to the Church of England in India in his latter days, as the originator and leader of a grievous schism, from the effects of which it has been long in recovering: but God forbid that I should judge him uncharitably. Rather let me respect the memory and honour the grave of one who laboured so long and so unremittingly for the poor heathen, and who, while I think that he acted wrongly, I am persuaded acted conscientiously.

I confirmed six young English persons yesterday in the church, and preached on the subject to a most attentive congregation, and a much larger one than I expected. We have a remarkably neat church here. It has been recently much improved under the judicious directions of the resident missionary, Mr. Pettitt, who added the chancel and vestry. There is also an organ, but like that at Cochin "the soul of music" is departed from it: it is

sadly, and in this country irremediably, out of tune.

This morning, aided by Mr. Jones, I begin my examination of my three candidates for holy orders. May God mercifully grant me grace and strength for the work, to which if I relied upon myself alone I should feel more than usually unequal, for I am much shaken by the fatigue and excitement to which I have been exposed for so many weeks. No one who has not borne the office knows what a bishop has to go through during a visitation in India. Like Schiller's thrifty housewife, he "never rests."

*January 14.*

Again I am in arrears with my journal, not so much for want of matter as for want of time, as I have been almost constantly occupied, either with the examination of my candidates for orders, writing my charge, or answering letters, some of which have been rather distressing lately. Undoubtedly we want great zeal for the service of the Church in India; but we want also equally great discretion, judg-

ment, forbearance, charity. I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Schaffter, and I believe him to be a very valuable man. He is a native of Geneva, and answered my German in French, which he was delighted to hear and speak, the opportunity being so very seldom afforded him. He has evidently a great knowledge of the natives, and spoke very well upon this to me very interesting subject.

I was quite mistaken about Tinnevelly, when I fancied it to be a place not worth the trouble of looking at. It is a large and flourishing town, full of much better houses than are usually found in native towns, and boasts a splendid pagoda. I was much amused with the bazaar, where trade seemed to possess something of European activity, instead of the oriental drowsiness and indifference generally observed in India. There was a large display of native cloths and ornaments, and an unusually abundant supply of food for people, and I should fear for cholera; bandy-loads of cucumbers, and pyramids of pumpkins. The population is evidently very large; but in answer

to my inquiry of a policeman, he told me that no account was taken of their number.

I preached last night in the pretty church here, and this morning confirmed five hundred and seventy-eight persons. All were strikingly attentive, and the indefatigable Mr. Pettitt assures me that all were fully aware of the meaning of the rite, and had been carefully prepared for it, either by himself, Mr. Schaffter, Mr. Müller, or the catechists.

*January 16.*

The examination of my candidates for holy orders is now over, and I am thankful to say over satisfactorily; so that I feel fully justified in ordaining them. I have endeavoured to impress upon their minds the course which daily experience convinces me is the only safe course for a clergyman to pursue, that of perfect faithfulness to the Church, tempered with perfect charity towards all men. They are fully reconcilable; and he who cannot reconcile them, is not, in my opinion, in a fit state of heart to be intrusted with a cure of souls.

The Gospel Society possesses a little church in Palamcotta Fort, built by a Brahmin woman. You will read the account of it in the life of Schwartz. Divine service is performed there at stated periods by the reverend Mr. Caemerer, to a little congregation of native Christians. There is also a good and flourishing school. I found the altar of this church completely blocked up by a clumsy pulpit, which I have directed to be removed, with the reading-desk, to their proper place. The burial-ground here, as everywhere in India, is crowded with the huge tasteless monuments peculiar to the country, telling their invariable tale of early death.

My health, which has threatened several times to give way, continues to be mercifully supported; and I now trust that I shall be enabled to bring this really arduous visitation to a tolerably satisfactory conclusion. Whatever may be the risk, and I wish neither to conceal nor to exaggerate it, I am satisfied that it is absolutely necessary for an Indian bishop to visit his clergy. It is impossible for him to know them, or for them to know him by letter; and unless really and fully known

to each other, their common work cannot prosper.

*Vurdooputty Bungalow, January 20.*

Hitherto my health and strength have been mercifully supported, and I am now within thirty miles of Madura. My last three days at Palamcotta were very exciting, and I am astonished, as were my friends, at my getting through them so well. The responsibility upon a bishop to ordain persons "apt and meet" for their holy office, is peculiarly great in this country, where, as we have so few for the work of the ministry, the conduct of each individual clergyman must do so much good or so much evil. God grant that those whom I have now sent forth in his name may be found worthy. I have done all in my power to ascertain their qualifications, and I believe them to be so; but He alone knows their hearts.

The ordination on Sunday was more than usually solemn and impressive, from the beautiful music. Several of the Tinnevelly clergy are excellent musicians; and they sang the Veni Creator to a simple air of Luther's in a manner

I shall never forget: but I am "fanatico" for church music, meaning by the term that which really deserves the name. The modern jingling tunes, whispering whence they stole their perfumed sweets, which I have occasionally heard in England, are to my taste nauseating; and so far from untwisting all the cords that tie the hidden soul of religious harmony, neither they, nor the words adapted to them, touch the soul at all; they merely speak to the senses. I remember being dismissed many years ago from a fashionable chapel in London with a beautiful air of Rossini's, which was the rage of the day at every party there and in Paris, and setting aside the gross impropriety of introducing it into our Church services, was necessarily far too familiar to the ear to excite any but the most worldly associations; and although I subscribe to a certain extent to the quaint and somewhat coarse saying attributed to Mr. Rowland Hill, "that it is a shame to leave the devil all the good tunes," I think that our church music is still in a very degenerate state, and that we too often throw away a most valuable accessory to devotion by our strange neg-

lect of psalmody. The New Version of the Psalms of David, usually bound up with our Prayer-book, is so cold and lifeless, that it has driven many clergymen to seek elsewhere for those "spiritual songs" with which the Church ought to supply them; and which, in my opinion, are at length amply offered to us in the Oxford Psalter. But to return from this digression, I know nothing more purely solemn, nothing that seems, if I may be allowed the expression, more directly fresh from heaven, than the "silence kept for a space" in our ordination service,

" Ere yet the pure high-breathed lay,—  
 Come, Holy Ghost, our soul inspire,—  
 Rise floating on its dove like way ;"

except that chaunt "with the solemn sound" by which it is broken.

" And when it comes, so deep and clear  
 The strain, so soft the melting fall,  
 It seems not to th' entranced ear  
 Less than thine own heart-cheering call,

Spirit of Christ!—thine earnest given  
 That these our prayers are heard; and they  
 Who grasp, this hour, the sword of Heaven,  
 Shall feel Thee on their weary way."



I preached the ordination sermon, and Mr. Pettitt gave us in the evening a sermon on those most striking words of St. Peter, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear," equally faithful and affectionate.

We met again in the Church on Monday, and after morning prayers I read to the clergy my Missionary charge, which I believe gave them satisfaction, as, however great its defects, they saw that it came warm from my heart. I think that my system is a good one, at least hitherto it has answered well. Touch the heart first, and you put the head in a proper tone to hear and judge what you say, by thus removing any little misapprehension of your character or views, which may have found its way thither. And if the feelings are thus a little acted upon, and the judgment slightly warped, surely it is good for the clergy to "love much," and an act of Christian charity on their part towards their Bishop to

" Be to his faults a little blind,  
And to his virtues very kind."

I confess I was deeply affected at separating from those who have treated me with so much respect and affection; and I believe that our parting was felt the more by them, because they were aware of the delicate state of my health. I shall say nothing of their farewell address, because it is my intention to print it with my charge.

I left Palamcotta the same evening; and having been warned by my kind medical adviser that it is become necessary for me to escape from the low country as speedily as possible; I shall "on my way, not making a stay," in the hope that a few days more of travelling will take me in safety to my mountain-home.

Close to this bungalow are two monuments, covering the mortal remains of two officers who died here, probably on their march with their respective regiments. One bore the rank of major, and the other was a mere youth. There is something very melancholy in finding the grave of a countryman in such a place: still it calls up feelings which "may turn to our profit," and which, even in this land of early death, we are too apt to lose sight of.

*Darapoorum, January 25.*

My journal, like myself, is almost exhausted, and under the express orders of my medical adviser, I am making the best of my way to the hills. During my brief halt at Madura I held a confirmation, and preached in the very neat and pretty little Church belonging to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to a most attentive, and for the place large congregation. There were about thirty candidates. Our Mission there is small, the ground having been previously occupied by those excellent men the American Missionaries, whose labours for the education of the natives are incessant, and have been blessed with great success. At the request of Mr. Ward, I visited their English school, which appears in admirable order. Our own clergyman Mr. Hubbard has also a large and flourishing school, considering the extent of his native congregation; and I have every reason to believe that his ministry is acceptable to the British and East Indian residents. As I have already attempted to give some account of

Madura in a former journal, I shall only say that I revisited its ruins, the finest in southern India, with if possible increased interest.

The road from Madura to Dindigul passes through some picturesque though not rich country, and the situation of the latter place, with its grand rock and fortress, a miniature Gibraltar, is very striking. Here again I held a confirmation, and admitted forty-seven candidates to the Apostolic rite. I addressed the poor natives as usual, but was too weak and exhausted to preach at our English service, by which, however, I gained the opportunity of hearing an excellent sermon from Mr. Jones on the Apostolic precept, "Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand." Alas! the Apostle's warning was that very day brought awfully home to my mind, as I received the intelligence of the sudden summons to another world of our kind-hearted and truly estimable commander-in-chief, Sir Samford Whittingham. My acquaintance with him was slight, but sufficient to give me a very high respect for his character. These visitations of the Almighty preach most solemnly to

us all, that the Son of man stands at the door and knocks. May we all "give diligence to make our calling and election sure," that we may be prepared to say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

Here also the American Missionaries have established themselves, and are doing much good. One of these devoted men, Mr. Lawrence, has built here a remarkably pretty Church, which without being guilty of the sin of envy, I may perhaps be permitted to wish was ours, as we have none at the station. Our little congregation at Dindigul is under the care of a son of my truly venerable friend Mr. Kohlhoff, who I trust and believe will walk in his father's steps. He has also one or two small congregations in the neighbourhood; but my state of health would not admit of my visiting them.

The fort of Dindigul contains very extensive and well arranged barracks, and is amply supplied with water. Among the dismounted guns were some which I imagine to be Spanish. The view from the rock is fine, and the Church

tower rising from among the houses gives the town an European appearance, very welcome to the eye of a wanderer in India. There are many Roman Catholics there, under the charge of a French priest.

Compelled by the state of my health to hasten onwards as speedily as possible, I left Dindigul last night; and after another fourteen hours' jumbling in my palanquin, reached this place, where I am quite alone, having parted from my travelling companions, who are bound for Trichinopoly. I ought to have gone thither myself, as there are several matters connected with our mission there which require to be set in order, had my strength admitted of it; but this is quite out of my power, and the warnings I have received are so distinct, that I cannot now mistake the course which duty prescribes to me.

I feel and freely acknowledge that I have done very little during this visitation in my Master's service; and can only pray that, as the "willing mind" has not been wanting, all my deficiencies will be mercifully pardoned by

Him, whose providence has permitted me, sinful, weak, and incompetent as I am, to exercise this office and ministry.

*Coimbatore, 26.*

Another fatiguing night's journey has brought me hither: and when I opened my eyes this morning upon the glorious Neilgherries, I felt thankful indeed. I pant for home, "as the hart desireth the water-brook."

*Kotagherry, January 27.*

Thanks be to God! I am at home again.





A

SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE

CONSECRATION OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH,  
QUILON,

ON THE FESTIVAL OF ST. THOMAS, 1840,

AND PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE REV. THE CLERGY  
OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

STATIONED IN THE PROVINCE OF TRAVANCORE.

“ And to the intent ye may understand further why Churches were built among Christian people, this was the greatest consideration, that God might have his place, and that God might have his times, duly to be honoured and served of the whole multitude in the parish : First, there to hear and learn the blessed word and will of the Everlasting God : Secondly, that there the blessed Sacraments, which our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ hath ordained and appointed, should be duly, reverently, and decently ministered : Thirdly, that there the whole multitude of God’s people in the parish should with one voice and heart call upon the name of God, magnify and praise the name of God, render earnest and hearty thanks to our Heavenly Father for the heap of benefits daily and plentifully poured upon us, not forgetting to bestow our alms upon God’s poor, to the intent God may bless us the more richly. Thus you may well perceive and understand wherefore Churches were built and set up amongst Christian people, and dedicated and appointed to these godly uses, and wholly exempted from all filthy, profane, and worldly uses.

“ And shall we be so mindful of our common base houses, deputed to so vile employment, and be forgetful towards the house of God ; wherein be treated the words of our eternal salvation, wherein be ministered the Sacraments and Mysteries of our Redemption ? The fountain of our Regeneration is there presented unto us : the partaking of the Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ is there offered unto us : and shall we not esteem the place where so heavenly things are handled ?”

*Sermon for Repairing of Churches :—  
Book of Homilies.*

TO THE  
RIGHT REVEREND  
THE  
LORD BISHOP OF MADRAS.

MY LORD,

In returning to your Lordship the sermon which you preached on the occasion of consecrating the Church at Quilon, we beg to convey to your Lordship our sincere obligations for your kind consideration in sending it for the perusal of such of us as had not the privilege of being present when your Lordship preached it. •

Feeling persuaded that through the blessing of God the above sermon is calculated to do much good, and to leave an abiding impression on the minds of those who heard your Lordship preach it, we unite in earnestly requesting

LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF MADRAS.

that your Lordship will kindly allow it to be printed.

In hopes that your Lordship will be pleased to comply with our request,

We have the honour to be

Your Lordship's

most obedient and humble servants,

BENJAMIN BAILEY,

HENRY BAKER,

JOSEPH PEET,

JOHN CHAPMAN,

JOHN HAWKSWORTH,

JOHN JOHNSON.

Cottayam.—Dec. 29, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND BRETHREN,

You have invited me in so kind a manner to print this sermon, that it would be ungrateful to refuse your request. Among other friendly expressions, it was remarked by one of you, that some remembrance of my visitation of your District ought to be preserved. I cannot flatter myself that such a sermon, written in haste and in sickness, is calculated, or could be expected to answer such a purpose. If, however, I have in any degree kept the engagements under which I came among you, I shall not doubt of being kindly remembered in Travancore, any more than I can forget the affection, respect, and confidence with which you all received me, not merely as the Bishop of Madras, but as *your own Diocesan*, to whom, in faithfulness to the Church which sent you forth, you felt yourselves free in conscience to promise canonical obedience.

The tie which now binds us together can

LETTER FROM BISHOP OF MADRAS.

neither be broken nor loosened ; I am your Bishop and you are my Clergy ; and it is a joy and a comfort to me to be thus connected with you, because I know you to be “ faithful men.” May God of his infinite mercy grant that you may be able to say the same of me, as long as it shall please Him to permit me a continuance among you, is the fervent prayer of

Your affectionate

servant and fellow-labourer,

G. T. MADRAS.

Kotagherry.—Feb. 20, 1841.

A  
SERMON,  
&c.

---

PSALM **xxvi.** 6—8.

“ I will wash my hands in innocency ; so will I compass Thine altar, O Lord ; that I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works. Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.”

We are met together, my dear friends and fellow Christians, on a very interesting occasion ; indeed I can scarcely conceive an object of deeper interest to all who love the Lord that bought them, than to behold a house thus solemnly set apart, so long as one stone shall be left standing upon another, to the sole service and honour and glory of our Triune God, our Father, our Redeemer, our Comforter. In a land where, alas ! other gods have such wide,

such monstrous dominion over its inhabitants, it is, I say, especially soothing and comforting and encouraging to the devout Christian to possess a temple into whose gates he may enter with thanksgiving, and into its courts with praise, a habitation of the God revealed to him in the Gospel, and a place where he may rest assured that his honour peculiarly dwelleth. For although heaven is his throne, and the earth his footstool, God has at all times been pleased to sanction the setting apart of certain spots as pre-eminently dedicated to his great name, as pre-eminently the sanctuary of his everlasting honour, where praise should be offered to Him for mercies past, and prayer should be offered to Him for mercies to come. When Noah, and his wife and family, and the innumerable companions of his pilgrimage on the mighty deep, went forth, after their kinds, out of the ark, Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and offered burnt offerings on the altar; and the Lord smelled a sweet savour, and God blessed Noah and his sons. And as Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh, the Lord



appeared unto Abram, and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land; and there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him. And when about to consummate that mysterious sacrifice, the type of Him who was to be offered up as a sacrifice for a guilty, condemned, and perishing world, the same patriarch came to the place which God had told him of, and built an altar there. And in like manner did Jacob at Bethel, and Moses at Jehovah-nissi, consecrate an especial altar to their God; and on the day that the latter had fully set up the tabernacle, he anointed and sanctified it, and there was a most solemn dedication of it to the Lord; and *then*, when Moses was gone into the tabernacle of the congregation to speak with God, *then* he heard the voice of One speaking unto him from off the mercy-seat that was upon the ark of testimony, from between the two cherubims, and the Lord spake unto Moses.

All these are instances of an express dedication of a peculiar place by the patriarchs to the great and awful name of Jehovah, whilst they and the children of Israel were literally

strangers and sojourners and wanderers upon earth, and dwelt in tents and tabernacles. At length the long promised time arrived when they were to possess an earthly abiding place, the glorious things that were spoken of it were accomplished, and Jerusalem became the city of our God. But even in this chosen and highly favoured city, God, who is very jealous of his honour, rejoiced that there should be a place peculiarly and pre-eminently his own, where He might set his great name for ever; and, filled with holy zeal for the glory of Jehovah, Solomon built Him a house. The solemn dedication of that house has been recited to you this morning; and I scarcely know any passage in the Book of Life more spirit-stirring than that prayer with which Jerusalem's wisest King consecrated the glorious building to his God, whose eyes from that day forth were especially open toward the temple of Jerusalem, night and day, even toward the place which the Lord God chose to cause his name to dwell therein: and thither they brought all that He commanded them, their burnt-offerings and their sacrifices, their tithes, and the heave-offer-

ing of their hand, and their choice vows which they vowed unto the Lord; and they rejoiced there before the Lord their God, they and their sons, and their daughters, and their man-servants, and their maid-servants, and the Levite that was within their gates.

My brethren, all this is indeed passed by; the shadow is vanished, because the reality is come. Old things, types, and images, and emblems, and all other premonitory forerunners of the one and only effectual Sacrifice are passed away, and all things are become new under the reign of the Gospel. God demands not now at our hands the blood of bulls and of goats, or the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, when we would tread his courts; and to that altar of the everlasting God on which the rich offered his costly sacrifice, and the poor his humble tribute of a pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons, rich and poor are alike invited and enabled to bring the only acceptable oblation of a wounded self-convicted spirit, a broken and a contrite heart; which, while it knows its own exceeding sinfulness, knows also with whom it has to do; and in

whom it has trusted; knows that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin those who really turn to God in Him; knows that if we thus confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. The Most High, therefore, still deigns, in one sense, to have an habitation upon earth, and a place where his honour dwelleth; a place where the faithful servants of his ever-blessed Son may wash their hands in the innocency of their crucified Master, in the blood of the Lamb that was slain; a place where all may compass thine altar, O Lord, to partake of the mysterious eucharistic sacrifice; a place where the duly appointed ministers "may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell thy people of all thy wondrous works." Accordingly, from the earliest days of Christianity even until now, in every land where the sound of the Gospel is gone forth, "in order to fill men's minds with greater reverence for God's glorious majesty, and affect their hearts with more devotion and humility in his service, the devout and holy have ever erected houses for his public worship, and set them apart, as we

have done this day, in solemn manner to the performance of the sacred offices of religious worship." And thus alone could be secured to his servants a building and place of refuge, where all things may be done "decently and in order," his great Name duly honoured, his saving word duly preached, his sacraments of covenanted grace and mercy rightly and duly administered, and Himself served by his faithful people all the days of their life, and worshipped in spirit and in truth.

I need not tell you, my dear friends, that this is an evil world, for you must be as fully aware of it as myself; a world where there are a thousand things constantly at hand to allure us to its worship, and very, very few to turn us to the worship of God. In youth and in old age, in society and in solitude, in good times and in bad, in health and in sickness, ay, and even in sorrow, the world maintains its mastery over our minds, promising and persuading that it can amuse, it can distract, it can relieve, it can console, it can bless, nay, that it can save us; and unless we separated ourselves from this lying spirit at stated periods—for to do so

always, is impossible, while we are of the earth we must to a certain extent be earthly—by seeking refuge in the house of prayer and praise, and there offer ourselves, our souls and bodies, a reasonable, holy and lively sacrifice unto God, there would be infinite danger of our remaining the world's worshippers unto the end of our days, and the world's victims unto eternity. He must be sadly hardened by the deceitfulness of sin, who can enter a Church, and not feel something stirring within his heart which slumbers and sleeps while he is devotedly pursuing the amusements or occupations of the world, something that speaks to him, however faintly, of serious and awful things, and whispers, at least, that there is a God. Yes, my brethren, there is a feeling associated with a building set apart to God, and inseparable from it, which affects for the time even the most hardened sinner, and makes him think in spite of himself: the air we breathe here is not the common air of ordinary life, the buyers and sellers of the world cannot enter here, worldly business, worldly pleasure, dare not cross this threshold; the

house is consecrated, it is the house of God : and however furiously the wicked may rage without, peace is within her walls and plenteousness within her palaces, the peace of Him who is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

How often in childhood and in early youth have we all experienced this feeling in our native land, at the mere sight of that venerable time-honoured building, our parish Church, endeared to us by so many awful and so many tender associations. There we were first admitted into covenant with Christ in Baptism; there we received perhaps the blessing of the Bishop at our Confirmation, who then and there especially blessed us in the name of the Lord, to certify us by that sign of his favour and gracious goodness towards us; there we first partook of the Sacramental body and blood of Christ our Saviour, which we ate and drank in remembrance of Him; there perhaps we were united to the partners of our joys and our sorrows; there repose the mortal relics of our parents; and there we fondly cherish the hope, that, after our pilgrimage in India, our bones

may likewise find a resting place. That building, my dear Brethren, is consecrated by our deepest and most affectionate reverence, as well as by the prayers and act of the Bishop, because it is to us, as it were, the centre of a little heavenly system on earth, around which revolve the warmest sympathies of our nature, and the most hallowed, the most precious hopes of our souls.

And right dear, will our Churches in England always be to the Christian Patriot. The all-levelling and all-desecrating spirit of revolution may suggest of those sacred edifices, "what more convenient theatre than the parish Church for the people to assemble in for the purpose of learning their political and social rights and privileges from the lecturer of this world, as well as their religious and social duties and obligations from the minister of Christ?" Mammon, the God of this world, may insinuate of them, "that public buildings are rare in the land, and that therefore while we give up the parish Church, when wanted, for the purposes of religion, it might at other times be most profitably used for secular objects: the



money-changers might most conveniently set up their tables there, bonds be ratified, and bargains be registered." The answer to all this is decisive and unanswerable: the only money permitted to be seen here, is money offered to the Lord for the sick and needy at the sacramental table of Him whose prophet has said, "Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy, the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble;" whose Apostle has said, "Charge them who are rich in this world, that they be ready to give and glad to distribute, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may attain eternal life;" who Himself hath said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon the earth—but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven!" No voice can be heard here, but the voice of God's minister publishing "with the voice of thanksgiving, and telling of all his wondrous works," and the responsive voices of God's people in prayer and praise: the only register that can ever be kept here, is the register of those little ones of the Lord, who have been washed at the Bap-

tismal font to the mystical washing away of sin; the register of those, whom Christ's ambassador blesses here in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, when united, till death shall part them, in the holy bond of matrimony; the register of those his dear brothers and sisters departed hence in the Lord, whose bodies he commits to the earth out of which they were formed, to the dust to which they shall be restored, till time shall be no more, while in faith and hope and charity he meekly commends their souls to the great mercy of Almighty God in Christ our only Mediator and Redeemer. This is the house of prayer and thanksgiving—the habitation of the great name of God—the place where his honour dwelleth. It is set apart for ever from all profane and worldly uses—it is a **CONSECRATED CHURCH.** c

It is to secure to our countrymen, the members of the Church of England, in this land of their present duties and their present home, spiritual immunities, comforts, and consolations similar to those enjoyed in the land of our fathers, that the Indian bishops are most

anxious to erect churches wherever there is a promising prospect of obtaining a congregation, and feel it their bounden duty to consecrate them, whenever the legal preliminaries necessary for the security of the property to God's service can be satisfactorily adjusted. But, my brethren, we have an ulterior object in view, which must be very near and dear to every Christian heart. Under the gracious blessing of the great Head of the Church upon the devoted labours and judiciously fostering care of our missionary clergy, wherever the voice of the Church has penetrated, native congregations already formed are daily gaining strength and stability, and new congregations are constantly springing up throughout India like tender plants out of an almost hopelessly dry and barren ground; and it is our prayer and our hope, although we cannot expect to live to see it, that the parochial system of England may eventually be brought home to every congregation of our communion, and that they may eventually possess each their duly ordained native parish minister, and their duly consecrated native parish church.

To endeavour to obtain for our Indian fel-

low-Christians such an inestimable blessing as this, is, I say, our evident duty: *we* can only lay the foundation, which others more highly favoured may hereafter build upon. But convinced as I am that the Church of England has a high, and holy, and most important mission to India, and that that mission shall accomplish that which God pleases, and shall prosper in the thing whereto He has sent it, I feel that we of this generation are eminently bound to labour to the utmost of our ability in building his house upon the rock of ages. We know by the sure word of prophecy that the Gospel shall eventually cover the earth: and we who have been commissioned to preach that Gospel in India believe, we cannot but believe, that it will be most effectually, most savingly preached by the ministers, and through the ministrations of that Church, which, without uncharitableness to others, we are persuaded possesses the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. It must, therefore, be the heart's desire of all members of the Church of England, whether clergy or laity, to make her perfect in this land, to stablish, strengthen, settle her; it must always be a joyful and a pleasant thing to all

who love our Zion, to compass thine altar here, O Lord, as they are wont to compass it in their parish church in England, while the ministers of our communion “publish from that altar with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works;” and most fervently must both priests and people love, in this land of awful idolatry, “the habitation of thy house, and the place where thy honour dwelleth.” With joy, then, and thanksgiving to the Giver of all good things, have I this day, according to mine office, dedicated this Church to his honour and glory, naming it after that apostle who has been supposed to have been the first to bring Christianity to India, and whose festival, by the instructions of our Church, we have this day celebrated. But delightful as it is, to be permitted in this country thus to set apart for ever, a place where our Redeemer’s honour dwelleth, God forbid that our churches in India should ever be left to stand as monuments of a mere formal, heartless, unspiritualized Christianity, which has a name to live, and is dead.

It is very far from being enough for us, my reverend brethren, to have found in this land a place for the Temple of the Lord, a habitation

for the mighty God of Jacob. Having always imprinted in our remembrance, how great a treasure is here committed to our charge, that we have been especially sent hither to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for those who have not and will not yet hear his voice, but who are nevertheless equally his sheep, though not yet brought into his fold, sheep which He bought with his death, and for whom He shed his blood, *our churches must be also consecrated by our lives.* In India we must most especially "wash our hands in innocence, and so compass the altar" of our crucified Lord; our priests must be clothed in righteousness, our pulpits must be so many sanctuaries, from whence the lively oracles of God shall faithfully, boldly, unceasingly be spoken; so that all who tread the courts and pray within the precincts of the consecrated edifice may exclaim from the bottom of their hearts, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!"

A

SERMON,  
PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH,  
PALAMCOTTA,

*SEVENTEENTH OF JANUARY. MDCCCXLI.*

THE REV. E. DENT, admitted Priest.

MR. E. MOOYAART, } admitted Deacons.  
MR. C. E. MACLEOD, }



TO THE REVEREND THE  
MISSIONARY CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF  
ENGLAND,

STATIONED IN THE DISTRICT OF TINNEVELLY,

THIS SERMON,

PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF THE ORDINATION,

HELD IN TRINITY CHURCH, PALAMCOTTA, JANUARY 17, 1841,

AND LISTENED TO BY THEM WITH AN EARNEST ATTENTION,

WHICH PROVED

THAT THEY ARE FULLY AWAKE TO THE GREAT TRUTH WHICH IS

HUMBLY ENDEAVOURED TO BE SET FORTH IN IT,

THE NECESSITY OF IMMEDIATELY AND CONTINUALLY ROUSING

NOT ONLY THOSE COMMITTED TO OUR CHARGE,

BUT FIRST AND FOREMOST OURSELVES,

FROM THE DEATH OF SIN

UNTO THE LIFE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS,

IS DEDICATED,

BY THEIR FAITHFUL AND AFFECTIONATE

G. T. MADRAS.



A  
SERMON,

&c.

---

JONAH i. 6.

“What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise; call upon thy God.”

THESE are startling words, and, applied as the Christian minister is privileged and bound to apply them, of startling import. May the grace of God enable me faithfully to apply them to *you*. To every one, therefore, now present I say, What meanest, thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God. Will any of you assert that you are *not* asleep on the awful subject of religion? My brethren, the fact is too true, that however awake to the interest, and duties, and occupations, and amusements of time, we are all asleep on those of eternity: we sleep and

*must* be awakened. Do you question the fact? Look around you, and look within you, and you will doubt no longer. See the man of business, the man of study, the man of idleness; widely as they differ from each other on all other points, they agree in this, that they are unmeaningly, irrationally, and unaccountably asleep with regard to the state and prospects of their souls. It is one of those astounding facts, similar to the amazing revelations of science, which we could not believe, did we not *know* it to be true, that we go on from day to day, from year to year, from the dawn of reason to its evening twilight, in a state of practical indifference to heavenly things, so profound and senseless as to be best designated by the term sleep, while we are actively and incessantly awake to all that is of the earth, earthy, although the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death are frequently on our lips, and constantly before our eyes; and whenever we *do* think of eternity, it is not to convince ourselves of the fact and to act upon it, but to endeavour to *forget it again* as soon as possible. I am here to speak with sinners, to convince

them at once of sin and of its remedy; and I will try to speak on the present occasion with affectionate faithfulness to all who have ears to hear the truth, and to apply it to their consciences. I have told you that, with respect to religion, we are every one of us asleep. I do not mean to say that we have not our waking moments, as well as our dreams, in which we fancy ourselves to be awake; but what are moments of wakefulness on such a subject in the balance against years of slumber? The truth is, that we do not awake to righteousness and a knowledge of God, because we will not; we possess the power, but want the inclination. It is so much pleasanter to be asleep on this matter; the repose is so profound, and the dreams by which it is sometimes broken are so exciting, that whenever we are roused from our listlessness by the preaching of the Gospel, or by the awful warnings of Providence by which all are occasionally visited, we very soon say to our souls, "Soul, take thine ease, enjoy yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; it will be time enough to-morrow to awake, and arise, and call upon thy

God.” And thus “the spirit of slumber, “the spirit of deep sleep,” spoken of by the prophet and by the apostle, again closes our eyes, and the Bible at last becomes to us “as the words of a book that is sealed.”

How solemnly, my dear friends, and how affectionately, does our gracious and merciful God reason and expostulate with those spiritual sluggards, who have eyes and *will not* see, ears and *will not* hear, hearts and *will not* understand! What *meanest* thou, O sleeper! Where is the *sense* of thy conduct? Alas! it is the hopeless folly of the madman. And what must be the end of it if thou wilt not be brought to know and feel that it is folly; what but certain danger and too probable ruin? Think, then, first of the folly of such conduct. Would not a person be justly declared incapable of managing his earthly affairs, who lay in a listless torpor from morning to night, and from night to morning? And would not his friends use every remedy which art and love could suggest to rouse him from a state the end of which must be death? And are we acting with less infatuation, or exhibiting a less miserable pic-

ture in the sight of our best Friend, who obstinately close our eyes against divine truth, and behave as if, *because we will not see God He does not see us?* What meanest thou, O sleeper? Is the present made more happy, more comfortable, or more supportable, by thus deliberately forgetting God? Shall we endure the burthen of life with its sicknesses and its sorrows, its envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, its disappointed hopes and blighted affections, its temptations which lead to sins, and its sins which lead to misery, until we learn how utterly unbearable is "a wounded spirit" for which the world can offer neither "balm" nor "physician," and not endeavour to lighten the burthen by calling upon our God? The folly of such conduct is indeed as unintelligible, as its result, if persisted in, is certain. It is the broad and downward road of spiritual danger which must end in the ruin of the soul. How long, then, wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? To persist in sleeping *now*, may be to sleep until thou art awakened in eternity. Arise before it is too late, and save thy soul alive.

Let us now take the matter in detail, and inquire who the sleeper is who is so emphatically remonstrated with, because he will not arise and call upon his God. My friends, the warning is not addressed solely to any particular individual, although we are bound to make a particular application of it, nor to any particular class of society; what it says unto you, it says unto *all*. Whatever your sex, age, or condition, it tells you that you *are* asleep and that you must be awakened. To prove this, I will begin with the character by far the most common in this lifeless, heartless, unspiritualized world of ours, the man to whom religion is a thing to be spoken of indeed with decorous respect, because he dares not speak of it otherwise; but as for doing what it enjoins, when obedience would be disagreeable or inconvenient, or abstaining from what it forbids, when sensuality would be gratified or profit secured by following the dictates of an unreclaimed heart, he puts off all these things to "a more convenient season." Man, he reasons, is a free agent, why then is he to be shackled by laws to the framing of which he was not



a party? It is so lowering to the dignity of the monarch of creation, the calculating, scheming, far-seeing, anticipating, inventing, reasoning lord of this lower world, a world which can give or take away all that *he* is desirous of enjoying, to be constantly checked by commandments, though he is told and cannot dispute it, that they are the commandments of God. He worships the world in which he is prosperous and likely to prosper: how perplexing then and how vexatious to be told in the book which religion holds up before his eyes as the revelation of Him that made him, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him *only* shalt thou serve!" The sabbath day has been especially set apart for holy contemplation, self-examination, self-conviction, self-correction, the more direct and immediate culture of Faith, Hope, and Charity, the reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting of the word of God, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as well as the hearing of it in public: and what a disagreeable and unseasonable interruption to the pursuit of gain and pleasure would be

such an observance of God's blessed sabbath ! To go to Church, when not *very* inconvenient, although an unquestionable duty and positive command, is usually attended with circumstances which to the veriest man of the world make it palatable if not pleasant : it is seen of men that he goes thither, and this increases his outward respectability and social influence, and he gains the character, which is always worth gaining, of a religious man, at a very moderate sacrifice of time and convenience : his neighbours talk of him as such, and he has his reward. But the unseen and unknown self-judging and self-abasement of the closet, which although the duty of every day of our lives, is more eminently so of that day which we are especially commanded to reverence and keep holy, can bring with it no worldly credit, for it is the work of the hidden man of the heart ; it can bring with it no worldly profit, for it is not of this world ; it is a simple, unpretending, and, as far as the interests of this life are concerned, unrecorded duty towards God and ourselves, inexpressibly unwelcome therefore to him who

would far rather forget that he has a soul than be reminded of it, and is determined to sleep on and not to be awakened as long as he can possibly avoid it. How irksome then must it be to such a man to be admonished to remember, that he keep holy the Sabbath day!

And in like manner we may follow him through the whole Decalogue. He submits to those commandments which he cannot break without loss of worldly honour, or even liberty and life, because on these points the law of man agrees with the law of God; society must be protected, and he is a member, and probably a flourishing member, of society; the world goes well with him, and he is the slave of the world while he labours to be independent of its Creator and Ruler; and there would moreover be an end at once and for ever of station, reputation, and enjoyment, if he were openly and outrageously to break its laws and regulations, or even the conventional morality by which society is held together: he is not therefore, and most probably never will be a *criminal*, although, alas! it is very indifferent to him whether or not he is a *sinner*. And

shall such a man sleep on unwarned that he is in a dream of delirium, a lethargy, the threatening and evident forerunner of the death of his soul? My Reverend Brethren, he *must* be awakened from this most unnatural and most fatal torpor. However he may imagine himself a Christian, he is in fact little better than an infidel; he has a *name* to live, but is really dead in trespasses and sins, because dead to Faith, dead to Hope, dead to Charity! And shall not the ministers of the Gospel, who are especially commanded to preach that Gospel unto *every* creature, do their utmost to rouse him to a sense of his danger! O for his name's sake who died on the cross that they and he might be saved, let them cry aloud and spare not; let them say with equal boldness to the nominal Christian as to the unconverted heathen, What meanest thou, O sleeper! Arise! call upon thy God!

But it is not only with the man of the world, especially so called, that we have to do; the same dangerous sleep is to be found pervading all classes of society. There is the self-satisfied man, who speaks peace to his soul when there

is no *peace*, but a mere *hollow truce with reflection*. There is the formalist, who thinks, or at least acts as if he thought, that forms are the one thing needful, and is a decided man of religion on a Sunday, and a man of sin, or at least of carelessness, every other day. There is the religious bigot, who lives in a wild dream of his own imagining, a dream of horror from his perverted views of the Gospel dispensation, or a dream of flattering mysticism, in which he conceives himself so gifted by the God and Father of all mankind, *that although the angels fell he cannot fall*, while his neighbour, however full of faith, and rich in the fruits which a saving faith produces, who confesses himself day by day a miserable sinner, and strives to live up to this confession, by throwing himself solely and unreservedly on the merits of Christ for pardon and acceptance, *cannot be accepted and pardoned*. There is the young, who thinks there will be time enough for religion when he shall be older and wiser, but that *now* he may safely neglect it; the man of middle life, who is so absorbed in the cares and occupations of this world, that he finds that he *has* no time for

it, and therefore puts it off to an old age which may never be his: there is an old age which is *not* dedicated to finishing the course of this mortal state by becoming daily more holy and heavenly-minded, as it undeniably and rapidly draws nearer every day and hour to that Holy One that inhabiteth eternity; all these are asleep, unmeaningly and dangerously asleep, and *must be roused by us to arise and call upon their God.*

Upon each of these characters I might speak so largely as almost to occupy the time usually dedicated to a sermon, for they offer to the preacher an almost inexhaustible theme: that I may not however weary the attention which I am anxious to command, I must limit myself to the points which my text suggests most prominently, and which have more immediate reference to the age and country-in which we live. We live, my brethren, in what is *called* a religious age, that is, an age in which religion is much talked about, argued, and disputed. But in religion as in many other things, innovation is sometimes mistaken for improvement; and unhappily new religious opinions are started

and new sects founded upon them, almost every day of our lives : and while all things are thus in a manner becoming new, there is danger lest the "old things," the pure catholic Christianity of the Fathers and Martyrs and Confessors of the Church of Christ, pass away, or, by being so frequently evil spoken of, lose by degrees its legitimate hold upon the reverence and love of our flock. Let me warn all then, and most especially my reverend brethren, against the snare of party spirit, and its consequence, innovation in religious faith and practice ; and let me entreat you, both clergy and laity, not to feel too sure that you are awake, because you may have taken up some new opinion which may chance to be the fashion of the day. As in a dream we sometimes fancy that we awake, and yet still dream on, though the matter of the dream be entirely changed, so it often is with the dreams of the soul. Alas ! "the heart is deceitful above all things." We *were* careless of religion, and we became, if I may be allowed the expression, *morbidly* religious : our reason, man's precious prerogative above the rest of the creation, is

diseased ; and we eagerly and feverishly adopt enthusiasm instead of piety, and exalt imagination to the throne of truth. Do not listen to every innovator in religion who tells you, Lo ! here is Christ, or Lo ! there is Christ ; but while you carefully prove all things, hold fast that which is good. The religious excitement to which I have felt it my duty to allude—a *very* different thing, be it always remembered, from the increase and strengthening of sound and sober piety—is common to us here with those who dwell in our native land ; but there is another consideration which belongs peculiarly to ourselves. We live in a country where it is especially necessary to shew that “Jerusalem is built as a city that is at unity with itself.” And do we now show this to those that are without her holy walls ? Alas ! the heathen throw in our teeth our want of spiritual union, and we cannot deny it. I am convinced that one of the great obstacles to the growth of Christianity in India, arises out of the religious schisms which the natives cannot but detect among ourselves. In that which *we* tell them is the temple of the living God,



*they* discover a house divided against itself. The unhappy consequence is, that our efforts for their conversion have so little success, and the Gospel is hindered from making free progress through the land. If we would hope effectually and extensively to awaken them to a knowledge of the one God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent to save them, we must endeavour more than we have hitherto done to "speak peace to the heathen," by offering to them an unity of faith on an unity of system. Is there not always danger, that while some of us argue for Paul, and others contend for Apollos, and a third party cleave to Cephas, that Christ will be *divided*, and the unity of the Gospel broken? Most earnestly would I beseech you, my Reverend Brethren, so many of whom it is necessarily a rare event in India to find assembled at the same place of worship, "By the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." Believe me, there is no other good and effective way to preach Christ crucified

unto those to whom at present it is a stumbling-block and foolishness: and thus alone may we reasonably hope that the great Head of the Church will bless our labour of love to the awakening of these sleepers, that they may arise, and call upon our God and their God, our Father and their Father, through Jesus Christ the only Saviour of the world. What is said in Scripture unto all, is said most peculiarly, solemnly, and emphatically to you, my Reverend Brethren, and to me: *Watch!* A matter of the deepest interest to the Church of Christ has this day drawn together eleven messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord; and two who hope, with the Divine blessing, very shortly to take upon them the first degree in the same office and ministry. As messengers, we have a message which we are bound faithfully and fearlessly to deliver to those unto whom we are sent, yea, woe is us if we deliver it not: as watchmen we are set upon the tower to guard our Zion, and to cry unto our people, "Hearken to the sound of the trumpet!" and in these days we must take especial care lest "the trumpet give an *un-*

*certain sound :*" as stewards we must be always ready, and, how peculiarly necessary is such preparation in this land of scarcely avoidable sickness and of frequent early death! to render an account of our stewardship. Think then how weak and how wicked would be carelessness and indifference in persons thus situated; think what sentence may be passed and most justly passed upon us by the Master when He cometh, should He find us *sleeping!* If we sleep, can we blame our people because *they* sleep also!

I now address myself once more to all here present, and I say unto all, Arise! By repentance, prayer, faith, obedience, hope, charity, in the strength which is graciously given to all who ask for it, the strength from on high; by opening your eyes to the truth, to your condition here as heirs of death; to your prospects hereafter, whether of death or of life everlasting, and to the power in your own hands of escaping the one and of securing the other through Christ who died for you, arise and call upon your God! Arise *immediately!* Consider the danger of delay, its wickedness and

ingratitude towards Him who is so ready and anxious to save you : it is most easy for Him to save you *now* ; but even He could not save you beyond the period which in his providence He has limited for your salvation, because He cannot deny Himself, and his justice must be satisfied as well as his mercy. Arise then, I say, because we must work out our own salvation with fear and trembling ; because the Gospel, by which alone we professing Christians can be saved, commands us to watch and pray ; because our life in this world is a trial, a probation, a struggle, a warfare, a wrestling with the powers of darkness ; because God Himself has *called* us, “ awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light ! ” because He is *continually* calling us by judgments and by mercies—by his word in his Church—by the still small voice within us. He whose name is wonderful has called *you*, my Brethren ; call then in return upon *Him*, call upon your God ! Sinner, whosoever thou art, He is still thy God, if only thou wilt accept of Him as such. There are lords many and gods many, before whom

we may fondly and wickedly fall down and worship, but He who is God over all *may* be and *will* be God to thee, even *thy* God, if thou wilt only seek him *while He may be found*; for remember, there is a limit to the dispensation of mercy and redemption, so far as every individual is concerned, the limit of this mortal life: where the tree *falls*, there shall it also *lie*; and we know from Scripture that to the obstinately impenitent sinner our *God is a consuming fire*. Arise then and call upon Him now and henceforth even for evermore. And think if thou dost *not* call upon Him now in the faith of the Gospel, how inexpressibly and inconceivably dreadful it might be to thee to call upon Him hereafter in *despair*! Think of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, and of the rich man, who, *when too late*, lifted up his eyes being in torments!

My Brethren, I am not here to tell you the awful fact that there *is* a God, for most assuredly He has not left Himself without a witness in your hearts, where, whenever your conscience accuses or excuses you, "it is the divinity that stirs within you:" I am not here to tell you that

if He is your Lord, you are his servants, accountable to Him for the treasure of your soul, however idle, indifferent, forgetful, or improvident you may be of the precious trust: I am not here to tell you that He who made the earth will doubtless judge it, for He is a God of judgment as well as of mercy: I am not here to tell you that as far as every individual in this Church is concerned, it is utterly impossible to say how soon this judgment may be his; but I am here to speak to professed and professing Christians, and consequently to tell you in the plainest words that tongue can use, *that you can only approach God through Christ.*

Rebels, aliens, disinherited, Christ has reconciled you to God; doomed to death, Christ has obtained for you by his precious bloodshedding the means of eternal life. Up then, Christians! Lift up your hearts, and call upon God through Christ who has made Him once more *your* God, a reconciled God, good and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all them that *thus* call upon Him. What mean ye, ye sleepers! Arise, call upon your God!

It will be for you, my reverend brethren, from this day forth to declare all this counsel of God to your respective flocks. May God of his infinite mercy and love grant you grace to declare it boldly, so that of those intrusted to you by the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls you may lose none! I have not felt it necessary to address myself, as is usual on these solemn occasions, exclusively to you on the awful responsibility of your office, and the active discharge of its many most important and most affecting duties towards God, your people, and your own souls, because I am fully aware from the private conversations we have had together, that you deeply feel its responsibility, and I fully believe that you will strive to do your duty in that station to which it has pleased Providence to call you. I know you to be full of zeal for God's glory and man's salvation: and you cannot be too zealous, provided that your zeal be chastened by the sobriety of true religion, and adorned with charity. Unrestrained however by the former, there is always danger of its degenerating into an enthusiasm which bears the flowers of piety

but not its fruits; and devoid of the latter, most assuredly it is nothing worth. Be *sober* then, and be *vigilant*; the times and the land we live in, eminently require us to be both: religion is becoming every day more necessary to India; and independent of the progress which it has already made, and which it most unquestionably will make, gaining strength as it proceeds, among the natives, the ministry of every one of you cannot fail of having a decided effect upon its British inhabitants. Every clergyman in this country, whether chaplain or missionary, inevitably does much good or much evil; he is a conductor of piety or a repeller of it.

Think then to how high and honourable an office it has pleased the great Head of the Church to call us in India; think to what a responsible one! And whatever privations we may endure by giving up for a long season, and perhaps for ever, the land of our birth and of our first affections, the Father-land of our earliest and happiest years; whatever may be our sufferings from impaired health in an ungenial climate, and from the far deeper sorrow



of seeing those most dear to us pining under its influence, and slowly passing away to "a better country;" notwithstanding these and many other trials which may be ours, we shall be graciously enabled to say and to feel, "it is *good* for us to be here!" When despondent, then, and of little faith, let us call to mind the many holy and blessed men who have laboured here before us, and let us humbly endeavour in our respective stations through God's preventing and assisting grace to go and do likewise. And believe me, my dear brethren—and I now address myself to all, both chaplains and missionaries, it will ever be my fervent prayer, a prayer which I ask of you for me in return, that you may so preach, that his word spoken by your mouths may never be spoken in vain: that you may so live and so die, that you may be a wholesome example to your people in word, in conversation, in love, in faith, in chastity, and in purity; until removed at length and in the fulness of your time from the Church militant on earth to the Church triumphant in heaven, you may be graciously permitted to see of the travail of your soul, and be satisfied

in the contemplation of thousands rescued by your missionary labours in India from darkness and the death of sin, and awakened into the life of righteousness, and enjoying the full and perfect knowledge of God; when “a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, shall stand before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and shall cry with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to *our* God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb; blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto *our* God for ever and ever. Amen.”

A

VISITATION CHARGE,

ADDRESSED TO THE

MISSIONARY CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF  
ENGLAND,

IN TINNEVELLY AND TRAVANCORE,

IN THE

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PALAMCOTTA,

JANUARY 18, 1841.



I DEDICATE THIS CHARGE

TO THE REVEREND THE

MISSIONARY CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF  
ENGLAND,

RESIDENT IN THE PROVINCES OF TRAVANCORE

AND TINNEVELLY,

IN THE ARCHDEACONRY AND DIOCESE OF MADRAS,

IN THE SAME SPIRIT OF AFFECTION AND CONFIDENCE

WITH WHICH THEY WELCOMED ME,

THE FIRST BISHOP

WHO EVER CAME AMONG THEM.



## P R E F A C E .

---

HOWEVER an episcopal charge may be usually considered an ephemeral and local production, addressed to particular persons, and adapted to peculiar circumstances, the increasing interest felt in England for missionary labour, and I may add, the ignorance in some quarters respecting the kind of men best qualified for the work, has been an inducement to me, in addition to the request of those who heard it, to print this little address to the missionary clergy of two of the most important districts of my diocese.

The Church of England has now assumed a strong and firm position in India ; the number of her missionary clergy here, although very far from sufficient for the work that is set be-

fore them, is on the increase; and I am most thankful to say that the men we *have* are such as India requires, faithful servants of Him whose commission they bear, and faithful ministers of the Church that sent them hither.

Even during the comparatively short time that I have passed in this country, I am satisfied that a decided improvement has taken place in our missionary machinery; we work more systematically and more *together*, as we begin to see our way more distinctly. We are, indeed, still mere clearers of this vast moral jungle, mere breakers up of the hard rocky soil: but enough has been done to hold out a reasonable prospect that the ground will at last prove very productive, and we labour, therefore, not only in faith but in hope.

With much, however, to encourage, we have also much to depress us, and doubtless it is good for us that it should be so; sweet and bitter are mingled in the career of a missionary; disappointments, known only to himself, to keep him humble; and consolations, peculiar to his office and ministry, to hold him up, that



he sink not. But among many trials to which he is liable, perhaps the most distressing is to see a fellow-labourer called away by sickness from his post, just as he has begun to occupy it with evident benefit to his people; and in order to teach us not to be "confident" except in Him, it has lately pleased God to deprive us, in the course of a few months, of three of our most promising and most beloved missionary clergymen\*. Thus in India the missionary circle is repeatedly broken; and we must either suddenly contract it, to the great injury of the cause we have in hand, and I humbly hope at heart, or leave a melancholy gap which it may require years to fill up.

Most thankful are we that those members of our Church in England who have the means, are at length roused to a sense of the obligation which is now peculiarly upon them, to contribute, in proportion to those means, to the maintenance in our colonies of a pious, learned, and large body of missionary clergy, by supporting our missionary societies as they

\* The Rev. H. Von Dadelzen, the Rev. Foster Rogers, and the Rev. Charles Calthrop.

deserve to be supported. Would that our Universities would also bestir themselves, and excite among their theological students a desire for missionary labour, by telling them the simple truth respecting it; by telling those who feel their hearts yearning with love for souls which may be saved as surely as their own, that in India they will find ample scope for their holy aspirations, while they may live here as clergymen ought and wish to live; happy in the discharge of their duties, and the first Christian gentlemen of their respective districts. An exaggerated notion prevails with regard to the sufferings of missionaries, and overcharged statements of them have been sometimes made for effect at public meetings, which injure the cause they are intended to promote. We wish the truth to be known in England, the whole undisguised and unadorned truth. Although the missionary's health frequently fails, the Governor-General may lose it as well as the missionary. The climate of India is ungenial to the European constitution, but not necessarily dangerous. It is constant excitement and over-work which break us

down, sending many of us home, and some to an early grave. We want, therefore, more clergymen to share with us the burthen and heat of the day. We have already far more native Christians than it is possible for our present limited number of missionaries to instruct and superintend; and their rapidly increasing families will soon want instruction and superintendence also, or they will fall back into idolatry, they will starve or faint by the way, because they have no bread here in the wilderness.

Ample work might be found for a hundred English missionaries in this diocese alone. The country is not yet ready for a native ministry, the hope and object of every Christian friend of India. Before we can reasonably expect to see a really trust-worthy body of native clergy, we must train up a body of native catechists, more highly and more professionally educated than those we at present possess. This I trust will be eventually accomplished, first by our schools, seminary, and institution at Madras, by the Church Missionary Society's establishments at Cottayam and Cotta, and by that

noble college which has rendered the name of Bishop Middleton inseparable from the best interest of India; and secondly, by the active superintendence of the missionary clergy over their respective catechists. Most of the clergy are in the habit of regularly calling together their catechists at stated times for the purpose of giving them a kind of theological and evangelical lecture, at once practical and doctrinal, a plan most highly to be commended. Translations of works suited to their capacity and to their duties are also frequently made for them; and I may say without boasting, that there is the strongest desire at all our missionary stations to do the best of all works in the best way in our power, by rendering the instruments we have as efficient as possible. Still India wants *many more English clergymen, and will want a large body of them for many years to come.* British charity must send them out, and British liberality must maintain them, or the progress of Christianity in India will be greatly hindered; *stopped it cannot be.* There are here upwards of a hundred millions to whom Christ *must* be preached, for the King

of kings and Lord of lords has established the decree, and signed the writing, that it be not changed; the share which our Church shall take in preaching Him to them depends, under God, in a very great degree upon the faithfulness and zeal of its members in Great Britain.

G. T. MADRAS.

Kotagherry,  
February 13, 1841.

“ They that be\* wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.”—*Dan.* xii. 3. •

“ We are, however, sadly too few for the work before us. Of the small number of chaplains which the Company supplies, nearly half are absent on furlough or ill-health ; and the few missionaries are quite unequal to supply the vacancies thus occasioned in many important stations, even if it were possible or desirable to withdraw them from their appropriate sphere of action, and, more particularly, from the management of those schools which are of all others the most likely means to open the eyes, and ameliorate the worldly and spiritual condition of the vast multitudes who are now not merely willing to receive, but absolutely courting, instruction. It is, in fact, the want of means on the part of the teachers, and not any of that invincible repugnance so often supposed to exist on the part of the Hindoos, which, in my opinion, must make the progress of the Gospel slow in India.”—BISHOP HEBER.

---

\* Or teachers.

A

## VISITATION CHARGE,

&c.

---

REVEREND AND DEAR BRETHREN,

By the mercy of God I have been permitted to accomplish the visitation of two of the most important districts of my vast diocese, and the time is come when I am called upon to bid you farewell. I cannot say that my visitation of Tinnevelly has been what it ought to have been, or what I would have endeavoured to have made it, had time and health been granted me; and I am conscious that, both in Travancore and in Tinnevelly, and more especially in the latter, I have left many things undone which I ought to have done. Such, however,

as they have been, my labours have been most kindly received by you, my fellow-labourers in the Gospel; and I humbly hope that the faithful desire to be useful in his service will not be rejected by our gracious and merciful God: "for if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

It has been suggested to me, that a little missionary charge would be acceptable to you; and I have, therefore, called you together to speak a few words on matters in which we take a common and deep interest. I shall not, however, attempt on the present occasion a laboured and learned theological disquisition, for I have neither books to refer to, nor leisure to read them: but I shall speak to you simply and affectionately on such subjects as my brief sojourn among you may suggest to my mind, and on which you may naturally desire a little advice or encouragement from him whom the providence of God has permitted to be your bishop. I speak to the absent as well as to the present; to my brethren in Travancore, to whom I shall send a copy of what I say, as



well as to you of Tinnevelly :. were I your brother in blood as well as in profession, I could not have been more affectionately received in either district.

It is, indeed, a joyful and a pleasant thing to me to see my clergy in both districts dwelling together in that unity of kindly intercourse and affectionate confidence, which is peculiarly becoming the ministers of the Gospel of peace and love; to see that there are "no divisions among you," and that as there is but "one body and one Spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all," so you are all of one heart and of one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity. May this ever be the rule of our conduct, for we cannot take a better canon for the guidance of our ministry; let truth and peace, faith and charity, be the doctrine of our lips, and the study and ornament of our lives; and the blessing of the great Head of the Church will doubtless rest upon our labours. It is for the doubting, and unstable, and double-minded to dispute and wrangle; *we* have this anchor of

the soul sure and stedfast; we *know* in whom we have believed. And, my dear friends, if ever there was a time and a country pre-eminently demanding unity among ourselves, it is *now* and *here*. The heathen are without, "furiously raging together, against the Lord and against his Anointed;" and the more so, because they cannot deny that idolatry, though still unconquered, is no longer the undisputed tyrant of the land, and that the monster idol, though not yet fallen, is sensibly shaken. During my brief stay in both districts, I have received the welcome assurance, that wherever there is a minister to teach it, the word of God grows and prevails. I am no enthusiast, no optimist: I am not led away by my feelings, or my wishes; but I am convinced that "the good seed" is in the ground, *and cannot be rooted out*. An enemy may sow tares among it, and doubtless will do so; still they will *grow together*; and while the tares will be for the oven, the wheat will be for the Master's barn. Not very long ago it was thought a hopeless thing to attempt to sow the Gospel seed in India. Look at India now! "This is

the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." God's providence, however, works by means; and the Church militant in India has now, more than ever, a battle to fight, which can only be won by an union of strength, faith, prayer, zeal, purpose, labour, and perseverance unto the end; by an unity of system as well as of object.

Judging from present appearances, and comparing the actual state of things with the past, I have no hesitation in saying that the prospects of Christianity in southern India are very good; and reasonable hopes may be indulged that we have arrived at the period when the Gospel must progressively gain strength and stability every year. One thing at least is certain: it is now impossible for "the good word of God" to be utterly lost here. Truth, once lighted among a people, however adverse to its reception, never quite goes out: many or few may rejoice in its light, but still the light is there and cannot be extinguished.

Among many sources of comfort during my journey through Tinnevely, one of the greatest has been a sight for which I candidly confess I

was not prepared, *the sight of whole Christian villages*. He alone that has passed some time in a heathen land, engaged in the work of the ministry, can understand the delight I felt at finding myself met, welcomed, and surrounded by crowds of native professing Christians, whose countenances spoke a most intelligible welcome; for, ignorant as I am of their tongue, it was impossible to mistake the language of their happy faces. They were at peace; the peace of God had been made known to them at least, if not fully brought home to their hearts; and as I observed their look of joyful recognition upon perceiving their clergyman, I almost felt myself at home. Having been obliged by circumstances to defer my regular visitation of the extensive and flourishing missionary district of Tanjore and Trichinopoly, merely passing through it and our other missionary stations in the eastern provinces of my diocese in a very cursory manner, I had yet to learn that the parochial system of the Church might be carried out as effectually in India as in England; that pastoral supervision as well as pastoral instruction was in equally full acti-

vity here, and that the Christian Indian, like the Christian Englishman, could be taught not only publicly but from house to house. Of course I do not mean that the clergyman does or ought to enter the hut of the native as in England he would enter the cottage of the villager, because he could not do it habitually without destroying his health; but that he knows all his sheep and is known of them; that he is intimately acquainted with their persons, their characters, and their wants, and is, therefore, always ready and able to speak to them a good word in season. It is a very great advantage both to minister and people, when the latter are enabled to come out and entirely separate themselves from their heathen countrymen. Dwelling together in the same village, they are exposed to frequent and most alarming temptations, as the unclean thing is almost always before their eyes. We all know the force of old associations and first impressions; and for the uneducated, just awakened, native Christian, the pagoda or the devil-temple will always be a dangerous neighbour to the Church. Wherever, therefore, it is practicable, I would

most strongly encourage the founding of native villages\*. I would rather have one village entirely Christian, than congregations in two villages where Christian and heathen dwell together; and what you have already done, my reverend brethren, in this work, assures me that in the course of time much more will be accomplished; and that where we have now isolated Christian villages, our successors will see marked on the map of India *a Christian district*. It will, however, be long before this blessed state of things is brought about; and in the meantime it is for us to continue patient in well doing, hoping all things for the future, and enduring all things for the present. This, I say, is our part; for I fully identify myself with your labours and your hopes, and

\* The proof that godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come, was never, I think, made more manifest than in the contrast between the heathen and Christian villages of Tinnevely. In the former, all is slovenliness and disorder; irregularity and confusion in the building of their huts; dirt and discomfort every where; while in the latter you find well-arranged and well-ventilated streets, drawn at right angles to each other, the ground before each hut neatly swept, happy faces, and a village church, which, however humble, is evidently "the pride of the village."

am proud to bear the title of a missionary bishop.

A very different opinion, I am thankful to say, is now entertained by both our Societies in England, with respect to the qualifications necessary for a Missionary Clergyman. The time was, when it was thought sufficient for him to make a strong profession of ardent piety, and to express a strong desire to be sent to the heathen. May he ever profess and express both! and may both be engraven indelibly on his heart, adorning every word and influencing every action. But although absolutely necessary for the Missionary, he requires other qualifications also. In order to be thoroughly furnished unto all the good works, which will be expected of him, he must be gifted with a large measure of discretion as well as zeal, of sound practical sense as well as of generous love. Constantly called upon to decide delicate and intricate questions among his people, to exercise great firmness and great forbearance, to be "very bold," and at the same time very tender, I know no situation in which a clergyman can be placed, more eminently demanding a right judgment

in all things, and a deep knowledge of human nature as well as of the Book of Life. I am satisfied therefore that, considering the trust necessarily reposed in the Missionaries, who from the peculiar nature of their duties are left much more to the uninfluenced exercise of their own judgment than any other body of Clergy, we cannot raise the standard of missionary qualifications too high. The more competent a man is for his work, the more efficiently will he do it. This is a truism, but a truism not unfrequently disregarded. So far from needing little knowledge or learning, *all* knowledge and learning may be turned to good account in his hands. Henry Martyn was not less a Missionary in his heart, because he was the first mathematician of his year at Cambridge: on the contrary, we may fairly infer, that the same powers of mind which had placed him in the highest rank of academical honour, directed into another channel, placed him in the highest rank of preachers to the heathen of Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

I do not mean that to be a good and faithful Missionary a man must necessarily be a profound scholar, but that supposing him to be



possessed of the first and indispensable qualifications of personal piety and an evangelical spirit, without which all other gifts are mere sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and worth nothing, the more sound his judgment, the more gentle his disposition, the more firm his courage, the more cultivated his mind, in such proportion and degree will he show himself a master-builder, that needeth not to be ashamed of his work.

The Christian master-builder however will never think more highly of himself than he ought to think; for pride can no more stand before the Gospel than darkness before the sun. True Christian faithfulness never "puffeth up," but on the contrary, makes and keeps its possessor sober and humble; because the more he is graciously enabled to do, the more he feels he ought to do; the horizon of duty is constantly extending itself before him, and will do so until it is lost in eternity.

The Missionary, however, cannot labour in so vast a field single-handed, neither is he called upon to do so. I need not say to you, my dear Brethren, how thankful you ought to

be for the blessing which has been accorded to almost all of you, of a Christian wife, who not only readily takes her share, and that a large one, of your general labours, but cheers and comforts you under those in which she cannot bear a portion of the burthen.

We must preach the Gospel at the very least as much by our lives as with our lips; and the clergyman's house must be dedicated to God as well as his church.—In beautiful contrast\*

\* I am very far from being one of those who, if I may be allowed in a publication of this kind to quote the strong language of one of our greatest English classics, "enter into the common unsufferable cant of taking all occasions to disparage the heathen philosophers." The character of Socrates, as given to us by Plato, is as beautiful, indeed as perfect, as it could possibly be without the Gospel; nevertheless, as he walked by his own light, "he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." There is very much in the glorious fragments of heathen philosophy, which may be read with great benefit as well as with delight; but however gorgeously clothed, it is still the pride of human nature; "it lacks one thing;" they who walked by it could never become as little children, and therefore, however it might adorn and strengthen the intellect, it could do no good to the soul, and compared with "the wisdom which descendeth from above," it is indeed philosophy falsely so called, and like all other earthly systems of morality, might touch the heart, but could not mend, much less renew it. The philosophy even of Socrates, however it dignified the master, left the pupil where it found him, "in darkness and in the shadow of death." That it was "false," we may take, among

to the philosophy of the grove and of the Academy—philosophy falsely so called, which pompously paraded lofty sentiments of abstract virtue before the eyes of the ignorant, and repaid itself for the sacrifice to outward appearances by indulging in secret sensuality and profligacy in the privacy of home,—Christianity is eminently domestic, and shines there with its brightest lustre, a pure, steady, and holy light, which “giveth light unto all that are in the house.” It is in his house that the Christian Minister is especially called upon to set forth the Christian virtues; to worship God where none but God and his own family are witnesses to his piety; and to sacrifice self in the numerous instances of almost hourly occurrence, which have *not* their reward of men. His home is the Clergyman’s domestic altar,

many other proofs, the splendid winding up of the well known eulogy pronounced upon it by one upon whom its widest mantle had descended. “*Cujus igitur potius opibus utamur, quam tuis? Quæ et vitæ tranquillitatem largita nobis es et terrorem mortis sustulisti.*” Who could now receive comfort in the hour of death from such philosophy? How different is the philosophy of the Gospel! “I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you *for ever*. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.”

endeared and consecrated to him by the holiest associations of those joys and sorrows, those recollections and hopes, “with which a stranger intermeddleth not”—and there the influence of a Christian wife is incalculable. This blessing will, I trust, be secured to many of the rising generation of our native Christians by our girls’ schools, so faithfully and affectionately superintended at every Christian station by the Missionary’s wife.

One of the most effective means, under God, of establishing Christianity in the East, of rooting it in the hearts of the natives, must be education; and I know that, like myself, you are fully alive to its vast importance. As long as I have a tongue to speak, and a hand to write, they shall be employed in advocating the education of the native of India\*. I shall not

\* Perhaps I may be permitted to mention with high approbation, and with gratitude, the labours of the Rev. C. Mault, of the London Missionary Society at Nagricoil, and of the Rev. D. Poor and his equally devoted colleagues of the American Board of Missions at Madura, whose schools I was most courteously invited to visit, for the education of the natives in their respective districts. The proficiency of Mr. Mault’s pupils is really remarkable and most encouraging; and I am assured that the American Missionaries are prosecuting the

however weary your attention with trite apophthegms, in support of that which is as clear as the blessed light of heaven. We all know that without Christian training, these poor creatures, who have a soul to be saved as precious as our own, must remain in heathen darkness; and that with it they may, and I am persuaded eventually must, be brought to see God as He is. And think what a noble office is ours, to assist in bringing millions to see God as He is! I will not say that our Missionary machinery for the education of the natives is exactly what I could wish it to be; and indeed I am satisfied that it will admit of great improvement: the clergyman is the main-spring, and he works, as he ought to work, regularly and truly; but I trust the time is not very distant, when we may possess a more efficient set of catechists and schoolmasters. This observation does not apply to any particular station, but to the general state of the Missionary Church throughout South-

same glorious work with similar success. The Missionary Clergy of the Church of England in Southern India are ever most active in its promotion.—See Appendix (A).

ern India and Ceylon. The village schoolmaster in England is frequently not so efficient as he ought to be ; and so will it be also occasionally in India. But in India, the schoolmaster exercises an influence over his pupils which cannot be so effectually checked by the clergyman, as it is in England. It is a great satisfaction to me to know that the clergy, both of Travancore and Tinnevely, are fully alive to the necessity of improving their catechists and schoolmasters as much as possible, and are taking active and most judicious measures to accomplish it. Both those classes have a most important trust committed to them ; in fact, the catechists minister in holy things, and, with the exception of the sacrament of Baptism, perform functions almost similar to those which in England are intrusted to the deacons of the church. Should my life be spared, I hope in the course of time to carry out a plan, with the co-operation of my Reverend Brethren, from which I expect much good ; I propose, hereafter, licensing a few of the best catechists in each district, in accordance with the LXXVII. Canon of our Church,

which I think may be fairly interpreted to meet the case; but I shall limit my licence to such only, as shall be particularly recommended to me by the incumbent, as faithful men in whom he has perfect confidence. An episcopal licence to such men, while it will leave them equally subordinate to the clergyman, by placing them in a grade above their fellows, will encourage them to "a patient continuance in well doing;" and will afford them a reasonable hope that when the Bishop shall inquire of his Reverend Brethren for natives fit for holy orders, they may be sought and found among *them*\*. Upon this however, as upon all matters connected with the discipline of our Missions, I invite and solicit the freest communications from the Missionary Clergy, it being my desire while I "prove all things," to "hold fast that only which is good." Convinced that the Church possesses within itself the means of carrying on and carrying out its Mission to the heathen, I only seek to give full efficiency to our machinery. As for many years the system of catechists must be tolerated in India, it is my

\* See Appendix (B).

object and earnest desire to bring that system to the highest attainable perfection; firmly believing however that the time will come, although we may not live to see it, when the ministrations of the Anglo-Indian Church shall be discharged strictly and entirely by its own Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

The zeal for erecting churches which I have found in Travancore, and the good taste in which they are building, has given me great pleasure. That district will ere long possess several churches worthy of the name, architectural in their form, and strictly ecclesiastical in their arrangements. In Tinnevelly the churches, with the exception of those of Palamcotta and Nazareth, are not what either you or I could wish them to be. I am, however, well aware how much easier it is to suggest a fault than to provide a remedy. Churches cannot of course be built without funds for building them; and I know not how these funds are to be raised. A delightful spirit has indeed manifested itself in many instances among the poor native Christians, who have come forward like men who *love* the



“habitation of God’s house and the place where his honour dwelleth,” contributing to the utmost of their scanty means towards the erection of a temple of prayer and praise for their village; but I need scarcely observe, that the Christians of southern India are not and will not be for a long time in a situation to build their own churches.

In the mean time, however, because we have not all we wish, we must not neglect such things as we have; and let us at least endeavour to render our present buildings as much like churches as possible. In every building where Divine service is performed, I would urge upon you the propriety, or rather the duty, of railing off the altar, even though it be not customary to celebrate the Lord’s Supper there. I need not dwell upon this point, as I am sure we think and feel upon it alike. Let the building moreover be as airy and well ventilated as possible; and although not consecrated, let it be considered, and teach your people to consider it, as virtually set apart solely to the honour and praise of Almighty God, and never to be profaned by any secular

uses. It is of far greater consequence than superficial thinkers are apt to perceive, to attach our people to their church, however rude and simple may be the building, by separating it in their eyes from the world: and thus to them the humblest hut, dedicated to God, and *to him alone*, becomes their holy and their beautiful house, in which their fathers worshipped, or in which they themselves have worshipped for the first time the hitherto unknown God revealed to them by the Gospel.

Whatever portion of the book of Common Prayer may be read in public worship by the catechist, let him read that portion entire without diminution or addition. When for instance he recites the Litany, let him recite the whole of it; when he reads the Psalms of the day, let him teach the people to repeat the Gloria Patri at the end of each Psalm. Thus will they become by degrees so accustomed to our beautiful Liturgy, that their ear and heart will have a desire for it; and the mission of the Church, to teach them how to pray, will be fulfilled.

There is a point on which my reverend brethren may desire a public declaration of my

opinion, although that opinion has been privately communicated to most of you. I allude to the unhappy question of caste. As a civil distinction I touch it not; if used as a badge of religious superiority by either catechists or schoolmasters, I say, away with it, down with it even to the ground\*. I wish it therefore to be distinctly understood, that from henceforth, deeply anxious as I am to gather around me a native priesthood—for to a native priesthood we must look, humanly speaking, for the evangelization of India—I will not

\* It has been suggested to me by one of my clergy, for whose opinion and character I have an equally high regard, that this declaration with respect to caste may possibly appear to some, though not to him, to involve some little contradiction to what I have said in my primary charge on this subject. I freely confess that I feel still incompetent to argue the question as to what caste really is, although some circumstances have lately awakened suspicions in my mind of its real character which did not exist there in 1839. I wish to be at once charitable and faithful: if caste be merely a harmless social distinction, it is not for us to seek to put it down; if it necessarily involve an assumption of religious or moral superiority, and teaches a high-caste native Christian to thank God that he is not as other men are, I will do my utmost to crush it.—Considering the great difficulty in getting at the truth, the test which I am determined to adopt with respect to every native candidate for holy orders is no more than a reasonable, and indeed necessary, safeguard to the Church.

admit to holy orders any native, who refuses or even hesitates to eat and drink with my reverend brethren or with myself. If he hold his bishop and fellow clergy "unclean," he cannot be fit to preach, far less to practise, the Gospel of Him who ate and drank even with publicans and sinners, to show that the word of God cleanseth all who receive it in an honest and good heart. Would that I had a hundred such clergymen, as the faithful single-minded man now present\*! But for this we must wait patiently; at his own time "the Lord will give the word, and great will be the company of the preachers." Every native candidate for ordination will be submitted by me to the test I have mentioned: and I shall moreover require the strongest testimonials as to character, for the period of at least two years, from the clergyman under whom he has served.

By the mercy of God the Church of England has now assumed a permanent character in India, which, so far however from militating against its missionary office, most materially

\* The Rev. John Devasagayam.

strengthens it. And as is the Church, so ought to be its ministers. I wish the missionary clergy to be "ascripti glebæ," of and belonging to the soil; and as a general rule, I am strongly opposed to their removal from one station to another. Without experience, local as well as general experience, a missionary is comparatively little worth: with it, provided that he is in all other respects what he ought to be, and what I most thankfully bear my testimony that the missionary clergy *are*, he is "thoroughly furnished unto all good works." I wish therefore a missionary clergyman to be the fixed centre of a progressively enlarging missionary circle; a resident master-builder, and not a wandering hewer of stone and drawer of water. I wish you, brethren, to "sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree," eating of the fruit of your own labours. I wish you to be the permanent parish priests of your missionary districts. "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

It gave me great pleasure to attend the

recent meeting of the Tinnevelly Tamil Book Society, because it delights me to see the native Christians thus coming forward, led on by their respective ministers, to contribute out of their own little resources towards the advancement of Christian knowledge among themselves. I also highly approve of the system adopted by my reverend brethren in this district, of making the annual meeting a kind of Christian festival to their congregations. The mind requires a certain degree of excitement, or it will become languid, indifferent, and at last unfruitful; and I think it as wise as kind to offer it at stated seasons to your people, taking care, as on the occasion alluded to, that it be pure and wholesome. The heathen have their feasts and festivals, and well know their influence; the primitive Church of Christ had them also—not cold, formal, and ceremonial, as is too often the case in the present day, but as a fast was with them *really* a fast, so was a festival *really* a festival. The more we assimilate our customs in these matters to those of the primitive Church, the nearer we approach Christ and his Apostles. The religion of the

Gospel has waxed cold in love in the same proportion that it has lost sight of godly discipline and genuine Christian usages. A better spirit, however, is now awake ; and I trust the time is not very far distant, when members of the Church of England will not be ashamed to practise self-mortification and abstinence during Lent; not to be seen of men, but simply and humbly, as our Lord has enjoined them to do, and to rejoice as Christians ought to rejoice when called upon to commemorate the incarnation or the resurrection of Him whose name they bear. I have observed with great satisfaction that Christian discipline tempered by charity is enforced by the missionary clergy upon their congregations, who learn to value the blessed privilege of being in full communion with the Church, by always seeing a wicked person forbidden for a season from entering into that holy fellowship.

The solemn services in which we have so recently been engaged will not, I humbly hope, have been performed without their due influence on our hearts. Upwards of two thousand five hundred persons have been confirmed at

the different stations of Travancore and Tinnevely; and upon those two thousand five hundred persons, their respective ministers have a hold which you will not fail to "turn to their profit, to help them forward in the right way which leadeth unto everlasting life." When tempted to fall away from their Christian duty, how forcibly may you appeal to their Christian vows, to their solemn promise to renounce the devil and all his works, to believe in God and to serve Him! The previous examinations also have given an opportunity of getting at the hearts of your people, of which I know you have gladly and profitably availed yourselves. These confirmations must have strengthened your hands; and let me thank you, my dear brethren, for the zeal and diligence you have shown in preparing your candidates; a preparation not for me, but for God, not for time, but for eternity.

Two\* fellow-labourers have been just added to the Church in this diocese, and one of your-

\* Mr. E. Mooyaart, A.B. Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mr. C. E. Macleod, student of Bishop's College, Calcutta, admitted deacons; and the Rev. E. Dent, priest.



selves admitted to the full privilege of the Christian ministry. May they show themselves worthy! I believe and am persuaded that they will endeavour, through the grace of God, to do their duty.

I know that it is not requisite for me to impress upon you the necessity which is upon us in these times and in this country to show ourselves kindly affectioned with brotherly love towards all. This I am convinced is your heart's desire as well as my own. But while the clergy of the Church of England, here and every where, are to exercise perfect charity, and to study, as much as lieth in them, to live peaceably with all men, they are bound to do their duty in singleness of heart, not seeking the praise of men but of God, and to carry out among their own people the doctrine and discipline of that Church whose commission they bear, and whose vows are upon their souls. For "moreover," brethren,—and thanks be to God you are fully aware of it!—"moreover it is required of stewards that a man be found faithful\*," and that he *keep* that good thing

\* See Appendix (C.)

committed to his charge. A treasure has been intrusted to us, a most precious legacy has been bequeathed to us, by our earthly and our heavenly Master, by Him whose we are and whom we humbly endeavour to serve—the treasure of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus—the legacy of his assured presence with us by the Holy Spirit even to the end of the world. Brethren, “I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say,” and whether I do or do not speak “the words of truth and soberness.” As men, “earthen vessels,” by nature born in sin and the children of wrath, and only obtaining mercy, if so be that we do obtain it, by the same grace of God in Christ, in whom it is freely offered to all mankind, far be it from us to presume to magnify our office. We are sinners, miserable sinners, every one of us, like those to whom we are sent; and were we to say that we have no sin, we should wofully deceive ourselves, and the truth would not be in us. Nevertheless, unto us is this grace given, that we should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and without controversy, and beyond all possibility of dispute,

we have been duly sent forth to preach Christ crucified.

These observations have been hastily thrown together during the brief leisure allowed me by many duties and much infirmity; and I am sure that you will accept them, such as they are, in the same affectionate spirit in which they are offered. I have not laboured to speak to you with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but have told you my thoughts as they suggested themselves, simply and in singleness of heart. May the grace and peace of God be always with you.—I will hope that we may be permitted to meet again; if not, there is "a better country," where we are encouraged to believe that through the atoning blood of Christ we shall be reunited. Let us only strive to do our duty while we are still strangers and pilgrims and missionaries upon earth, and all will be well at last. Let us "go our way until the end be; for we shall rest, and stand in the lot at the end of the days." Brethren, I must bid you farewell: it is a solemn word, and solemn ought to be the parting in India between Bishop and clergy. May

it be sanctified to the benefit of us all! For my own part, I can truly say that I leave you with regret, and with a heart full of gratitude for the respect, affection, and confidence, with which you and yours have received me\*. Let me entreat you to continue to me your good wishes and your prayers; and for you, my dear friends and brethren, "may God's fatherly hand ever be over you, may his Holy Spirit ever be with you." In the words of him who delighted to visit, comfort, cheer, and labour with his brethren, in the words of the first and infinitely the greatest missionary Bishop to Asia, I now conclude this address. The passage has often been quoted as the conclusion of an episcopal charge, but never with more sincerity than on the present occasion.

"Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with his own blood."

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is

\* See Appendix (D.)

able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.”  
“The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.”

G. T. MADRAS.

Palamcotta,  
Jan. 15, 1841.



## APPENDIX.

---

(A.)

NONE who take that Christian interest in India which it has a right to claim for all who live in and by it, can doubt the plain duty which He has laid upon us who has permitted us to "occupy" the country, to look after the minds and souls of its people, and to do our utmost to make them the people of God. This duty, so clear to those who know and love India, is every year more largely acted upon by our religious societies in England, who, while they strengthen our hands by timely aid, cheer our hearts by seasonable words of encouragement.

In the diocese of Madras, we have already three establishments for the training up of native Christians with a view to the probable admission of the best among them to the Christian ministry, from which much good may be hoped; the Vepery Seminary—or, as some of its supporters have kindly expressed a wish that it should be called, Bishop Spencer's Institution—and the Church Missionary Institution at Madras, and the institution maintained by the same society at Cottayam. Being most anxious to call attention to these really good Christian nurseries, I shall here print a letter, written by me some months since, in which I detail my notions of the system which ought to be followed in them. It will be seen at once that I am not so ambitious as to aim at the founding of a college—a large word, and signifying a much larger thing than we could at present keep up in Southern India,—but simply to do that

which every diocese ought to be in a state to do for itself, viz. to look after its own youth, and to give them a Christian education fit for a young man as well as for a child; and unless we are able to do this, we may indeed put many Indo-Britons and natives in the way of becoming clever writers, accountants, and copyists in a public office, but we shall do very little towards making them sound and faithful Christians.

*“ Kotagherry, September 18, 1840.*

“ REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

“ I address myself to the task of making such observations as occur to my mind on the deeply interesting letter of the Rev. J. Tucker to the Rev. J. Gray, and on the regulations for the Church Missionary Society’s Institution which accompany it, with mingled feelings of thankfulness to the Giver of all good, who has already imparted so large a measure of his grace to his Church in Southern India, by putting it into the hearts of the Society to establish this institution, and of self-diffidence and humility as to how far it is in my power to assist them in their labour of love. Assuredly the will is not wanting. From the time when, in humble reliance upon the assistance promised even to the unprofitable servant who shows that he has at least ‘a willing mind,’ I undertook the office which God’s providence has permitted me to hold, I have always felt deeply persuaded of the necessity of doing my utmost to encourage the training up in my diocese of a faithful and competent native clergy, whose place we merely occupy until they ‘come of age to take it upon themselves;’ and I am convinced that he whose heart does not yearn for the day when a native clergyman shall preside over every native congregation throughout the length and breadth of India, has not within him a spark of the true missionary spirit breathed by our blessed Master into the souls of his first disciples, when He sent them forth to teach all nations the saving truths of Christianity, and thus to evangelize the world.

“ As in secular affairs worldly ‘knowledge is power,’ so to



the soul Gospel knowledge is salvation; and every Christian resident in India who hides that knowledge in his chamber, or buries it in his field, who is not in some way or other a *missionary* of it to those for whose eternal benefit it was intended equally as for his own, incurs in my opinion a heavy responsibility. My convictions, therefore, as well as my sympathies, are embarked with the Church Missionary Society in their blessed labour to carry the Gospel to the home and to the heart of the people of Southern India.

“To be assured, however, that the Gospel—‘all the counsel of God’—will be faithfully and boldly declared to the heathen, we must be most careful in our choice of means; and devoted as I am by the deepest conviction, as well as by the most solemn pledge to that Church which alone is built upon the Rock, the holy Catholic Apostolic Church of Christ, of which the Church to which we belong is a branch which bringeth forth much fruit, it is with unspeakable satisfaction and comfort that I recognize the determination of the Church Missionary Society that their institution at Madras shall be a nursery, in the fullest and strictest acceptation of the term, of actual members and future ministers of the Church of England. Founded on this principle, it is not presumption, but faith, to say that it must prosper; because we have the strongest reason to believe that the Holy Spirit will assist, and strengthen, and bless those who themselves walk by his light in his paths, and who hold up that light and point out those paths to the people that sit in darkness.

“I pass over the regulations respecting the economy of the Institution, as extremely well adapted for the end they have in view, and from a sense of my own incompetency to offer any suggestions for their improvement; I consider it, however, my duty, and think that it may be agreeable to the Society and to the Madras Committee, to make a few observations on those which relate to the proposed system of education and discipline.

“It is in my judgment most important that the clergymen in charge of the Institution should show themselves not only the

instructors but the friends, *the elder brothers*, of their pupils. They cannot be too firm or too affectionate in their dealings with the malleable minds entrusted to their moulding. It is the clay in the hands of the potter: they may frame it to honour or to dishonour far more easily and decidedly than could be done in a similar institution in England; and every student who passes through their tutorship may come forth thoroughly furnished unto all good works, or may prove a stumbling-block in the way of Christianity which may impede its progress even for years among his countrymen. I would have the Institution, therefore, neither a college nor a school, but that it should partake as far as possible of the character of a preparatory establishment for students for holy orders in a clergyman's family, where, while all things are done decently and in order, discipline is happily blended with the ingenuous freedom of a domestic circle. The benefits which will be derived to the students by such unreserved intercourse between them and their instructors are great and obvious; and were I desirous of gaining a firm hold upon the mind of a pupil, I should prefer an hour's unshackled *talk* with him to a day's lecturing. How beautifully is this exemplified in the parochial system of England, and how affectionately is the Sunday's public discourse recommended and stamped upon the memory of the parishioners by the familiar, *unofficial*, week-day visiting 'from house to house.' In like manner, if a teacher be anxious to *know the heart* as well as to estimate the proficiency of his pupils, he will be with them as much as possible 'at all seasons,' a comforter as well as a reprover, a sharer in their thoughts as well as a judge of their words and actions, a companion as well as a master. Such was our blessed Lord to his apostles and first disciples; such was St. Paul to his converted brethren and catechumens; and such should be the presiding clergymen of a missionary institution to the future catechists and missionaries.

"English must be the language of light and truth as well as of knowledge to the native pupils; and while I would require that they be sufficiently grounded in Greek to enable them to

read the New Testament, not only grammatically and fluently, but with critical accuracy, our English translation not always giving the *full* force to the original, I am satisfied that out of our English literature, the native student, the future catechist and clergyman, must seek that subsidiary aid so indispensable to him who is to be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to convince the gainsayers.

“ But although thus impressed with the great importance of a familiar acquaintance with English to the native pupil, I would not be supposed to overlook the almost equal value of as accurate a knowledge as can be obtained of *his* language on the part of the *instructor*, as I am persuaded that a teacher cannot get at the *heart* of his disciples without it, neither can he form that accurate estimate of their character so indispensable to the superintendent of youth at the seasons of relaxation as well as of study. Most earnestly, then, would I entreat the Rev. Messrs. Gray and Elouis to devote themselves, as much as is reconcilable with their other high and more absorbing duties, to the acquirement of Tamil, which, if they are blessed with what is called a *turn* for foreign languages, they will master more readily by familiar conversation with their pupils, than by the most unwearied application in reading and writing it, although this also is requisite to a certain extent.

“ Highly as I value Biblical knowledge, I would not insist upon the study of Hebrew for the present. The Institution is too *young* for it, and a little Hebrew—it could be but a little, considering the more imperative demand on their time by other more immediately professional studies—might tend to make the majority of the students sciolists, rather than practical scholars fit and ready for the work to which they are to be devoted. I would infinitely rather stipulate for an accurate acquaintance with ecclesiastical history and the sound divines by whom the doctrine and discipline of our Church have been so faithfully and ably expounded.

“ It is indeed most indispensable that the students should attend family prayers every morning and evening; and I am very much pleased with the plan of conducting the devotions

of the Saturday evening with an especial reference to Missionary objects. Will the Committee favour me with information as to what form of prayer is proposed to be used in the Institution ?

“ As a guide to the Committee with reference to the V<sup>th</sup> Regulation, para. 1<sup>st</sup>, I will mention a rule which I have prescribed for myself, and from which it is not my intention to depart except under very peculiar circumstances. I shall feel it my duty henceforth to decline ordaining any person, whether Indo-Briton or native, who has not served at least two years as a catechist in the active discharge of his duties under the superintendence of a missionary having cure of souls.

“ The rule respecting the contracting of a matrimonial engagement by a student appears to me wise, just, and necessary ; and I am disposed to apply this rule equally to Indo-Britons ; because I would not encourage marriage among the former, more than among the latter, while they are members of the Institution.

“ I would not press the miserable question of caste too heavily or too suddenly upon the students. As the Gospel advances in India, caste must recede before it ; for it can no more maintain its hold as a badge of religious superiority on the heart of the real convert to Christianity, than darkness can resist light. At the same time I am persuaded that it is our duty as well as our policy to be as cautious as we are faithful in dealing with it. A renunciation of caste by the lips of a pupil, as a preparatory qualification for admission into the Institution, is of no value whatever ; but if our system of instruction there be adequate to the high and holy object we have in view, it cannot fail of being abjured by him by the time he is ready to be sent forth on missionary labour, if worthy to be sent forth at all. A babe in Christian faith and knowledge, an ignorant unenlightened convert, may in some measure always secretly cling to caste ; but no well-educated catechist or clergyman trained up on the principles of the Institution, however strong and dear may be the lingering prejudices of childhood and early association, will hesitate to eschew a dogma which at

once renders him a pharisee in the sight of God, and a despiser of his poor brethren whom he professes to be leading to Christ.

“Another point to which I would earnestly recommend attention is the amusements of the students; and when I use the term, I do so advisedly, and with a full sense both of its meaning and its importance. There is such a craving in the mind for occupation—and the mind of the native of India is far from being the mere *tabula rasa*, the sheet of blank paper, which it is sometimes imagined—that if it be not directed at all seasons to wholesome food, it will “feed on garbage;” if it cannot procure healthy nourishment, it will seek morbid excitement. It is the want of this salutary mental recreation which has so frequently driven young men of ardent temperaments into drinking, gambling, and other demoralising and ruinous habits; and although the same allurements do not of course exist at Madras as are unhappily to be found in universities in Europe, where the freedom of action is necessarily much greater, and the solicitations of unlawful pleasures far more numerous and less restrained, we must nevertheless expect that our pupils will be taken by ‘such temptations as are common to man;’ and we are bound therefore to anticipate the evil by every reasonable and charitable precaution in our power. I am well aware however that it is much easier to hint a fault than to produce a remedy: and while I strongly object to any system of education which may tend to nourish gloom and moroseness, I am not prepared to offer a specific preventive of a result I should deeply deplore. I can only say generally, that I would encourage at all proper seasons that cheerfulness which is not at all akin to unprofitable levity, and would heartily sanction those occasional recreations which refresh the mind without indisposing it to the most strenuous religious and moral culture, and its necessary consequence, rigorous self-discipline. Might not a slight acquaintance with natural philosophy be encouraged in the Institution? Those who have visited the Elphinstone school at Bombay will not question the power of the natives to acquire it far more profoundly than I wish it to be studied by our pupils. Some knowledge of the rudiments of medicine,

with its concomitant studies of anatomy, chemistry, and botany, which seems to me almost indispensable to a missionary, might be rendered a delightful relaxation. Such a proficiency in music as would enable him to lead the psalm and hymn of thanksgiving and gratitude, he would find a source of much pleasure and comfort both to himself and to his people;—and why should he not be able to superintend the building of a parsonage-house or of a church; and even know enough of rural economy to give a little useful advice in sowing and cropping, the management of cattle, or the improvement of a plough?

“ I throw out these crude hints for the consideration and better judgment of those to whom the charge and interests of the students are more immediately committed; but, convinced that knowledge is happiness as well as power, and that a clergyman who seeks *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness cannot know too much, provided that what he knows be good and profitable, I have felt it my duty to offer them. I repeat, that the students of our Institution, in order to thrive in body and soul, must be amused as well as instructed; and why not allow them at all proper seasons to gain instruction, equally valuable to themselves and their people, through the medium of innocent and refreshing amusement?

“ Many other suggestions connected with this interesting institution press themselves on my mind; but as they must be equally obvious to all its friends and well-wishers, I will not protract my already long letter by recapitulating them. The one thing needful, the teaching of the Gospel to the students in all its purity and integrity, that they may teach others also, it is needless for me to dwell upon; but that it may go forth throughout this diocese, conquering and to conquer, is emphatically the object of the Church Missionary Society, as I humbly hope it is my own; and most firmly do I believe that the bread thus cast upon the waters, the word of the Lord thus sent under his grace and blessing from England to India, shall not return unto Him void, but shall prosper in the thing whereto He hath sent it. It shall give seed to the sower, and

bread to the eater: until the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.

“ Believe me, Rev. and dear Sir,

“ Your very faithful Servant and Brother,

“ G. T. MADRAS.

“ The Reverend G. H. Evans,

“ *Acting Clerical Secretary.*”

(B.)

It has been argued, that the licensing of catechists would be to make a new order in the Church. The argument, I confess, does not alter my opinion that they ought to be licensed. Surely it would not be the *licensing* of those men that would tend to form a new order among us: *that is done already* by the employment of laymen to do that clerical work, which our missionary Church, were she strong enough, would most gladly do for herself. Think what catechists actually do in India. They preach publicly; they teach from house to house; they give the children of the place the only general knowledge, such as it is, that they can possibly obtain; they help most largely in preparing both them and adults for baptism; they pray with the sick; they rebuke the wicked; they confirm the wavering; they dispute with the heathen; they bring sinners to God; they bear the cross of Christ as his ministers bear it, they do in short every thing that clergymen do, except that they do not administer the sacraments;—and who shall say that these men do not form *de facto* an ecclesiastical order in the Missionary Church? Nobody can wish more heartily than I do that all our missionary work could be done by duly ordained clergymen; but as we cannot change the actual state of things for a better, let us at least make the best of such things as we have: and as in our present weakness we cannot get on without catechists, but on the contrary are obliged to entrust to them a *cure of souls*—for to that it really amounts—it seems to me,

I own, far more suitable to church order and discipline to bind them to the bishop by a licence, than to let them be employed *as mere hired servants*. In fact, the catechists, or lay-assistants, or whatever they may be called, are licensed by the bishops in our North American dioceses, where the climate allows the clergyman to be a much more active overlooker than he can be here; and I shall never cease to urge a point essential, in my opinion, to the full carrying out of the mission of the Church to the natives of Southern India. In the mean time the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts has directed at my request, instantly and with that affectionate and unhesitating confidence in the Bishop for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, that no catechist in this diocese receiving the Society's pay is to be henceforth dismissed without the sanction of the diocesan: and I venture to hope that a similar boon will be granted ere long to *their* catechists by the Church Missionary Society. Our Church directs in her seventy-seventh canon that none are to teach school without licence from the Bishop: but what was the schoolmaster's charge in England compared with the catechist's charge in India?

The plan which I have hinted at in the text may, I think, be carried out easily and profitably. I would wish to license the best catechists at every station; such men as have gained the confidence of the missionary by their piety, faithfulness, and general ability for the work committed to them. These and these alone I would style catechists: all the rest, call them assistant catechists, teachers, readers, or what you will, might be ranked in a lower class, and placed in *every* respect *entirely* under the clergyman with whom they labour. I have not the slightest fear that any evil or even inconvenience will spring from such an arrangement; while the present anomalous state of things will be in some measure cured by it. The missionary moreover will thus have a better representative in those parts of his usually vast district which he can seldom visit; because the catechist will feel himself more decidedly in an office of trust and honour: and the whole missionary body will be



bound together closely, and upon a system as nearly approaching to church rule and discipline as time and place will allow.

---

(C.)

Both in Travancore and Tinnevely I observed with great thankfulness among our clergy a strong attachment to sound Church principles, and a strong desire that those principles should be really made known to their people. In the former province, where the little flock of Anglo-catholic Christians is hemmed in on every side by Romanists and Syrians, it seemed to me very much to be wished that the most solemn ceremonial of the Church of England, the ordination of one of her ministers, should have taken place before their eyes, so that they might see with what faithful care, and under what awful promises and vows, we send our ministers forth. Circumstances however, which I have no need or wish to dwell upon, hindered me from holding an ordination at Cottayam, where through God's mercy it might fairly have been reckoned upon as likely to have produced a good and lasting effect on the minds of many who know not what our Church is, and almost question if it be a Church at all.

It having been a subject of friendly debate whether the Bishop of Madras has a right to exercise *spiritual* authority—the *only* authority ever claimed by me—over the clergy of the Church of England located in that province, I may perhaps be excused if I introduce here, merely by way of placing it upon record, my address to those clergymen, sent to them just before my late visitation of the district.

“ *To the Reverend the Missionary Clergy of the Church of England,  
resident in Travancore.*

“REVEREND AND DEAR BRETHREN,

“The overland mail having brought me the judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the question which has long been

amicably and conscientiously at issue between us, wherein his Grace fully recognizes the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishops of Madras over all clergymen of the Church of England ministering in Travancore, I hasten to communicate to you intelligence in which all who love that Church will cordially rejoice.

“ It is my duty candidly to tell, you that the Archbishop’s decision in this matter is not based upon the question as to how far the Bishops of Madras might legally enforce canonical obedience upon clergymen of our Church located in a foreign territory, because no precise data upon this point are before him, although his Grace evidently interprets my letters-patent as I interpret them ; but that it rests upon the grand Church principle, that clergymen thus situated, are bound to place themselves if possible under episcopal superintendence, and that the Bishop under whose superintendence the Travancore clergy should seek to place themselves is the Bishop of Madras ; and it follows, as a consequence of this principle, that those who should refuse the Bishop of Madras’s licence, and who should deny his authority thus recognized by the Primate, would be guilty of a great breach of faithfulness to the Church, to the maintenance of which they have been most solemnly pledged in the sight of God and man. I cannot contemplate the possibility of any of the clergy in Travancore still hesitating to accept my licence ; but should there be such an one among you, brethren, I say to him that, while perhaps he may be free in law to refuse, I have done my duty to the Church in offering it ; and that the consequence of his refusal, which involves in my opinion a direct breach of duty to the Church in a point of very great importance to the due fulfilment of her mission in Southern India, will doubtless be laid to his charge.

“ I am not conscious of any difference of opinion between us as to the *desirableness* of your being placed under episcopal superintendence ; the only doubt I believe on your part was, of its *lawfulness*. This doubt, so far as we ministers of the Church are concerned, is now removed by the sentence of him whose praise is indeed in all the churches, our most venerable and venerated Primate ; and we shall no longer trouble our-

selves with legal casuistries and *lay* definitions upon a point on which, as clergymen, we cannot but be unanimous.

“ You were already aware of my intention, with the permission and blessing of God, to pass some time among you on my way to Tinnevely as your guest, friend, and fellow-labourer : and although I now propose to visit you as your Bishop, those relations will not be changed ; as I shall still equally claim your hospitality, shall still equally endeavour to win your confidence and affection, and shall still be equally ready to lighten your burthen by sharing it. That my own cares and responsibility will be much augmented by this decision of the Primate is a consideration purely personal ; and I must humbly hope that He who strengthens the feeble knees, and holds up them that would otherwise fall, will graciously enable me to bear the additional weight thus laid upon one who most fully acknowledges his weakness and insufficiency. The only increase which it will bring to *your* labour is the preparation on so short a notice of your candidates for confirmation ; but for this solemn and apostolic rite, those who have been brought up in your schools upon the only principles on which they could be brought up there, and who have knelt in prayer and listened in faith in your churches, must be in a great measure prepared already. For what is our Catechism but an exposition of those gospel doctrines of pardon and salvation, freely offered through the all-atoning sacrifice of the cross to all who will accept and keep the terms of the covenant, which are every where held in our liturgical services, and preached to them every Sabbath-day by you, their spiritual pastors and masters ? I trust therefore that the shortness of the time allowed for the preparation of your candidates will not alarm you. Bring them to me in that state of mind and with that knowledge of Christianity which boys and girls of fourteen years of age ought to possess, who have been educated in a Christian school under the direction of a clergyman, and the immediate superintendence of a conscientious and competent catechist, and I shall be most ready to receive them.

“ Episcopal licences will be forthwith prepared for the clergy

of the district ; and I shall offer to every one of you a document, which when accepted will give you a legal claim upon me for advice, and if need be for protection ; and it will oblige you in return to such canonical obedience to your Bishop ' in all things lawful and honest,' as I am convinced you will never hesitate to pay. Nor can I imagine a more delightful and comforting intercourse than that which exists between a body of licensed clergy and their diocesan, and which will now doubtless be established between you and me. It is a bond of mutual brotherly love and brotherly kindness, by which, while wholesome and godly discipline is maintained in the Church of which we are all ministering members, instead of inefficient because isolated labours which too often fail in attaining the mark, not from incorrectness of aim, but from want of that strength which can only be imparted by combination and unity, the whole body of a Christian Church works together for good, in the promotion of God's glory and man's salvation, in obedience to Him who hath said ' Go ye,' not thou, an insulated individual, but ye, in your collective capacity, my priests and ministers and missionaries of my Church—' go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

" Brethren, I commend myself to your prayers ; and I trust that you will henceforth always find me in conduct, what ' from the first day that I came into Asia' I have been in heart,

" Your very faithful and affectionate

" G. T. MADRAS.

" Kotagherry,  
" Oct. 23, 1840."

I am bound to add that my licence, offered upon these terms, was accepted by them eagerly, and in the genuine spirit of faithful clergymen.

## (D.)

The following address was presented to me when I took leave of my brethren in Tinnevely; and every Churchman who reads it will thank God that the clergy of that important missionary district feel, and open their mouth to speak boldly, their filial love to the Church which sent them forth to labour in India.

*“ To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Madras.*

“ May it please your Lordship,

“ After the completion of the important and arduous duties which your Lordship has been called upon to perform in this province, we, the undersigned clergy, desire before your Lordship's departure to express our gratitude to Almighty God for the good Providence which hath brought your Lordship among us at this time; for those privileges which our people have enjoyed; and the strength, encouragement, and consolation, which we have derived ourselves from your Lordship's presence and counsel, and from those expressions of approbation of our plans and labours which your Lordship has been pleased to make upon several occasions.

“ Your Lordship having been the first to exercise episcopal functions among the congregations of this province, we are fully persuaded that your visit will form an important era in the Tinnevely missions, and that the identity of the infant Church here with the mother Church of England, will, in some degree at least, be traceable hereafter to your Lordship's visit among us. Permit us to assure your Lordship that it will be our constant effort to model all proceedings after the pattern of the Apostolic Church of England, and teach those doctrines, and observe that ecclesiastical discipline, which we recognized by our solemn vows, when entrusted with the stewardship of the mysteries of the Gospel.

“ And that order may be maintained, and strength and unity given to our plans, we most sincerely hope and pray that no

very long interval may elapse before we shall again have the pleasure of welcoming your Lordship among us; and then, not compelled by urgent circumstances to pass rapidly from one station to another, but to tarry with each of us such a length of time, as may enable your Lordship, without fatigue, to examine into the details of our work, and the character of the people under our care.

“Your Lordship may rely on our devoted attachment. You will live in our affections, and be remembered in our daily prayers. May the light of our Saviour’s countenance shine upon your soul, cheer you in difficulties, and sustain your Lordship’s heart in seasons of affliction and disappointment! May He endue you with the abundance of grace and wisdom,—with the seven-fold gifts and graces of his Holy Spirit; and long spare your life, and make you a blessing to the Church in this land!

“And permit us in conclusion to entreat your Lordship to bear us and our work in continual remembrance at the throne of grace.

“(Signed) CHAS. BLACKMAN,  
AUG. FRE. CAEMERER,  
EDWARD DENT,  
JOHN DEVASAGAYAM,  
GEO. HEYNE,  
STEPHEN HOBBS,  
J. J. MÜLLER,  
GEORGE PETTITT,  
J. THOMAS.”

A devotedness to their Church, equally strong, prevails among the clergy of Travancore, and I was assured by them again and again, that they were most thankful to be placed at last directly under a bishop of their own. Of our Tanjore mission I shall not speak at present—as I hope, should God grant me life and strength, to pass some time there in the course of this year—except to say that it is very dear to me.

The Church of England is indeed essentially a Missionary Church throughout Southern India : and every clergyman, to do much good here, must *be*, whatever he may be called, a missionary in his heart : for he must feel, that he has been sent hither to teach and preach to many, even of his own countrymen, who have not yet heard what they *are*, the doctrine, sacraments, and discipline of Christ, as held and set forth by the Church of England. That our Church system is admirably calculated for missionary work among the *natives*, is well known to those who have passed any time in the neighbourhood of our missionary stations.

THE END.









00088254

Due Date:  
30 NOV, 1964

V

