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THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLENER.

1869.

"THIS IS THE FRUIT OF IT."—NUMBERS xiii. 27.

VOL. XIX.

LONDON:
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET;
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CONTENTS.

Missionary Intelligence.

	PAGE		PAGE
WEST AFRICA.			
The Bullom Shore	67	A preaching tour	106
Native life in British Quiah	7, 8	Mallapalli, Travancore	111
		Travancore—the work there	121
YORUBA.		CEYLON.	
Akibode	39	The Tamil Cooly Mission	19
Good News from Ibadan	51	Adam's Peak	29
NIGER.		Early spring in the Mission Gardens of Ceylon	41
Bonny, Brass and Akassa	27	The late Rev. J. A. De Livera	81
MEDITERRANEAN.		Jubilee Meeting at Kandy	91
Explorations beyond the Jordan	2	CHINA.	
Constantinople : Letters of Rev. Dr. Koelle, 129, 136		Our Chinese Converts	6
BOMBAY AND WESTERN INDIA.		Selections from notes of a tour in China	69, 82
Bombay and its motley population	109	Sketches of Missionary work in the vicinity of Ningpo	125
CALCUTTA AND NORTH INDIA.		JAPAN.	
The sifting process	3	Japan	36
Rajpootana	13, 32	Commencement of our Mission	63
The Hindu Village	22	MADAGASCAR.	
The Punjab	25	Death of Queen Rasoherina and accession of Ranavalomanjaka to the throne	8
The Koombars	37	NORTH-WEST AMERICA.	
The Deraját	34	Moose Factory, Hudson's Bay	1
Kotgurh	59	The half-breeds on the Red River, 49, 61	
Some thoughts about the river Sone	85	Fort Simpson, Mackenzie River	73
The Fishermen at the mouth of the Ganges	127	MISCELLANEOUS.	
Zenana fruits	132	Scripture arithmetic	10
The Secundra Orphanage, near Agra	138	A Sermon on Tithes at Harpoot, by Blind Johannes	44
Peshawur	140	The Blind teaching the Lame	57
MADRAS AND SOUTH INDIA.		Catherine Eckhard of Lovedale, South Africa	71
Lord Napier's visit to Palamcottah	16	Thibet	97
Death of a Native Agent in Travan- core	18	Perils on the Deep	102
Ellore and Bezvara	38	English Mission in Cairo	115
Razu and the Kois	52	The Chamba Mission	119
Baptism of a Sudra youth at Ma- sulipatam	94	Zulu Land	142
The first Brahmin Baptism in Tinne- velly	101		

CONTENTS.

Prose.

	PAGE
Speech of Rev. W. W. Kirkby	74, 88

Poetry.

The Present and the Future	7	Lines by James Montgomery	102
The Shepherd trusts	21	The Useful Life	105
Labour for Christ	31	Philippians i. 21	111
"Coming"	48	"The Mournings of such as are in Captivity"	126
The Gain of Loss	56	Can you live without Jesus?	139
A Missionary Hymn of Praise	66		
"Even so, come Lord Jesus"	98		

Illustrations.

Moose Church, James' Bay	(Frontispiece).
Town and Hill Fort of Khetree, Rajpootana	13
Crossing the Beas, a river in the Punjab	25
Koombar making a smelting furnace for copper ore	37
"Wigwam," a half-breed Ojibeway	49
Portrait of "Susan," a Swampy Half-breed	61
Fort Simpson Station, Mackenzie River	73
Crossing the river Sone	85
Scene on the Tumber at the lower limit of firs	79
Specimens of the population of Bombay	109
View of Cottayam, Travancore	121
The Wall at the Secundra Orphanage	133

261
14-7



THE
 CHURCH MISSIONARY
 CLEANER.

No. 1.

JANUARY, 1869.

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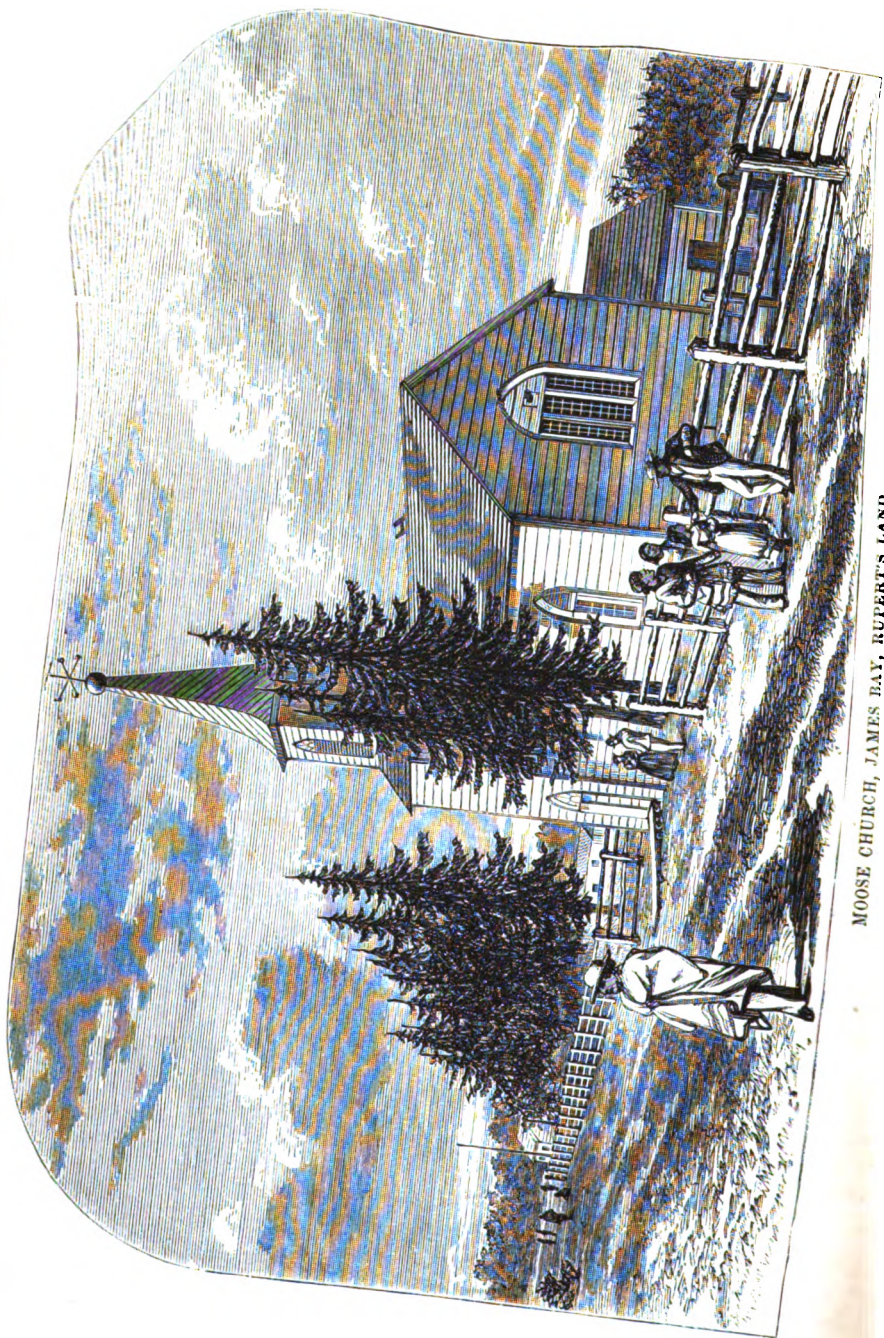
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MOOSE CHURCH, JAMES BAY, RUPERT'S LAND.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MOOSE FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY.

OUR friends throughout the country, at whose anniversary meetings the Rev. J. Horden was so welcome, and who listened with so much pleasure and profit to his earnest advocacy of Missionary work, will be pleased to read the following letter from him, dated September 7, 1868, from his remote station at Moose Factory, Hudson's Bay—

The Bishop of Rupert's Land has been amongst us. He has looked out and examined the work. He has questioned the native Christians; he has seen with his own eyes; he has heard with his own ears; and I know that what he has seen and heard has enabled him to endorse to the full all that has been said and written by Bishop Anderson respecting this district.

The Bishop arrived at Moose on June 26th, meeting a large brigade of Moose Indians on his way down, and who were then on a journey in the employ of the Hudson's-Bay Company. Another large brigade had gone in a different direction. Consequently, on his arrival at Moose the number of Indian men was very small: nevertheless, on the Sunday our church was nearly full.

On Monday morning we left together in a canoe for Rupert's House, a post which had hitherto never received the visit of a Bishop, and which I was very anxious should obtain that privilege on the present occasion. Our voyage was a most favourable one: nothing could have been more propitious than the weather, and a journey which has frequently occupied me six or seven days, we now accomplished in somewhat less than two.

We were a little late in arriving, as some of the Island Indians had already taken their departure. Enough, however, yet remained to give us full employment during our stay there. I was at work early and late; and the greater part of each day was likewise devoted by the Bishop to the examination of the candidates for confirmation. The examination was not a nominal or a trivial one, but one which fully tried the extent of their knowledge, and the effect which that knowledge had had on the formation of their character. I was gratified, sometimes surprised, at the answers elicited by the questions. I could not but bow my head in thankfulness to Him who had given such increase to my planting and watering.

The Bishop confirmed seventy-eight, and twenty for the first time met around the table of the Lord. We left Rupert's House early on the following Monday morning, for we had a long week's journey before us, that of going by Albany, without calling in at Moose. In this, too, we were much favoured, reaching Albany on Saturday at noon. On Sunday,

twenty-five were confirmed. Our stay at Albany was longer than we had intended. The weather became very bad. The first day of our return journey we proceeded only four miles, the rain descending in torrents, and continuing almost the whole day. We did not reach Moose until noon on the Sunday, having consumed the whole of our provisions.

In the afternoon we had an Indian service and confirmation, together with a celebration of the sacrament. In his address the Bishop expressed the great gratification he had felt in his tour through this portion of my district, and said that the Indians he had met with here possessed more knowledge of pure truth than is to be found among the rural population of England.

On Tuesday, July 21, the Bishop departed for Canada, and I proceeded to dive into the interior, to carry the Gospel to one of the outposts of my district. My destination was Matawakumme. My first Sunday was passed at the Long Portage. It is nearly five miles in length. I staid with a Christian Indian family, in whom is exemplified, in a remarkable degree, the power of the Gospel.

The first winter I was in the country, Usinamakos and his wife had murdered their children, and one of them under circumstances of deep atrocity. I now found Moses one of the most gentle of men, kind, affectionate; and never have I met with any one, either here or in England, more desirous of attending to the wants of their Missionary visitor. We passed the day as became those who are looking forward to a rest above. He is now the trusted agent of the Hudson's-Bay Company, in charge of a store containing an abundance of everything necessary for Indian trade, and was faithful to his trust. It was necessary for him to send an account of his charge to the gentleman under whose order he acted. He accordingly took paper, and in a letter, which I afterwards saw, in a most satisfactory manner entered into all particulars, his difficulties, his great anxiety respecting the safety of the property, as the forest was on fire at no great distance from him. In fact, the letter was such an one as would have been no discredit to a tolerably well-educated Englishman.

At Matawakumme I was employed morning, noon and night, the people showed so much anxiety to learn the truths of Christianity. I was privileged to baptize thirty-five persons, and for the first time the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at the post. The difficulty I found there was the want of food. You can have no idea how pressing the difficulty is, and many Indians were obliged to leave before me, as they could not procure food at the place.

On my way down I passed another Sunday with Moses, his family having now increased by his only daughter having given birth to a child a few days previous. As the grandparents fondled the little stranger, and testified excessive joy at its appearance, I could not help thinking of the transactions of a former year, and thank God for the change which had been effected.

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#### EXPLORATIONS BEYOND THE JORDAN.

**OUR** Missionary, the Rev. F. A. Klein, of Jerusalem, has crossed the Jordan, and penetrated into lands often mentioned in the pages of



## EXPLORATIONS BEYOND THE JORDAN.

the Old Testament, where Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan, once had their kingdoms; and which, when wrested from them, became the portion of the pastoral tribes—Reuben, Gad, and the half-tribe of Manasseh; but amidst whose deserted cities and over whose forsaken hills and plains, the Bedouin Arabs of modern days roam, so as to render it unsafe for strangers to enter in, unless the protection of the Sheikhs has been secured by a good round sum. Our Missionary has been through those regions, and yet has paid no black mail, a feat which we do not think any other European could succeed in doing.

He has forwarded to the Secretaries a very full account of his researches, too long for the pages of the "Gleaner." But a brief letter, which preceded the journal as an *avant courier*, will just suit our purpose.

Sept 22—I had hoped to be able by this post to forward to the Society the narrative of my journey to the trans-Jordanic country, which I have happily been able at last to carry out, not indeed without some danger and several adventures; but still without being attacked by Bedouins, or suffering materially from the heat while travelling in the valley of Jordan and the Ghor, on the south side of the Dead Sea. On that journey I reached Jebel Ojlun, north of the river Zerka (the Tabbok), passing by the famous Jerasch (Gerasa), and visited people who had never been visited before by an European Missionary. After having visited several places in Jebel Ojlun, a beautiful woodland country, I went to Salt (Ramoath Gilead), from thence, by way of Ammân (Rabbath Amon) or Philadelphia, a splendid ruined place, and Hesban and Diban to Kirek, which I have long been wishing to visit, and where there are about 200 Christians and 800 Moslem families, living almost like Bedouins, having very little intercourse with their more civilized brethren on the west-side of the Jordan. From Kirek I returned to Jerusalem, across the Ghor, south of the Dead Sea and Hebron, and fatigued indeed from the journey of twenty-one days through desert countries, but thankful to have been able to visit those districts east of Jordan, so sadly in want of spiritual instruction, and still hitherto so much neglected, because rendered so inaccessible by the hordes of wild Bedouins roving about in the Balka, that paradise of the Bedouin tribes. I shall hope to send you the journal by next post, and I trust it will interest the Society, and our friends at home in general, to hear something of the state of things in that "terra incognita," and stir them up to do something to rescue its poor neglected inhabitants from their spiritual and moral misery.

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### THE SIFTING PROCESS.

LET our readers peruse the few fragments which we have gathered from letters received from various parts of India. They will then understand what difficulties a Hindu has to overcome in leaving heathenism and embracing Christianity. How mightily does it not

need that the Spirit of God should work in the hearts of men that they may have resolution to break forth from their chains and fetters? And yet all this is wisely ordered. When, in a great country like India, the foundations of a Christian church are being laid, it is essential that the materials employed should be the very best; and it becomes necessary that some testing process should be in action, which should detect such stones as have a flaw, and at least secure, at the beginning of the work, a preponderance of such persons as are thoroughly in earnest. These trials are made to work for such an end.

The following case is mentioned by the Rev. F. Schurr, of Kishnagurh:—

In a village about three miles from Kapasdanga resides a small shop-keeper, who formerly used to be exceedingly indifferent to my preaching. However, about a year ago he seemed to awaken from his stupor, and listened attentively to the story of God's wonderful love. I gave him a Gospel to read for himself. He, being old and infirm, was at last confined to his house, where I lately visited him. He was glad to see me, and asked me to sit near him in the verandah, when I read and explained to him portions of the New Testament, especially such as testify of God's love to fallen mankind, as revealed in Jesus. He was rejoiced to hear of forgiving grace, and a Saviour who can still deliver him from his multitude of sins. I knelt down and prayed with him, some men and women of his family being present. One or two days after, I was told by the reader that the whole family was much pleased, so I went again and found ready acceptance. The penitent man asked again and again, "Can my sins be forgiven?" I said "Yes; only believe that God has sent His beloved son into this world to save sinners. He can and will save you. Hold fast this assurance." He said he would; yet the devil was trying to dissuade him, and his relatives and friends too. I besought him to hold fast the blessed hope of the Gospel.

On the 14th instant I went again to him, and found two priests and some other people there, who had just finished the wedding ceremonies of the old man's daughter. He at once called me up into the verandah. I read and explained Luke vii., about Simon and the woman, and read other portions of the New Testament, proving Jesus' love to penitent sinners, and all seemed pleased, especially the old man, who again told me that he was hard beset not to believe in what I said, yet he found my words so comfortable he wished to die with them. I exhorted him not to mind any one—not Satan's advice—but only to trust in Jesus, and, praying with him, I left for home.

On Monday, the 16th, the catechist came that way, and the old man complained to him that his relatives and others upbraided him for permitting me to sit in the verandah, and to teach him and pray with him. If he continued to do so they would exclude him and his daughter from caste. Behold, Doeg, the Edomite! The vile Brahmins have unsettled the poor old man, and he has asked the catechist to tell me not to visit him again. May the Lord have mercy upon him! I am in agony for him; Lord, help!

The next cases are from the Burdwan district, and are hopeful and encouraging.

There have been inquirers during the year ; and amongst them two have persevered to the point of professing their faith in Christ in the ordinance of baptism : they are both of them men of about thirty years of age, and have embraced Christianity upon a firm and intelligent conviction of its truth. The first of them was a Brahmin by caste, but of limited education : his home is within twenty miles of Burdwan, but he had been for some time employed at a distant station in conjunction with the police. While thus engaged he frequently met native Christians, and had opportunities of hearing Christ preached. At these, he tells me, he frequently acted as an opponent of the truth, and argued against the Missionary preacher. Meanwhile he formed a friendship with a native Christian, engaged in the same police force with himself. With his Christian friend he had constant conversation on religion ; and the result, under the Spirit's teaching, was a rising, though secret persuasion of the truth of Christianity. His convictions were, however, repressed until an unforeseen accident decided him. He was bitten by a mad dog about two years ago, and though the fatal consequences were averted, he became subject to occasional great mental excitement. It was immediately after this accident that the whole of his past life seemed to rise in memory before him, and more particularly he was seized with a sense of great grief at having opposed Christ and Christian preachers, against his inmost convictions. He believed, however, that pardon could be obtained even for him, through Christ, against whom he had struggled, and he resolved to embrace at the earliest opportunity the faith which once he endeavoured to destroy. The illness which succeeded his accident was the cause of his losing his work, and it also for a time prevented him from carrying out his design of embracing Christianity. At length, however, he came to Burdwan, and presented himself to me as a candidate for baptism. He was kept for a while under probation, and all signs of mental excitement or aberration having disappeared, I at length baptized him, to his very great joy. One satisfactory particular in his case is, that he has not hitherto been obliged to look to us for temporal support, as is so frequently the case with inquirers. He was, soon after his baptism, employed as a colporteur for the sale of Bibles and portions of Scripture. An unfavourable change has, however, I am sorry to say, taken place in his career : a state of great excitement has again set in, incapacitating him for his occupation. He has become liable to remarkable fancies, and particularly labours under the fear that there is no salvation for him. He however appears to have great trust in the power of prayer ; and we may therefore well believe that this time of trial will yet pass away. Still, on account of some circumstances, I can speak of him with only very mingled hopes.

The other convert, Krishna, is also a Brahmin of high caste : his father was a leading pundit at Santipore, the great seat of Brahminical learning in Bengal. Various causes have, in the good providence of God, worked together to induce his conversion to Christianity. His father, though an influential Hindu and a Guru, was a liberal-minded man, who had often conversed with Christian Missionaries : he always said his sons

should be free to follow their convictions in matters of religion. Krishna, after leaving school, was sent to a Government training college, presided over by a native teacher of particularly enlightened views, but not a Christian. There it was that Krishna's faith in Hinduism was completely shaken, and he became a believer in the Brahmoist system. He was, however, at heart discontented, and this especially because that system afforded no hope or plea to a conscience burdened with a sense of sin: it provided no atonement. Meanwhile a younger brother, who had been a pupil in a Missionary English school, had embraced Christianity. This drew his attention more strongly to Christ. Fear, however, restrained him from an open confession of faith and he strove against his convictions. Twice he set out from his home to seek a Missionary, and twice his resolution failed him, and he returned. At length he made up his mind to come to Burdwan, as it was at a distance from his home and Hindu friends, and he hoped the place would suit his health, which was at that time very poor. It was thus that he met with the first-mentioned convert, who in his turn brought him to me. After a period of probation, he too was admitted to the Christian church by baptism. Krishna has exhibited many signs of sincerity in his profession of faith in Christ; his belief is a steady and intelligent one. He has had to give up much in embracing Christianity; he is now despised by those who looked up to his father as a god. He fears to visit his parental home, as he might be forcibly driven away by the neighbours; or if this did not occur, he would not be able to obtain an interview with his own wife.

The next case is mentioned by the Rev. W. T. Sathianadhan, native minister, of Madras.

*June 3*—I know you will unite with me in praising God for the interesting event which took place this morning. The young woman we spoke to you about so often has at length been enabled, by God's grace, to take the important step. She came to our house this morning with an earnest desire for Christian baptism: this was reported to her mother, sister, and other relatives. The sister came first, and besought her to go and see her mother, who was very ill. This was of course false, and the young woman told her plainly that it was her full purpose to receive Christian baptism. Then her sister became very boisterous, and tried to pull her with violence. The police interfered and put a stop to it. Then the mother came, and she behaved very nicely indeed. She was in tears, and begged and entreated her daughter, in a tone truly touching, to go home with her. Her uncle, too, was present, but the Lord enabled this dear sister to stand firm. The parties then dispersed. I do not know what further trials await her, but so far the Lord hath helped us, and we may feel sure that He will continue His help and direction. She broke her caste and dined with us for the first time. May the Lord keep her humble and steadfast unto the end! Please remember her in your prayers.

---

#### OUR CHINESE CONVERTS.

OUR readers are aware that the work of conversion to Christianity is going on encouragingly in China. Both from the Che-kiang and

the Fuh-chau province, tidings reach us of men and women casting off heathenism, and professing Christianity.

Everything depends on the reality of the converts. If they be not genuine, they are not only no gain, but a positive injury to the work; and so far as they are themselves concerned, they are in a worse state than they were before.

It is therefore very satisfactory to find that the Rev. A. E. Moule, in a letter dated Ningpo, July 10th, 1868, is enabled thus to speak of the native Christians under his charge.

With reference to our work during the past quarter, we have found it hard to hold our own. Thank God, the work and the converts are not, we trust, ours, otherwise utter failure and complete declension would most probably have been the result. As it is, however, and with God's blessing, although in Sœn-poh and Hangchow the troubles to which I alluded in my last quarterly letter have been sadly trying and perplexing, we have yet held on. The baptisms during the half-year have been above the average, viz. twenty-one adults and eleven children. There have been three deaths—three old men have, I trust, gone to their eternal rest. Two of the three we could ill spare; for in Tsóng-gyiao and Sœn-poh districts they were, as private and unpaid Christians, shining lights in zeal and earnest piety, and also eagerly desirous to bring others to the Saviour. The third was a member of the Lake church, a sincere Christian, but, from age and infirmity, not so marked a Christian as the others.

To the above I may add a cheering testimony to the character of some of our converts, which I heard a few days ago from a good Baptist Missionary, Herr Barchet. He told me that he was preaching in a village a few days ago, and that for some time the people were most unwilling to listen, but at last a man came forward and said, "I know some Christians, and queer people they are too. If you abuse them, they won't give you a word of abuse back; and when their worship-day comes, nothing can induce them to work. They live at Dzang-ko, (one of our old out-stations, at present without a resident catechist)." Upon this the people became interested, Mr. Barchet had good listeners, and some have begun to attend his chapel regularly since that day. This testimony was especially cheering, because the station has been necessarily much neglected lately, (one of the Christians conducting service); and also from the fact that the Sabbath has been a sore trial in past years to this very Christian; and also a stumbling-block to an old woman who died within the present year.

---

#### THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

It is *still* the path of sorrow  
 Where Jesus leads his flock;  
 It is *still* the desert walk  
 Where we drink the Smitten Rock.  
 But Canaan's goodly hills  
 Are rising now in view,  
 And we march with quickened footsteps  
 To our mansions bright and true.

## DEATH OF QUEEN RASOHERINA

2.

It is *still* the rugged steep  
 The narrow way of life ;  
 It is *still* the warrior's armour  
 In conflict and in strife,  
 But the sound of distant music  
 Falls sweetly on our ears,  
 And we hasten on to glory  
 Through Baca's vale of tears.

3.

It is *still* through tribulation  
 The Conqueror's journey lies ;  
 It is *still* for his redemption  
 The weary pilgrim cries.  
 But the fiery pillar brightens  
 'Mid darkness all around,  
 And the prospect of the morrow  
 Makes hope and joy abound.

4.

It is *still* in faith oft-failing  
 We eat "the Living Bread,"  
*Still* oft hoping and oft fearing  
 We lean upon our God.  
 But we mark the Heavenly City,  
 Still brightening in our view ;  
 The city of the jasper walls,  
 The beautiful, the true !

5.

It is *still* in tears and sorrow,  
 We lay our fond ones down ;  
 The *loving* and the *loved* ones,  
 They've left us and are gone.  
 But our spirits mingle with them  
 On Canaan's crystal sea,  
 Where they're standing now with Jesus,  
 From every conflict free.

6.

And *soon*, in joy and gladness,  
 Beside the throne of God,  
 Shall stand the mighty host,  
 Redeemed by Jesus' blood ;  
 Each golden harp shall vibrate,  
 And wake the new-born strain,  
 Hallelujah to the Saviour,  
 To the Lamb, who once was slain !

~~~~~

 DEATH OF QUEEN RASOHERINA AND ACCESSION OF
 RANAVALOMANJAKA TO THE THRONE OF MADAGASCAR.

We find the following interesting statements in the "Christian Work"—
 The Rev. R. Toy writes—"The guns, announcing the accession of
 Ramoma, sister to the late queen, to the throne, have just been fired.
 She takes the name of Ranavalomanjaka, a name which is not associated
 with very pleasant recollections ; but we must hope and pray that she
 may govern well and reign long.

"The late queen was a heathen, I believe, to the very last ; but she

gave full liberty of conscience to the Christians, and, under her mild reign, Christianity and civilization have made rapid progress. She is said to have had a great dislike to the shedding of blood, and, on this account, executions, except in the case of criminals, have been almost, if not altogether, unknown. I imagine she will be remembered by the people as one of the kindest-hearted and best sovereigns of Madagascar. We cannot wish that her successor should grant more privileges to the Christians than were granted during the nearly five years' reign now brought to a termination.

"She died last night at half-past ten o'clock. Through the doctor, the new queen has sent us word to trust her, as she will be to us the same as her predecessor."

The Rev. W. E. Cousins writes:—"The past month has been a time of political excitement. The late Queen Rasoherina died on Wednesday, April 1st, and on Thursday morning, April 2nd, Ramoma, her cousin, and sister to the late Prince Ramonja, and also to Radama's former rival, Ramboasalama, was proclaimed queen, under the title of Ranavalomanjaka. The prime minister's letter to us announcing this change was all we could wish; and we have good reason to hope the present reign will be perhaps even more favourable to Christianity than that of the late queen. The funeral of Rasoherina took place on Tuesday evening, April 14th. The day following the queen's death the usual proclamation went forth, that all the people—men, women, and children—were to have all their hair cut off. You may imagine how the people all looked, completely shorn of their locks. We could scarcely recognise those we knew best. The queen was buried with a great deal of pomp. Her tomb is a pretty one, built from Mr. Cameron's design, and under his superintendence. In the tomb were placed over 400 dresses, some of which cost more than 100*l*. Her body was wrapped in native lambas. They were about 700 in number, and averaged in price, say 3*l* each. There were also twenty watches, one of which cost 200*l*. I don't know how many ear-rings, and other valuables. Everything the queen was fond of was put in the tomb with her, there to spoil and rot. The coffin was made of dollars beat up into bars, and riveted together so as to form a large oblong box, capable of holding a dozen people (not alive). It cost 22,000 dollars, or over 4000*l*."

The last mail has brought us most gladdening news from Madagascar. God has been graciously pleased so to overrule events there, that the things which happened have all "turned out for the furtherance of the Gospel;" our worst fears have been removed, our highest hopes are exceeded. We are informed that the queen and her government have publicly renounced idolatry, the great national idol has been sent away, and the queen's household attend the ministry of our Missionary, Mr. Toy. The government works have been stopped on the Lord's-day; and a representative of a foreign power, on his way to the capital to obtain a ratification of a commercial treaty, having reached the station on a Saturday night, instead of finding the usual escort, was informed that he could not be received at court until Monday. The eldest son of the prime minister, together with the prime minister's sister, are candidates for church fellowship; the places for Christian worship, both in town and

country, have become crowded to excess; and such is the wonderful eagerness of the people to hear the word of God, that on the Sunday previous to the departure of the last mail, 2450 persons were counted at Mr. Toy's church, while 230 were listeners outside. At another church, on the same day, the whole of the usual congregation turned out to make room for the crowds outside, and thus the heathen might see how anxious the Christians were that they should all hear "the joyful sound." Thus abundantly the word of the Lord has grown and prevailed.

 SCRIPTURE ARITHMETIC.

Numeration.

- Matt. xviii. 10. . . . Despise not *one* of these *little ones*.
 14. . . . It is not the will of your Father that *one* of these should perish.
 Rom. xiv. 12. . . . Every *one* shall give account to God.
 2 Tim. ii. 19. . . . Let every *one* depart from iniquity.
 Dan. vii. 10. . . . *Thousand thousands* ministered.
 Rev. v. 11. . . . and 10,000 times 10,000 stood before Him.
 Heb. xii. 22. . . . An *innumerable* company of angels.
 Rev. vii. 9. . . . A *great multitude* which *no man* could number, of all nations, &c.

Addition.

- Psalms xl. 5. . . . Thy thoughts to usward, O God
 cxxxix. 17, 18. . . . how great the *sum* of them.
 Luke xii. 31. . . . Seek the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be *added unto* you.
 Acts ii. 47. . . . The Lord *added to* the Church daily.
 v. 14. . . . Believers the more *added to* the Lord.
 x. 24. . . . Much people *added to* the Lord.
 2 Pet. i. 5—7. . . . *Add to* your faith, virtue, &c.

Subtraction.

- Matt. xviii. 8. . . . If hand or foot offend, *cut off* and *cast from* thee.
 Luke ix. 23. . . . If any will come after me, let him *deny himself*.
 Eph. iv. 22, 25, 31. . . . *Put off* the old man, *putting away* lying.
 Col. i. 8, 9. . . . *Put off* all these, anger, wrath, malice.
 Rom. xiii. 12. . . . Let us *cast off* the works of darkness.

Multiplication.

- Job xlii. 10. . . . The Lord gave Job *twice as much*.
 Mark x. 29, 30. . . . There is no man that hath forsaken house &c. for my sake but he shall receive a *hundredfold*.
 Psalm xviii. 35. . . . By Thy meekness Thou hast *multiplied* me.
 [marg.]
 Neh. ix. 19, 27. . . . *Manifold* mercies.
 1 Pet. iv. 10. . . . *Manifold* grace of God.
 Eph. iii. 10. . . . *Manifold* wisdom of God.

- Matt. xiii. 22. . . . Forgive thy brother until 70×70 .
 Acts ix. 31. . . . The Churches walking in the fear of God were
multiplied.
 2 Cor. ix. 10. . . . He that ministereth seed to the sower *multiply*
 your seed sown, and *increase* the fruits of
 your righteousness.
 2 Pet. i. 2. . . . } Grace, mercy, peace and love be *multiplied*.
 Jude 2. . . . }

Division.

- Isaiah liii. 12. . . . Therefore will I *divide* Him a portion, and He shall
divide the spoil with the strong.
 1 Cor. xii. 11. . . . The Spirit *dividing* to every one severally as He
 will.
 2 Tim. ii. 15. . . . Rightly *dividing* the Word of Truth.
 Heb. iv. 12. . . . The Word of God *dividing* asunder soul and
 spirit, &c.
 Rom. xii. 13. . . . *Distributing* to the necessity of Saints.
 1 Tim. vi. 18. . . . Ready to *distribute*.

Fractions.

Proper.

- Rom. xii. 4, 5. . . . We being *many* are one body in Christ, and every
 one *members* one of another.
 1 Cor. xii. 12—27. . . . Ye are the body of Christ and *members* in particular.

Improper.

- 1 Cor. i. 10. . . . I beseech you that there be *no schisms*.
 12, 13. . . . One saith *I am of Paul*, another *I of Apollos*, *I of*
Cephas, *I of Christ*. Is Christ divided?
 1 Cor. xi. 18. . . . I hear there be *schisms* among you.

Profit and Loss, and Exchange.

- Mark viii. 35—37. . . . Whosoever will *save* his life shall *lose* it.
 Whosoever shall *lose* it for my sake shall *save* it.
 What shall it *profit* if he *gain* the whole world and
lose his soul?
 What shall a man give in *exchange* for his soul?
 2 Cor. iv. 17. . . . Our light affliction . . . worketh for us a far more
 exceeding and eternal weight of glory.
 Phil. iii. 7, 8. . . . What things were *gain* I *counted* *loss* for Christ.
 Yea, and I count all things but *loss* for the excel-
 lency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus.

Proportion.

- Deut. xxxiii. 25. . . . *As* thy days *so* shall thy strength be.
 Psalm ciii. 11, 12. . . . *As* heaven is high *so is* His mercy.
As far as the east is from the west, *so far* has He
 removed our sins from us.
 Col. ii. 6. . . . *As* ye have received Christ Jesus, *so* walk ye in
 Him.

Practice.

- Matt. vii. 21. . . . Not every one that saith Lord shall enter, but he that *doeth* the will of my Father.
- Matt. xiii. 23. . . . He that heareth the Word and *understandeth* it, which also *beareth fruit*.
- Gal. v. 22, 23. . . . The *fruits* of the Spirit are love, &c.
- Titus iii. 8. . . . Careful to maintain good works.
- James i. 22. . . . Be ye *doers* of the Word.
- 25—27. . . . Pure religion is this, to *visit* &c., and to *keep himself unspotted* from the world.
- James ii. 18. . . . Show my faith *by my works*.

Progression.

- Matt. x. 22. . . . He that endureth to the end shall be saved.
- Rom. ii. 7. . . . *Patient continuance in well doing*.
- Phil. iii. 14. . . . *I press toward* the mark.
- 1 Cor. xv. 58. . . . *Always abounding* in the work of the Lord.
- Col. ii. 19. . . . Holding the Head from which the body *increaseth with the increase of God*.
- 1 Thes. iv. 1. . . . As ye have received how ye ought to walk, *so abound more and more*.
- Heb. vi. 1. . . . Let us *go on unto perfection*.

Cubic Measure.

- Job xi. 8, 9. . . . Canst thou find out the Almighty? *High as heaven, deeper than hell, larger than earth, broader than the sea*.
- Eph. iii. 18. . . . The *breadth and length and depth and height* of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

*Evolution.**Roots to to be extracted.*

- Deut. xxix. 18. . . . Lest there be any *root* that beareth gall.
- Heb. xii. 15. . . . Looking diligently lest any *root* of bitterness springing up trouble you.

Involution.

- Eph. iii. 17. . . . *Rooted* in love.
- Rev. v. 5. . . . The *Root* of David.
- xxi. 16. . . . I am the *Root* of David.
- Col. ii. 7. . . . *Rooted* in Christ.
- Involving to highest power.*
- Eph. iv. 15. . . . *Grow up into Christ* in all things.
- Rom. vi. 5. . . . If *planted together* in likeness of His death, we shall be also in that of His *resurrection*.
- 1 Cor. xv. 43. . . . Sown in dishonour, *raised in glory*.
Sown in weakness *raised in power*.
- Eph. ii. 6. . . . Quickened in Christ, and *raised up together*, and made to *sit together* in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

CONTENTS.

MOOSE FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY (With a Cut.)	1
EXPLORATIONS BEYOND THE JORDAN	2
THE SIFTING PROCESS	3
OUR CHINESE CONVERTS	6
POETRY—THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE	7
DEATH OF QUEEN RASOHERINA AND ACCESSION OF RANAVALO- MANJAKA TO THE THRONE OF MADAGASCAR	8
SCRIPTURE ARITHMETIC	10

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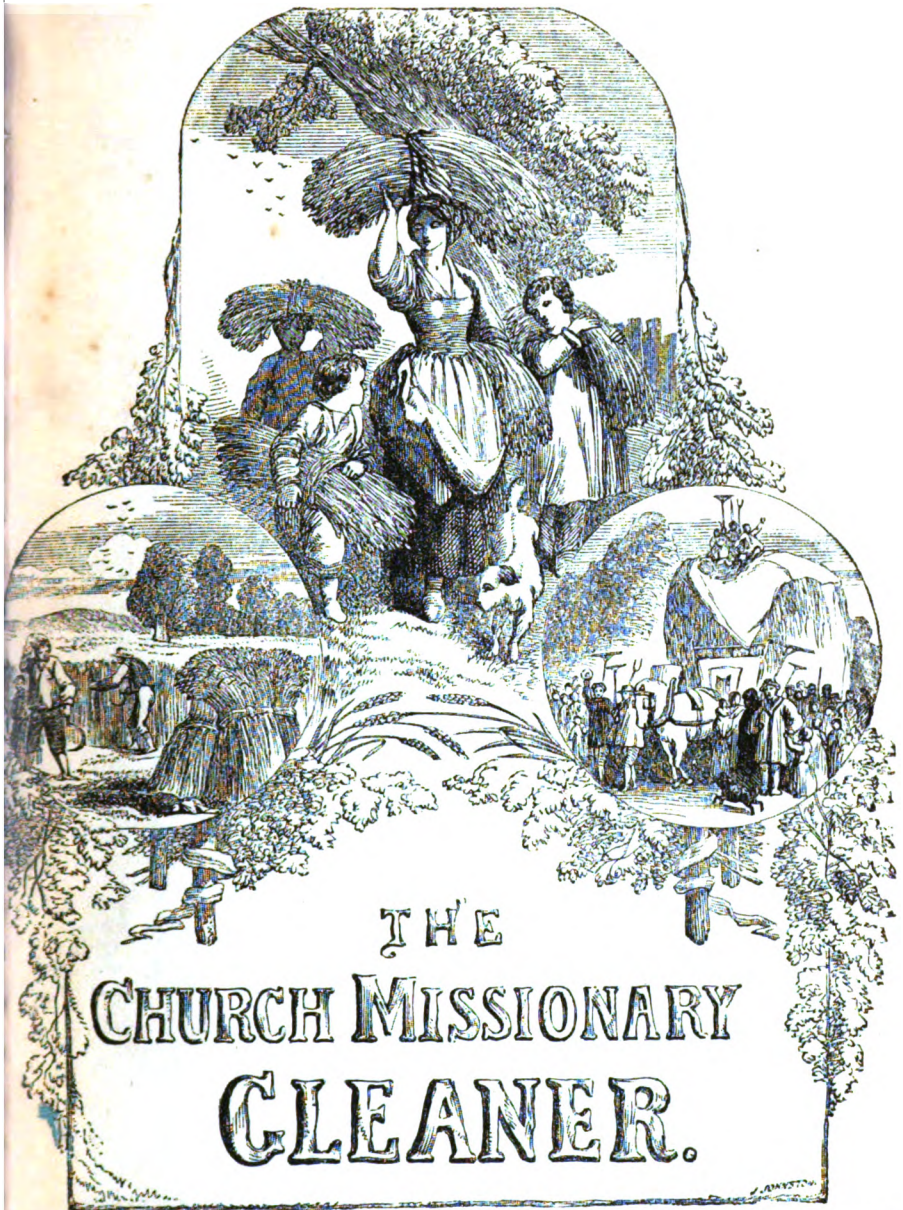
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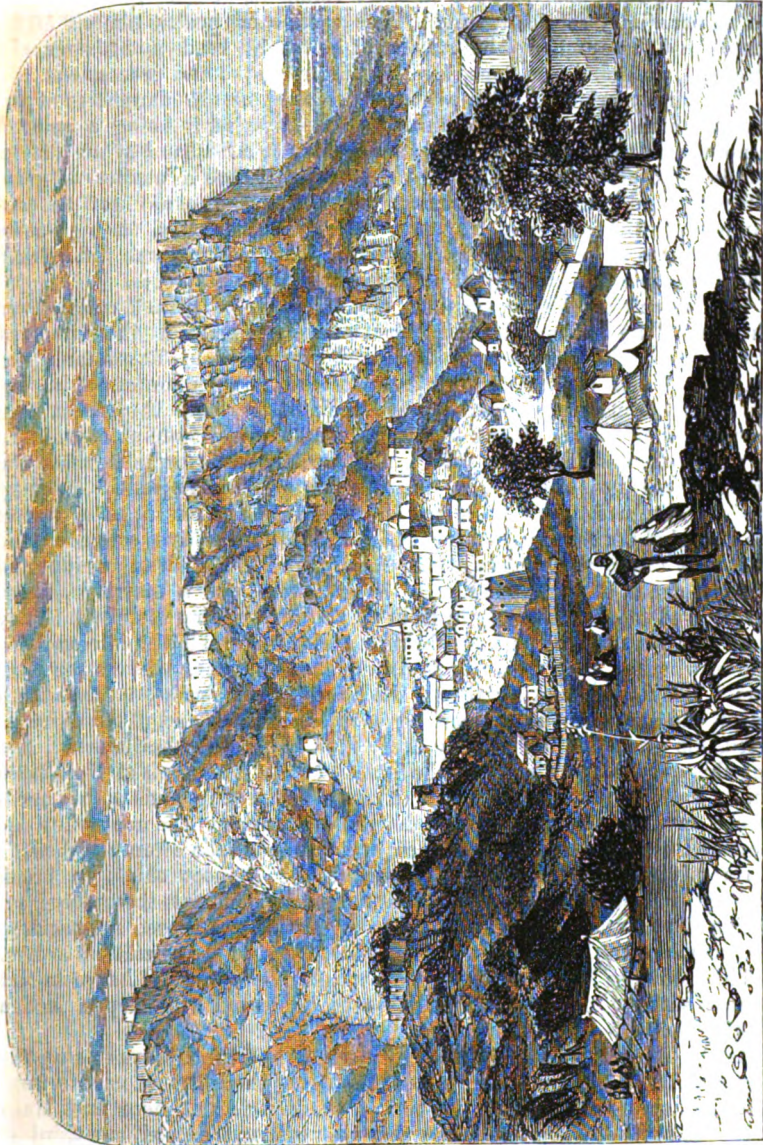
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**RAJPOOTANA.**

**THIS is an immense tract of country, much larger than the entire area of the North-west Provinces, stretching out from them in a south-west-erly direction, until it touches the Bombay Presidency. It is called**



**TOWN AND HILL FORT OF KHETREE, RAJPOOTANA.**

**February 1869.**

**C**



Rajpootana, because the Rajpoots are the ruling race; not because they are the more numerous portion of the population, for the Jats are at least as numerous, if not more so, but they are the aristocracy of the country. They have amongst them a sort of feudal system, very similar to that which prevailed in England after the Norman conquest, every chief being surrounded by his military retainers, holding grants of land on an hereditary service tenure. Thus each chief prides himself on his family and the number of his retainers: he has his bards and his genealogies, and, on grand occasions, has his military shows and processions.

This family pride fell with a heavy pressure on the daughters of the feudal houses, and inflicted on them great miseries, it being a point of honour with them never to marry a daughter to a husband of an inferior family. To find these girls husbands was therefore a matter of great difficulty, and even when a marriage was arranged it could not be consummated without great expense, and thus daughters, in high-caste houses, came to be regarded as a burden. The resource was infanticide, which was practised to a great extent amongst the Rajpoots.

It is now nearly fifty years since the attention of British officials was directed to the existence of this hideous family crime. At that time not less than 20,000 infants were destroyed every year in Rajpootana and Malwa. When the chiefs were charged with it they confessed it, but said that the marriage expenses were such, that either they must ruin themselves or destroy their daughters. The expenses were chiefly caused by the Bhâts and Chârans. The Bhâts are the bards or minstrels; the Chârans are not only bards, but heralds or genealogists. Amongst wealthy Hindu families there are few which do not retain, as a part of the household, a family Bhat or Charan, that on festive occasions the Bhat may chant the praises of the family, and the Charan recount the glorious deeds of their ancestors. When there was a marriage, these people used to come flocking in from all the surrounding districts. They came like vultures to the prey, bringing with them all the idle and dissolute, whether they were minstrels, dancers, buffoons, barbers, or beggars. They came flocking round the house of the bride's father with a fearful din and clamour, demanding each his present, and if the chief refused, his pride was assailed by every kind of mockery and scorn. Nor was this only done as regards the chiefs, but a poor man of high-caste family had to squander away two or three hundred pounds of his hard-earned savings, to celebrate his daughter's marriage: hence every one mourned when a daughter was born, and the poor babe often perished.

Happily the British officials persuaded the Rajpoot chiefs to break through these ruinous customs by an agreement amongst themselves, reducing the marriage expenses, so that they should not exceed one-tenth of the income of the bride's father. Now the poor girls are permitted to live.

This province is now suffering from a failure of the usual harvests and a great scarcity of food, which it is to be feared will deepen into a wasting famine.

As the English officials exerted themselves in former years to stay the perpetration of child-murder, so are they doing their utmost now to mitigate the horrors of famine. In two of the districts, Ajmere and Mairwara, the total of the grain crops this year will not exceed one-third of

the average, while the grass crop has been entirely lost. The nearest point from which grain can be imported is Agra, where it is also exceptionally dear, and from whence it has to be brought a distance of 640 miles by camels or bullock-garies. Societies have been formed at Ajmere and Nusseerabad, fifteen miles south-east from the city of Ajmere, to import grain and sell it at reduced prices. For this purpose, 30,000 rupees have been subscribed in Ajmere, and 50,000 in Nusseerabad, which is at the rate of one rupee for every man, woman and child in the former place, and more than double that amount for each in the latter. Famine works have also been commenced by Government for the purpose of giving employment to the able-bodied destitute in the district; and these works of such a nature as may prevent a like calamity at any future time, namely, the construction of tanks, &c. But besides these, there are the aged men and women, the infants and the infirm, the maimed, the disabled and the blind, for whose relief a central Committee has been formed at Ajmere, with local Committees at Nusseerabad, Beawr, and Dolee.

It is remarkable how a scarcity of physical food excites at once commiseration, and prompt efforts are made to relieve the distress, while the very population, on whose behalf such exertions are made has been left for generations in utter destitution of the bread of life. Certainly the bread which perisheth is not more needful for the body than the Gospel of Christ is for the soul; and yet the inhabitants of Rajpootana were suffered to remain without any attempt to supply this until the year 1860, when a Scotch Mission of United Presbyterians was commenced, and now occupies stations at Beawr, Ajmere, Nusseerabad, &c. But there are vast regions left untouched, and the effort is as unequal to the emergency, as a few camel-loads of grain to relieve the pinching famine under the pressure of which every city and hamlet is suffering.

Rajpootana is but little known to the Christian people of Great Britain. Until 1860, none of its towns or cities were associated with Missionary effort; and even now, such as are thus favoured are few indeed. There are numerous localities which have no more place in the compassion and interest of the church at home than as if they had no existence at all.

We present a sketch of one of these—Khetree, situated at the foot of the Arabullee range of hills, which, running south-west and north-east, divides the fertile eastern states from the more desert western ones. Just at this point some lofty spurs occur, on one of which, and above the town, the hill fortress of Khetree is placed.

There are few evils out of which some good is not eduved. Who can tell but that the famine now impending over Rajpootana may direct attention to this long-neglected part of India, and excite such deep commiseration on behalf of a people who in soul and body are alike impoverished and suffering, as to bring into action vigorous philanthropic efforts for the relief of both?

Let it be remembered, that at the time of the Lancashire distress the heathen of Ajmere subscribed to the relief fund upwards of 4500 rupees (450*l.*).

## LORD NAPIER'S VISIT TO PALAMCOTTA.

LORD NAPIER, in his tour through the Tinnevely province, after visiting six of the Missionary stations, arrived at Palamcotta on Wednesday morning the 14th October 1868, and, being pressed for time, was able to devote only that day to visiting the several educational establishments of the Church Missionary Society at that station. It was truly pleasing to see the painstaking interest which his lordship and Lady Napier took in every department of the work. Starting at eleven o'clock, they went first of all to the Sarah-Tucker Institution, which is designed chiefly for the training of schoolmistresses, and saw all the arrangements which are there made for so important an object. After this they visited the Church Missionary Society's native English school. His lordship examined the highest class in history and geography in a way to them rather new, but thoroughly sifting; then the second class in Euclid and arithmetic; after which one of the native masters read an ode composed by Mr. Cruickshanks, the head master, on the visit of Lord Napier to the Tinnevely province. After this the Governor went over the printing-office, then to the church, where were assembled some few hundred children from the Mission schools in the town of Tinnevely and the neighbourhood. Then the party adjourned to Mr. Sargent's house, where, after a short repast, the Governor's party was amused for a little time by the exhibition of five or six native instruments of music of the less noisy kind, such as the guitar, &c., by native performers.

The next employment was a visit to Mr. Sargent's girls' boarding school, in which were assembled, besides the girls at present learning, a goodly number of young women who had married from the school, and most of these, with children in their arms, greeted the party. Several pretty airs were sung by the children. The party then moved on to Mr. Sargent's Preparandi Institution, the arrangements for which were severally inquired into by his lordship. Lastly, the Governor, with Lady Napier, went to the church, where a large assemblage of native agents and members of the congregations around Palamcotta were met to present an address to his lordship.

His lordship, in reply, assured them of the great pleasure he had felt in meeting the native Christians of Tinnevely, and his earnest desire for their improvement and welfare, thanking them at the same time for the expression of their good wishes for himself and Lady Napier.

From the church the Governor's party proceeded to a space in front of the Preparandi Institution, where, chairs being provided for the ladies and gentlemen present, the native agents, with the students and members of the congregation, in number about 400, formed a square. Immediately singing was heard in the direction of Mrs. Sargent's girls' boarding school, whence they marched up, singing as they came, with a branch of a banyan-tree, carried by four of the girls, which was placed near a spot prepared for the same, and held there till Lady Napier should plant it. Mr. Sargent then spoke as follows—

“I am sure that in giving expression to my own feelings on the present occasion, I am only echoing the sentiments and feelings of all my Missionary brethren, when I say that Lord and Lady Napier have, by their kind,

friendly and cordial bearing endeared themselves to us all, and embalmed their name in the memory of all our people. Hitherto the only idea our people had of the Governors of this great land was that they are so exalted in their position, and so engrossed in the affairs of office, that they are inaccessible to the humbler classes, and are altogether unaffected by any sympathy regarding them. I think the circumstances attending the present visit of the Governor of this Presidency to this province must dispel such an idea; and our people will now learn that exalted office, and the execution of responsible duties, are not incompatible with kindness and condescension. I wish, therefore, that the memory of this event may be cherished in the minds of these dear children, and, in fact, of all the native Christians around me. I could have wished that a more imposing ceremony had offered itself, than the simple one of planting a tree; but Lady Napier will kindly take the wish for the deed, and estimate the duty she has now to perform rather by our intentions in this matter, than by the merit of the thing itself.

"I have chosen the banyan-tree as being, from the vegetable world, the most appropriate emblem of our holy religion. In its growth it most aptly represents the expansion, power, and durability of the Gospel of Christ; that divine plant which I trust has taken root in this land, and which will spread wider and wider every year. I have chosen the banyan-tree for another reason also. It is indigenous to the country, and not an exotic. A Hindu is said to have remarked, 'that he had no fear for the old tree of Hinduism, which had flourished through so many centuries, so long as he saw that the destroyers of that tree came from a foreign country; for as soon as the handle of the hatchet broke, they had to wait till they sent to England for a substitute. Now, however, he began to fear, because he saw that the old tree itself was made to further the design of its destroyers.' The Institution before which we stand, is one, among others, designed for this purpose; and Lord Napier will have observed, as he passed through the various Mission stations, that whereas the guiding and superintending person in each district was from England, the labourers who occupy the country, and work throughout the towns and villages, are all natives.

"I have chosen the banyan-tree for a third reason also, which the native friends around me will know how to appreciate. When a Hindu would express his good wishes regarding another, that he may have an abundance of relatives and connexions, he usually says, 'May you grow like the bamboo;' but when he would express his good wishes for the grandeur and stability of a family, he says, 'May you flourish like the banyan.' Let this tree, then, represent our good wishes for the house of Lord Napier, that his lordship may never lack scions worthy of the name, who, when the parent stem is removed, shall support the dignity of the house with honour. With these wishes, as entertained by the native Christians around me, I call upon Lady Napier to plant this branch, and may it grow and flourish to a noble tree!"

Lady Napier then came forward, and, taking the branch still held by the school girls, placed it in the spot prepared for it, and having with a small spade filled up the vacant place around it with earth from a wheelbarrow, she touched the plant, and said, "May this plant thrive and grow

up into a noble tree!" Three cheers were then given with hearty good will by the students and younger people present, and Lord and Lady Napier returned to the Collector's house, after having thus been more than six hours in almost constant occupation.

While His Excellency was at Mengnanapuram, the lofty spire of the beautiful and spacious Gothic church at that place, built by our senior Missionary, the Rev. J. Thomas, was completed.

Mr. Thomas writes—

On Friday the top stone was put into its place on the spire, in the presence of the Governor and Lady Napier, and there were, I should think, five thousand people present, who shouted, "Glory be to God!" There were 1100 children of the vernacular schools assembled in church, and the party came to see them. Afterwards we had a short service, *Te Deum*, &c., when 2700 people were present. The catechists and schoolmasters read an address to his lordship; the native clergy and all made salaam as they passed. His lordship examined both boarding schools, went round the village, visited the houses of the people, and, last of all, he went up into the spire.

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#### DEATH OF A NATIVE AGENT IN TRAVANCORE.

THE following touching account of the sudden death of one of our native agents in this Mission-field has been communicated by the Rev. W. Johnson—

*Oct. 19, 1868*—I have the painful duty of informing you of the death of an old Reader, which occurred yesterday under solemn circumstances, and I trust that this dispensation of God may indeed be blessed to the congregation of this station. The oldest Reader employed in the Mission was the agent now gone to his rest. When I took charge of this Mission I rejoiced to think that I had one upon whose long experience in the Mission I might rely. Though infirm in body, he was always willing in mind, and never refused to do any work that was given him to do. I rejoiced that we had one, who, in every sense of the word, was an elder in the church of Christ. He was educated in the Cottayam College under the Rev. Joseph Fenn, and subsequently by Dr. Doran, with whom he read both Latin and Greek classics, and could translate Greek plays. He began Mission work forty-two years ago under Mr. Norton, at Allepie, where he was known as a diligent agent in the work of Christ. Subsequently he went with Mr. Hawsworth, and laboured at Mavelicara, and was the first, I believe, who laboured among the Chogans of that district. When the late Rev. J. Hawsworth first opened this district, he brought Philippos the Reader with him, and he has been here for nearly twenty-five years. Afterwards, when the Rev. J. Peet of Mavelicara had charge of this district, Philippos, who lived at this station, had almost entire management. This shows the value the late Mr. Peet placed on his services.

The Sunday before last I was compelled to go to an out-station, and I gladly asked Philippos to supply my place. He willingly did so, and preached for the last time. He was again present at the afternoon



service, though the weather was anything but favourable, because he wished to show the congregation a good example, for he knew how I had begged of them to attend the services of God. On Saturday last, Oct. 17, he came, with the rest of the Mission agents, to my Bible-reading, and the subject was "The Fatherhood of God," dwelling on the five points brought out so clearly by Bishop Pearson. After the Bible-reading I saw him engaged with another Reader discussing some subject from his English Bible, and I then remarked how ill he looked; and therefore, seeing that he was very weak, I gave him no work for the Sunday, and said, "that he had seen the present church when its foundation was laid; would he see it completed?" He replied that our Father in heaven only knew. This was our last interview.

I began to read the morning service. The old man came late, as his wife had begged of him to stay at home. He started after she had left, and came with his books, and read all the responses. When I saw him in church I felt sorry that I did not ask him to read one of the lessons. I had finished the prayers, and as the people were rising to sing the second hymn before the sermon, I saw the old man stagger and fall. I ran to his assistance, as all the rest were frightened, and used all the remedies that were available, but his spirit had fled. He fell at his post. He died in the house of God. He rose from his knees in prayer, and his spirit winged its flight to his Saviour in glory. Though weak in body and sick, he came to the house of prayer to show his careless neighbours a good example. The people required no sermon from me; they had the voice of God, and I trust that this dispensation of God may indeed be blessed to one and all here. Before the afternoon service we committed him to the grave. Doubtless he had his faults, but he was universally beloved. He served his Master for forty-two years, and God called him suddenly; without pain, as it were, he went from the midst of us to glory. My only prayer is, that I may be privileged to labour for so long a period, and may I also die in the place of duty, and rise from prayer to join the song of triumph in glory!

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."

---

#### THE TAMIL COOLY MISSION, CEYLON.

THE locality of this Mission is the beautiful mountainous district which occupies the south centre of Ceylon. There, before the woodman's axe the original forests have been cleared away from the mountain sides, and, in their stead, coffee plantations have sprung up, English gentlemen having embarked their capital in this enterprise. The cultivators are Tamil Coolies from the Tinnevely province, generally in a heathen state. Many of these planters bethought them how inconsistent it was that they should be reclaiming the ground and causing it to yield herbs, meet for the use of man, and that these their labourers should be left in the wildness of heathenism. Surely it was befitting that an effort should be made to bring these

heathen minds under cultivation, so that they should bring forth fruit to God. Hence a Christian Mission was commenced. The Coolies receive the benefit; the native Christians in Tinnevely supply the catechists; the planters provide the salaries; and the Church Missionary Society is honoured by the superintendence and management of the whole work. The moneys collected last year realized nearly 700%. There are at work amongst the Coolies thirteen catechists, and four schoolmasters. Some of these are stationary, and others itinerant.

Nor have results been wanting. The field under cultivation is responding to the pains bestowed in it. Some striking proofs of this are given in the last report of this Mission.

A man of the Vellala caste, named Kolunthuveyl, a mason, had for many years been a resident in Ceylon, and for a long time had worked on G—— estate, where he is still living. He says, that eleven years ago he became acquainted with a Christian conductor in the same district, who occasionally spoke to him about Christianity. In this conductor's house he one day espied a Bible, which appeared to have lain long unused, and begged that he might have it to read. The conductor gave it to him, and from that time he commenced reading it. Together with this he listened from time to time to the preaching of the Cooly Mission catechists who visited the estate, and still more frequently was instructed by Philip Pillay, the catechist employed by the Baptist Mission, who, when in the neighbourhood, always made the mason's house his home. A Christian Cangany too, and his wife, both pious people, who lived in the same locality, often talked with him on religious subjects. That during this time he was giving his mind to what he read and heard, is manifest from the fact, that scarcely a catechist visited G—— estate whom Kolunthuveyl did not interrogate, either as to some Christian doctrine or some article of Hindu belief. One of these questions, and the answer given to it by a catechist still in the employ of the Mission, it may not be out of place to mention here, as it appears to have had some connexion with the mason's subsequent conversion. As soon as the catechist had one day finished preaching, Kolunthuveyl spoke thus—"You say that the Christian religion forbids this and that sin; but any other religion you can name does that; in what, therefore, does the superiority of the Christian religion consist?" The catechist replied, "The fact of every religion, as you say, prohibiting sin, is not the chief matter, for every man, despite these rules, has sinned and does sin: what is required, therefore, is, that for sin committed some way of forgiveness should be shown, and it is in this that the Christian religion possesses so great a superiority over all others. Other religions do indeed attempt to prescribe means for the expiation of sin committed; but the way of forgiveness which Christianity declares, is the only one that, when thoroughly examined, will stand good."

For a year or two after this conversation the man made, as far as was apparent, no direct progress towards embracing the Christian faith; but when, in August last, he came to the Rev. D. Fenn as a candidate

for baptism, and was questioned by him as to what had led him to desire to become a Christian, he replied that it was through being convinced that the Christian religion alone pointed out a satisfactory way for the forgiveness of sins.

But we have anticipated a little. Up to July 1867, Kolunthuveyl showed no disposition to confess himself a Christian, though it was evident from his conversation that he was acquainted with a great deal of Christian truth. But God had gracious designs towards him, and so checked him in his course, as to oblige him to think of the salvation of his soul.

As he was one day working in the water-mill of the estate, he fell down, was entangled in the wheel, very seriously injured, and brought to Kandy to the hospital. While there, he was led to think what would become of his soul if he should not recover from his illness, and, by God's grace, he determined from that moment that he would declare himself a Christian. He was raised up again, and lost no time in making known his resolve to his employer. To him the man's announcement was no small cause of joy and thankfulness. He immediately communicated with Mr. Fenn, and afterwards sent the mason to him. Mr. Fenn found, upon examination, that the man's knowledge of Scripture truth was so very satisfactory, and his desire for baptism so earnest, that he consented at once to baptize him. A little delay unavoidably occurred, but, on the 1st of September, he—with his two eldest sons (youths of seventeen and twelve years respectively)—was admitted into the Christian church. Since then his conduct has been so consistent, that he has been admitted to the Lord's Supper, and through the influence of his example a great spirit of inquiry has been awakened upon G— and the adjoining estates. Twelve or thirteen adults have placed themselves under Christian instruction, and are attending the Sunday services held in the bazaar school-room Kandy. Of these, six persons are now preparing for baptism, and there is reason to hope that they are sincere inquirers after salvation. The proprietor of G— estate, one of the best and oldest friends of the Mission, writing to the superintendent in January of this year, says, "I think, in God's mercy, the people are ripening for harvest." And again, to another friend, three months later, "I am glad to say that some of my people continue steadfast in the apparent desire to embrace the Christian faith: I do hope and pray that, by God's blessing, something may come of it." It should be added, that subsequently to the mason's baptism, five other members of his household, making up the whole family, have also been baptized.

---

#### THE SHEPHERD TRUE.

I WAS wandering and weary,  
 When my Saviour came unto me ;  
 For the ways of sin grew dreary,  
 And the world had ceased to woo me ;  
     And I thought I heard Him say,  
     As He came along His way—  
 "O precious souls come near me,  
 "My sheep should never fear me,  
 "I am the Shepherd true."

At first I would not hearken,  
 And put off till the morrow ;  
 But life began to darken,  
 And I was sick with sorrow ;  
 And I thought I heard Him say,  
 As He came along His way,—  
 " O precious souls," &c.

At last I stopp'd to listen,  
 His voice could ne'er deceive me ;  
 I saw His kind eyes glisten,  
 So anxious to relieve me ;  
 And I thought I heard Him say,  
 As He came along His way,—  
 " O precious souls," &c.

I thought His love would weaken,  
 As more and more He knew me ;  
 But it burned like a beacon,  
 And its light and heat go through me ;  
 And I ever hear Him say,  
 As He goes along His way,—  
 " O precious souls," &c.

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,  
 What will best and longest please us ;  
 Follow not the ways of others,  
 But trust ourselves to JESUS ;  
 We will ever hear Him say,  
 As He goes along His way,—  
 " O precious souls," &c.

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THE HINDU VILLAGE.

As you travel along the broad and sunny rivers of Bengal, you notice belts or knots of trees scattered amongst the wide rice-fields, which everywhere extend almost down to the water-side. You will hear the distant lowing of cattle, the shrill crow of the cock, and the familiar bark of the dog, but there is no sign, seemingly, of a human habitation. You will see cows feeding comfortably on the short grass that fringes the bank, and goats tethered to shrubs growing along the well-trodden footpath that lies between the fields and the river. You will observe other footpaths winding their zigzag way from the water's edge to the woods beyond ; and not unfrequently, lying along the bank where these paths terminate, you will find long, narrow fishing-canoes, fastened by ropes to poles stuck into the soft mud ; showing plainly that you are in the neighbourhood of men who cultivate these fields, and own these cattle, and use these boats. Still you see nobody, and begin to wonder where the people have gone to.

But now let us get on shore, and follow the pathway that leads to yonder clump of trees. You have a mile to walk, but I think you will enjoy the exercise. The morning is fresh, and the sun will not grow hot for two or three hours yet, so we may stroll along leisurely. The rice crop promises well, and is fast ripening. As long as the rice is in the

husk we call it paddy, and the natives call it *dhan*; when separated from the shell it becomes *chaool*; and when it is cooked it becomes *bhat*. Rice is the staple food of the Bengalees, who could do no more without it than you could without bread. They eat it boiled, and flavoured with vegetables or fish-curry, made pungent with chillies. Chillies are the Indian capsicum. Do you see that field on your right, with the dark green plant on it, growing like miniature trees? That is a chilli field. Observe how the plants are laden at every tiny branch with the capsules, that hang from them like ladies' eardrops, some green, some golden, some fiery red. No village is without its chilli plantations. The people cannot do without chillies in their food.

The field before you, decked out in yellow blossoms, is a mustard field. The mustard is cultivated for the sake of the seed, from which an oil is expressed. Possibly, when we get to the nearest village, I shall be able to show you an oil-mill. The Bengalees use the mustard-oil in the preparation of their food, and in the lighting of their houses. They are also fond of anointing their bodies with it after their morning bath, and of applying it outwardly as an unfailing remedy for all aches and pains that flesh is heir to.

And now look at that field of tall sugar-canes, as they are clustered together, with their bright green spear-shaped leaves waving to the wind. The knotted stems of some of them are still green, but thick and juicy; others are yellow, and fast sweetening in the sun. You may possibly see a sugar-mill too in the village we are coming to. This broad prickly-leaved plant that you see in this plot of ground on your left is what is known in some of your conservatories at home as the egg-plant. We call it the brinjal: the natives call it bagoon. The fruit, you will observe, is not white, like the specimens you are familiar with, but of a dark purple. It is cooked in curries, and sometimes roasted whole, and then flavoured with chillies and vinegar.

And now we have come nearer the belt of trees we saw from the river. It is composed of clusters of the graceful bamboo, growing side by side with the sturdy banyan, the neem, the jack, the mango, and numerous broad-leaved plantain trees. Under their sheltering boughs, and in this cool retreat, are twenty or thirty mud-walled cottages. They are built irregularly, and are in some instances separated from each other by hedges, or by walls of matting. Three or four huts, built round an open square, form a homestead, and accommodate severally the parents, the married sons of the family, and the smaller children. The fourth is a kitchen or cook-house, to which may be appended a cow-shed or a store-room, and a large stack of hay. Each homestead is surrounded by a high fence or mat-wall, and is thus entirely hidden from the public view. A number of these homesteads form a village, and present, on the whole, a striking as well as an interesting scene.

Standing at the entrance leading into one of them, you may watch the family at work. In one, the women, young and old, work at a treadmill, where the rice is beaten out of its shell; whilst a second group are handling the wicker sieves which separate the husk from the corn. At the doorway of yonder hut stands a spinning-wheel, with heaps of raw cotton by its side, and the grandmother is replenishing her reel. Else-

where they are grinding at a stone mill, in which lentils are loosened from the pod, and made ready for the market. Thus employed, the household pass the livelong day; and in the evening sit quietly in the open court, smoking their hookahs and chewing the pawn leaf and betel-nut. Their children play around them, or join their companions in the lanes at races, top-spinning, and other games.

The men are usually employed in the fields, or in conveying the produce of their labour to distant markets. At night they go out a-fishing in the little boats we have already seen moored to the bank. These boats are long and narrow, and easy to manage. They are propelled by paddles, which are worked by the foot as dexterously as by the hand, and shoot across the water with wonderful swiftness. The fishermen continue far into the night plying their nets, and rowing up and down the moonlit waters, beguiling the long hours with songs, whose refrains are often joined in by voices from distant boats in different parts of the river. Sometimes, instead of fishing, these villagers, when they are evil-disposed, go out to plunder the boats laden with merchandise that may be moving up and down the rivers. They are then known as *da-coits*, and need to be carefully looked after by the river police.

That continuous screeching, screaming sound that you hear as you pass through the village comes from the oil-mills. Look in at yonder shed: a patient bullock, blindfolded, is for ever pacing round and round, yoked to a horizontal pole which is attached to a perpendicular beam; this beam passes through a large wooden socket, through which, too, the mustard-seed passes in between the huge grinding-stones. The bullocks are well trained to their monotonous labour, and need no watching to be kept going. The mill keeps working all through the night as well as by day. It is in mills very similarly constructed, and worked also by bullocks, that the juice of the sugar-cane is extracted.

When matters of great importance or of general interest need to be discussed, the heads of families assemble for the purpose under the shade of one of their largest trees. There, seated in a circle, they talk in loud tones, and often with angry gestures, until the headman, or *mundul* of the village, utters his decision as the decision of all others, and so ends the dispute. Under some such tree the Missionary takes his stand. The spot is well chosen, for most of the people, as they go to and fro, must pass by it.

At first the women and children take flight, and the men stand gazing suspiciously at the white-faced intruder. They say in undertones, "It is the Magistrate Sahib come to punish us for some evil committed in the village." A Missionary once tried to calm the fears of a villager by chatting with him familiarly about his field and cattle. He succeeded, after a little difficulty, in drawing him out into pleasant talk. His wife, however, who had listened behind the door, still continued suspicious; and fearing that her husband might have his own words turned against him, and might be suddenly seized and carried off, she cried out, "What a fool you are! Cannot you come away? Don't you know that he will suddenly seize you, and take you to the police station? Run in, and I'll shut the door!"—*Scenes among which we labour.*

CONTENTS.

RAJPOOTANA (With a Cut)	13
LORD NAPIER'S VISIT TO PALAMCOTTA	16
DEATH OF A NATIVE AGENT IN TRAVANCORE	18
THE TAMIL COOLY MISSION, CEYLON	19
POETRY—THE SHEPHERD TRUE	21
THE HINDU VILLAGE	22

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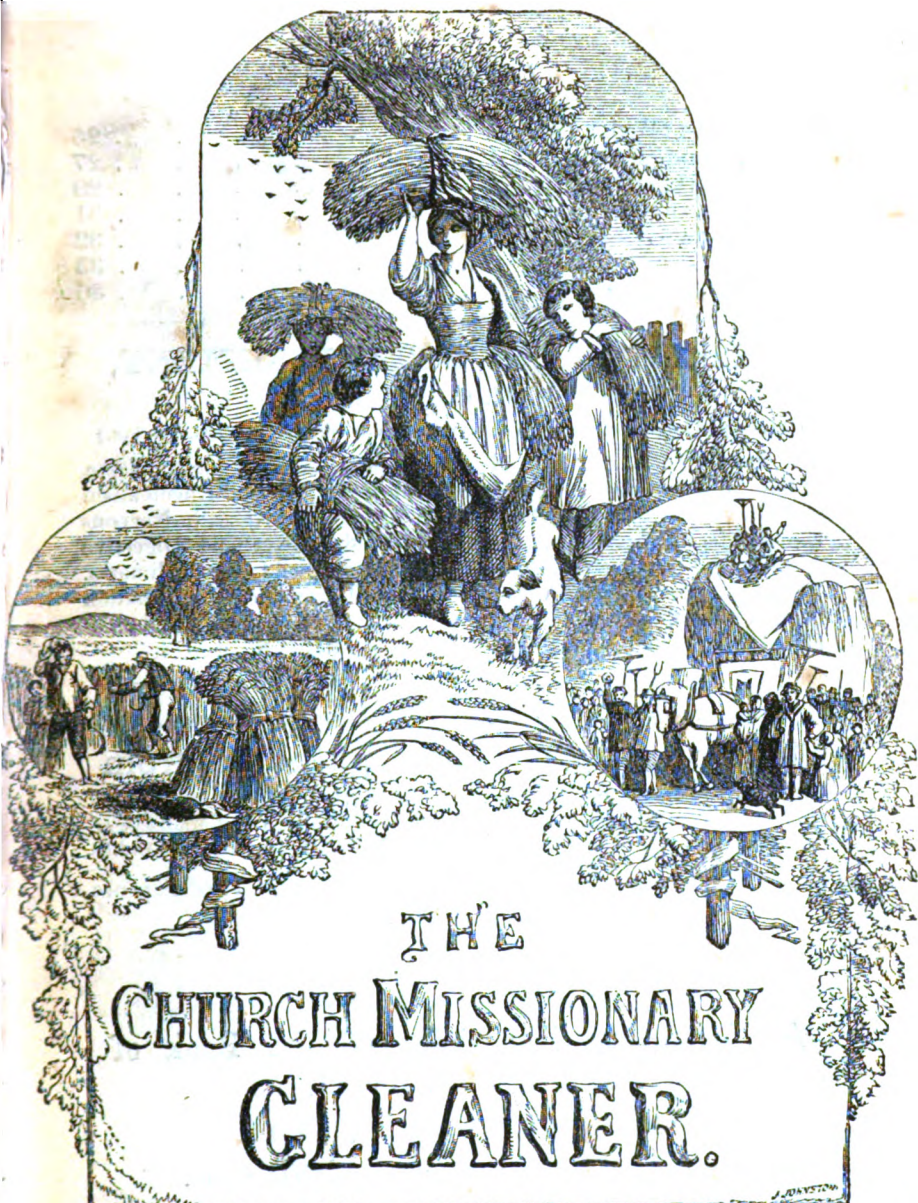
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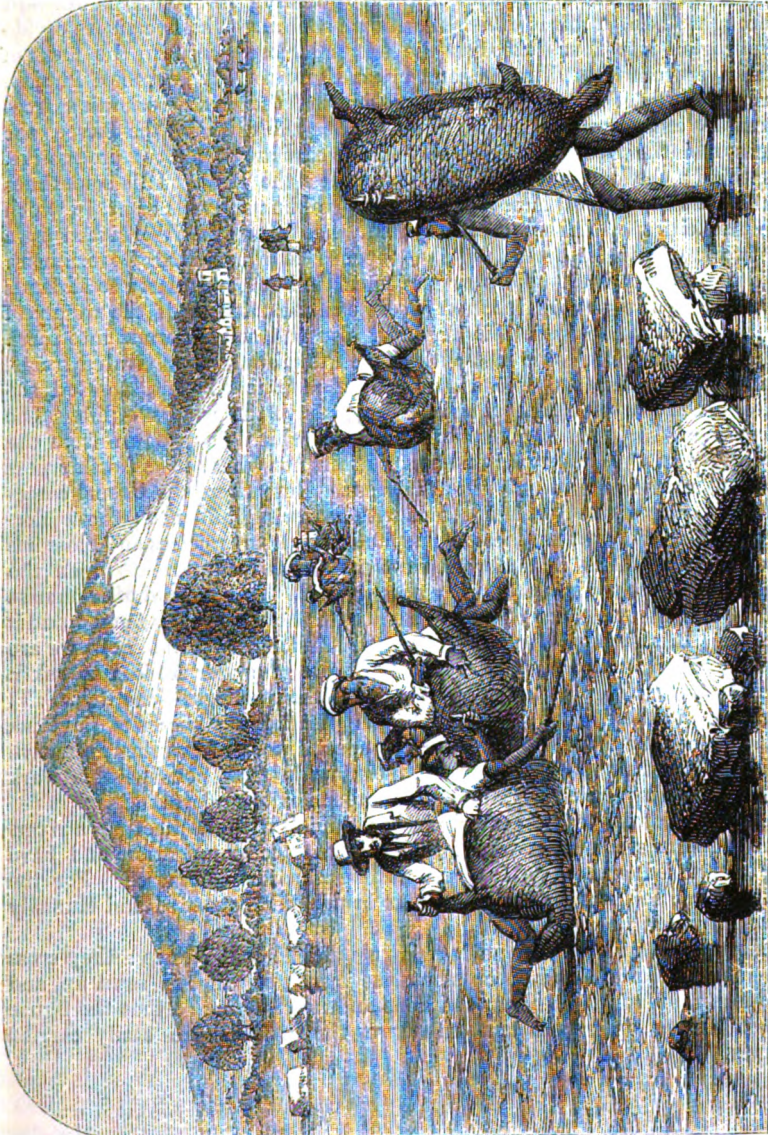
The April Number of "The Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor," price One Halfpenny, will contain,

"HE DIDN'T MIND THE SIGNAL,"

A North Country Story.

THE PUNJAB.

WE ought to be well acquainted with this territory, for there is no portion of India more important in a political sense, or more interesting in a Missionary point of view. On the north it is bounded by one of the



CROSSING THE BEAS, A RIVER IN THE PUNJAB

March 1869.

D

Himalayan ranges, and on the west by other ranges, the Khyber and the Suleiman. It is traversed by five large streams, the sources of which lie amidst the mountains to the north, and which, breaking forth into the lowlands at different points, gradually approach each other, until four of them unite in one stream, which at Mittunkote merges in the Indus; the great river thus formed pursuing its course southward through Sindh, until it enters the Indian Ocean. The five rivers divide the region into four doabs, as the tracts inclosed between the forks of the rivers are termed in the country, and give to it the name of Punjab, or "Country of Five Rivers." The names of the rivers, reckoning from west to east, are the Indus, the Jhelum, the Chenab, the Ravee, the Beas and the Sutlej. The doabs of the east are the most productive, especially the one between the Ravee and the Beas. It is sometimes called the Manja, and is peopled chiefly by Sikhs; and this tract, in which lie the cities of Lahore and Umritsur, has been greatly enriched by a network of canals, opened at the expense of the British Government. Water is everywhere necessary to the earth, but particularly so in lands exposed to the powerful action of eastern suns: there, if the supply of water be sufficient, there is fertility, else the soil is turned into sand. There are therefore to be met with in the Punjab vast uncultivated tracts, and others which are like a garden. If man is to yield to God the pleasant fruits of righteousness, he must have the waters of life. The Gospel of Christ is the fertilizing stream which flows down from the grace of God. Without this, man, it matters not where, is as a wilderness to God, and yields only thorns and briers. But where the Gospel comes in the power of the Spirit, it comes with renewing influence; the wilderness and solitary places become glad, and the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. This is the work of the Christian church—to open the channels whereby the waters may flow onward. We have had Missionaries in the Punjab ever since the great battles on the Sutlej were fought, and it became British territory, and open to Missionaries; and now we are commencing a new effort, on which we would pray our readers to ask a blessing: two clergymen, formerly fellows of their colleges—the Rev. T. V. French, and the Rev. J. W. Knott, having just left the shores of England, that they may give themselves to the special work of training up native Missionaries in the Punjab. So important do they consider this work to be, that they gave up valuable incumbencies to undertake it.

A man cannot travel very far in the Punjab without meeting a river. These rivers work both ways: they interrupt communication and have to be crossed, and they also are water-roads for commerce. For the latter purpose there are various boats in use, flat-bottomed and clumsily formed, yet strong and safe.

For crossing rivers the natives have a simple contrivance: they cross on inflated buffalo and sheep-skins, the mouth of which is sewn up, and the legs made air-tight below the knee and hock-joints, so that the figure is somewhat preserved, and on these the natives are easily carried across.

BONNY, BRASS, AND AKASSA.

THESE are three new stations at the mouth of the Niger.

Our readers are aware that the Niger is a great water-road into the very heart of Africa, and we are anxious that, as it has been often used to carry on the slave-trade, so now that it should be used to introduce into the interior that Gospel of peace which puts an end to slave-trading. Stations were commenced some ten years ago at one or two places along the banks as far as the Confluence, that is, the point, about three hundred miles from the sea, where the Quorra from the north-west, and the Tshadda from the east, unite and form the Niger. More recently it has been felt, in order to obtain free access to these places, that the entrance into the river should be secured by conciliating the good-will of the natives thereabouts, and that this could best be done by commencing among them Missionary Stations.

Now at a certain distance from the sea the channel of the Niger, which had previously been confined between high banks, reaches a lowland district, one indeed of its own formation, made by the deposits of successive inundations. Here the river has found itself at liberty to do as it pleased, and breaks up into various branches, one flowing in a south-westerly direction, others to the south-east, the main channel running straight on to the southern coast. One branch to the south-west is called the Bonny, and at the point where this enters the sea one new station is placed. The direct channel is called the Nun, and at the mouth of this Akassa stands. Between Akassa and Bonny is a kind of backwater, or connecting channel which is called the Brass River, and there stands the third of these stations.

Now our readers must bear in mind that the whole of this Niger work is carried on by native Missionaries—Africans engaged in the evangelization of Africans. That the Mission may be strong it must be united; and as, in order to union, there must be a head, and the other members working subordinately, one of the Missionaries, whose age and experience, and tried Christian character, qualified him for such an office, has been appointed Bishop, with power to ordain fitting men as the necessities of the Mission require it.

We shall first speak of Bonny. The people of this place applied to Bishop Crowther for a Missionary. Now the Bishop is very careful not to put the Society at home to more expense than is absolutely necessary. He knows the less is the cost of a Mission, the greater the prospect is of its being enlarged. Expensive Missions contract themselves. From the very first, therefore, he has been anxious that these stations should become, to some extent at least, self-supporting; and when King Pepple—a native chief who had been in England, and who had been baptized there—sent to him for a Missionary, he told him at once that if the chiefs of Bonny wished for one they must contribute to his support. This they have done, having engaged to bear half the expenses of the Mission.

Two native agents have been placed at Bonny, a school opened, and, after a time, the children were examined in the presence of the King and chiefs, and their answers astonished every one. Since then the light has been making way, and some of the grosser superstitions have been given

up. One of these was referred to in a previous number of the "Gleaner,"—the slaughter by the people of the iguanas, or great lizards, which they used to reverence as gods, and which, taking advantage of the licence which was given them, intruded their slimy bodies everywhere.

Now there was a grove between the Mission-house and the town, and the want of a road through it greatly interfered with attendance at the school. The Bishop, on one occasion, brought with him a pony from Lagos to compensate for the length of the way between the Mission station and Bonny town, and to expedite his own movements. Such a phenomenon had never been seen in Bonny before. The sensation was extreme. "The beast that carried a man" excited universal astonishment, and the Bishop soon found himself with a motley crowd at his heels, so that he was glad to get rid of the pony and the crowd by handing over the pony and its admirers to his son Dandeson, and sending him on to ride about the town, otherwise the pony, instead of helping, would have hindered him in getting through his work; but for a whole week the Mission premises were turned into a kind of zoological garden, the people coming daily in from the surrounding villages that they might see the beast that carried a man.

However, one pony could not carry all the schoolchildren, and a road through the grove became urgent. The grove was, however, a sacred grove. No sacrilegious axe had ever profaned it, and the gods, such as they were, had been left in undisturbed possession of it. It was a bold request that had been made to the king and chiefs, that they would permit a road to be opened right through it; but it was made, and, beyond their expectations, granted. No time was lost in making use of the permission, for the wills of heathen princes are proverbially inconstant, and what is permitted to-day may be forbidden to-morrow. Early in the morning the Bishop rose, called all his people round him, and, seizing a cutlass, desired each of them to do the same, for, the grove being sacred, none of the natives would help them. Thus armed, they sallied forth to carry on an uncompromising warfare with the trees, so as to open a path through the wood from one end to the other. Never had such a bruit been heard in that grove before. If the gods, whose dreary temple it had so long been, were not aroused from their slumbers, it was not from want of noise, for the blows fell thickly, and the trees groaned heavily as they fell. At length the guardians of the sacred precincts began to stir, and a large snake, gliding forth from its hiding-place, startled the intruders, who gave way for a moment, but, recovering themselves, put the snake to death. But now appeared new avengers, sharp-stinged and vindictive. Some hollow trees had been long the home of swarms of bees. There they had deposited the golden treasures they had collected, and these they came forward to defend. The native agents proved sufficiently vulnerable, as they had but little clothing on. They bore up bravely for a while, but soon the pain could no longer be endured, and, casting away their weapons, which, however destructive to the trees, were powerless against the bees, they betook themselves to an ignominious flight. It was otherwise with the Bishop. Ridiculous as the matter seemed to be, it might nevertheless turn out very serious, for if they all fled from the wood the people of Bonny would be sure to say that the gods had

driven them out. Armed in a panoply of European clothing, all except his face and hands, he thought that he could brave the bees, and that, encouraged by his example, his people would be sure to rally round him, and so win the day. Onward, therefore, he rushed, but the bees seemed instinctively to detect the weak point of the defences, and attacked him in the face with such fury that he too was compelled to a quick retreat. Brave but unhappy bees!—their doom was soon sealed, for as the shades of night fell, fires, stealthily lighted round the homes they had so valiantly defended, suffocated them all, and the next day, no doubt to the great discomfiture of the heathen priests, the new road through the sacred grove opened into the town of Bonny.

These may seem to some small details, yet a failure would have seriously obstructed further progress. He who would achieve great results must begin with trivial matters, and the man who thinks them unworthy of his notice shows that he does not understand and is not fitted for such a work as this. The Apostle's exhortation is, "in malice be ye children, in understanding, men." Amongst these African tribes, this is reversed. In understanding, indeed, they are children: would we could say in malice also. It is a common sense, and for that reason a very rare greatness, which does not deem a little opportunity unworthy of attention, but carefully stoops to pick it up. We have often admired the movement of an elephant's trunk, which will tear the strong branches from a tree, and lift heavy timbers, and yet with delicate touch take a biscuit or an apple from a child's hand; and we have often marked with admiration the action of Nasmyth's great hammer in the dockyards, when, divesting itself for a moment of the ponderous force wherewith it smites the heated mass, it touches the nut that is placed on the anvil at its mercy with such a gentle and admirably adjusted force, as to break the shell, and leave the kernel unbroken and unbruised.

That, indeed, is the great mind, which, when lesser duties require attention, deals with them as carefully and conscientiously as though they were great things.

We have much more to say at another time on the subject of these Niger Missions.

ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON.

CEYLON is a pear-shaped island. The narrowest part, where the pear seems to have been broken off from the stem, points northward, and lies nearest to the mainland of India: to the south the island is broader. In the centre of this south limb of the island is a mountain range, the highest peaks of which rise, one of them, to the height of 8280 feet: another, Adam's Peak, to 7420. This latter is a place of pilgrimage, for the natives believe that Buddha stood there, leaving on the spot the imprint of his sacred foot. There is a hollow place in the rock, about five feet long and two broad. This is the supposed footmark, and around it the priests have placed a ring of brass, ornamented with a few gems of trifling value.

Recently some Missionaries climbed these heights, and we find a narrative of their enterprise in the "Wesleyan Missionary Notices." But

we consider we have a joint-partnership in it, because, of the three Missionaries who climbed together, two belonged to the Church Missionary Society, and one to the Wesleyans. We shall take the liberty, therefore, of selecting and putting together briefly the main features of the narrative, so that our readers also shall have the opportunity of climbing the "aerial ascent." They passed through the coffee estates, where the Tamil Coolies are growing the coffee, and our native catechists, Tamils also, are bringing the Coolies under Christian cultivation, so that, as the earth brings forth fruit for the use of man, they also shall bring forth-fruit to God. At length they reached a point about twenty miles from the Peak, where they had to leave their horses and trust to their feet, taking with them a guide and provisions for the way; for beyond, with the exception of a pilgrim's lone hut, they would meet with no human habitation. The pathway was like human life, up and down, mountains and valleys, rivers and streams, about nine feet wide, leading through the midst of a forest, with the stumps of the trees which had been cut down standing about. It was often very difficult, and sometimes even dangerous; but it was shaded, for the surrounding forest was so thick and high as to exclude the sun, and thus the air was cool and pleasant. The worst part to climb was up the Peak itself, an ascent of 4000 feet, and in some places the ascent being steeper than the pyramids; but steps had been cut on the rock, and chains placed to help the travellers. About half way up the forest ceases, and the bare rock stands forth. On reaching the summit the traveller finds himself standing on a platform of rock, not more than twenty yards square, while on every side there is a precipitous depth of from 3000 to 5000 feet. The view, as may be conceived, was very grand. Westward might be seen villages and houses, while, looking inland, a vast sea of forest was partially hidden by a veil of fleecy clouds.

Dangers had to be guarded against: one was, lest they should be bled to death by land-leeches; another was, meeting with wild elephants, whose foot-marks were often so fresh as plainly to show that the huge animals had only just left the spot to get away from the travellers.

Many pilgrims were met, in bodies of forty or fifty, toiling on wearily to and from the mountain. There were old men and women; strong men and maidens; youths of both sexes; and even infants in arms. Some were evidently ill; others so wearied as to need the strong arm of another at every step. The fatigue is great, and the expense also; and truly it may be said of them that "they spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not." What they seek is *merit*—merit that will save; and this they hope to gain by enduring the pains and penalties of this wearisome pilgrimage, during which many die. Merit sinners need, so that we may be accounted righteous before God; but this has been obtained for us by Him who came forth from the glory which He had with His Father before the world was, and, entering upon a weary pilgrimage through this world, finished His work by offering himself for us, a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction; so that by Him "all that believe are justified from all things. When shall men come and look on His foot-marks, for "He has left us an example that we should follow His steps."

On descending from the Peak, they found assembled at its foot such a strange mixture of races and people, some intent on going forward, others, having fulfilled their vow, and having rendered their homage at the sacred foot-print. The Mohammedan had climbed the peak to do homage at the shrine of Adam; the Hindu to worship at that of Siva; Singhalese also had come to see the Sri Peda, or illustrious foot of Gautama Buddha; for of those poor blinded devotees, one said the foot-print was that of Adam, another claimed it for Siva; another for Buddha. The Missionaries spoke to and reasoned with the people as they had opportunity. There was no rudeness, no opposition: nay, by some of the people there was kindness shown. They shared their jaggery and oranges with our brethren, and very refreshing they found them after their toilsome climb. May they be willing to accept at our hands the better things that we would gladly share with them!

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### LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

Come, labour on!

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,  
While all around him waves the golden grain!  
And to each servant does the Master say,  
"Go, work to-day!"

Come, labour on!

High office which the angels cannot share—  
To young and old the Gospel message bear:  
Redeem the time, its hours too swiftly fly,  
The night draws nigh.

Come, labour on!

The labourers are few, the field is wide,  
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;  
From voices distant far, or near at home,  
The call is "Come!"

Come, labour on!

The enemy is watching night and day,  
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away:  
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,  
He slumbereth not!

Come, labour on!

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear;  
No arm so weak but may do service here:  
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil  
His righteous will!

Come, labour on!

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,  
Till the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,—  
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labour on!

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;  
Blessed are those who to the end endure:  
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,  
O Lord, with thee!

## RAJPOOTANA.

IN our last Number we mentioned the famine which was threatening this province, and which is now, we fear, at its height. News, however, reached us by the last mail, which leads us to hope that rain may have fallen.

It is remarkable how evil is made to work for good ; so much so, that in many instances the good never would have been reached if the sorrow had not prepared the way for it. Rajpootana has been a neglected province. No one knew much about it, and no one very much cared to know. Yet in extent it is larger than the North-west Provinces, and within its limits are grouped together a number of native States, under British influence, but ruled by their native princes, chiefly Rajpoots, who are not interfered with by the paramount authority, except they grossly abuse their power. In the midst of them lies a British district called Ajmere, which is directly under British government, and whose improving condition contrasts favourably with that of the native districts around.

In some of these native States nothing has been done to mitigate the horrors of the famine. Such is the case with Marwar, and, we fear, with Jodhpore, both under native princes. The people, left without help, have one only resource left—to emigrate ; and so they flock into the British districts, which, having husbanded their resources, have enough to support their own population, but find them unequal to these new and unexpected demands.

In the British districts much has been done. In that of Mairwara very little rain fell. Famine works were immediately commenced. We were told lately, that, at an over-crowded English workhouse, the able-bodied men were set to work to displace so much sand one day, and put it back into the old place the next. The works done in Mairwara are not of this kind. They are what we call remunerative : they will pay. One of these is the opening of a road through the Burr Pass, and thus through the mountains which obstruct the trade between Ajmere and Bombay. From 6000 to 8000 poor, with 300 cattle, are daily employed there, at a cost of 800 rupees a day, and it is estimated that there are sufficient funds to maintain on the pass all who can work until July next. Taking Ajmere as a centre, another road is being made across the hills westward into Jodhpore ; another to Jeypore, on the north-east, so as to bring the suffering districts into communication with the great main line which runs from Agra southward. Other roads are being made for the relief of the districts to the south-east. Rajpootana, like Orissa, has been neglected, and now the famine has forced it into notice.

It is to be feared, indeed, that in some of the districts which are most disadvantageously circumstanced, notwithstanding all that can be done, great distress already prevails. In the remote parts of Bikaner, numbers it is said have already perished from want of water. In the semi-desert state of Jeysulmeer the inhabitants have left in such numbers, that those who remain are but a minority. Yet these districts were once densely peopled. But the forests have been cut down, and there have been no vegetable deposits supplying new sources of fertility : the hot winds have

carried away the lighter portions of the soil, and only sand has been left ; there have been no trees to attract the clouds ; the rainfall has been deficient, perhaps has failed altogether, and the springs have dried up.

Meanwhile all who can leave flock into British territory, and it is said that some of these emigrants have offered their children for sale at from three to five rupees per head.

Our readers will no doubt feel pained at accounts like these. May they not help us to realise a worse famine, which involves not merely hundreds of thousands, but hundreds of millions ; not "a famine of bread, or a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord." If men feel for the one, how is it they are so little affected by the other ? Is the famine which destroys the body so perilous as that which destroys the soul ? See the British officials, how they toil and labour to meet the crisis of physical famine, and contrast it with the inertness of Christians who profess to commiserate the destitution of the heathen, and yet do so little for their relief ? And is it true that men at home, who call themselves Christian, and yet cannot be aroused to any active effort to communicate their Christianity to those who need it, are beginning to lose it themselves ? How many persons are there not in England who have lost the essence of Christianity, not merely by being outside its influence, but by the denial of its distinctive doctrines ? How much infidelity, not secret and disguised as it used to be of old, but open and avowed, now exists in England ?

If we wish to conserve our Christianity, let us be active and earnest in communicating it to others. If we propose to ourselves to adopt a medium course, to shake off all responsibility about our heathen brother, and yet conserve our Christianity for our own use, we shall be disappointed—God will not suffer it. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth ; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." There are many things which increase by use, and diminish by want of usage, and our sense of the value of Christianity is one of these. The more we pray and strive to extend its blessings, the more we shall prize it for ourselves. In denying it to others we are learning to disregard it for ourselves.

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#### ELLORE AND BEZWARA.

Two of our Missionaries have recently visited the Telugu country, and have given some interesting accounts of what they saw there. At this part of the coast two great rivers enter the sea, the Godavery to the north, and the Kistna to the south. The lowland, formed to a considerable extent by the deposits of these rivers, extends inland and westward for a distance of forty or fifty miles. It may well be called lowland, for at some distance from the sea it becomes more depressed than the shore, where sand ridges have been thrown up by the waves, and this may help our readers to understand how it was that the great tidal wave during the cyclone of Nov. 1864 wrought such havoc, including both loss of life and property, at our Mission station at Masulipatam ; for when the sand ridge was overpassed,

there was nothing to arrest the spread of waters. Beyond the lowlands is seen the mountain range through which the rivers force their way from the far-off central and even western provinces.

The points visited, each being Church Missionary points, were Rajahmundry, on the Godavery; Ellore, a town with 20,000 inhabitants; Bezwarra on the Kistna, with 4000; and Masulipatam. At the three latter points they found much to interest. First let us take Ellore.

We started at 5 A.M., with the Missionary of the district, for a ride of sixteen miles across the country, to visit one of the most hopeful of the little congregations which have of late years begun to be gathered in. We spent ten minutes with some Christians five miles on our road, and went into their palmyra-thatched school-church, at the door of which they all assembled to greet their spiritual father and his two companions. Our journey thence was not very agreeably diversified by the pranks of the country pony, the only animal that could be procured for the occasion, one evidently, as the Irishman said, "not *amayneable* to the bit," and who, after maiming one of us by a good kick as he was dismounting, threw another of the party, and then bolted over the country. In spite of the delay thus caused, we reached the little village church in which we were to spend the day, by 10 o'clock, glad enough to find ourselves at the journey's end, for the sun was hot. It is a long, narrow building, its walls of mud and the roof of thatch, one end being walled off to make a room in which the Missionary may be accommodated on his periodical visits. It stands in a large churchyard, given over by the Zemindar, whose property the village is, upon the application of the Missionary, and that notwithstanding the opposition of his subordinates. In the same way this Zemindar spared a large tree in the centre of the street where the Christians live, and in the shade of which they carry on one essential part of their weaving operations, when he stripped all the other trees of the neighbourhood to feed his elephants.

In the evening I went into the Christians' street with the Missionary, and had a talk with them, mainly in reference to their heathen relatives. It was encouraging to hear that the twenty families still nominally heathen in the place have given up the worship of their idol, which used to stand under a tree now within the churchyard fence. Their main objections to professing themselves Christians are, (so their Christian relatives told me,) two, viz. that they would have to cease working on Sundays, and that they must abstain from eating carrion.

Next day we were disappointed in the hope of joining with these Christians in worship, through two of our number being laid up. However this gave an opportunity to the people of showing their kindly feeling. It was touching to see the solicitude with which the women particularly came to inquire after us, and to bring whatever remedies they fancied would benefit us. To one good woman who expressed her anxiety at my having to take so long a journey in such a state, I had remarked, "I am much more afraid of you, so young in the faith, so poor, and so ignorant, with so powerful an enemy as Satan opposed to you." "Oh!" said she, "why should you fear? God will not desert us." Our evening ride of ten miles was safely performed, and brought us to another

small congregation on the bank of the canal. We just had time to get a comfortable tea, and then the Ellore boats came up, and we bade good bye to our Missionary brother, and went on our way to Bezwara.

Let us go on with them to Bezwara, and make ourselves acquainted with some of the points of interest which they saw there.

It was Saturday morning when we arrived, and we found that arrangements had already been made for us to start that afternoon in order to spend the Sunday with an interesting congregation twenty-eight miles distant. The English and French astronomers, twenty miles off at Guntoor, had appropriated most of the scanty means of locomotion in the district; but by taking time by the forelock, and then riding and bandying alternately, we accomplished our appointed task, and by seven next morning were all three of us safely housed in the small Missionary bungalow erected in the tope outside the village in question, and were ready for the sacred services of the day. At eleven we went in single file along the foot-path through a field of rising corn to the village church, a chunammed, tile building, which would perhaps hold, if crammed, 200 people. It looked fairly full with the 139 that were counted in it. The men and boys sat in front, the women and girls behind. In the centre, looking like the patriarch of his tribe, with a grave and somewhat heavy-looking countenance, sat Venkiah, the first convert. Nearer us on either side were three or four young Christian schoolmasters. The people present had come from various Christian villages, one of which is twenty miles distant. The service commenced with a hymn sung to a native tune, in which many joined, including some of the women: portions of the prayers were read in Telugu. One of the young schoolmasters read the Second Lesson, and I preached (the Missionary himself interpreting) from the appropriate words which occurred in the Epistle for the day, "Ye know that we were Gentiles, carried away unto these dumb idols."

In the afternoon we went again to church for a second service, very similar to that of the morning. It was preceded, however, by a sort of Sunday school, in which both children and adults were pupils, Venkiah and the young schoolmasters being the teachers. Texts of Scripture were committed to memory. Some of the classes were in the church, some in the broad chunammed verandah outside. It was very interesting to watch this line-upon-line self-instruction going on. We were to start early next morning. The poor people, who showed the same naturalness and affectionateness as the villagers in the Ellore district, came back with us in the afternoon, and sat round us in the verandah of the little bungalow in the tope till we retired to rest. I tried to say the few sentences I knew in Telugu, and they helped me out. But when I repeated, "Man can build a house, can he make the stones for it?" Venkiah said, "No, he cannot even build the house, for the wisdom and strength for doing so must all come from God." I was struck with the apparently comfortable circumstances of these people. Though of a low caste according to Hindu notions, yet many of them wore golden earrings, and some of them had double silver chains round their waist. Only three heads of houses remain heathen, and in one at least of these the younger members (married sons) show an evident wish to embrace Christ-

ianity. On the way home after service in the afternoon, a shower had driven us for shelter to a shed near one of these heathens' house; and we had a good deal of talk with its owner, a fine hale-looking old man. His main excuse was, "God had not given him a mind to be a Christian." The Christians clustered round, and seemed very interested in our talk with him. The account of Venkiah's conversion is striking. His is one of those few instances in which there was a real earnest "feeling after" the truth, and after the Saviour, before any clear testimony concerning Christianity had been received. His prayer at that time was very remarkable: "O God, who art Thou? Where art Thou? Show me Thyself!" And he had a confidence that he should be heard. But his story has often been told in Missionary periodicals, and need not here be repeated.

The case of Venkiah was given to our readers four years ago in the pages of the "Gleaner." It is worth while to go back to our volume for 1865, page 22, and read what is there said of him. It is very pleasant to hear of him again. Interesting cases come before us from time to time, and then they disappear, and we hear no more of them. Very gratifying it is, after several years, to meet them again, and find that they have been kept stedfast, immoveable, and doing their Lord's work.

There are other points of interest in the account which our Missionaries have given us of our Telugu stations, but we have no place for them in this Number.

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JAPAN.

It appears that Japan is not yet open to Missionaries, in the same sense in which China is; for in China, according to the terms of the Tien-tsin treaty, Missionaries may rent a house, and reside and teach the people, and distribute the Scriptures *where they will*. But the treaty signed by Great Britain with Japan at Yeddo, on August 26th, 1858, "takes, there is reason to fear, no notice of Missionaries or their labours." It accords to British subjects the privilege of residence at certain free ports for commercial purposes, the free exercise of their religion, and the erection of suitable buildings for that purpose.

Again, there is nothing that refers to the protection of Japanese converts at present. By their country's laws they are liable to fine, imprisonment, exile, nay, even death itself. In China, on the contrary, no Chinese convert can be persecuted avowedly on the ground that he is a Christian. The anti-Christian statutes of Japan are not a dead letter, having been recently put in force against certain native Romanists. Their lives have indeed been spared on the intercession of the European converts, but they have been sent into exile.

Missionaries do, however, reside in Japan, and are unmolested. They travel, learn the language, translate the Scriptures, teach the natives by conversation and class instruction, and by preaching, on the Mission premises, the truths of Christianity; and have even baptized natives. But it cannot be said that in Japan there is as yet the possibility of an open proclamation of the Gospel.

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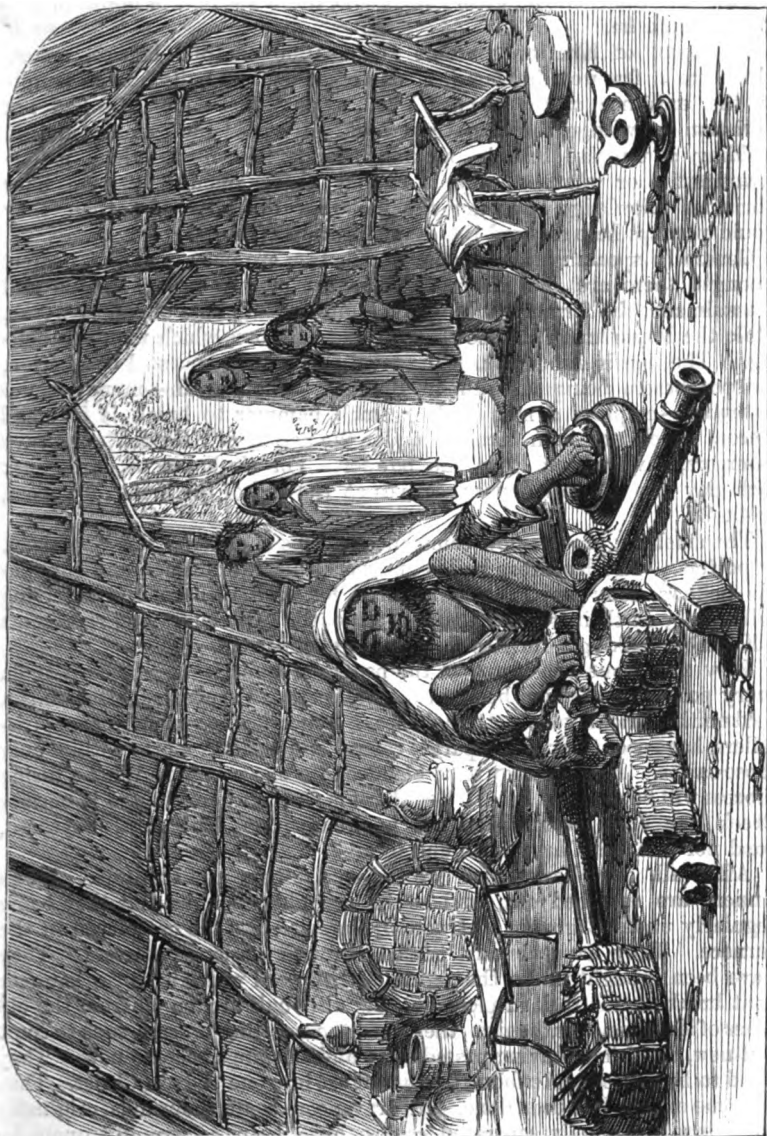
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THE KOOMBARS.

In our February Number we introduced a picture of the town of Khetree, lying at the foot of the Arabullee range of hills—the same hills through which roads are now being opened for the relief of the famine in Raj-



KOOMBAR MAKING A SMELTING FURNACE FOR COPPER ORE.

April 1869.

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pootana. They run across the province in a direction from north-east to south-west until they join the west extremity of the Vindya range, which, forming the northern boundary of the Nerbudda valley, crosses the peninsula of India from east to west.

About the spot where the town of Khetree stands some lofty spurs are thrown out from the main range, and these are rich in mines of iron copper, alum &c.

The town of Khetree contains about 1000 or 1500 houses, among which are a few wealthy families, one of which has built a large temple at the entrance of the town. What a pity these idolaters had not Christian knowledge, for then they would have used their money, not in building a temple, but in making Christ known to their fellow-townsmen; or what a pity it is that those among us who have Christian knowledge have not the idolaters' liberality, for then they would perhaps help forward the evangelization of India.

Generally speaking, the people of Khetree are poor, and the poorest amongst them are the miners. These are of two races, Hindus and Mussulmans, the former working the alum and sulphate of copper works, while the Mussulmans confine themselves to the ores which require smelting. The one is brought into the town in baskets, and sold by auction, the purchasers being Mussulman Bhoras. The Bhorah—money-lender or trader—employs a man with a small hammer to break it in small pieces, which are then brought under the action of "Ghuns," or heavy hammers, and reduced to a fine powder. For six hours of hard work each day the Ghun labourer receives at the end of the month 5 rupees, or 4s. 2d.

The smelting process now commences. This is done by the Koombars, or potters. The Koobar builds and works his own furnace, and supplies the bellows, four people being required for each furnace, and receiving collectively as their wages 11 rupees a month. Our engraving represents a Koobar making a furnace for smelting copper ore.

How numerous the castes of the people of India! In northern India every possible profession has its separate caste. Carpenters, blacksmiths, goldsmiths, bricklayers, potters, barbers, confectioners, washermen, spirit-sellers, have each their own separate castes, and eat and marry within only those castes. How are they to be blended into one people? What a fusing process will be required here. Yet there is One in whom "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all."

After all, our Missionaries are the true miners and smelters. When sinners are searched out, and so far wrought upon as that they come regularly under Christian instruction, they are like the ore placed in the furnace. They have already passed through various processes. They have been brought under the action of that word which is as "a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." But although broken off from the old mass of idolatrous heathenism, they need the smelting process, so as to come out new, old things having passed away and all things become new. They need to be melted and subdued, so as to fuse into one body in Christ. This, to some extent, has been done. In Travancore some thousands, originally of diverse and wholly separated castes, have been so wrought upon by

the power of Christian truth as to become one people and one church—Brahmins, Nairs, Chogans, Syrians, Arrians, slaves. And what has been done there, may be done in other parts of India.

Let our Missionaries toil on—some as the miners, searching for the treasure where they can find it; some building their furnaces, although, in the estimation of the wise men of this world, they are no better than Koombars, or potters. Let them not be discouraged. They have already prepared and transferred into the Lord's treasury much that came into their hands in a rude state, but which, through the Lord's blessing on their work, has become refined and purified.—“Such were some of you; but ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.”

AKIBODE.

It is now twenty-five years since Badagry, a native town inhabited by Popos, and situated on the coast between Lagos on the east and Porto Novo on the west, was first visited by our Missionaries. Abeokuta was their destination, but they found a war raging, and, the way being blocked up, were obliged to remain for a short time at Badagry, and there they preached the Gospel.

We soon read of the priest of Ifa as being constantly present at the services on the Lord's-day. In various ways this man showed his interest in the Mission, so much so, that he was accused by his friends of receiving payment from the Missionaries, and that he was thus induced to attend their services, and send his children to their school. He had an interview with the Rev. C. A. Gollmer on this matter, which much troubled him. At that time he had taken off the charms which he had been wont to wear about his neck, and he then made the following remarkable declaration—“I only wait for the day when God will give me strength and resolution to rid my arms of the others. That shall be the day, the decisive day, when I and my whole family will entirely forsake Ifa, and become the Lord's.” That was in 1848.

At one time, when Badagry was in great excitement, and a civil war imminent, Akibode was on the point of removing his two children from the Mission school, and retiring, with the rest of his family, to Pokia, a town about nine miles distant. He asked the advice of Mr. Gollmer. “You may go,” was the reply, “but as for me and my house, we commit ourselves to God, and in Him we will put our trust.” These words fell on his heart: he reflected on them; and, the day after, he came, and said, “I cannot take my boys away from you, for I will, with you, put my trust in God.”

Soon after, Dahomey attacked Abeokuta, and was defeated. Kosoko, who was in league with Dahomey, attempted to possess himself of Badagry, and Akibode fled to Ado, a town lying between Badagry

and Abeokuta. Ado and Abeokuta had been enemies, and after the defeat of Dahomey our Missionaries came from Abeokuta to Ado as peace-makers between the people of that town and the Egbas. There they found their old friend Akibode, and very useful he made himself. He assured the Ado chiefs that they might trust the white men, and advised them to follow their advice. On the morning of the day when the Missionary and the chiefs were to meet in conference, he made his little boy, Philip Ije, read a chapter to the chiefs from his English Bible, and a large portion of prayers from the Yoruba Prayer-book, to all which they listened with attention.

Yet, hopeful as he seemed to be, year after year passed away, and still Akibode continued to halt between two opinions. He was indeed an unwise son, lingering thus in a perilous position; convinced of the truth of Christianity, yet unwilling to part with all his gains and influence as the priest of Ifa, that he might follow Christ. Such cases are like the spring of the present year. A month back vegetation promised to be so forward; but the cold and cutting winds have kept it back, and it looks so pinched and perished, that we do not know when it will unfold. How forbearingly God dealt with him, sparing him from year to year, as still from year to year he tarried outside the open door, often invited, yet undecided; on the threshold, yet not within the refuge.

At length came the year 1868—twenty years after there had been hopeful mention of his name in the reports of our Missionaries. His case had become almost hopeless; when, at the eleventh hour, at an unexpected moment, came the following letter to Mr. Gollmer, dated Badagry, August 20th, 1868, and signed "Akibode"—

You will doubtless be surprised if your attention is first drawn to the name subscribed at the end of this letter; but when you shall have read its contents, and considered its subject, as well as the author, your surprise will not be exactly and altogether changed, but it will be mingled with joy and gratitude to God for His wonderful and distinguishing mercy vouchsafed to unworthy me.

I am most thankful to inform you, that after mature consideration of my spiritual condition relative to the obstinate resistance I had formerly made to all arguments, persuasions and entreaties urged by yourself, and several other Missionaries who have laboured in this town, it has pleased the Lord to bless all those Christian efforts with success to my soul, and, after all, before it is too late, to bring me to my right mind, and to enlighten me to see the great folly of idolatry. About the 27th day of June this year, I was enabled to break through all my objections, prejudices and difficulties, and to renounce my Ifa, and everything else that was superstitious about me, and to enlist myself among the followers and children of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of sinners, who has borne with me with such uncommon patience. Is it not wonderful that Akibode should become a believer? Though there is nothing too hard for the Lord, yet you, and all who knew me, must feel a debt of gratitude to the

all-patient, all-merciful Saviour of the world for having conquered such an obstinate rebel like me. So you will see that the madness which reigns in this, as in all other heathen countries, can be cured. You, among other Missionaries, were entrusted with the only remedy for such deeply-rooted and inveterate madness. That remedy you brought to this town and country at large, and you offered it to me. I refused it; but you compelled me to drink it when you used to visit me in my house here at Badagry, preaching the only true and right way of salvation to me. That remedy which you then compelled me to drink has taken the desired salutary effect, and cured me of my madness. And, feeling so greatly indebted to your instrumentality on my behalf, I cannot but adopt the present course of expressing my feeble thanks to you, and, through you, to all the other Missionaries who have ever spoken to me, such as the Rev. I. Smith, Rev. H. Townsend, and the Rev. A. Mann, whom you will soon see in England. I must also beg you to convey and express my thanks to all such Christian friends, to whom I am personally unknown, as the Rev. H. Venn and others, who have so often manifested and expressed their Christian love and anxiety on my account, and prayed no doubt for my conversion.

You will doubtless be glad and thankful to hear, that, having felt and proved the efficacy of that remedy myself, prescribed and administered by you to me, I am endeavouring to prescribe and administer the same to all with whom I have any influence, beginning from my whole household to all my distant friends and relatives—especially those at the towns of Pokia and Ado. Since my renunciation of idolatry I have visited these my heathen and idolatrous relatives and friends about three times, endeavouring to lead them from their error and folly to the right way—the way of the Lord. All in my house, together with myself at the head of them, are in the class of candidates for baptism. On the 5th of July last, after I had delivered my Ifa and all my other Orisas to the catechist of this station, I had three of my children, born since you left this coast, baptized by the Rev. J. B. Wood. Two other daughters of mine, now living with my son Simeon at Lagos, will be baptized shortly. In this way I am endeavouring to show my gratitude to the Lord for His sovereign mercy to me, and I crave the assistance of you all, by your prayers to help me, that I may continue steadfast unto the end.

EARLY SPRING IN THE MISSION GARDENS OF CEYLON.

THE Singhalese are apathetic, so it has been said; and they will never respond to the labours of Missionaries, so it has been thought; and in sending out your men to preach the Gospel there, you send them forth to till the barren sand, where the crocodiles' eggs might be warmed into a reptile life, but where the seed which they sow will never quicken into fruit. Yes, the world is not encouraging in the notice which it takes of Missionary enterprise, and even our well-wishers, who acknowledge the duty of making the Gospel widely known, and who readily admit that the furtherers of this work deserve the thanks of all, because they, a few, are charging themselves with responsibilities which belong to all, are often

disposed to question, if not our zeal, yet our judgment, and to think of some, at least, of our fields of labour, that to bring them under cultivation is beyond our power. So we read of "the listlessness and indifference to all religion," by which the Singhalese are characterized, and of "their feeble moral sense." "To strangers," we are told, "the mass of the Singhalese people appear courteous and mild, but to those who have penetrated to their secluded villages their genuine character presents itself in far less-pleasing features. Jealousy, slander, litigation and revenge prevail to an unlooked-for excess. Every household has its internal differences, every circle its concealed feuds and animosities. The women especially cherish the spirit of discord, and rise in furious passions against each other, which are vented in railings, loud and virulent." The same writer, the late Sir. E. Tennant, mentions other points, over which, however, we think it better to throw a veil.

There is no doubt of the havoc which sin has wrought in the human character. There are fell diseases which destroy the beauty of the most comely countenance—so completely has sin obliterated the traces of that high image in which man was at first created. But this may be restored. In this lies the difference between men and devils: the latter are incapable of such restoration; but man may be renewed in the image of God. He may be recreated, and the preached word is the instrument by which the Spirit of God works to so glorious an issue. He who of old said, "Let there be light, and there was light," speaks so now, and thus shines into men's hearts, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; and we are persuaded that there is no race, no nation, however depraved, that is beyond the reach of, or incapable of being acted upon by this renewing power. Some races are more barbarous; others more sensual; the latter being usually found in the warm and fertile regions of the tropics, where lodging and clothing, the two necessary things after food, are rendered almost superfluous by the climate, and where food itself is produced by little exertion. We do not attempt to say which class of character is the more difficult to be acted upon, but we say that each extreme has been approached, and on either hand results have been obtained quite sufficient to prove that the attempt has not been a vain one, but that "the Gospel of Christ is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth."

Has it been so among the Singhalese? Is it true that "Christianity requires an exercise of thought, and an exertion of intellectual power which seems almost beyond the power of the lethargic Singhalese?" It is indeed true that it may be longer before the fruits show themselves, and that the growth of Christianity in the minds of that people may be the very reverse of that rapid productiveness for which the soil of Ceylon is so remarkable. But "though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

Some fruits are now showing themselves; the tender grape appears, and the pomegranates bud forth. Let us look upon them as they are presented in letters from the Rev. W. Oakley and the Rev. J. Allcock, both Missionaries in the Kandy district.

"You will be glad to hear we had two very good public meetings in Kandy in commemoration of the Jubilee. The meeting held on the

Mission premises was a great success. The decorations, put up chiefly by members of the Kandy congregation, were beautiful, and the public meeting was by far the largest that has ever been held in connexion with the Church Missionary Society in Kandy. The whole of the addresses were by Singhalese gentlemen, and in the Singhalese language. After the addresses had been delivered, several members of the congregations came forward with subscriptions, which amounted to 113/.

"In the afternoon of the same day there had been held a bazaar for the sale of articles contributed almost entirely by our native friends, and by them, with very few exceptions, they were purchased. The sum realized at the bazaar was nearly 40/. On the following Friday evening, a public meeting of our English friends was held in Kandy, at which the Archdeacon took the chair. The room (the Kandy library) was completely filled, and many were standing in the verandahs. The addresses were very good, and were very warmly applauded. The Jubilee Fund now amounts to about 430/."

Mr. Allcock adds some particulars respecting the bazaar—

"There was also what may be called an auction, for the disposal of a number of free-will offerings, which included coffee, yams, pines, coconuts, oranges, vegetables, rice, plantains, ferns, flowers, paddy, walking-sticks, toys, and various kinds of fruits.

"There was displayed an extraordinary amount of almost an intemperate zeal and enthusiasm, which, in my belief, disproves the oft-repeated opinion that the Singhalese are an apathetic and ungrateful race. All the speakers expressed their gratitude and thankfulness to the Society for having established a Mission, and for having sent so many good and faithful Missionaries to this benighted heathen land. One Singhalese Christian man collected about 60/ for the Jubilee Fund."

"COMING."

"It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And mark the setting sun—"

Then watch and pray
At the close of day,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

It may be when the midnight
Is silent o'er the land,
But for the waves which sleep not,
So restless on the sand :
But let your heart be wakeful
When all around is still,
For to come at the midnight hour
I might will.

It may be at the sunrise,
When the morning is so bright,
And all God's creatures are exulting,
In the newly-born light ;

Then girt with surpassing splendour,
 A better Sun may rise—
 Let your heart be lowly and tender
 At your morning sacrifice.

It may be in the evening time,
 Or it may be at the morn,
 Or when the day is in its prime,
 That the true light may be born.
 A day that shall have no morrow—
 A sun that shall know no eve—
 A joy that shall know no sorrow—
 A friend that will never leave.

Come, whene'er thou choosest, at midnight or at noon,
 This only we would ask thee, let it be very soon."

J. R.

A SERMON ON TITHES, AT HARPOOT.

BY BLIND HOHANNES—THE "WALKING CONCORDANCE."

THE following article is printed from the "Monthly Notices of the American Missions in Western Asia," published at Boston. We trust that, in transferring it to our pages, we shall not be regarded as trespassing on the garden of others, and appropriating what does not belong to us. But the facts which it makes known are worthy of having a wide circulation at home and abroad.

In the tenth chapter of his valuable book, "Ten Years on the Euphrates," Mr. Wheeler, of the Eastern-Turkey Mission, has given an account of the commencement of the movement for paying tithes in that Mission field, in one of the poorest of their churches, under the influence of a blind native preacher, Hohannes (John), surnamed the "Concordance," on account of his wonderful readiness in quoting Scripture by chapter and verse. Miss West, of Harpoot, recently sent to the Missionary house an abstract of a discourse which she had just heard from this blind preacher—a graduate of the Harpoot seminary—and the hope is expressed, in behalf of the Missionaries there, that it may be published, and may *do good*. It will surely interest, and can hardly fail to benefit the thoughtful reader.

Miss West writes—"I wish you could have been present, and *seen* for yourself, how interested the people were in the delivery of the discourse. The blindness of the preacher added to the interest. Saying—'We will *read*' such a 'chapter,' or 'hymn,' he would repeat the same, word for word. When he called upon the people to read, it was for their sake rather than his own; and when the reader had reached just the point he desired, he never failed to say 'stop,' that he might take it up just there. Doubtless many a more learned and talented man among those educated by Missionaries would look with pity upon this poor preacher, who has little book-knowledge except of his blessed Bible; but oh, how far above them he stands in this respect! This one book is his *theological library*. It is his study, by day and by night, and he is really a walking Concordance." The account given of the sermon is as follows—

The preacher commenced his discourse by repeating that striking passage in Malachi—"Will a man *rob God*? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings," etc. He then, in a few words, told us what he proposed to show from the word of God, that the giving of a tenth to the Lord was a primitive institution, attended with great benefits and blessings to the givers, and perpetuated and enforced under the new dispensation no less than the old.

"Open your Bibles," he said, "at the 14th chapter of Genesis, and let some one read the 18th and 20th verses." Bibles were instantly opened all over the house, and the passage read in clear tones by one of the congregation. "Abraham gave tithes to Melchizedek," said the preacher, "more than four hundred years before the giving of the law to Moses—Abraham, 'the father of the faithful,' whose children the Jews gloried in being—Abraham, whom even the Moslems honour and call 'the blessed.'

"Now turn to the 28th chapter and read the 20th, 21st, and 22nd verses." Jacob's vow was read, concluding with the words, "And of that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth to thee." He then rapidly drew the contrast between Jacob's *going* to Padan-aram—alone, and in utter destitution—and the *return* with his flocks and herds, and camels, men-servants, and maid-servants; for the man had increased exceedingly, in spite of the covetousness of Laban. "And now," he said, "open at the 27th of Leviticus, and read the 30th verse. 'And all the *tithe* of the land is *the Lord's*' repeated the preacher; "nine-tenths for yourselves, but one-tenth 'is holy unto the Lord.' Open at Numbers xviii. and read the 20th, 21st, 26th, 28th, and 29th verses." This was done, and then Hohannes briefly commented upon each verse. He said the Levites, who ministered in the house of the Lord, were to have no part or inheritance in the land, for the tithes of the people were to be their inheritance; and of these tithes *they* were to offer a *tenth* to the Lord, "even of all the *best* thereof." "Read Deut. xiv. 22d; and xxvi. 12th. See the abundant provision made, not only for the Levites, but for the 'stranger, the fatherless and the widow.' Read also 2nd Chron. xxxi. 4—10, where the people are described as obeying the command of God, and bringing in '*abundantly*' of the 'increase of the land.' And the chief priest answered king Hezekiah, when he questioned him concerning the '*heaps*,'—'Since the people began to bring the offerings into the house of the Lord, we have had enough to eat, and have left plenty; for the Lord hath blessed His people, and that which is left is *this great store*.'

"Now read Nehemiah xiii. 10th, 13th, and 14th verses. Mark the contrast! The people no longer gave tithes; the house of the Lord was desecrated, and the Levites had forsaken their sacred office, and '*fed every one to his own FIELD!*' And now," said the preacher, "we will turn to the new dispensation. Open at the 23rd of Matthew, and read the 23rd verse: 'These *ought* ye to have done, and *not* to leave the other undone,' are our blessed Saviour's words to the Scribes and Pharisees. Ye do well to pay tithes,—it is your duty,—but ye ought also to do judgment, mercy and faith. Now turn to Luke xi. 42. 'Wo unto you Pharisees, for

ye tithe . . . all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: *these ought ye to have done* and not to leave the other undone.' Read Luke iii. 7—12, 'Bring forth fruits *worthy of repentance*,' repeated the preacher. "John the Baptist was a connecting link between the Jewish and the Gospel dispensations, and he spake as he was moved by the Spirit of God—'Now also is the axe laid at the root of the tree.' What tree? It was nothing less than the tree—the root—of *self* and *selfishness*. What this good fruit is he tells us in the 11th verse: 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat (food), let him do likewise.' Where now remains the *tenth*?' he exclaimed. "Under the new dispensation, not one tenth merely, but one half is required!" (At this announcement there was an evident sensation in the audience: many a face lighted up with a smile as the electric current shot through the assembly).

The preacher continued: "Read now the 6th of Luke, 38th verse, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' *Give*, and you shall have the wherewithal to give! Shut your hand and your heart, and you shut the windows of heaven; you keep back the blessing of God. See what Christ says in Luke xii. 33, 'Sell that ye have and give alms,' &c., which means—Consider yourselves as *stewards* of God's grace on the earth, seeking your inheritance in the world to come. You are to set light store by your earthly possessions, and lay up treasures in heaven. Now read Luke xiv. 33." Slowly and solemnly the preacher repeated the words of the Master—"So likewise, whosoever he be of you that *forsaketh not ALL* that he hath, he CANNOT be my disciple!' Ah, my brethren," he said, "it is not merely a *tenth*, or even a *half* of our worldly possessions that Christ claims, *it is our ALL!* Think upon the *meaning* of those words. It is thus He speaks to you: 'If you wish to be my disciple, you must *count the cost*. You cannot serve *two* masters. You must give up everything that the children of this world seek after. You must hold yourselves aloof from your earthly possessions, (the Armenian version of the text quoted from Luke xiv. 33), holding to them *loosely*, setting your affections on things above. Your comfort, pleasure, honour, ease, yea, your very life, you must esteem as *nothing* in comparison with my service! And in thus losing *all* you will find *ALL*, and that for ever.'

"Open your Bibles at Matthew xix. 29, and Mark x. 29, and the glorious promise to those who truly '*forsake all*' for Christ and His cause. 'See,' exclaimed Hohannes, after solemnly repeating the passage, 'see how rich the reward! A hundred-fold in this life, and *life everlasting* beside! Now open at Luke xix., read from the 2nd to the 10th verse. Note the words of Zaccheus, 'The half of my goods I give to the poor;' and mark the answer of our Saviour. But what say you? Is salvation to be *bought with money*? We all know that it is 'without money and without price.' Why then this blessing upon Zaccheus?' 'Because,' answered one of the congregation, 'the *giving* was the fruit of his *faith*!' 'Yes,' rejoined the preacher, 'Zaccheus brought forth fruit worthy of true repentance, and immediately received the promised blessing.'

"Now let me tell you a story. When I was in the class in sermonizing in the seminary, our teacher was very anxious that we who were soon to go forth as preachers, and perhaps become pastors, should work upon

right principles ; and he often talked to us of our duty, as leaders, to teach the people to do for themselves. He sometimes told us of places where much money (of the Board) had been expended by Missionaries, and little real good accomplished, because the people had not been taught to give for Christ's cause. 'In one little village,' he said, '40,000 piastres of the Board's money was spent, the people giving only 50 piastres during thirteen years ! And the work in that place amounts to nothing to-day, in consequence of this unwise course.'

"It so happened, that when my course of study was finished, I was appointed to that village. It was the last place I should have chosen. I had no desire to go to that field, but God had so ordered, and I went. The Missionaries told me that my wages would be 1500 piastres a year,* of which the people were to raise 600 piastres ; and, before I left, one of them took me aside, and counselled me to make it as easy for the people as possible, by eating at their houses, because it would come hard to them at first to do so much. Soon after I went there, a neighbouring pastor came over to the village, and we held a meeting with the brethren. We talked about my support, and it seemed that they had, with much difficulty, subscribed 500 piastres per year. I told them the Missionaries had said they would raise 600. '*Never !*' they exclaimed, 'we cannot raise another *para !*' And pastor M. said it was impossible, they were too poor. 'Where then shall I get my other hundred ?' I asked. 'We will help you from our place,' he answered.

"But my mind was not at rest. That night I thought much on the subject. I said to myself—'Suppose the American Board should some day withdraw its support from this and other feeble churches, what will become of them ?' And I prayed—'O, Thou that knowest all things, and with whom are all plans, show thy ignorant servant how thy kingdom can best be established in this land,' And it seemed to me that a voice said in my soul, 'It can be done *by giving one in every ten !*' When I thought it over, it occurred me to test it first in my own case. One tenth of my 1500 per year would be 150 piastres. 'No,' I said, 'I can't give as much as that ; I should suffer for it.' But when I came to take it out of every *month's* allowance it did not seem so much. 'One tenth of my 125 per month will be 12½ piastres ; *I can do it,*' I said, 'and I *will*, even if I do have to pinch a little !' † It happened that pastor — visited us about that time, and I laid the subject before him. 'It can be done,' he said, 'and it must be. I will give a tenth of my salary.' And so said preacher —, who also came over. 'Well, then,' I said, 'do you think it will do for me to lay it before the brethren ?' 'Yes,' they replied ; 'it is the best thing you can do.' So I prepared myself and preached to the people on the next Sunday. The Lord blessed his own word. They accepted it, and came together to be 'written' for their tithes. When we made a rough estimate, it appeared that their *tenths* would amount to more than my entire salary ! 'Why, how is this ?' they all said ; 'it was so *hard* before, but now it becomes very easy, and is truly pleasant.'

Now, to show you how God blessed that little flock, I will mention one

* 60 dollars. The piastre is about four cents.

† Hohannes has no family to support.

case. There was one of the brethren who had a vegetable garden, which the Turkish official, in writing down the taxes, had estimated at 900 piastres (for that year's produce), taxing him 90 piastres. Others said it was too much; it would not produce that amount. But mark the fulfilment of the promise in Malachi iii. 10. That brother sold 3000 piastres worth of vegetables, besides what was eaten by a household of 32 persons, and given away, amounting to full 3000 more. Others were also blessed, and all acknowledged that they had never known a year of such prosperity. The people not only supported their preacher and school-teacher, but also paid over 2000 piastres for other purposes."

The preacher was about to close his discourse, when a member of the congregation arose, and asked permission to say a few words. "I have learned," he said, "from one of the Missionaries, another truth which has great weight in this giving of one tenth of our income to the Lord. Under the old dispensation the Jews were only required to care for their own nation, but under the new dispensation the command is, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!' Therefore a *tenth* is not enough for Christians to give." To this the preacher responded—"A *tenth* is the *very least* that a disciple of Christ should give. Over and above that he should give as God prospers him." "And now," he added, "let us seek the aid of the Holy Spirit, that we, and all our offerings, may find acceptance before God."

To the foregoing account Miss West adds—"It is difficult to do justice to a scene and a sermon so unique. When that sightless man was led up into the pulpit his appearance was anything but attractive. He looked rough and uncared-for; quite inferior in person. But he had a message from the Lord of hosts, and well did he deliver it; reminding one of the words, 'God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are *despised* hath God *chosen*,' &c.

"It was worth much to see and hear one who had been so evidently taught of the Spirit, and made the honoured instrument of laying down a new foundation-stone for the building of Christ's church throughout the world! For the new ray of light that dawned in that obscure village in Armenia two years since has begun to radiate from many distant points, and we believe that it will solve the problem of the support of Christian institutions in all lands, and hasten the day when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God. Well may every worker in foreign lands say, with Jesus, 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'"

CONTENTS.

THE KOOMBARS. (With a Cut)	37
AKIBODE	39
EARLY SPRING IN THE MISSION GARDENS OF CEYLON	41
POETRY—"COMING."	43
A SERMON ON TITHES, AT HARPOOT	44

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No. 5.

MAY, 1869.

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## CONTENTS.

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|                                                                                 |    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| THE HALF-BREEDS OF THE RED-RIVER, NORTH-WEST AMERICA,<br>(With a Cut) . . . . . | 61 |
| COMMENCEMENT OF OUR MISSION TO JAPAN . . . . .                                  | 63 |
| POETRY.—A MISSIONARY HYMN OF PRAISE . . . . .                                   | 66 |
| THE BULLOM SHORE . . . . .                                                      | 67 |
| SELECTIONS FROM NOTES OF A TOUR IN CHINA . . . . .                              | 69 |
| CATHERINE ECKHARD, OF LOVEDALE, SOUTH AFRICA . . . . .                          | 71 |

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**THE HALF-BREEDS OF THE RED RIVER.**

IN the Red-River Settlement there are to be found not only Europeans and Indians, but a mixed race whose parentage combines the European and Indian element, and who are known by the name of Half-breeds.



“WIGWAM,” A HALF-BREED OJIBEWAY.

May 1869.

F

Missionaries. It is true there is great difficulty in keeping them under regular Christian instruction, and this because of their wandering habits, and the preference which they give to the plains and buffalo-hunting above settlement life and cultivation of the land. Nevertheless, they are worth the most persistent and self-denying efforts. The pure native races are passing away. Here and there, on the high banks of some valley, may be seen the remains of ancient encampments in the form of rings and stones to hold down the skin tents, testifying to the former numbers of the Plain Crees, and affording a sad evidence of the ancient power of that people, and its decay.

There is now but a remnant. The few that remain are like the living pines, which are left alone amidst the ruins of the forest, of which they once formed a part. But there came one of those floods of fire which rage over the prairies and destroy all before them, such as that which occurred twelve years ago, when, beyond the south branch of the Saskatchewan to the Red River, a conflagration extended itself for 1000 miles in length, and several hundreds in breadth, and here and there, in the tall trunks of white pine, branchless and dead, rising in clumps or in single loneliness, and in the many prostrate half-burnt trees of the largest size, may be seen the traces of its destructive progress. After a space of some thirty years these desolated tracts become clothed by a second growth, but different from that which had preceded it. Instead of the pine may be seen the black cherry, the birch, the alder, the sugar maple, which, with a thick undergrowth of hazel-nut, occupy the domain of the ancient forest.

The half-breeds are the second growth, some of British, others of French Canadian blood: they are springing up instead of the pure Indian tribes which once possessed the land.

It would be well to lay hold upon the half-breed squaws, and the children, both boys and girls: they must be in some degree less migratory than the men.

Prairie Portage is one of those spots where is to be found a Christian congregation, partly Indian and partly half-breed. It is delightfully situated about sixty miles west of Fort Garry, Red River, on the banks of the Assiniboine. The prairie here is of the richest description, and towards the north and east boundless to the eye. The river bank is fringed with a narrow belt of fine oak, elm, ash and ash-leaved maple, while on the south side a forest extends from two to four miles in depth, and then passes into aspen groves. The congregation is composed of Plain and Swampy Cree Indians and half-breeds. At the door of the church, inside the building, may sometimes be seen squatted on the floor, a number of heathen Indians some clothed in dressed skins, others robed in blankets. Curious to see what is going forward, they yet remain quiet and grave, although La Prairie is a rough place—"revolvers always in readiness; threats continually interchanged;" the public safety often endangered by drinking-bouts, and the fierce feelings of opposite races; yet there is a large leaven of consistent Christians who value their Christian ordinances, and rejoice in the work of the blessed Gospel. At this station there are many half-breeds, and we commend them to the special attention of the Missionary. They need it much,

for their present state is far below their capabilities. They have but little, and their tendency is to sink rather than rise above the bare necessities of the present hour. Yet they have not been niggardly. They have given during the last year what they could ill spare—the very bread which might have been reserved for the sustenance of their children; and they have done it heartily, as to the Lord. They are worth caring for, being far ahead of the emigrant in intelligence and education, though not so in physical ability, and in energy. In the sterling quality of a labourer, the capability of downright hard work, they are deficient, and are content with small houses, small farms, and the most limited efforts in the different branches of manual labour.

Last year they suffered grievously from the grasshoppers. This plague is thus described by an eye-witness—

“The air, as far as the eye could penetrate, appeared to be filled with them. They commenced their flight about nine in the morning, and continued until half-past three or four o’clock in the afternoon. After that hour they settled around in countless multitudes, and immediately clung to the leaves of grass, and rested on their journey. The number in the air seemed to be greatest about noon; and at times they appeared in such infinite swarms as to lessen perceptibly the light of the sun. The whole horizon wore an unearthly ashen hue from the light reflected by their transparent wings.

“Lying on my back, and looking upwards, as near to the sun as the light would permit, I saw the sky continually changing colour from blue to silver-white, ash-grey, and lead colour, according to the numbers in the passing clouds of insects. Opposite to the sun the prevailing hue was a silver-white, perceptibly flashing. On one occasion the whole heavens towards the south-east and west appeared to radiate a soft tinted light with a quivering motion, and, the day being calm, the hum produced by the vibration of so many millions of wings was quite indescribable, and more resembled the noise popularly termed, “a ringing in one’s ears” than any other sound. The aspect of the heavens during the greatest flight was singularly striking. It produced a feeling of uneasiness, amazement and awe in the mind, as if some terrible, unforeseen calamity were about to happen.”

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#### COMMENCEMENT OF OUR MISSION TO JAPAN.

OUR readers will rejoice to learn that our first Missionary has reached Japan, and that a Mission has been commenced which we trust will be persistently carried on, until a little company of Japanese has been won over to the faith and service of the Lord Jesus Christ; men who shall be ready, so soon as the door opens, to go forward into the interior to make known to their countrymen the true Gospel.

The following letter from the Rev. G. Ensor to the Rev. H. Venn is dated Nagasaki, Feb. 4, 1869.—

I cannot sufficiently praise the goodness of our heavenly Father for having been brought, in the enjoyment of so many mercies, to the haven

where we would be, and I trust to enjoy that blessed time when we shall have gained, not a temporary but a permanent resting-place, and have left the waves of this world for the peace of eternity. An unusually calm and favourable voyage brought us to the shores of China, where we received much kindness, and enjoyed much the society of our dear friends in Ningpo. During a residence in that city of just three months, I had an opportunity of seeing the Native Christians and Catechists every day, and meeting with them in their house of prayer. In company also with Mr. Moule I had the privilege of visiting nearly all the Missionary Stations in the outlying districts of Ningpo, and was thus initiated into the circumstances of Mission life in the far East, as much as it was possible in that short time, and for one unacquainted with the language. My heart, however, was in Japan, and most earnestly did I long for the arrival of Mr. Russell, under whose wisdom and guidance I had the happiness to be placed by the Committee. At last he came, and, to my great joy, decided to despatch me as soon as possible. Principally because Mr. Moule's departure for England was approaching, he thought it good to remain a season longer himself, and to follow soon after. After a short delay in Shanghai, where we enjoyed the hospitality of that excellent friend of the Society, Mr. Krauss, we left on the 21st of January, and, after a very calm passage of forty-eight hours, we found ourselves, on the morning of the 23rd, in the grey dawn, approaching the beautiful country of the rising sun, from whence it has its name. As we approached the land, the sun-light shone over the fertile and, even at this season, well-cultivated hills, which rose sharply from the water's edge. On the waves we could see the boats of the hardy fisherman, or the larger junks laden with coal, which is here very good and cheap, bound to Hirado. A very picturesque and winding entrance opened out to us soon a view of the beautiful land-locked bay, which might have been the crater of a huge volcano were it not that the sides were ranges of hills bright with cultivation and wooded to their summits, and instead of fiery lava tossing in seething foam, there slept a calm and tranquil little sea of exquisite blue. But before we entered this delightful harbour we had to pass the beautiful little islet of Pappenburg, from whose frowning height many Christians were hurled, "mother with infant, down the rocks," at the time of the fiery persecution fomented by the pride and intrigues of the Romish ecclesiastics, and which have thrown such immense difficulties in the way of the teachers of a better and a purer faith. The sun was now shining brightly, and we saw the excellent site of the foreign settlement on the right, stretching on to the extensive Japanese town, containing some 80,000 inhabitants, the low roofs extending to the head of the bay and overlooked by the overhanging hills, on which rose the narrow tablets of the neatly-kept tombs. Very different indeed was the country from the marshy swamps and low paddy-fields around Shanghai and Ningpo. The air, too, was bright and exhilarating, and only one thing was needed to render the picture one of perfect beauty—liberty to listen to and embrace the Gospel of Christ. We thought it better to proceed at once to the little residence set apart for us, and as soon as possible we had our effects transported on the sturdy backs of a number of Coolies to the summit of the hill adjoining the

native town, where our residence, formerly occupied by Bishop Williams, is situated. Much of the inconvenience and discomfort of taking possession of a house without stove or fireplace was mitigated by the kindness of some of the residents, and we are at last getting very comfortable.

Soon after my arrival I met one of the Japanese whose acquaintance I had made in England: he expressed much pleasure at seeing me in Japan, and, a day or two afterwards, sent us a couple of sea ducks, with a kind note in English. It was indeed very gratifying to meet with such kindness on our arrival from a Japanese. Nor was this the only evidence of it: from another came a basket of oranges; from a third a large cake, tastefully enclosed in a box. These are indeed valuable as evidences of kindly feeling and friendliness. This leads me to allude to what is to me a matter of intense interest, an interest in which I know the Committee and the Christian people of Britain so deeply share—the present state and prospects of Mission work in Japan. You will naturally think that the experience of some ten days cannot be very accurate or profound, and I should not feel justified in advancing the results of my own observation as furnishing reliable information. But I cannot refrain from bringing before you as much as I have collected on the spot from those whose words are substantiated by years of experience and acquaintance with the people. It is well known that there exists a most stringent edict adverse to Christianity, and the fact cannot be concealed that this edict is no dead letter. True, blood, as far as we know, has not been shed; but no man would consider his life safe were he known to be a Christian. Consequently exceeding caution must necessarily be exercised in approaching the people, as any act of imprudence might suspend, at least for a time, the opportunities at present possessed. Over against this may be set the encouraging fact that the Natives are willing to hear. There are many means of access to them through the medium of their intense passion for the acquisition of the English language and sciences; moreover, were toleration once granted, the only difficulty for the Missionary would be to keep out the rush which would ensue of masses who would consider it an honour to be named Christians, and thus identified with the advance of science and civilization. In private intercourse the Gospel may be preached, and the consistency of a Christian life be silently urged as a living example of the truth taught. More than all, it has proved a savour of life to some. Bibles in Chinese—the Latin of the educated—and Christian tracts are given or sold, and at times in large quantities, without hindrance; indeed the entrance of them into Japan is expressly guarded by an article in the American treaty. The door is in part open; the Word of God is not bound; and shall not God's people earnestly plead for this land that it may be filled with His glory, and many precious souls be gathered into His fold?

Two Japanese youths called to-day to take me through the native town. I visited with them a large Buddhist temple, the neatness and cleanliness of which contrasted very favourably with the negligence and untidiness of those in China. Standing on the steps before a stone image of Buddha, I spoke to them of the folly of the creature worship and the duty of worshipping the only Creator. They



at once told me they were not the victims of such superstition. Indeed I have never found an intelligent Japanese believer in idolatry. To-morrow morning I trust, with God's blessing, to commence my studies with my teacher, and I have arranged to have a class, for an hour in the evening, of Japanese young men whom I have promised to assist in English. But I pray for the time when the sole instruction imparted by the Missionary shall be that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. I am thankful, however, that this opportunity of intercourse is afforded me, as I can thus freely and frankly unfold to them the truth. Since writing the above, I have had my first lesson here from a Japanese teacher. He is a very intelligent old man, and noted as a good teacher. I procured him through Mr. Verbeck, the only other Missionary at this place. He expects a colleague by to-morrow's mail from America. I have also received an intimation from some Japanese friends to meet them at their homes. It is very encouraging to meet with such a kindly reception here. I trust this letter may find you well. England is perhaps to-day clothed with snow or parched with frost; in Nagasaki to-day roses bloom, beautifully scented flowers are bursting into blossom, oranges hang from the green boughs, and daffodils, rising from beds of green, are in flower. Ere long I trust the sweet summer of Christ's reign shall appear, and this people, beautiful in the Lord's loveliness, shall rise from darkness and death, and come to the everlasting light of the Gospel.

---

A MISSIONARY HYMN OF PRAISE.

CHIEF Shepherd of Thy people !  
 We own with joy the union  
 Of souls that know, where'er below,  
 The Spirit's blest communion.  
 Our voices join the concert—  
 The strain of rapturous cadence—  
 That springs and rolls between the poles,  
 Swift as the solar radiance.

When o'er Pacific billows  
 The Sabbath wakes in glory,  
 Their praises due thy chosen few  
 In China sing before Thee.  
 They sing ; and westward ever  
 The daylight speeds the chorus  
 From Burmah's shore to far Lahore,  
 From Araby to Taurus.

Anon awakening Europe  
 Begins her loud devotion,  
 Her song that flies from Lapland's ice  
 To Moorish gates of ocean.  
 And hymns from Britain mingle,  
 With voices gathering ever,  
 Where rises bright Leone's height,  
 Where Niger pours his river.



Soon as the arch of morning  
 Atlantic waves embraces,  
 Before Thy throne, from zone to zone,  
 Ascend Columbia's praises.  
 And onward swells the echo,  
 On southern waters flying,  
 To blend with songs of island tongues  
 From rock to rock replying.

All, all, as one we praise Thee,  
 Great giver of salvation !  
 Whose equal grace, nor time nor place,  
 Nor language knows, nor nation,  
 We praise—and wait imploring  
 Thy hour of final favour :  
 Call in Thine own ! Reveal Thy throne !  
 And o'er us reign for ever.

H. C. G. M.

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### THE BULLOM SHORE.

THE Bullom shore is that which lies opposite to Sierra Leone, across the Sierra-Leone river, the channel being about eight miles across. There is the place called Yongro. A Mission was commenced there in 1812, and in 1818 the Rev. G. R. Nylander was stationed there. At some hours' distance was another place called Rogbannah, a small Bullom town, consisting of about fifteen houses, the houses being neatly built. This spot was wont to be visited by Mr. Nylander. He used to read to the people a little tract which he had written in their own language, and much surprised they were when they heard the book talk Bullom ; but the Bullom people cared little for the instruction which was offered them : the sound of a drum, a jug of palm-wine, and a few leaves of tobacco being in their eyes of superior value. Then came a revival of the slave-trade. Dealers came from the Rio Nunez to purchase slaves. Red-water trials became frequent, in order to procure victims for sale, few of those who were accused of witchcraft escaping. If so be the Bulloms could sell slaves and buy rum, they cared nothing for the Christian Missionary. Complaints were brought against him at a public palaver that he spoiled the country by not bringing rum. They said—"He only sit down to teach children, and talk God palaver ; that good : but suppose he bring good trade, that better."

The Missionary was withdrawn ; the Mission suspended. The Committee of that day, in reporting these facts, added, "The Mission may be hereafter resumed : " and for such a recommencement of the work preparation had been made, the four Gospels and other parts of the New Testament having been finished, the morning and evening services having been translated and revised, and tracts and hymns prepared.

It was not, however, until 1862 that the Mission was resumed, the Bullom Shore having been left for forty-four years in utter darkness. In that year a native catechist, since ordained, the Rev. H. Boston, arrived at Yongro. He found there many Sierra-Leone people, who had become

like the heathen. He commenced a school, the first pupils being only five in number; his congregation on Lord's-day consisting entirely of Sierra-Leone people, the natives looking on and wondering. He formed a class of eight men and six women, who seemed to be in earnest; and one of these, an old woman, a native of the place, upwards of an hundred years old, was his first convert. Her name was Damor Pursey. One day, when he was instructing her in the folly of idol-worship, he was told by the interpreter that she had some stones in her possession. It was a custom with this people, when any member of their respective parishes died, to select a smooth stone, to represent the departed relative, and this being placed in a corner of the house, became an object of worship. The longer human life is, the more of sorrow is experienced. Her life had been long, and she had sustained many losses, the memorial stones in her possession being as many as eighteen; but, on being told how sinful all this was, she readily gave them up, saying, "I am willing to do all that you say is good to be done, in order to please God."

The baptism of this aged woman in November 1861, by Bishop Beckles, was full of interest. The palaver house, where it took place, was filled with people, there being from eighty to one hundred present, besides several heathen standing round. She was dressed in white, with a white kerchief tied round her head in the usual manner, and was supported by a long staff. She answered the questions in her own words, and with much feeling. When the bishop was about to apply the water, she knelt down and removed the kerchief from her head, showing a head of hair perfectly white, owing to her extreme age. Its appearance was very singular, for she herself was particularly dark. Her conduct throughout was most becoming, evincing intelligence and an inward feeling of peace and solemnity. She died three years afterwards, faithful to the end, never uniting with her countrymen in their heathenish customs, and always in attendance on the means of grace until prevented by illness. The last time she was visited she said, "I pray always, night and day: I have the desire to go to church, but have no strength. I look to God alone. I remember that I was washed in His name; so I trust in nothing besides Him."

In June 1862 the mud-walled chapel was completed and opened. The first Lord's-day morning service was attended by 150 people, and ten days after a Missionary meeting was held, at which the chief, David Wilson, or Bay Sherbro, made a speech in the Timneh language, referring to the time of Mr. Nylander, and expressing his gratification at having a Missionary once more amongst them.

There are now twelve Bullom converts. There are others who occasionally attend Christian worship, but the majority are unbaptized. Some from amongst the Sierra-Leone people have been turned from their evil ways. Until the Mission was commenced the profession of Christianity which these people brought with them from the Colony had no power to resist the influence of heathenism, and they fell away into vice and superstition. Now that some of them have been brought under the power of Christianity, they not only separate themselves from the ungodly ways of the heathen, but endeavour to convert them, and manifest peculiar affection to those from among the Bulloms who embrace

Christianity. They visit and admonish them; and, especially in seasons of sickness and affliction, are often found, in companies of two or three, reading and praying with such, and giving whatever they can to relieve their wants. In fact, the Christian converts have formed themselves into an institution called the Bullom Evangelistic Association, for the purpose of helping on the evangelization of the Pagans and Mohammedans around. Besides this, there are several of the Christians who do what they can in a quiet, unpretending way. At several of the out-stations there are helpers of this kind. At Ma Lökkoh two of the elder members in that village hold prayer-meetings every morning, and often give addresses from God's word, to their fellow-Christians once or twice in the week. Some women of Mr. Boston's congregation hold meetings every Friday among themselves for prayer, and as often as they meet they throw in one halfpenny each, to form a fund from whence to assist the sick and distressed ones of the congregation.

We bless God for the ray of light which has broken in upon the long night of the Bullom Shore. May it prove to be the early dawn!

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#### SELECTIONS FROM NOTES OF A TOUR IN CHINA.

THESE notes appear in the "Calcutta Christian Intelligencer." It is very desirable that Christians at home should have accurate ideas respecting the diverse classes of people amongst whom our Missionaries are labouring. The diversities are very great—in appearance, language, habits of life, and religious thought and tendencies. On the most important subject of religion, all races who have not the light of revelation go astray, although not in the same way. The Hindus, for instance, are superstitious; the Chinese mind tends to scepticism.

It is of the latter people we wish to speak in this paper. They are being brought before us with increasing prominence. The Gospel of Christ having gained a footing on the shores of that great empire, is penetrating into the interior, and winning souls. We are privileged to hear of interesting conversions at Peking, Ningpo, and Fuh-chau. We are becoming increasingly interested in them, and wish to know more of their character. The testimony of an eyewitness, accredited by a periodical of so well-known reputation as the "Calcutta Christian Intelligencer," may well claim some place in our pages.

"The Chinese have their gods truly, but small is the reverence they bestow on them. Sometimes they deal with their gods in a very cavalier style. In time of drought they will supplicate them for rain. Should no rain be vouchsafed, they will remove them from the shelter of the temple, and, placing them in the blaze of the scorching sun, say, 'Now, you stand there and see how pleasant it is for us to be enduring this parching heat.'

But there is something wonderful in the devotion of the Chinese to the departed. Indeed, the worship of ancestors is the religion of China.

They have "gods many, and lords many," but a scant measure of honour is meted out to these compared to the attention bestowed upon their ghostly predecessors. Every Missionary feels that this is his greatest difficulty. He can get on admirably until he touches the sore point: touching that, he touches the apple of the eye. A word on that subject will convert an attentive, good-humoured audience into a furious mob. Many a time the Chinese will admit the superiority of the Gospel and the beauties of Christ's character; but when at length they learn that Christianity discourages their favourite worship, they will turn away with disgust and aversion, and protest that a religion which is opposed to such devotion can only have sprung from a foul demon.

The mode of worship consists in burning incense, sticks and strips of paper, on which certain precepts of Confucius are inscribed. It must not be supposed that the people are disinterested in their attention to their ancestors. The opposite is the case. They evidently worship the manes of the departed less to benefit them than themselves. They believe that negligence in this respect would incense the restless spirits against them, and that dire calamities would be sure to overtake them.

The filial piety of the Chinese has ever been proverbial, and deservedly so; though this good trait is carried to a guilty excess. Disobedience to parents is regarded as the most horrible of crimes, and it is a sin of comparatively rare occurrence. But every child is taught to regard his parents as standing to him in the place of God, and he is bound to render to them divine homage. On stated occasions the parents ascend a kind of throne and there sit, whilst the children prostrate themselves before them, and invoke them in terms which belong alone to the Deity. These prostrations take place even amongst the native Christians, and the Missionaries are not a little troubled to know how to act under the circumstances. The idolatrous addressess are not made by Christian children; still there is a tendency to excessive homage, in appearance not far removed from worship.

Care should be taken not heedlessly to offend the religious prejudices of the people. The Missionary's duty is to teach and preach Jesus Christ. That will do its own work. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple."

A Governor of Macao some eight years ago wished to make a road. He made, it but did not count the cost. He cut through a Chinese cemetery. He was warned against the measure, and assured that no greater insult could be offered to the natives than to meddle with the resting-place of their ancestors. His Excellency sneered at the warning and laughed at the danger. One evening he was going out for his usual ride. A faithful Chinese servant implored him to stay at home. Again he smiled and sneered. As if to show his coolness, he spurred his horse, and left his aide-de camp far behind. In an instant four men sprang like lightning on the rider. A moment sufficed to bring him to the ground, and, ere the aide-de-camp could reach the spot, the assailants had made off with the head and right-hand of the unfortunate man.

The present Governor is wiser in his generation. He, too, had occasion lately to make a cutting through a burial-ground. He did the thing

discreetly, and proved that he respected the prejudices of the people, though, it may be, he respected his head likewise. Before turning a sod for his own purposes, he very carefully opened every grave, and, with religious caution, collected the bones. These were deposited in an earthen jar, covered up, and ticketed with the name of the departed. We saw a vast number of these jars ranged in rows, awaiting the arrival of claimants who would remove the sacred relics to some other place of repose.

It may seem strange that such a disturbance of the dead as is described should not arouse the ire of the people. The fact is, they do not regard removal as desecration in any sense. They look upon the collecting and preserving of the bones as an act of pious attention. In many parts of the country it is customary to bury the dead *above ground*. They put the body in a strong wooden coffin, and place it in a field or garden adjoining the house. There it remains for a year or more, when they open it, and, taking out the bones, place them in one of those jars. In this way whole rows of such urns adorn the side of the house, and the survivor, as he eats his meal or smokes his pipe, may contemplate the earthen memorials of his ancestors for many generations.

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#### CATHERINE ECKHARD, OF LOVEDALE, SOUTH AFRICA.

CATHERINE ECKHARD was a woman of the Hottentot race, though not of unmixed blood, and was generally known as Old Catherine. Of her earliest days little is known beyond the fact that she was brought up on a farm in the Graaf Reynet division. She was probably in the employment of some Dutch farmer; and as a girl she seems to have gone with her master's family on the annual journey to Cape Town, with dried fruit, skins, and various other products of the farm, to exchange for the supplies of the year.

In the year 1820 the British settlers first arrived in Algoa Bay. Port Elizabeth, now a flourishing town, and the largest seaport on the East Coast of Africa, was then a barrack and a few huts built on sand-hills, with a population of thirty-five souls. The Scottish division of settlers was headed by Thomas Pringle, the only poet of any name whom South Africa has inspired. Mr. Pringle held service, in the shape of public worship, with the people on his place on Sundays; and it is probable Catherine's first religious impressions were received there, and that she was also baptized about that period, when the services of a minister could be secured.

In 1829-30 a settlement was formed in a picturesque valley called the Kat River. Thither Catherine removed, to be with her people, she having been previously married to a young man, also a Hottentot, though of mixed blood like herself. He died early, leaving his widow with one daughter. When the Rev. Mr. Govan arrived in this country, about 1841, Catherine, on the recommendation of her minister, entered Mrs. Govan's service. With one brief interruption during the Kaffir war of 1846, her wanderings were now at an end; and for the next twenty-five years she remained about this place, living under its shadow, and being a sort of established fact in connexion with the Institution.

In the Kat-River valley her husband received, as a grant from Government, a small piece of land. After the last war of 1850-51 land rose greatly in price on the frontier, and this small allotment became valuable on account of the right to extensive commonage attached to it. Her small property was sold about ten years ago to a respectable coloured man for 400*l.*, a certain portion remaining at interest at six per cent., which has been regularly paid.

After she got the money she wished two things done. The first was to live by herself, and with more comfort than she had previously enjoyed. A cottage was built for her close to the Institution. That she occupied till the time of her death. The second thing she wished was to have a will made. No one even suggested to her the mode of disposing of her property which she ultimately carried out. The will is *bona fide* her will, and expresses her own views and wishes; and it is very remarkable that a poor uneducated native woman should have made such a disposal of her money, which amounts, after paying various expenses, to about 300*l.* This sum is left to form bursaries for native students, Hottentots, Kaffirs, or Fingoes, at Lovedale Institution. The bursaries are to be open to competition, the competitors to be recommended by the Missionaries under whose care they may happen to live, and the preference is to be given to superior scholarship; and these bursaries shall be held only while the student continues at Lovedale Institution, and conducts himself satisfactorily, and in no case for a period longer than five years.

This deed, so unusual for a woman in her position, is signed as far back as 1860; and she has never been known by any one here to make any reference to what she had done. Her mind seems to have been quite made up on the subject.

From having been nearly twenty-five years about the place, her character was well known. Like all the rest of us, she was not quite perfect. Old Catherine, both as old and young, had a somewhat fiery and impetuous temper, which often showed itself in outbursts of indignation at some real or fancied injustice to herself or her neighbours, or at some wrong-doing on the part of others. Long ago, before age had abated this undue natural force, Catherine would, when her anger was raised to white heat, go and sit outside the door, refusing to take part in the labours of the forenoon, or to work with her native fellow-servants, whose probable indolence or slovenliness had aroused her wrath.

In the early days of the Institution, when the native lads came in karosses and sheep-skins to be taught, Catherine employed her spare time in making clothes for them, and taught the Kaffir girls many of the employments of civilized women. Some of these girls, now grown to womanhood, are on the station still. She was also a kind and faithful nurse to both Europeans and natives in times of sickness, and was always ready to go to the assistance of the latter, even when roused in the night.

She several times spoke of the state of her mind in prospect of death, saying that her trust was in her Redeemer, and that she committed herself to his care for life or death, and that all her sufferings were necessary. Her native friends regret her loss, her failings of temper being forgotten, and her good deeds preserved in grateful and fragrant remembrance.—*Free Church Monthly Record.*



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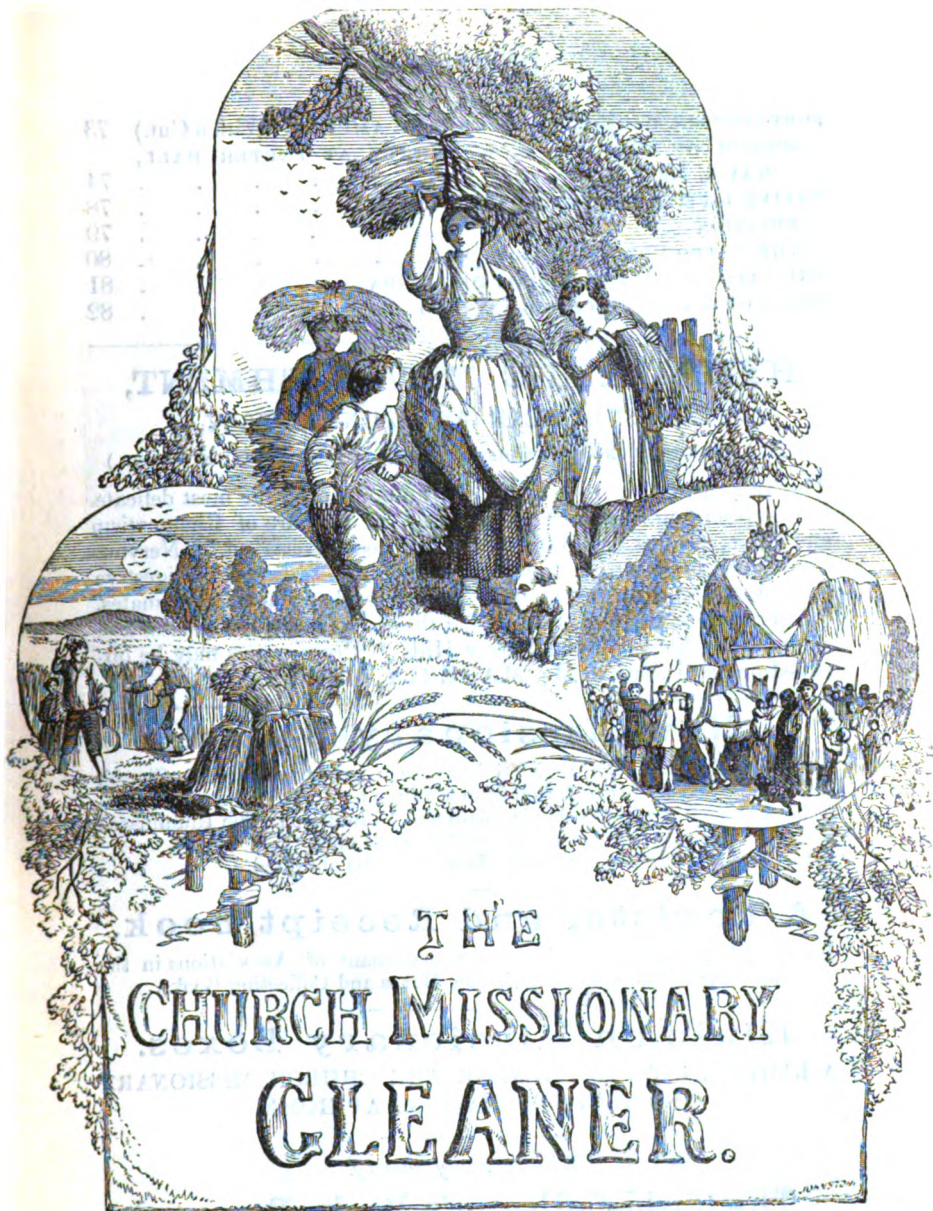
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## CONTENTS.

|                                                                          |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| FORT SIMPSON, MACKENZIE RIVER, N.-W. AMERICA (With a Cut)                | 73 |
| SPEECH OF THE REV. W. W. KIRKBY AT EXETER HALL,<br>MAY 4, 1869 . . . . . | 74 |
| NATIVE LIFE IN BRITISH QUIAH . . . . .                                   | 78 |
| RELIGION . . . . .                                                       | 79 |
| THE PORROH BROTHERHOOD . . . . .                                         | 80 |
| THE LATE REV. JAMES ANDRIS DE LIVERA . . . . .                           | 81 |
| NOTES OF A TOUR IN CHINA—NINGPO . . . . .                                | 82 |

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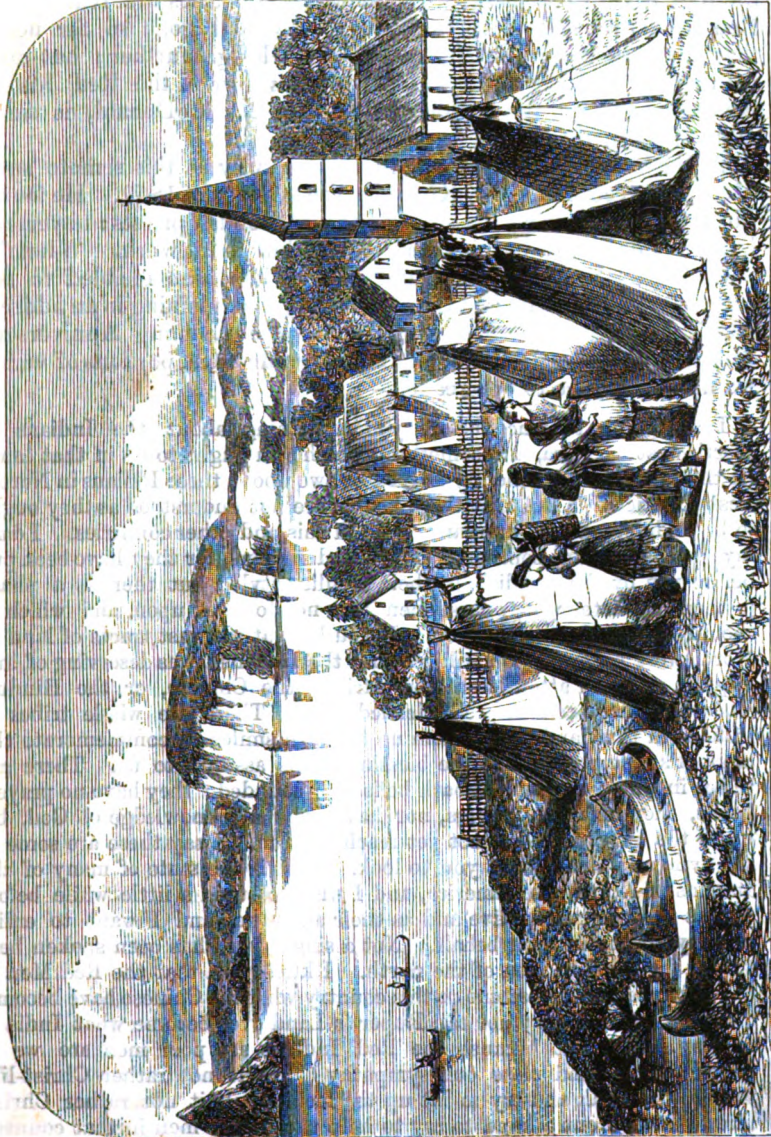
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**FORT SIMPSON, MACKENZIE RIVER, NORTH-WEST AMERICA.**  
OUR engraving is a picture of Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River, the station of the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, who is now at home, and, by his descriptions and appeals, drawing forth much sympathy on



FORT SIMPSON STATION, MACKENZIE RIVER.

July 1869.

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behalf of the Indians of the far North-west, amongst whom he has laboured so long and so earnestly.

The Fort stands on an island, at the junction of two rivers, the River of the Mountains, and the Mackenzie. It is 2250 miles from the Red-River Settlement. When our Missionaries first reached the Red River, we seemed to think that they had gone so far north that it was scarcely possible that they should go further; but now we find them at Fort Simpson, 2000 miles beyond the Red River, while the Youcon, the station of the Rev. R. McDonald, is some 1000 miles further to the north-west.

Archdeacon Hunter was the first Missionary at this remote spot. He was succeeded by Mr. Kirkby in the summer of 1859. He found himself face to face with a strong body of Romish priests: nevertheless the Lord stood by him, and blessed him in his work. What the nature of the work has been, and what he has been enabled to accomplish, Mr. Kirkby had the opportunity of explaining in an address which he delivered in Exeter Hall at the Evening Anniversary Meeting of the Society, held on Thursday, May 4th, portions of which we now introduce to our readers—

I am going to place before you something about the Indians in North-west America, and something which you ought to do in that land. In the first place, let me say a word or two about these Indians in North-west America. I feel that those people are not understood as they ought to be understood by Christian people in this and other countries. I dare say you have heard something of the Red Indians, for they have been put before you by the novelists in their peculiar style; but there is a phase in their character which these men have not touched upon, and which I should like to place before you. If you look at the vast tracts of land in North-west America, you will see that the Indians are as deserving of, and require, as much attention as the African, the Chinese, or the Hindus, whose case has been so well pleaded here. There are whole tribes of Indians in that land upon whom no Sabbath smiles to commemorate the Saviour's resurrection and the blessings thus assured to us. There are tribes in whose ears no Sabbath bells ever sounded: they have no prayer-books, they make no prayers, nor have they any knowledge of God, because the Missionary has not yet reached them. I say these are some of the evils on which I want you to look. That is the state of many of the Indians of North-west America, and I wish to stand a little while before you as their representative and as their advocate, and I want to enlist your sympathy in their behalf. Not a single word has been spoken here to-day for the Red Men of the north. I know well that the Red Men of the north can never become to this country what the Chinese have become, and may yet become; nor can Rupert's Land ever become what India is to England. But because the Red Indians are poor men are we to neglect them, and close our sympathy? Is it not rather Christ-like to help the weak and try to lift up the feeble? Is it not rather Christ-like to stretch out a hand to try to help those poor men in that country, who are without hope, and without the knowledge of Christ? I say that

these people are a very interesting people ; and although they may not long have a name amongst the nations of the earth, is not that rather a reason than otherwise why we should be up and doing, in order that every one of them may have a name in the record which shall never perish ? There are some very interesting particulars which I should like to place before you with reference to the Red Men of the north. Cooper has told you about their camps, and their council-chambers, and some of their mental characteristics, but some of the most interesting points in these men have never been laid before you. I am glad to say that the Indians would stand high amongst some of the nations of the earth, as far as their mental characteristics go. I believe there are many classes of people here in England who have not such a scope of thought as these Indians of the north. They can reason upon things coming within their range of knowledge, and express themselves in a manner which the working-classes in this country could not do. How deeply touching was it when the American Minister went to a tribe to make a treaty with them for land. He said, "I want to make a treaty with you for land." When the chief said to him, "Sit down upon that log," the American minister sat down upon the log: when the chief said, "Move on a little further," and he moved on further, the chief said, "Move on further," and he moved again. The chief then said, "Move on yet a little further," but the minister said, "I cannot move further." The chief said, "Why not?" and the minister replied, "Because I have got to the end." The chief replied, "That is it. In years gone by our forefathers lived out there with the rising sun, and the white man came and said, 'Give us room to spread our tents.' We gave them room to spread their tents, and they then said, 'Give us land,' and we gave them land. They said, 'Move up a little further,' and we moved up a little further. Again they said, 'Move up a little further,' and again we moved. But once more they said, 'Move up a little further,' and we did so ; and now you come to us and say, 'Move further still !' But where can we move to ; we have got to the end : the great sea is at the west ; where can we move to, where can we go?" Does not that show great scope of thought? How deeply interesting was it when a heathen came to me and said, "We Indians are like iron, and you white men are like stone." I thought this was pride. "What do you mean?" said I. "Why," said he, "if you throw a piece of iron out into the prairie, and let it remain there, it will gradually waste away, until it is soon all gone ; but if you throw a stone there it does not waste away. But," he said, "if the iron, before it is all gone, is taken up and rubbed against the stone, it soon becomes bright and useful. We are like the iron : our people are wasting away, but you do not waste away ; and if we can only manage to rub ourselves against you, then," he said, "we will become bright?" Does not this show scope of thought? And then I daresay you have heard of that bright reply which one of the converts in Rupert's Land gave to a traveller. This man was a warm-hearted Christian, fond of singing hymns ; and the English traveller said, "Why do you like to sing those hymns? What has Jesus done for you?" The man looked at him in great astonishment, but said nothing. He made a ring of some moss which he gathered, and got a worm, which he put in the centre : then, with his flint and steel he

struck a light and set fire to the moss. As the moss began to burn the worm began to writhe with pain. The Indian then took up the worm, and put it upon a stone, and said, "That is what Christ did for me. I was that worm, and felt in my spirit as much pain as the worm did in its body, but in the midst of my agony Jesus came to me, and placed me upon the rock, and can you wonder that I love Him as I do?" Now I say that men who can reason like that ought to take no secondary place amongst the nations of the earth; and although they be a poor people, although they be a failing and wasting people, shall we neglect them? Shall we not stretch our hand to help them? Shall we not seek to save them? My dear friends, these Red Men, I may say, have suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race. I do not charge any one with those wrongs, but I charge the race with them; and therefore to those who have endured the wrongs we ought to take the remedy, and that remedy is Christ.

Let me go on to tell you a little about our work in Rupert's Land. Sixteen years ago I sat in yonder gallery previous to my departure for Rupert's Land. I little thought at that time that, sixteen years after, God in His mercy would bring me back to tell you what He has been doing there; but so it is. I went to Red River. In our church at Red River—we never knew what it was to have an empty one—the people were always there in their places whenever there was service. Here in England the proverb is often too true, "Many to market and few to church," but there it is very different: it is few to market and many to church. They might not see many enter there on the week-days, but they are sure to see it full on the Sabbath-day. You see them flocking to the house of prayer to offer their thanksgiving to God. But I cannot stop at Red River, for I want to take you with me up to Fort Simpson on the banks of the River Mackenzie. This Fort Simpson is not the Fort Simpson you have just been told about. The one I speak of is in the east, and the other is in the west. I should like you, when you go home, to take your maps and search out these places, and put a mark against them. Ten years ago there was no such thing as a Mission on the Mackenzie River; but at that time Archdeacon Hunter went up to the north; and when he came back again, God in His Providence led me there to continue the work he had begun, and I thank God that I was led to that work, and have continued in it. After I had been there a little while, and the work promised well, I had some sad trials to endure. One of those trials came from England and one from France. They were very dissimilar, but both very injurious. Shall I tell you what they were? The trial from England came last, but I would rather place it first, and then draw attention to the trial which came from France. The boats go up in that country once a month, and bring supplies for the natives, for which they exchange furs and other things. And when the boats come up it is a sort of fair day, or general holiday, and the poor people gather in the height of expectation and enjoyment. In a certain year, when those boats came, there were the poor natives full of joy at receiving their annual supplies. They received them, and on the third day after that many of them were sick and dying. Scarlet fever had been brought out from England in the goods, and those goods were, as it were, the angel

of death among them, going throughout that vast district, and no fewer than 1000 persons fell victims to that frightful disease. At my own station I think there was not a single person, except myself, who was not down at one time or another with the fever. At one time, in my own house, all were afflicted except myself; and I myself had in the morning to wash up the cups, plates, saucepans and so forth of yesterday; and after getting breakfast I had to sweep up and put all things right in the house. I then had to go out to the poor Indians' tents and give them something to eat, and then I took the poor Indian children in my own arms and fed them with a spoon, because there was not a single one to help them. But do all I would I could not keep them from dying. But there is never a dark cloud without a silver lining. Thank God, that cloud, black as it appeared to be, had its silver lining also. A great many of those people there were, about whom, up to that time, I had little hope that the truth would reach their minds; but when that sad affliction came upon them—when they saw death before them—the truth came out: they had been led to Jesus, and died looking to Him who loved them, and who had given Himself for them. When with streaming eyes I turned my heart upwards and prayed that the affliction might pass away, I could not but thank God that it had been sent, and that their faith had been manifested by it. That was trial from England. I will now speak a few words to you with reference to our trial from France. That trial came to us in the shape of some Roman-Catholic priests; and if I could only tell you some of the lies which those men used to tell the Indians you would be surprised. I should not like to pain your ears by repeating some of the statements they used to make, but I will tell you one or two of the most gentle ones. They used to say to the Indians, "Don't go where that man is," meaning me: "he is only a man like the fur-trader, and has no more power than you have. If you shake hands with him you will be sure to be sick, and will very likely die." And they said also, "If he baptize you, he will baptize you with common water out of the river, and that has no strength; but if we baptize you, we will baptize you with water from God, and that is very strong." They also said, "We will write letters to God, and put them into your coffin when you die; and when God sees that you have got the letter, He will open the doors of heaven to you; but it will surely be shut against all that minister's people; therefore don't you go where he is." But the people said, "We like to go there because he always speaks to us from the word of God." Those priests then said, "Then you are a stupid people, because, if you do not know anything about God, and do anything wrong, God will not be angry; but if you hear that book and do something wrong, as you are sure to do, for you are a silly people, God will surely be very angry; and therefore you had better not hear that book at all."

*(To be continued.)*

## NATIVE LIFE IN BRITISH QUIAH.

DID any of our readers ever doubt the misery of the heathen? If so, let them read the following letter from our Missionary, the Rev. J. Beale, who is stationed at British Quiah, a district recently annexed to the colony of Sierra Leone, and into the midst of whose dense heathenism we have introduced a commencement of Missionary work—

Life in British Quiah may be compared in some measure to life among the English gipsies. The people live without a home. Four walls of mud, thatched with grass, enclose all they value. They manufacture nothing, and they need nothing, but live a laughing life of lazy poverty. Only now and then they seem to live a wakeful life: the planting season stirs them up. Activity is necessary then, for their plan of farming is the most laborious possible. Each year a fresh belt of forest is brought under cultivation. Every tree is cut down and burnt on the spot, and between the blackened trunks the seed is dropped into the ground. But when the work is over and the harvest gathered unto the "funk"—i.e. a roof raised upon poles, and beneath its shade the elders sit to settle all palavers—then comes the time of pleasure. Nightly the monotonous drum disturbs the stillness, and the hideous cries of the dancers, and daily the feast is spread with barbarous profusion. And when these carousals end, and the rice is low in the store, then they pay the penalty of folly, and find bare subsistence in the roots and berries of the forest. Could life be lower, or men more worthy of our pity? The very beasts are more prudent, and in the time of plenty provide for future want.

And yet there is a darker side. Ignorance and superstition always go hand in hand. Nothing elevates truly but the Gospel, and, that light obscured, all must be gloom. And so it is in British Quiah. The people live without God and without hope. To a man they follow dark delusions. Witchcraft has a terrible power. Every evil, whether sickness or accident, is traced to this source, and every man, woman, and even the innocent child, is exposed to this charge. I remember an accusation of this kind being laid upon a perfectly innocent man. A neighbour pronounced that he was guilty. This was quite sufficient, and if I had not been present to ward off the evil the unfortunate man would have had to purge himself in this way. In the presence of his accusers and witnesses he would have had to ascend a light scaffolding and there drink a cup of country poison.

In this heathen land the air is supposed to be peopled with hostile spirits: the woods echo sounds uttered by no human voice. Every cave and tree and rock has its weird inhabitant, and both the leopard of the forest and the alligator of the swamp are the agents of (supposed) spirits. Last year, at a certain town just without British jurisdiction, a woman was killed by an alligator. Native custom at once demanded satisfaction from the neighbours. Somebody had undoubtedly assumed the shape of the beast and done the mischief. The inquiry proved very serious, and it was not until after months of debate amongst the chiefs, and months of fear for the common people, that thorough quiet was restored.



To such stories as these I might add many others. Every town has its legend. The people tremble at the sound of a leaf, and flee at the sighing of the wind.

This belief in the power and appearance of spirits separated from their natural bodies, influences, nay, is the religion of, the people. The Timneh dwells in a world of his own. He never questions, he never argues, but surrounds himself with influences which, whether real or not to other men, are certainly real to him. He feels that the dead live. He often feels it with a distinctness which Christians would do well to imitate. He buries his dead in a noisy way—dancing and drinking and feasting, with sound of drum and booming gun. But yet he does not forget the departed. The immediate ceremonies suit better the joyousness of marriage, but after these are over, then with reverence he sweeps the tomb of the lost one, and, building over it a roof of palm-leaves, offers beneath the plate of rice and poured-out oil. Of course there is superstition in all this, but the sincere belief in life after death has a charm about it which even superstition cannot destroy.

#### *Religion.*

The Timnehs, properly speaking, have no idols, at least I have never seen any. Those hideous wooden monstrosities which amaze the country Missionary meeting are quite unknown here. The Timneh mind seems scarcely to have advanced to anything so definite as this. Their religion consists less in outward adoration than in that habitual terror of mind which, amongst us, is found only in children. Every home has its "Kriffis," or "Penates," as the old Romans called them, their household gods. These take many forms. I remember a chief telling me that in the old time, before he embraced Christ, the finger-nail of his ancestors, and rough stones gathered from the footpath, both representing the spirits of the departed, formed the deity he worshipped. The mass of the people adopt much the same fashion. But besides the "Kriffis," they have an outdoor worship of a somewhat peculiar nature. In some lone forest nook, where trees and winding creepers have twined a natural temple (artificial temple they have none), the bug-a-bug, or white ant, has raised her house of mud. To the eye this house is but a heap of earth, curiously fashioned truly, but not more remarkable than a thousand things scattered around. And yet this is the god. Over it, supported by two poles, is a roof of grass. With reverence the worshipper draws near, and places first a stone upon the sacred hill. Again he comes, and having in his hand the rice or fowl for sacrifice, with vast ceremony he places these, and pouring over all the drink-offering, wine and oil, completes the sacrifice. Thus he offers prayer. With entreaty, with persuasion and sometimes with menace, he begs the powers to help him. He asks for nothing spiritual: all his wants are material: a good harvest, protection on a journey, many children, success in war. These are the burden of his prayers. Would that I could stop here, and let you know that these poor heathen broke only the first commandment in their searchings after help. In times of peace they may seem simple enough in mode of life and manner of worship; but when the passions of the soul are roused by hope of gain, or fear of trouble, then they act

as men ruled by evil. Not long ago, just without British jurisdiction, a scene was enacted which might well have drawn tears from the dullest heart. The chiefs desired to influence one greater and more powerful than themselves, and so they sought the aid of heaven. On a fixed day a mighty crowd assemble on the river's bank. Every face is eager, all are watching, and through the crowd there come a youth and a girl, both bound, and both prepared for sacrifice. Their faces show no agony of mind, but only that dull apathy which the heathen face so often wears. They stand in the sight of all, and over them are spoken many words in the Sherbro language. Presently a canoe is launched, the children put on board and slowly pulled to the centre of the stream. Then comes a pause, a plunge, the wavelets strike the shore, and all is over. Two human beings have been murdered by the hands of friends and kindred! And now I think I have said enough to give you some idea of the Quiah people.

*The Porroh Brotherhood.*

Closely allied with religion is the Porroh Brotherhood, a species of freemasonry. This institution is, I believe, peculiar to the Timnehs, though other tribes have institutions which bear the marks of a common origin. If I mistake not, the Porroh aims more at political than religious power. The king of the tribe is usually the father of the Porroh. If he does not aspire to this dignity he must suffer considerably in influence, for in its hands all power is vested, and the enrolled swear to pay all obedience to their superiors.

The mode of enrolment has much mystery about it. Months must be spent in the bush. No strange eye must see them. What they do there I cannot say. Only one European, I believe, ever became a Porroh, Mr. Brooks, an American Missionary, who I have heard became a Porroh man. He acted from a good motive, and I know not with what success. At the close of the forest probation, they undergo the rite of circumcision, and are branded on the back of the neck with the Porroh mark. These rites completed, the novice goes forth to his countrymen clothed with a secret, but by no means shadowy power. In honour of such an event, it is usual to keep high festival for many days. Goats and fowls are slaughtered, rice prepared, rum and palm wine provided with boundless prodigality. Each day, before and after eating, the drum strikes up the Porroh measure, and all present, young and old, join in the furious dancing. Only a few days ago I came upon such a scene. The dancers numbered about twelve, and were very prettily habited. Cloths, striped red and white, bound the head and loins. Silver bells tinkled on the wrists and ankles, glittering with silver rings, and their bodies shone with scented oil. As soon as I appeared amongst them they closed up like soldiers, in two lines, and awaited the result. It seemed a pity to disturb their evident enjoyment, but I felt it my duty to disperse them. These festivals at first sight seem innocent enough, but the lust, drunkenness and sin that crowd around the heathen revels totally alter their complexion. And, more than this, the harvest of a year is often squandered in a day, and gaunt famine treads on the heels of profligacy. Such is the Porroh system.

## THE LATE REV. JAMES ANDRIS DE LIVERA.

DEATH has removed from us one of our most experienced and valued native ministers of Ceylon, the Rev. J. A. De Livera. After an illness of about a month, he died on December 23, as he had lived, resting all his hopes for eternity on the merits and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

At the present time, when every effort is being made to lead the native Christians to activity and self-dependence, such a man was invaluable, and his death is a severe loss, not merely to the Church Missionary Society, in connexion with which he so long laboured, but to the whole native church in Ceylon.

Mr. Livera was educated at the Cotta Institution, under the late Rev. J. F. Haslam, and by him trained with a special view to his being eventually ordained. He at that time acquired not only a thorough knowledge of English and a very fair acquaintance with Greek, but also an amount of general information, more particularly on theological subjects, which, while it bore testimony to his own diligence, reflected the highest credit on his instructor. The writer of this notice had the privilege of preparing him for both deacons' and priests' orders, and was frequently astonished by the knowledge he displayed of such books as Butler's Analogy and the *Horæ Paulinæ* of Paley. At his ordination as deacon by Bishop Chapman, in 1861, the Bishop kindly offered him his choice in the examination between the Greek Testament and the Singhalese Bible: he unhesitatingly chose the former, and passed satisfactorily in it.

But the most distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Livera, the one which made him what he was, and which now renders his loss so keenly felt, was his deep humility. God had bestowed on him an amount of wisdom and sound judgment which made his advice and counsel at all times valuable, and which fitted him eminently to be a leading man in the important work of establishing the native church; but he was through life content to be, as though last of all and servant of all, a most humble, simple-minded follower of his Divine Master.

Mr. Livera, after many years' labour as catechist in Colombo and its neighbourhood, was, when ordained, appointed to the charge of the Singhalese congregation at Kurunagala, and remained there about two years, till the effect of that trying climate on a constitution naturally weak, compelled him to relinquish the post. Many who remember his stay at Kurunagala, recall with gratitude his ministrations there, and bear witness to his patient and diligent labour.

On his return to Colombo he was appointed Pastor of the Nugagoda chapel, in the Cotta district; and the plans which he formed for the organization of his pastorate, and the manner in which he

carried them out, might well be adopted as a model by those engaged in similar work.

With so many qualifications, with so much which rendered him valuable, his presence seemed almost a necessity in the organization of the native church here, and he was regarded as the one to whom the general oversight of the whole might be entrusted should the European Missionary be withdrawn; but God seeth not as man seeth, and it has pleased Him to take His servant to Himself. Towards the close of November he was taken ill, but at first no serious results were anticipated. After some days, however, it became apparent that his life was in danger, and as his case required constant and careful attention, he was, on the advice of Dr. Willisford, removed to the civil hospital, where everything which medical skill could suggest was done for him, kind friends residing in the neighbourhood supplying him with comforts and all the nourishment which his weak state required.

During his illness no murmur escaped his lips—he seemed ever calm, grateful for everything which was done for him, and perfectly contented to commit everything to God. His extreme weakness prevented his speaking much on any subject, but he responded with evident pleasure to every remark which recalled a Saviour's love, or led his thoughts towards heaven. A few hours before his death he repeated some passages of Scripture expressive of complete reliance on Christ, and then, after a pause, desired those who were with him to kneel down and pray. As they concluded, he repeated the Amen, and a few minutes afterwards, without anything to indicate the slightest suffering, his spirit passed away. To us the loss is great, but to him, who has now entered into his rest and reward, the gain is unspeakable. We sorrow, therefore, not as those who have no hope, but can mingle with our mourning, thankful and heartfelt rejoicing that another, who was once in darkness and heathenism, has now entered into the glorious and everlasting light of God's presence, and that another witness has been borne to the truth that the Gospel "is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth."

May God raise up from amongst the Singhalese many men of a similar spirit and like qualities, to the furtherance of His work and the glory of His name!

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#### NOTES OF A TOUR IN CHINA—NINGPO.

THESE notes appeared in the Calcutta Christian Intelligencer. They are the production of some gentleman who has been along the coast, and who has sketched in a lively way what he has seen. The following is his description of Ningpo—

Ningpo is one of the free ports. In a commercial sense its pristine glory is waning; but it is a very flourishing Mission centre. The Church

Missionary Society has a most interesting Mission there. It cannot, indeed, boast a large number of converts, but there is an aspect of reality and genuineness about the work which affords encouragement and hope. It is impossible to be present at the worship of those people without feeling that some of them at least are worshipping "in spirit and in truth." Conversation with several, especially with the catechists and teachers, confirmed this impression. Here and there you meet with a peculiarly fervent and earnest character. One Chinese woman was pointed out to us, who had been the means of bringing twenty other women to the knowledge of Christ. We saw an old man whose devotion to the Saviour found expression in rather a curious way. He had long been seeking in vain for peace: at length he heard of the Saviour and embraced Him. Having "found peace through the blood of the cross," his love to the Crucified One led him to desire a mark of allegiance in his body as well as in his soul. He actually branded himself with the sign of the cross. There was no vain display in this, for he kept the matter a secret. When the thing was accidentally made known, he said he did it that he might be enabled for ever to remember whose he was and whom he was bound to serve. The *act* we may question, the  *motive* we must approve.

Ningpo has more than once been the scene of bloody strife. It was lost and regained several times during the late rebellion. The last time the rebels got possession, the Church Missionary Society's Mission house was visited by them. Some of the common soldiers were inclined to treat the Missionaries roughly, but one or two of their officers, coming up, rescued them, and assured them, that, under their rule, they had nothing to fear. So it proved: those good men continued their work in the city for weeks unmolested. At length a combined European and Imperial force appeared before the city. Before the bombardment commenced the English commodore sent to advise the Missionaries to retire. They did so; but the rebels would not allow the native Christians to quit the city. Happily none of them were injured during the six hours' shelling which followed. Some of them, however, had hair-breadth escapes. A poor old catechist and his wife had established themselves in the Mission-house as the safest spot. The good old man was on his knees praying, when a ten-pounder shot passed clean through the walls of the house, and only just cleared his head. The catechist thought it high time to withdraw; but where was he to go. He fell back on the wisdom of his wife. The old lady suggested that they should both take refuge in a huge water-jar and cover themselves up. They did so, and were preserved; not, however, by the jar, for, had a shot come that way it would have been a bad case for both them and it. The hole left by the cannon ball in the wall is still preserved as a memento of past deliverance.

The Church Mission at Ningpo has a number of rural stations connected with it. Several days were devoted to a visitation of those stations. We thus got a peep into rural life in China. Very interesting was the tour. There is, all the world over, a pleasing simplicity and ingenuousness about country-people which you don't meet with in towns. As we passed through towns and villages, where the face of a foreigner had rarely, if ever, been seen, great was the stir awakened. Our chairs were hardly set down ere young men and maidens, old men and children, mothers and babies, came flocking together. We had to submit to rather a searching

examination : the texture of our clothes, the structure of our hats and shoes were most carefully discussed. Here and there a hand was stretched out to feel us ; the veins on our hands were remarked upon : now a strange discovery called forth an expression of surprise, now an irreverent wag said something to provoke a laugh. There was nothing for it but taking it all in good part, as in good part it was certainly meant. It was evident that nothing but a curious, kindly feeling actuated the examiners, and so we consented to their researches, and joined in their mirth. What pleased us more than all was the sight of a number of jolly, fat babies. Really some of the mothers had very good faces, but those pretty miniature Chinamen quite took our heart. We patted their heads and stroked their cheeks ; nay, we did more—forgive the weakness—we could not help it ; we actually took them in our arms. You would forgive us, dear reader, could you have seen the proud joy of their fathers and the modest delight of their mothers, when they gazed on their little ones in the foreigners' embrace. They will never forget that ; and little *Ching-chang* and *Sang-qua*, when they grow up, will doubtless transmit the strange story to the next generation. Go to, ye misanthropes of society who shrink from babies ; we cannot : away with you ; there is verily something wrong in your nature, or perhaps the fault is in your condition rather than nature. No trait, we have often thought, is more attractive in the Saviour than His love of infancy. We can see the tender sparkling love of His eye as He folded the little ones to His bosom.

On our return some days after, rather a different crowd greeted us, but we caught sight of one poor woman who had been present before. No sooner, however, did we see her than she vanished like lightning. What this meant we soon learnt ; in a few minutes she returned with a beaming face, holding the same fat baby in her arms. Of course we could not refuse the desired hug to the baby.

It did one's heart good to see, here and there, little temples to the living God side by side with the joss houses of the heathen. It refreshed one's spirit, too, to see little congregations coming together to sing the praises of Jesus, and call upon His name, whilst crowds of wondering heathen gather about the doors. The day of determined opposition has passed away ; the people at large are willing to hear the message of salvation. Those good and holy men who, in years gone-by, bore the burden and heat of the day, now are enabled to rejoice in hope. In order to give our reader a specimen of the kind of spirit which actuated those worthy men, we cannot do better than conclude this paper with an extract from a sermon of one of them. " You inhabitants of China do not believe in Jesus who came and died for your sins, nor do you love Him : nay, you hate or ridicule Him, and when I walk along the streets the boys shout and laugh, and say, Jesus ! Jesus ! how big ? how high ? But I love Him, and reverence Him, and worship Him, and serve Him. I am called the slave of Jesus ! Men have various designations, and that is mine—the slave of Jesus. And no wonder, for He bought me, and paid for my price the precious treasure of His own blood. I am His slave ; and most willing am I to obey His commandments. If He bid me do thus, I do it ; if He bid me not do that, I do it not." The same good man winds up a letter thus—" Therefore sow : if in tears, if in fears, if in much faint-heartedness, still sow."



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**SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT THE RIVER SONE.**

**THE** engraving appended to this Number presents a view of Indian scenery. The river before the spectator, on the near bank of which he is supposed to be standing, is the great river Sone, or Soane. The hills



**CROSSING THE RIVER SONE.**

*August 1869.*



beyond are the Kymore hills, the scarped cliffs of which, at this spot, approach close to the river. The Kymore hills are properly the north-east extremity of the great Vindhya range, which, running from west to east, separate Hindustan on their north from the Deccan on their south.

We wish to say a word about this Sone river. It rises in Gondwana, and on the elevated table land of Ummurkuntak, a few miles east of the source of the Nerbudda. These rivers do not interfere with one another: they take different directions. The Nerbudda flows west until it enters the Indian Ocean, after a lengthened course of 800 miles. The Sone, taking up a different sphere of usefulness, flows north-east, until, after a course of 465 miles, it joins the Ganges near Dinapore.

Surely the wise distribution of rivers ought to teach a lesson to good people. People who are anxious to do good, whether individuals or Societies, ought not to interfere with others who are intent on the same objects. Paul did not. He took care so to direct the stream of his active benevolence as to preach, not where Christ was named, lest he should build on another man's foundation.

If two rivers do approach each other they unite. Therein lies another lesson for good people. When there occurs a confluence of rivers, the lesser is lost in the greater, and usually the very name is lost. If we are enabled to contribute anything to the general good—the great good—the spread of the Gospel—let us be content and happy, although our little stream be lost in the great channel, and our names be buried in obscurity. Eventually all rivers are lost in the sea; so let all services, great and small, merge in the one great aim and object, that the Lord be glorified in the work done, until the earth be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, even as the waters cover the sea.

Rivers in their course flow on, watering various districts. In this they are unlike a lake, or inland sea, which is stationary: the rivers flow on. Usually inland seas have rivers which issue from them, and of which they are the feeders. Settled churches should be the reservoirs, from whence streams of Missionary enterprise shall flow forth to fertilize the wastes. There is one inland sea which receives and never gives out again: that is the Dead Sea. Churches which act on that principle must expect to become as dead seas.

Rivers, as they flow on, do not wear themselves out. Sometimes the waters contract, but in due time they are replenished. The Sone, from bank to bank, about the spot to which the engraving refers, is three miles wide. In the dry season the channel of water, in the midst of belts of sand, is not above eighty yards across. When the rains come, the whole space of three miles is one rapid flood. Let not those who are engaged in the blessed work of sending forth the waters of life into the parched wildernesses fear lest their supplies fail, and the channel be left dry. He who feeds the rivers with plenteous rains will send supplies as they are needed. In such a work as this good people surely may take comfort out of the Lord's words, "Take no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Surely the souls of men are of more value than the fields: they also have a harvest to yield to God. Let the waters, then, flow on.

The Sone rises on an elevated spot; so, if we would do good, be a source of good, we must be spiritually-minded, our minds raised, seeking the things which are above.

The Sone, although a moderate-sized river when compared to other great rivers of India, flows through various provinces—the Saugor and Nerbudda territory, where, besides the usual Hindu and Mussulman population, there are the Ghonds. May our Mission at Jubbulpore be as the tablelands of Ummerkuntak, from which the streams of life shall penetrate the jungles, making the wilderness and solitary place glad. The river passes thence for eighty miles through Rewah, with its Rajpoot population, where suttee and infanticide once prevailed—amidst whose population of 1,200,000, we are not aware of any Christian Mission having been commenced. It may be our ignorance; we find however no mention of Rewah in Mullens' statistical tables. The Sone flows through the territory. In that God tells us that the Gospel should not be wanting. The Sone then enters the British district of Mirzapore, where, at the city of Mirzapore and the town of Chunar, there are Missionary stations. After this it becomes a boundary river, dividing Behar on the right hand from Shahabad on the left, and finally, at Dinapore, merges in the great Ganges.

Let Missionary work go on. It must not confine its action to some selected spot. Christianity is for the world, and the world wants it. Let each stream of effort, be it great or small, flow on, and each Christian labourer work diligently, whether his measure of strength be great or small, until his work be done. Let us not be content to occupy one district largely while another close beside it remains a waste, because nothing is done for it: let the river flow on.

On the banks of the Sone level tracts are met with, beautifully rich and cultivated, covered with indigo, cotton, sugar-cane, safflower, castor-oil, poppy, and various grains. Beautiful villages peep out of groves consisting of mango, banyan, peepul, tamarind and cassia. The date, or toddy palm, and fan-palm are very abundant and tall. Do not these tracts owe their productiveness to the fertilizing influence of the river? And the waters of life, as they flow, shall they not so fertilize the human soil, and that increasingly, until, upon the bank of the river, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit be consumed; it shall bring forth new fruit according to his month, because these waters issued out of the sanctuary, and "the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine."

A great change has been made just at the point to which our engraving refers. It used to be heavy work to get across the sands of the Sone, the heavy waggons sometimes sinking up to the axles, and the great elephants having to push them forward. Now there is a splendid railway bridge, the longest in India, being nearly a mile from abutment to abutment, and consisting of 28 spans of 162 feet each. It cost 350,000*l*.

Let us regard these great improvements as affording increased opportunities for spreading the Gospel. All human affairs are going on more rapidly than they used to do. Let not Missionary effort lag behind.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

## SPEECH OF REV. W. W. KIRKBY AT EXETER HALL.

*(Continued from page 76.)*

My next movement was to the Great Bear Lake, which is between 400 and 500 miles from Fort Simpson. The natives received me kindly, and permitted me to build a school, to which several of the poor children came. I brought some of those boys with me to the Red River, and sent them to the Bishop's school; and since I have been in England I have received the best accounts of them, and I trust they will go back again as schoolmasters, catechists, or as pastors to their distant countrymen in the north. Then next I thought that I would like to go further still, and I went on until I came within the Arctic circle, and the day I came there I had great cause to thank God, for that day was the first day that ever any Missionary had gone within that circle of the great continent of America. For many reasons it was very interesting, but the most interesting thing of all was to see the sun going round and round for two months without setting. You can easily understand what my first text was: it was, "There shall be no night." I went on further, and met with a band of Esquimaux. The idea which one has of the Esquimaux is that of a short, thick-set, blubbery sort of fellow. That is not the character of the men I met with there: they were all fine-looking fellows, and the Indians I took with me did not know what to make of them.

These people were a little troublesome when I first saw them: they wanted to steal everything I had; but when they found why I had come they treated me very differently. There was one kind old creature came to me with a large piece of blubber, and much wanted me to eat it, but I declined her hospitality, as you may suppose, and talked to her about something else. I stayed there three days, and, leaving my canoe, walked over the Rocky Mountains. I came to a river west of the mountains, and, just at its confluence with the Youcon, I met with no fewer than 500 natives, every one of whom is under Christian instruction.

Those people were a most interesting set of people. There were many things repulsive about them, but I will not trouble you with them; and there were many interesting things, one or two of which I should like to mention. They had a bold and brave spirit. They used to argue with much reason and wisdom, and say they could understand why it is that a child will fall into a fire and burn itself, or into water and drown itself. They say, "How is it that a child, coming fresh from the great Spirit, has not more knowledge than we have?" Does not that show that there is much thought amongst those people, and that if their minds could only be developed they would be capable of great things? They had a remarkable tradition about the deluge. They say there was a great man who was the east wind, and he had three brothers, the north wind, the south wind, and the west wind. He went to war with the king of the serpents, and the king of the serpents conquered him. He ran away, and the king of the serpents followed him, but being unable to catch him, he sent an immense quantity of water out of his mouth, which soon became a river, and began to cover the earth. East wind then cut up some wood and made himself a raft, upon which he took some of his animals, and away they went. At last he thought he would

die of hunger, so he sent the beaver out to see if he could find any land, but the beaver could not find any, and came back again. He then sent out the musk-rat, and he dived down, and brought some up in his claws. He then blew upon the earth which had been brought up, and it covered the rat, and it soon grew to be an island, and the island became a continent, and so they were all saved. I read to them those great Missionary texts from the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and I told them the old story which never fails to touch the hearts of men and win them to the truth. What I said to them was not told in vain. They came to me and said they would be glad to hear the tidings I had brought to them over again; and then I spoke to them a long time, and afterwards said to them, "Do you wish to put yourselves under my instruction?" and they said "Yes: if you will only teach us we shall be thankful to be taught." They came at six for service, and I told them to select some young men and I would instruct them, and then, when I had gone, they would be able to teach. The next morning at six o'clock they were all there, and the young men remained with me. After breakfast I had the young men in my room. I had not been there long before I heard a noise outside the door, and I found about half the other people trying to hear what I was teaching the young men—the message of redeeming love; and I assure you that so great was their anxiety to hear what I was saying, that I had to nail the door up before I could get a quiet day with these young men. When I told them that I must go and leave them, if you had only seen the sorrow depicted upon those poor peoples' countenances, you would never have your faith shaken in the value of Missionary work. "Why do you want to go?" one noble old chief said: "before you came we were like brutes that did not know which way to go; but you have found us a path to walk in, and if you go we may lose it again." I said, "I cannot stay, I must go." He then said, "Will you come to us again next year?" I said, "If I do, I must first have three promises from you." Thirteen of those poor creatures had told me that they had thrown some two and some three of their little infant girls into the snow, in order that they might perish rather than undergo the sorrows which they had experienced in life. "Now," I said "you mothers must promise me that there will be no more of that." They said, "Oh, yes: when we did that we did not know you; we had not heard the book. We will never do it again." And, thank God, they never have done it again. And there has not been a single instance of infanticide at the Youcon from that time to this. I then said, "Now I want another promise from you, and that is about the medicine men. You must promise me that there shall be no conjuring." They answered, "Yes." It seems most strange that they should say so, but they kept their word; and this is the most marvellous, because no men had more influence over their countrymen than the medicine-men. The Indians never suffered, and a man never died, but it was supposed that it was caused by sorcery: they never supposed that a man died a natural death. Therefore immediately a man fell ill his relatives went to the medicine man with a large present, and the medicine man went to the sick Indian, dressed in his fantastic style, taking with him his rattle and

drum, and began hooting and making a most horrible noise. Then if the person got better, this medicine man took the credit of curing him; but if the man died, he said, "I am so sorry your friend is dead, but the fact is that somebody has been paying another medicine man to kill him, and they have been paying him more than you paid me to save him." And therefore you can understand and admire the grace of God when I tell you that these men said, "If you will come and see us next year, we will have no more conjuring." I then said, "I still want one more promise from you, and that from all of you: it is, that so far as you know what heathen ways are, you will promise to forsake them; and that, as far as you know what God's ways are, you will promise to keep them;" and they said "Yes." I then promised to return to them, and went away. The next year, as soon as the spring came, I went to the Youcon again, within two days of the time I was there before, and it was wonderful to hear the way in which they had tried to carry out their promises. One party said, "We have to hold our heads down, we are not men, we have not kept our promise. We have not kept holy God's day." They said, "We have been starving, and when the Sunday came some deer came down, and we said 'Shall we shoot the deer and so break our promise?'" Well, they talked the matter over, and decided to fire one shot only. They did so, and one deer fell. The next day a whole herd of deer came down, and from that they thought that God was not very angry, but they were anxious to know what I would say to them. You may be sure I was not angry: I was only too thankful that they had given that proof of their desire to keep holy God's commandments. I left them with a promise to see them again on the third year, and when I reached them on that occasion it was eleven at night. The Indians, hearing the splash, of my paddle, came on to the bank to meet me. I said, "Have the boats come up yet?" and they replied, "Oh, yes, they came to-day;" and I said, "Did any priest come?" for I was always afraid of those men coming among the Indians. They replied, "Yes, a minister like you has come to-day." I had been so long alone that I could scarcely believe my ears, for I was 1500 miles away from my nearest Missionary friend. Being so far away and isolated has a very deadening effect, and one has to be very watchful to maintain the standard of piety amongst the heathen in a heathen land. I compare it to logs burning: if you keep them together, they will burn well and give out heat, but separate them and they become black and cold; and so it is when many Christians are together. And therefore, when the Indians said that another minister had come, I could hardly believe them for joy. To my deep joy, I found that a Missionary had been sent there from the Red River, and was intended for a station 250 miles south-west of me. When he heard what had been doing at the Youcon, he said he would go there, and there he is a Missionary now, and a better Missionary than Mr. McDonald we have not. In a letter I had from him, he said, "You will be delighted to hear that I have been permitted to receive 270 adults for baptism, and after having had them three years under me in training I am satisfied that they are fit for the holy ordinance. And I have 150 more candidates." Is not that indeed a blessing! He himself is a native of Rupert's Land, and I am thankful



to say, that of the staff there one-third are from the country, and that number will be greater by-and-by. My dear friends, and especially the young men I see here I would say a few words to you. I had before me, at one time in early life, a biography of the grandfather of our respected chairman, and there was one sentence which I there read in 1848, which I never forgot, and I wish to impress it upon your attention. Sir T. Buxton says, "A determination once fixed, then victory or death." Let there be a determination among you with regard to this Church Missionary Society. That determination once fixed, let there be victory or death. Nothing short of this will make Christian Missionaries. When I was in Lancashire I had the opportunity of going down into a coal mine. Why do you think I went down? Why, because I had confidence in the machinery and in the rope. I have been, as it were, for sixteen years going down into the pit amongst the heathen, and why had I confidence? I had no doubt as to the power of the machinery, and that gave me confidence. I have confidence in the Church Missionary Society, and therefore I am content to go down into the pit of heathenism. I have confidence in the machinery above, and let me have confidence in you, the rope. But remember, the longer that rope is, and the deeper you go, the stronger it will have to be. The further you go, the greater the success, and the greater the success the more money will be asked at your hand. If you wish for success you must be content to pay for it. I say, my dear young friends, take up this great cause. Give your sympathy, give your money, and, above all, some of you give yourselves to the Lord in this great and noble undertaking. Nothing pleased me more than to hear that there were not less than 200,000 young men who had banded themselves together to fight, if necessary, at any moment, for their country, their Queen and their homes. But I would have you all know that there is another king, Jesus, whose battles require to be fought, and I would have you to remember that His kingdom is only one quarter of the earth, and that the black banner of death floats over the others. Missionaries are becoming aged and dying, and I want you to say, "I will take the standard as it falls from their hands, and will plant it in the midst of heathenism." Take your stand under the banner of your great Captain of salvation, and do what you can do for Him, and you will be promoted from the ranks here to the ranks where you have nothing to fear and everything to hope for. And if God grants me sixteen years longer to live I hope they will be as happy as the sixteen years I have already passed in Missionary work.

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#### JUBILEE MEETING AT KANDY.

THE celebration of the Church Missionary Society's Jubilee in Kandy had for some time been looked forward to with much interest by the members of the Singhalese congregations in the town and neighbourhood; and they had resolved to commemorate it as a season of joy and rejoicing. For some months previously some of the more influential members of the native congregations had arranged to solicit from their friends liberal contributions to

the Jubilee Fund, which were to be presented on the day of commemoration; and in order that they might exhibit to the public, and especially to the friends of the Society, the gratitude which they felt for the benefits which had been conferred upon themselves and their families by the Church Missionary Society, they had determined to have the Mission premises, schoolroom, &c., gaily decorated, so that a hearty welcome might be offered to all who might assemble on the occasion. Accordingly, from the entrance to the Mission premises in Trincomalie street, to the large schoolroom, there was a continuous series of festoons, arches, &c., decorated with the young leaves of the cocoanut-tree, ferns, mosses, and flowers, and, as the Jubilee meeting was to take place in the evening, stands were prepared for lamps, at intervals, from the street up to the schoolroom.

Between the church and the schoolroom there was erected a large and beautifully ornamented triumphal arch, which must have been at least forty feet high. This arch, when illuminated, presented one of the gayest sights perhaps ever seen in Kandy.

The large schoolroom, in which the evening meeting was held, was also very tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the walls were covered with a variety of appropriate, and, in some instances, illuminated texts of Scripture in English and Singhalese. At about three o'clock in the afternoon the visitors began to arrive. At four o'clock a bazaar of fancy and useful articles, fruits, &c., was held, and presented a most lively and animated scene for about a couple of hours.

Almost the whole of the articles had been contributed and presented by the native Christians connected with the Church Missionary Society congregation of Kandy and the neighbourhood, and it was remarked that the purchases were made chiefly by the members of the native church. The sum realized by the bazaar was nearly 40*l.*

At half-past six the Jubilee meeting commenced. By that time not only the two schoolrooms, but the two verandahs also, were crowded to overflowing; a gayer or more animated scene in connexion with the Church Missionary Society had never been before witnessed in Kandy.

The Rev. C. Jayesinhe, having been requested to take the chair, commenced by giving out a Jubilee hymn, in which the whole assembly heartily joined, being accompanied by a harmonium, at which a Singhalese lady presided. After reading a chapter of the Bible, and prayer, Mr. Jayesinhe proceeded to address the meeting on the important and interesting subject which had brought them together. He spoke of his happiness in being permitted to see so large an audience, and of the proofs which they had given of the interest they felt in the great subject of the Jubilee. Mr. Jayesinhe then referred to the fact, that he himself had been permitted to take

an active part in the work of the Mission throughout the whole period of its labours in the island; and he concluded by expressing, on behalf of himself, as the native pastor of Kandy, and on behalf of the Church Missionary Society in Ceylon, his sincere thanks to all those friends who had so warmly entered into the plans for celebrating the Society's Jubilee, and so liberally responded to the appeals made to them on behalf of its funds.

Mr. Jayesinha was followed by several native gentlemen, whose addresses (the whole of which were in the Singhalese language) were listened to with marked attention, and followed by considerable applause. A second hymn having been sung, several members of the congregations brought up the subscriptions which they had collected on behalf of the Jubilee Fund, which amounted to 113*l*. During the singing of a third hymn a collection was made in the room, amounting to upwards of 5*l*. Biscuits and tea were then handed round. These had been kindly prepared by our native friends, who closed the evening's entertainment by a very liberal supply of good fire-works. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the whole party had left. The meeting must be viewed as a complete success, both as regards the preparations made for the convenience and comfort of the visitors, and as regards the sums realized on behalf of the Jubilee Fund,

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“EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.”

THE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth
Had lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side:
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Thine enemies increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.

How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good, [church,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering
Her sighs and tears and blood;
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then
As now we share Thy grace,
Should not the loving bride
The absent bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her lord return?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear Thy voice,
That shall restore her loneliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again;
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

BONAR.

BAPTISM OF A SUDRA YOUTH AT MASULIPATAM.

OUR Missionaries, the Rev. D. Fenn and the Rev. V. Harcourt, are engaged in making the Gospel known to the population of the districts lying around Madras. They find themselves in the midst of a people speaking, some of them Tamil, others Telugu.

We have strong Tamil Missions lying to the south, not only amongst the Madras people, but in the province of Tinnevely, where congregations of Tamil Christians have been gathered, and where Tamil pastors are feeding the flocks committed to their care. But also to the north of the itinerancy there is a flourishing Telugu Mission, where the work of conversion is going on amidst high castes and low castes. Thus the itinerancy lies midway between the two.

Now the Tamil Christians help it. They come out from Madras, native pastors and catechists and students, and live in the tents, and unite with the Missionaries in their work. We are anxious that the Telugu Christians should imitate the Tamils, and help from the north, as the others do from the south. It would be for the advantage of the itinerancy, and it would be for their own advantage also, for Missionary work always reflects back a blessing on those who aid it. They will then understand the meaning of the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" for he who receives gets good for himself, but he who gives shares his blessing with another, and is nothing the poorer himself, for what he gives comes back to him.—"Give, and it shall be given to you."

As if to remind the Telugu Christians that itinerancy was not very far off, and to show that the road is practicable, Mr. Fenn and Mr. Harcourt, a few months back, visited the Telugu Mission, stopping for a time at the different centres of the Mission, the large towns of Bezvara, Ellore and Masulipatam. We gave in our March number some account of their visits to the two first of these places, but we said nothing of Masulipatam, and yet we ought to have done so, for they saw something there which particularly interested them, the baptism of a young native of high caste; yet not the highest, for the highest are the Brahmins, and this was a Sudra.

There is a school at Masulipatam, called an Anglo-vernacular school. It is so called because the pupils are not only instructed through their own language, but they are taught the English language also. The Holy Bible is read and taught, and is the foundation of all the instruction which is given them. None can be received into the school who are unwilling to submit to this rule; but they come most willingly, and the effect of the Scripture teaching has been, that not a few of the high-caste pupils have been converted and baptized, some of whom have been admitted to holy orders, and are now ministering to their countrymen.

It was one of these possessions which our Missionaries were privileged to witness while at Masulipatam.

The account of this event, and some other interesting particulars respecting the Masulipatam Mission, will be found in the following paragraph taken from one of Mr. Fenn's letters—

At one o'clock we left for Masulipatam, and, having the current with us, performed the first twenty-two miles in five hours : the remaining twenty-four took twelve more, the delay being partly owing to the many locks we had to pass. These helped to make this, our last night of canal travelling, the most uncomfortable we had yet had. All discomforts were, however, soon forgotten in the delight of being on the very spot which has been made sacred to all lovers of Missions in South India by the memories of Fox and Noble and Sharkey. The variety of Missionary operations carried on in Masulipatam was enough to occupy to the full the whole of the short time that would pass before the return steamer from Rangoon should arrive. Indeed, we had to husband every hour of the next four days. The central point of interest is, of course, Noble's English School for the higher castes. We were glad to find the number as large as, I believe, at any previous point of its history. And the standard of attainment must be as high ; for one class under the present Principal is reading for the First Arts degree. The school appears to be, however, weaker than it ever was in its staff of English masters : the Principal seems to stand solus here. But in going round the various classes, I was much struck with the vigour and heartiness and liveliness of some of the native masters.

During our stay, we were witnesses of the deeply-interesting sight of a heathen youth, making an open profession of Christianity, and bravely resisting all the entreaties and persuasions of his relatives and friends to induce him to recant. It was no sudden impulse. Even at the time of the cyclone four years ago, when the sea-wave swept off 30,000 from this town and neighbourhood, he had been greatly impressed by seeing a heathen relative, a teacher in the school, call upon the Lord Jesus in the hour of his extremity. For the last year or two he has been in constant communication with the Principal, who was only waiting for a favourable opportunity to call upon him to make a public declaration of his faith. The presence of two English clergymen was deemed a fitting occasion ; and the youth having been, I presume, apprized of the step about to be taken, the Principal, in the midst of an address or exposition with which the school daily opens, asked whether any of the students were prepared then and there to profess that faith in Christ which he believed many of them secretly entertained : if there were any one such, let him rise up now and say so. The youth, who appeared to be about seventeen or eighteen years old, rose from his place in class, and on being asked if he really wished to be a Christian, said that he did, and was directed, in proof of his sincerity, to walk out in the presence of all his schoolfellows and retire to the Principal's house. Thither we shortly followed him, expecting that his friends would come to see him. About two hours after, a brother-in-law, a middle-aged man, apparently the most influential among his near relatives, came and said many taunting and many bitter things.—“ What could a lad like him know ? Was he going to cause the death of his father and mother ? ” And then he bade him come with him.

The youth refused, and he went away. We all breakfasted together : the five or six Christian youths who board with the Principal, and one of the native clergy, were with us. The poor youth seemed not a little distressed ; much had been said to pain him, and he doubtless expected more. We had hardly finished breakfast and prayers, when loud shrieks were heard outside. We all went out, and found the lad's mother shouting *Nayana-a!* *Nayana-a!* (the abbreviation of one of Vishnu's names), with his elder brother, who is a Cutcherry peon, and about a dozen more. I was not so much struck with the mother's shrieks as I was with the apparent deep affection and concern of the elder brother. He said but little ; but the expression of his countenance, as he stood and gazed with tears at his brother's face, was very touching. There was, however, no lack of speakers. The clever, taunting brother-in-law, and some of the rest of the party on the heathen side, the native clergyman and the Christian youths on our side, spoke for some time. These last all felt, of course, the deepest sympathy, remembering each the day when he had passed through the same ordeal. They at last begged for their new brother, that the heathen party might be dismissed, as the strain would be greater than he could bear. I should not forget to say, that though at first the mother seemed to care but little, yet after a time she worked herself up, as Hindu women so often do, came close to him, imploring and imprecating him by turns. The latter she did by making a semi-circular mark with her finger on the ground, and then taking up a folded corner of her cloth and throwing it open before him. A Christian woman afterwards told me that the meaning of this is, "Henceforth you and I have nothing to do with each other." I was thankful to hear that, later in the day, an uncle of the youth, came and spoke quietly and calmly on the subject, and that, contrary to precedent in such cases, there was, on the next two school-days, no diminution whatever in the number of boys in attendance. The case might perhaps have been a little different had the youth been a Brahmin ; but similar instances have lately occurred elsewhere of the declining zeal of Hindus in favour of their own religion. On the occasion of Mr. Noble's two earliest converts the school was entirely emptied, and only recovered itself by slow degrees. We examined the old school registers of 1851-52 which proved this.

Quite distinct from the departments of Mission work is the Christian settlement, a street of houses on a piece of ground granted by the Government after the destruction caused by the cyclone. Here I found a street of comfortable-looking houses. Most of the women, at least the younger portion of them, had formerly learnt in Mrs. Sharkey's school. The native pastor, one of Mr. Noble's two first converts, accompanied me from house to house, and my visit concluded with an address, which he interpreted for me, to twenty-three well-dressed, respectable, Christian mothers, seated on mats in the court in front of one of the houses. On Sunday the other native clergyman interpreted for me, and so I was enabled to preach to the Telugu congregation. Some of the heathen boys of the English school attended, expecting, it seems, that the new convert would be baptised, and wishing to witness the ceremony.

CONTENTS.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT THE RIVER SONE (With a Cut) . . .	85
SPEECH OF REV. W. W. KIRKBY AT EXETER HALL . . .	88
JUBILEE MEETING AT KANDY	91
POETRY—"EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS"	93
BAPTISM OF A SUDRA YOUTH AT MASULIPATAM	94

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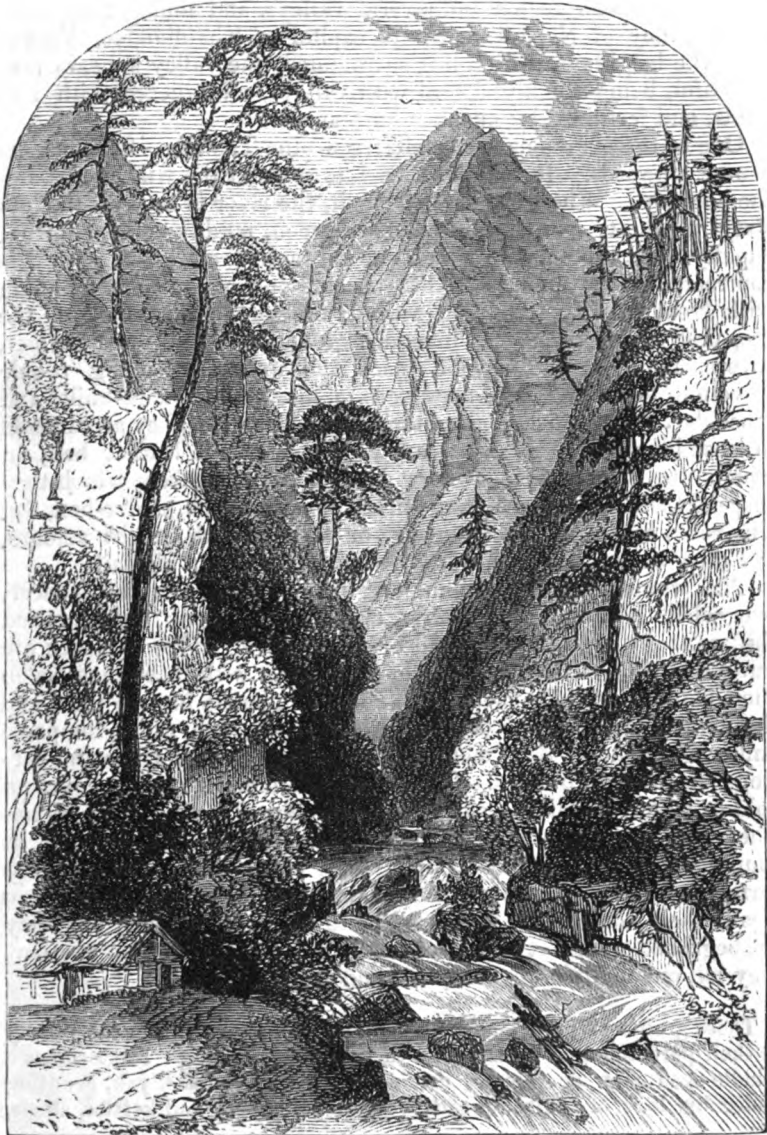
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**THIBET.**

**THIS** pretty landscape brings before us one of the many dark places of our world which has never been visited by Gospel light. It is in Nepaul, an independent kingdom, lying between Thibet on the north, and British India on the south.



**SCENE ON THE TAMBUR AT THE LOWER LIMIT OF FIRS.**

*September 1869.*

**K**

Coming from our districts southward, the traveller first meets the Terai, a long, narrow strip of land. Ten miles from the frontier commences the great forest of Nepaul, much overrun with under-wood, yet containing a great variety of noble trees. Beyond this lies a hilly country, succeeded by two others of increasing elevation, the first of which may be called mountainous, the second alpine. In the mountainous region lie several valleys, and amongst them the great valley of Nepaul, with its capital of Khatmandoo. Viewed from the heights by which it is surrounded, the valley appears very beautiful, being thickly dotted with valleys, checquered with rich fields, and fertilized by numerous streams.

One of these streams we shall trace—the Tambur—following its course upwards. It will lead us into some of the wild recesses of the country. Where we first strike it, the river is in breadth from sixty to eighty yards, of a pale, sea-green, muddy colour, flowing rapidly. At the point to which our engraving refers the river has contracted very much, and has become turbulent, shooting along with great velocity. As you ascend, the population changes, the Nepalese giving place to Thibetans, groups of whom may be met, several families of this wild, black and uncouth looking people travelling together. The men were middle-sized, square-built, and muscular, without beard, moustache, or whiskers. They are dressed in loose blanket robes, girt about the waist with a leather belt, in which are placed their iron or brass pipes, and from which they suspend their long knives, chop-sticks, tobacco-pouch, tinder-box, &c. The robe, boots and cap are grey, or striped with bright colours, and they wear skull-caps, with the hair plaited in a pig-tail.

The women are dressed in long flannel petticoats and spencer, over which is thrown a sleeveless, short, striped cloak, drawn round the waist by a girdle of broad brass or silver links, to which are hung their knives, scissors, needle-cases, &c. : with these they fasten their children to their backs. The hair is plaited in two tails, and the neck is loaded with coral and glass beads, and great lumps of amber and agate. Both men and women wear silver rings and earrings, set with turquoises. They wear amulets, namely, boxes of gold or silver, containing small idols or relics of some sainted Lama. They are a good-humoured, amiable-looking people, square in countenance, with broad mouths, high cheek-bones, narrow, up-turned eyes, broad, flat noses and low foreheads. If they were clean, their complexion would be white with rosy cheeks, but they are begrimed with dirt and smoke. When they salute one another, they loll out the tongue, grin, nod and scratch the ear.

These groups of Thibetans are singularly picturesque, from the variety in their parti-coloured dresses, and their odd appearance. First comes a middle-aged man or woman, driving a little silky black yak, grunting under his load of 260lbs. of salt, besides pots, pans, and kettles, stools,

churn, and bamboo vessels, keeping up a constant rattle; and perhaps, buried amongst all, a rosy-cheeked and lipped baby, sucking a lump of cheese-curd. The main body follow in due order, and you are soon entangled amidst sheep and goats, each with its two little bags of salt: beside these stalks the huge, grave, bull-headed mastiff, loaded like the rest, his glorious bushy tail thrown over his back in a majestic sweep, and a thick collar of scarlet wool round his neck and shoulders, setting off his long silky coat to the best advantage: he is decidedly the noblest looking of the party, especially if a fine and pure black one, for they are often very ragged, dun-coloured, sorry beasts. He seems rather out of place, neither guarding nor keeping the party together, but he knows that neither yaks, sheep nor goats require his attention: all are perfectly tame, so he takes his share of work as salt carrier by day, and watches by night as well. The children bring up the rear, laughing and chatting together: they, too, have their loads, even to the youngest that can walk alone.

Suddenly the narrow gorge widens, and furnishes a site for a Thibetan village, consisting of large and good painted wooden houses, ornamented with hundreds of long poles and vertical flags, and swarming with good-natured, dirty Thibetans. The name of this village is Wallanchoon.

The houses crept up the base of the mountain, on the flank of which was a very large, long convent, two-storied, and painted scarlet, with a low black roof, and backed by a grove of dark junipers; and the hill-sides around were thickly studded with bushes of deep green rhododendron, scarlet barberry, and withered yellow rose. The village contained about one hundred houses, irregularly crowded together, from ten to twenty feet high, and forty to eighty feet long; each accommodating several families. All were built of upright strong pine-planks, the interstices between which were filled with yak-dung; and they sometimes rested on a low foundation wall. The door was generally at the gable end: it opened with a latch and string, and turned on a wooden pivot. The only window was a slit closed by a shutter; and the roofs were very low-pitched, covered with shingles kept down by stones. The paths were narrow and filthy; and the only public buildings, besides the convents, were Manis and Mendongs: of these, the former are square-roofed temples, containing rows of praying-cylinders placed close together, from four to six feet high, and gaudily painted: some are turned by hand, and others by water: the latter are walls ornamented with slabs of clay and mica slate, with "Om Mani Padmi om" well carved on them in two characters, and repeated *ad infinitum*.

A Thibetan household is very slovenly: the family live higgledy-piggledy in two or more apartments, the largest of which has an open fire on the hearth, or on a stone if the floor be of wood. The pots and teapots are earthen and copper; and these, with the bamboo churn for the brick tea, some wooden and metal spoons, bowls, and platters, comprise all the kitchen utensils.

Every one carries in the breast of his robe a little wooden cup for his

daily use, neatly turned from the knotted roots of maple. The Thibetan chiefly consumes barley, wheat, or buckwheat meal—the latter confined to the poorer classes—with milk, butter, curd, and parched wheat, fowls, eggs, pork, and yak flesh when he can afford it, and radishes, a few potatoes, legumes, and turnips in their short season. His drink is a sort of soup made from brick tea, of which a handful of leaves is churned up with salt, butter and soda, then boiled and transferred to the tea-pot, whence it is poured scalding hot into each cup, which the good woman of the house keeps incessantly replenishing, and urging you to drain. Sometimes, but more rarely, the Thibetans make a drink by pouring boiling water over malt, as the Lepchas do over millet. A pipe of yellow, mild Chinese tobacco generally follows the meal: more often, however, their tobacco is brought from the plains of India, when it is of a very inferior description. The pipe, carried in the girdle, is of brass or iron, often with an agate, amber or bamboo mouth-piece.

Many herds of fine yaks were grazing about Wallanchoon: there were a few ponies, sheep, goats, fowls, and pigs, but very little cultivation except turnips, radishes and potatoes. The yak is a very tame, domestic animal, often handsome, and a true bison in appearance: it is invaluable to these mountaineers from its strength and hardiness, accomplishing, at a slow pace, twenty miles a day, bearing either two bags of salt or rice, or four to six planks of pine-wood slung along both flanks. Their ears are generally pierced, and ornamented with a tuft of scarlet worsted: they have large and beautiful eyes, spreading horns, long silky hair, and grand bushy tails: black is their prevailing colour, but red, dun, parti-coloured and white are common. In winter the flocks graze below 8000 feet, on account of the great quantity of snow above that height: in summer they find pasturage as high as 17,000 feet, consisting of grass and small tufted sedges, on which they browse with avidity.

When shall the Gospel of Christ reach these uplands, give light to the great Mongol family, which, on the elevated tracts of Central Asia, sits in darkness and the valley of the shadow of death? How little, after all, have we done? how much remains to be accomplished? What need have we not of powerful reinforcements, in order that the Lord's command, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," may be carried out? The nations of our world which profess the Christianity of the Bible, how little, after all, do they value it, or they would do more to impart it to the millions of the unevangelized.

Of earth's twelve hundred millions, not more than two hundred millions can be said, even nominally, to know the word of life; that is to say, five out of every six of the inhabitants of this world, to which salvation has been sent, are yet entirely ignorant of the salvation of Jesus Christ. In China alone, there is not a Missionary for every million of the population; and while such vast empires as India and China have so scanty a portion of light, there are whole kingdoms, such as Japan—whole regions, such as Central Asia—numberless isles of the ocean, some of them vast territories, like Borneo and Sumatra—countless tribes, such as those of the Caucasus, and South America, and Central Africa—whom

the glad news have never reached. Think of these myriads in the realms of unbroken heathenism, of swarming cities and depths of continents, never fanned by a breath from heaven ; think of unpenetrated forests of population, to not a soul of which the word of life has ever come, and surely you will feel something rising in your hearts, like what is said of your Lord and Master, that He "had compassion on the multitudes." Add to this the consideration of another fact. Of earth's twelve hundred millions, three thousand six hundred die every hour. Sixty pass away every minute, so that, with every second's pulse, with every beat of the great clock of time, a soul passes into the other world ; and of these, five out of every six cannot have knowledge, in any way or degree, however faint, of the great salvation. Is not the word of the ancient seer still true—"They are destroyed from morning to evening. They perish for ever without any regarding it?"

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#### THE FIRST BRAHMIN BAPTISM IN TINNEVELLY.

THE first Brahmin baptism—not the first convert. There have been Brahmin converts in Tinnevelly. There have been such, but they were afraid openly to profess Christ where they were known, and in the midst of their own friends and relatives, and therefore they went to other places. We are glad to find that one has had the courage, manfully to confess the faith of Christ crucified, in his own locality ; it is so much more to the glory of God. The particulars are thus related by the Rev. E. Sargent of Palamcotta—

It has been my happy duty this year to baptize the first Brahmin convert who was willing to profess himself a Christian in this province. The men of this class desiring to embrace Christianity have hitherto removed to other places, and there joined the Christian church, being fearful of the consequences if they remained here. The young Brahmin I am now speaking of came to me frequently, opened his mind, and sought Christian instruction and counsel. I found, that although he had been in our native-English school, and had read the Bible there, his mind had only been impressed with the folly of heathenism ; but the chief inducement which drew him towards Christianity was what he witnessed of the influence of the Gospel in the character of some of our converts. I urged him, as an imperative duty, to let his friends know of his intentions, and after that, if he sincerely desired to profess Christ, I would receive him. He said his father was dead, and that he was in his nineteenth year, and that his mind was fully made up to become a Christian. His appearance every way verified the statement. After a few days he came again, said that his relatives were fully aware of his intentions, and that he now placed himself under my care, with a view to baptism. His relatives came to my house, and I gave them every opportunity of speaking with him, and of using every influence short of personal violence. After a very lengthened interview, failing to move him from his purpose, the poor mother gave vent to her grief in the most violent manner. They then went to the judge. On



the strength of their statement, I was very properly required to appear in court the next morning with the young man. It was of course an anxious time, but we committed the matter into His hands at whose disposal are all our concerns. On the judge taking up the case, and seeing and speaking with the young man, he at once said that it was a matter in which he could not exercise his authority in opposition to the wishes of the individual; that the youth was evidently old enough, and had sense enough to act on his own responsibility, and he could not order him to be placed under the custody of his relatives: he was at liberty, therefore, to go where he pleased. The relatives were so confident of the young man being given up to them, that they were completely thrown aback by the decision of the judge, and I was allowed to go away with the youth, without the least molestation, although, from what had occurred on my way to the court, I had expected no little trouble. The Sunday following I baptized him by the name of Thomas Isudasen. I have also had two or three other high-caste people come to me, in some measure anxious about their souls, all of them thoroughly convinced of the folly of idolatry; but, fearful of the results in the alienation of friends and relatives, they hesitate to take the final step.

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#### PERILS IN THE DEEP.

A RECENT number of the periodical which furnishes accounts of the Missions of the United Brethren contains a very interesting paper—a review of the perils to which the ships employed in the service of the Labrador Mission have been exposed, and the deliverances from imminent danger which they have experienced. There have been several of these vessels. The first, "The Jersey Packet," was fitted out in 1770; then came "The Amity," somewhat larger; in 1777 "The Good Intent" took her place; then came several others. In 1816 "The Jemima" experienced a great preservation on her voyage out.

*July 14*—Land was discovered a-head. It was the coast of Labrador, sixty or eighty miles south of Hopedale. We were close to the ice, and, as a small opening presented itself, the captain ventured to push in, hoping, if he could penetrate, to find open water between the ice and the coast. For some time we got nearer to the land, but were obliged at night to fasten the ship with two grapnels to a large field. This was elevated between five and six feet above the water's edge, and between fifty and sixty feet in thickness below it. It might be 300 feet in diameter, flat at the top, and as smooth as a meadow covered with snow. We were all well pleased with our place of refuge, and lay here three whole days, with the brightest weather, and as safe as in the most commodious haven.

In the night between the 19th and 20th we were driven back by a strong current to nearly the same situation we had left on the 17th, only somewhat nearer the coast. On the 20th, the morning was fine, and we vainly endeavoured to get clear, but towards evening the sky loured, and it grew very dark. The air also felt so oppressive that we all went



to bed, and every one of us was troubled with uneasy dreams. At midnight we heard a great noise on deck. We hastened thither to know the cause, and found the ship driving towards a huge ice mountain, on which we expected every moment to suffer shipwreck. The sailors exerted themselves to the utmost, but it was by God's merciful providence alone that we were saved. The night was exceedingly cold, with rain, and the poor people suffered much. We were now driven to and fro at the mercy of the ice, till one in the morning, when we succeeded in fastening the ship again to a large field. But all this was only the prelude of greater terrors. Deliverance from danger is so gratifying, that it raises one's spirits above the common level. We made a hearty breakfast, and retired again into our cabins. At one o'clock the cook, in his usual boisterous way, aroused by announcing dinner, and putting a large piece of pork and a huge pudding upon the table, of which we partook with a good appetite, but in silence, every one seemingly buried in thought, or only half awake. Shortly after, the wind changed to north-east and north, increasing gradually till it turned into a furious storm. Top-masts were lowered, and everything done to ease the ship. We now saw an immense ice-mountain at a distance, towards which we were driving, without the power of turning aside. Between six and seven we were again roused by a great outcry on deck. We ran up, and saw our ship, with the field to which we made fast, with great swiftness approaching towards the mountain, nor did there appear the smallest hope of escaping being crushed to atoms between it and the field. However, by veering out as much cable as we could, the ship got to such a distance, that the mountain passed through between us and the field. We all cried fervently to the Lord for speedy help in this most perilous situation, for had we but touched the mountain we must have been instantly destroyed. One of our cables was broken, and we lost a grapnel; the ship also sustained some damage. But we were now left to the mercy of the storm and current, both of which were violent; and exposed likewise to the large fields of ice, which floated all around us, being from ten to twenty feet in thickness. The following night was dreadfully dark; the heavens covered with black clouds driven by a furious wind, the roaring and the howling of the ice as it moved along, the fields shoving and dashing against each other, were truly terrible. A fender was made of a large beam, suspended by ropes to the ship's sides, to secure her in some measure from the ice; but the ropes were soon cut by its sharp edges, and we lost the fender. Repeated attempts were now made to make the ship again fast to some large field; and the second mate, a clever young man, full of spirit and willingness, swung himself several times off, and, upon such fields as approached us, endeavouring to fix a grapnel to them, but in vain, and we even lost another grapnel on this occasion. The storm indeed dispersed the ice, and made openings in several places; but our situation was thereby rendered only still more alarming, for when the ship got into open water, her motion became more rapid by the power of the wind, and consequently the blows she received from the ice more violent. Whenever, therefore, we perceived a field of ice through the gloom, towards which we were hurried, nothing appeared more probable than that the violence of the shock would determine our fate, and be attended with immediate destruction to the vessel. Such shocks were repeated every five or ten minutes, and

sometimes oftener, and the longer she remained exposed to the wind the more violently she ran against the sharp edges and spits of the ice, not having any power to avoid them. After every stroke we tried the pumps, to find whether we had sprung a leak; but the Lord kept His hand over us, and preserved us in a manner almost miraculous. In this awful situation we offered up fervent prayers to Him who alone is able to save, and besought Him, that, if it were His divine will that we should end our lives among the ice, He would, for the sake of His precious merits, soon take us home to Himself, nor let us die a miserable death from cold and hunger, floating about in this boisterous ocean.

It is impossible to describe all the horrors of this eventful night, in which we expected every approaching ice-field to be fraught with death. We were full ten hours in this dreadful situation, till about six in the morning, when we were driven into open water, not far from the coast. We could hardly believe that we had got clear of the ice: all seemed as a dream. We now ventured to carry some sail, with a view to bear up against the wind. The ship had become leaky, and we were obliged to keep the pump going, with only about ten minutes' rest at a time. Both the sailors and we were thereby so much exhausted, that whenever any one sat down he immediately fell asleep.

During the afternoon the wind abated, and towards evening it fell calm. A thick mist ensued, which, however, soon dispersed, when we found ourselves near a high rock, towards which the current was fast carrying us. We were now in great danger of suffering shipwreck among the rocks, but, by God's mercy, the good management of our captain succeeded in steering clear of them; and, after sunset, the heavens were free from clouds. A magnificent northernlight illumined the horizon, and, as we were again among floating pieces of ice, its brightness enabled us to avoid them. I retired to rest, but, after midnight, was roused by the cracking noise made by the ice against the sides of the vessel. In an instant I was on deck, and found that we were forcing our way through a quantity of floating ice, out of which we soon got again into open water. The wind also turned in our favour, and carried us swiftly forward towards the Hopedale shore. Every one on board was again in full expectation of soon reaching the end of our voyage, and ready to forget all former troubles. But, alas! arriving at the same spot from which we had been driven yesterday, we found our way anew blocked up with a vast quantity of ice. The wind also drove us irresistibly towards it. We were now in a great dilemma. If we went between the islands, where the sea is full of sunken rocks, we were in danger of striking upon one of them, and being instantly lost; again, if we ventured into the ice, it was doubtful whether the ship would bear many more such shocks as she had received. At length the former measure was determined on, as, in case of any mishap, there might be some possibility of escaping to shore.

After encountering a succession of further perils and disappointments for three additional weeks, the "Jemima" was brought safely into Hopedale harbour on the 9th of August.

This is only one of many similar dangers and deliverances, reminding us of the verse of Scripture—"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of

the Lord, and His wonders in the deep;" and "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses." The deliverance, and the new evidence it affords of God's protecting care, is more than a compensation for the danger.

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 LINES BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The following stanzas, by the skilful hand of the greatest master of English sacred song whom this generation has known, the late James Montgomery, will, it is hoped, be considered to form no inappropriate sequel to the foregoing narrative. They form part of a beautiful hymn, composed, in 1841, for the centenary of the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel, of which the writer was a member—

To-day, one world-neglected race,
 We fervently commend
 To Thee, and to Thy word of grace ;
 Lord, visit and befriend
 A people scatter'd, peel'd and rude,
 By land and ocean-solitude
 Cut off from every kinder shore,
 In dreary Labrador.

Thither, while to and fro she steers,
 Still guide our annual bark,
 By night and day, through hopes and fears,
 While lonely as the Ark,
 Along her single track, she braves
 Gulphs, whirlpools, ice-fields, winds, and waves,
 To waft glad tidings to the shore
 Of longing Labrador.

How welcome to the watcher's eye,
 From morn till even fix'd,
 The first faint speck that shows her nigh,
 Where surge and sky are mix'd !
 Till, looming large, and larger yet,
 With bounding prow and sails full set,
 She speeds to anchor on the shore
 Of joyful Labrador.

Then, hearts with hearts, and souls with souls,
 In thrilling transport meet,
 Though broad and dark the Atlantic rolls
 Between their parted feet ;
 For letters thus, with boundless range,
 Thoughts, feelings, prayers can interchange,
 And once a year, join Britain's shore
 To kindred Labrador.

Then at the vessel's glad return,
 The absent meet again ;
 At home our hearts within us burn,
 To trace the cunning pen,
 Whose strokes, like rays from star to star,
 Bring happy messages from far,
 And once a year, to Britain's shore
 Join Christian Labrador.

A PREACHING TOUR.

OUR Missionaries itinerate much. They do not keep to one place, but broad-cast the seed. Shall we accompany one of them on an expedition of this kind? We shall select the district of Mavelikara, in our Travancore Mission. The Missionary is the Rev. R. Maddox, and the account which he gives of his preaching is very interesting.

I chose my companions from my readers, who were quite delighted at the idea of accompanying me. A violent thunderstorm and rain delayed us at setting out: however, we managed to keep to our plan, and arrived at Manaar a little after daybreak on Friday the 15th of May.

The landing-place was well filled with men bathing and girls and women drawing water. Here we waited while a fire was lighted, and some coffee got ready for our early meal. The news of our arrival soon spread: I suppose the water-carriers must have told everybody we had arrived, as certainly the men and boys did not leave, much to one's discomfort, as they kept up a kind of sentry at every window in the boat. The shutting up of a window only had the effect of driving a greater number of persons to the open ones, such a mild hint being by no means understood. However, there is no harm in publicity when you are dressed; so, as soon as I was presentable, I opened all the windows and began to talk to the people. Just then an old Catanar came to see me, having heard of my arrival. He was the dirtiest Catanar I have ever seen, but as it was early in the morning perhaps he was not dressed; he certainly was not washed. However, I thought it was polite of him to come and see me so soon, and invited him into my boat. He asked me directly if I could tell him anything about the Abyssinian war. It so happened that I had the day before heard of the conclusion of the war, so was the bearer of great news wherever I went. The Syrians take a most lively interest in the progress of Abyssinian matters. He was much shocked to hear of Theodorus' death, and, I fancy, liked me none the better for it, as he was not quite so sure that the English had any right in Abyssinia at all. Having finished my meal to my own satisfaction, and to the evident satisfaction of the juvenile on-lookers who had watched every morsel as it went to my mouth, I told the Catanar that I wished to have prayers, and requested him to stay. He did not seem very willing, but said he would go and stand on the shore. He looked dreadfully uncomfortable and cramped up as he sat with his two feet doubled up amongst my boxes, and I thought that was what made him anxious to get out and have a stretch on the shore; so I got the boxes cleared out, and arranged a comfortable seat for him, wishing to keep him if I could, as, from the conversation I had had with him, I saw that he knew next to nothing of the Bible, and thought this exercise might be of good to him. I read a chapter and spoke a few words about it, having for a congregation my companions and boatmen in the boat, and the people on shore at the open windows of the boat. The old Catanar all the time was chewing his stuffs, and spitting out of the window much to my disgust. As soon as ever prayers were over, he got up, said good bye, and went off. I

expected perhaps to see him during our visit at the place ; but no, I fancy he kept clear of us, having had as much religion in one day as he generally treats himself to in a month of ordinary days. I do not think I am at all uncharitable in saying this about the poor man, as I since learned that the Syrian church of that place is at a low ebb ; indeed it has only outward form : it is as dead as death itself.

As we walked through the bazaar a good many persons inquired who we were, and why we had come. We walked on till we arrived at the temple. This temple is a fine place, enclosed by high walls, and approached by a ruined, but what has been once a fine gateway. The temple has a great fame of its own, and is very wealthy, being richly endowed with lands and property. I was told that the Maharajah has to make certain periodical visits to this temple to perform poojah. I do not suppose he comes emptyhanded. As we stood opposite the gateway some men came away from the entrance of the temple towards us. I spoke to them, told them who we were, and asked them some questions about their temple. They told me a long story about a fire which took place the very night before, the thatch covering of an out-house near the temple having been struck by the lightning. I then asked them if they would like to hear what we had to say about the Christian religion. They all said they would like to hear, so we stood under a large banyan-tree close at hand and commenced to preach. M. began a Tamil hymn, which he sang with such good effect that a great number of persons came running to us with mouth and ears open to listen. The people seem to enjoy his singing more than anything. It was often curious to me, a bystander, to watch the real effect on the people produced by the singing. They have a way of keeping time by clicking their thumb and forefinger in a curious way, and really sometimes the noise was quite audible, and became a sort of mild accompaniment, produced, I believe, quite unconsciously by the hearers. I could not help contrasting the effect of open-air singing in England and out here ; out-door singing and out-door preaching in England has invariably the effect of dispersing any little crowd that may have formed, while a native air well sung will have precisely the opposite effect in this country. It is the sure and certain way of getting a congregation together. Then followed an explanation of the words sung ; then another stanza, and, as before, an explanation, accompanied by an earnest appeal and application of the subject ; afterwards a portion of Scripture and a brief address from W. ; and I concluded in a few words, endorsing all that had been said, and earnestly begging my hearers to embrace the truth for their souls' welfare and peace. They were shy about receiving tracts till I went up to one of the most respectable of them, and presented a book, which he took, whereupon all were ready to receive as many as we could give. One great man, great in bulk and great in honour, (the two generally go together I find,) came forward and said he would buy a Testament. He took good care to let everybody hear that he was not at all convinced, but still there was no harm in reading the book for all that : who knows ? Perhaps some gentle voice within told him to buy that book, and that same influence may guide him in reading it. At least so it came into my mind at the time, and my spirit could not but breathe a prayer that so it might be. So we left that

part of the place, retracing our steps through the bazaar, looking out for a suitable place where we could preach amongst the Syrians before we took our departure.

A shady spot was chosen, and as it was now very hot, a Syrian kindly invited me to sit in the verandah of his house. The readers sang and preached as before. Several persons, Syrian, Mohammedan and heathen, came together, and listened very attentively to the preaching. Here we sold several books to the Syrians, and gave away some more tracts. The Mohammedans received our tracts: they are not generally willing to do so. One Mohammedan had asked us before to give him a First Malayalim Spelling-book, as he said he only knew Tamil. We told him he must buy such books as those. He was very troublesome, and said he must learn to read Malayalim before he could read the New Testament. We guessed pretty well that he only wanted to do us out of a book for his child, perhaps. Presently we tripped him up in his lie. He was curious to see one of our books, and looked into it, and began to read a little aloud. I asked him how it was he had so soon picked up the Malayalam letters. He laughed, and so did many others, thinking it a good joke at the man's expense. I spoke to them about the sin of lying. They defended themselves by saying that everybody told lies, and if they did not do so they could not get on. We returned to the boat and waited there for breakfast. Before we left the place several more persons came for books. In the afternoon we left for Chenganoor. There had been a good breeze all the morning, but now there was a fearful lull. Not a breath of air moved the trees. Presently down came the rain, accompanied by most vivid flashes of lightning and tremendous thunder. The boat quite shook with the vibration caused by the thunder. Then it cleared, and the sun came out as before. The heat was very great. The whole surface of the water was covered with a mist. The boat was entirely enveloped in vapour. This did not last long, but it was very unpleasant indeed while it did last.

THE USEFUL LIFE.

Go labour on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray,
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil, comes rest; for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold, I come!

BONAË.

CONTENTS.

THIBET. (With a Cut)	97
THE FIRST BRAHMIN BAPTISM IN TINNEVELLY	101
PERILS IN THE DEEP	102
POETRY—LINES BY JAMES MONTGOMERY	105
A PREACHING TOUR	106
POETRY—THE USEFUL LIFE	108

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**BOMBAY AND ITS MOTLEY POPULATION.**

BRITISH India is divided into three Presidencies, and of these the city of Bombay is the capital of the Western Presidency, which is called by the same name. It is situate on an island about eight miles in length,



**SPECIMENS OF THE POPULATION OF BOMBAY.**

*October 1869,*

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having other rocky islets lying near on the south and north. Three of these, the island on which the city stands, the Old Woman's Island, which lies to the south, and Colaba, which lies to the south of that, are connected by causeways, so as to form a continuous breakwater of some ten miles in length, between which and the mainland extends the land-locked harbour of Bombay, where shipping can ride with safety.

Bombay is therefore a great commercial centre. Seaward it opens to the shores of Arabia and East Africa, and the Red-Sea steamers find here a harbour ready to receive them. It is the first port of entrance reached by outward-bound steamers, and the last left on the homeward voyage. Looking landward, it is now connected with the interior by railway communication, the great Indian Peninsular railway diverging from it in two branches, north-east and south-east, to communicate with lines respectively from Calcutta and Madras.

The population amounts to 600,000, and consists of a great mixture of races. There are Brahmins, other castes of Hindus, Mussulmans, Jains, Jews, Indo-Britons, Indo-Portuguese, pure Europeans, Africans of various tribes, Arabs, Beloochees, &c. Motley groups may be seen walking about in the cool of the day, and in their national costume, using a Babel-like diversity of tongues—English, French, Germans, Americans, Portuguese, Chinese, Parsees, Arabs, Armenians, Hindus, Greeks and Persians.

The Parsees are the descendants of the ancient fire-worshippers of Persia: they are distinguished by their mechanical skill and mercantile talents, and many of them have risen to great affluence. The late Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the first native of India made a baronet of the United Kingdom, belonged to this body. The Parsees sought a refuge in Hindustan from the Moslem persecutions, by which they were driven out of Persia. In 1851 there were in Bombay upwards of 110,000 Parsees. As a body they adhere tenaciously to the religious opinions of their ancestors, venerating the element of fire, which, fed with sandal wood, is kept continually burning in the temples, and assemble in groups on the sea-shore to worship the rising and setting sun.

The Jains are a sect of Hindus scattered throughout India, but more particularly in Canara. "One of the great peculiarities which belong to the religion of the Jains is the remarkable, and even ludicrous extent, to which they carry their scruples respecting the destruction of animal life. Their absurdities in this matter are far beyond those of the Hindus. With one exception, namely, the sacrifice of the ram, they esteem the destruction of any sentient creature, however minute, as the most heinous of crimes, and continually carry at their girdles a small broom, suspended by a string, wherewith they tenderly sweep aside every insect which they may observe in their path, lest they should tread upon it. To so senseless a length do they carry this principle, that they will not pluck any herb or vegetable, or partake of any sort of food, which may be supposed to contain animalculæ, so that the only articles of sustenance remaining to them appear to be rice and a few sorts of pulse, which they cook with milk. When they require water for ablution, they carefully strain it before they venture to use it. When necessitated to drink water, they suck up the fluid through a piece of fine muslin."

We have brought forward from the crowd these two classes, because least known to our readers. But it will be at once understood what an opportunity for Missionary effort is presented in Bombay, provided the Missionaries become what the population is, many-tongued: that is one great requisite, that the Missionary be able to speak to the people in their own tongue. This great gift was bestowed on the disciples on the day of Pentecost, and the same gift will be bestowed now, as the reward of persistent effort, and in answer to earnest prayer.

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MALLAPALLI, TRAVANCORE.

IN the beautiful kingdom of Travancore, and amongst its varied population, pure Christianity has been planted through the agency of the Church Missionary Society, and it thrives. One of our native pastors, the Rev. Oomen Mamen, presents to us a very clear and interesting account of the origin and progress of Mission work at the station of Mallapalli, to which we desire to direct the attention of our readers.

Before I proceed to give an account of the progress of the Lord's work in this place during the current year, I beg to state the leading circumstances connected with the origin of this out-station. Mallapalli is situated in the midst of a thick jungle in one of the lower ranges of the Travancore hills, about forty miles east of Allepie. The majority of the inhabitants are Syrians, who formerly were connected with the parish church of Kalloopara, and amounted to three hundred families, who were distributed in eight villages, situated on the two banks of a pretty mountain stream which rises in the ghauts. Four men, named Eapen, Ittack, Chacko and Pothen, may be called the fathers of the Mallapalli church; of whom Eapen laboured under a dangerous sore in his breast, which his friends ascribed to the wrath of the Kavioor god as a punishment for withholding the sum of money which he had vowed to pay annually to the said god to insure the protection of himself and family. Three friends called upon him at this time, one of whom, a respectable Nair, even offered very generously the sum of seven rupees, being the arrears of four years, which he was simply to take and hand over as his own offering to the god. But Eapen refused to propitiate the heathen god, notwithstanding the persuasion of all except Ittack and Chacko, because he had by this time acquired a glimpse of truth from a distant Syrian relative, and he vowed to build a church if he should recover. He eventually recovered, and, with the assistance of Ittack and Chacko, his partners in trade, bought a piece of land for that purpose. But the opposition from within and without was so great that they laboured no less than six years before they got permission of the Circar. Meanwhile, a rich Nair, who had helped them hitherto with loans to carry on their trade, being offended at their church project, insisted upon the immediate payment of his money, which they had already expended. But a sudden and unexpected rise in the price of the areca nuts enabled them to discharge their debts. A rich landlord, who was closely allied to the royal family, stood foremost in the opposition. Eapen, undaunted by these obstacles, set out to the capital,

and presented a petition, together with a map of the place, to the Dewan, who discovering, through the map, a spot belonging to the Circar, instructed the Peshkar to give the permission. But the Peshkar, being corrupted by the landlord, made all sorts of objections ; which, not availing, he ordered the local authorities to give the sanction if no objection was made by the landlord, &c. The subordinate officer, being in Eapen's favour, tried to conciliate the landlord, who was as bitter as ever, and proceeded to set out on a pilgrimage to Rameswaram. Meanwhile the Christians made large preparations on the spot to erect a temporary church as soon as they got the permission. In this crisis the sister of the landlord set out under a hot sun, and in great excitement, to beseech him not to start without giving permission, lest the Christians should do some mischief to his family in his absence. Accordingly, he changed his mind, and returned to the spot to give his consent. Consequently the Kalloopara priests, who were averse to this undertaking from the first, now retreated in anger, thinking the people could not lay the foundation without their aid ; but Eapen, who was a far-seeing man, had obtained the Metran's order to the Malpan of Maramanna to help them on this occasion.

Thus a temporary church was completed in a single day in 1834. The people having next requested that they might have a priest, the Metran sanctioned a Syrian priest, named Mamen, whom the Rev. J. Peet introduced to the people. They made rapid progress in the knowledge of truth under his faithful teaching. In 1835, a momentous change, viz. the separation of the Mission from the Syrian church, having taken place, the Metran suspended the priest Mamen from Mallapalli church, and licensed one of the Kalloopara priests to officiate in his stead. These priests, who prevailed upon the Metran to do so, winning over to their side such as were dissatisfied with the teaching of the Bible, profanely destroyed the bread the priest Mamen was to consecrate, and forced him out of the church. Consequently the majority of the people left the church in deep distress, and continued to meet in their houses for social worship, retaining the priest Mamen to teach them. Eapen, Pothen, and other leading men, besought the Metran to repeal his suspension ; but he, being corrupted by their rivals, was deaf to their repeated entreaties. God, who had purposes of mercy to this people, overruled the Metran's obstinacy to compel them to seek the aid of the Missionaries. Pothen and other leading men told the Rev. J. Peet, who now stood singly in the Travancore Mission, in consequence of the removal of the other Missionaries by sickness, "that, having found Syrianism to be incompatible with true Christianity, they resolved among themselves to unite with the Missionaries, and erect a church in connexion with our Society."

I should not omit to mention that the excellent Malpan (D.D.) of Maramanna encouraged them to make this resolution, and his pious example and counsel conduced to remove their fears and doubts of the orthodoxy of our church. Meanwhile the Revs. H. Baker and B. Bailey returned from England, and the latter, seeming to doubt their sincerity, Pothen was deeply affected, and told Mr. Bailey with tears, "If you, who have come to teach us and our children the truth, will not do so, you will have to answer for it on the day of judgment, before Jesus

Christ." This appeal had a good effect upon the Missionaries, who promised to help them in building a new church, for which the people secured with great difficulty a piece of land from the petty Rajah of Edappalli, and the Missionaries obtained the sanction of the British Resident, and in 1836 the foundation of the present church was laid by the Rev. Messrs. Bailey, Baker, Peet, and Woodcock. Thus Mallapalli became the first out-station of the Church Missionary Society in Travancore. It appears that the Rev. H. Baker had the first superintendence of this station, and the people again requested him to get the priest Mamen, who had retired to his own parish by the Metran's order, and now declined to come, though Mr. Baker sent for him. It may not be uninteresting to add that the priest Mamen is still living, but without any influence or income, in consequence of his siding with Coorilos Metran, who created him a nominal Archdeacon. Mr. Baker next appointed the Malpan Luke, who was formerly a Romish priest, and Secretary to the Bishop of Varapula. He continued to perform the ministerial functions to this congregation up to his death. Mr. Baker established schools in this district, and appointed a Scripture reader, and frequently visited this place. The people themselves undertook to build the church, without being disheartened by the loss of several thousand rupees, which they expended in building the former church, now styled the Syrian church of Mallapalli. It appears that, on the removal of the Rev. J. Peet to Mavelikara, in 1838, Mallapalli came under his superintendence, and the present church was opened for divine worship on the 27th of September 1842, on which occasion Mr. Peet had invited all the Missionary brethren, together with their respective congregations. The church is, in its architecture, purely Syrian, and its cost, which Mr. Peet calculated at three thousand rupees, has been partly defrayed by the people, and partly by the Society. Mr. Peet delineates the character of this people as follows—"Upon first visiting Mallapalli, I found the people to be fierce, brutal and ignorant, to a degree unknown among the inhabitants of the plain; but frank, open to conviction, and without a base, cringing spirit." The method in which these mountaineers were weaned by their early Missionaries from long accustomed errors and superstitions is worthy of admiration. They, too, deserve great credit in meekly bearing much abuse and persecution, on account of their faith, from their heathen neighbours, and from Syrians in general and for their steadfastness, notwithstanding that many who promised well at first returned to the Syrian church as soon as the novelty ceased. Mr. Peet's superintendence lasted for seven years, when, on the occasion of his visit to England in 1845, he delivered this station over to the late Rev. J. Hawksworth. In 1847 the Malpan Luke, who faithfully laboured here for ten years as the first native minister, was taken to his rest, and was immediately succeeded by the Rev. G. Matthan, the first native clergyman of the Church of England in Travancore, who was heartily welcomed by the people, since he was married to the daughter of Eapen, the leading man above alluded to. In 1849, Mallapalli was ceded to the new district of Tiruwella, which Mr. Hawksworth commenced. This congregation was honoured also to become the first instrument to evangelize the poor despised race, the slaves. It was Model

Pothen who first sowed the good seed. His character before his conversion was illustrative of the Syrian's condition in general before the arrival of the Missionaries in the country. When Eapen suffered from the sore above alluded to, he was foremost in admonishing him that the sudden death of his brother and wife, as well as his own illness, were caused by incurring the displeasure of the heathen god. Nor was this all. Pothen himself presented a buffalo to this god when his son was taken ill, but, after his conversion, he loved his Saviour so fervently that he spoke of Him to all whom he met. Among his slaves who heard him, one, now named Abel, believed, who related to me his master's own words—"Alas, I went wrong till a Sahib (Missionary) at Cottayam gave me a book which discovered to me the right way." The good seed seemed to lie dormant in Abel's heart till the visit of the late Rev. T. G. Ragland to this country instigated Mr. G. Matthan to instruct the slaves. Several years before this the good old Pothen had entered into his rest. Mr. Matthan carried out Mr. Ragland's proposal, and started the first slave school, and received Abel and his family as the first inquirers. His brother-in-law, Cheerady, next embraced the faith. He, like his master Eapen, was a bold character. When he was bitten by a snake he preferred to die rather than defile his conscience by submitting to magical treatment, and he died calling on Christ. This promising movement among the slaves was very warmly and prayerfully fostered by Mr. Hawksworth, who baptized a good number of them in 1855, when the heathen and Syrians united together to harrass the whole congregation. They burnt the slaves' prayer-house twice. The headmen of the village ordered the washermen not to wash for our people, and the barbers not to shave them; the Nairs seized part of Eapen's lands; the Syrians considered our people as polluted, and dared not to touch them, or cross the ferry in the same boat with them. This storm had hardly abated when the heroic Eapen was called to his rest. Mr. G. Matthan very ably strengthened the congregation during this persecution, which, however, resulted in the consolidation of the church and the extension of Christianity among the slaves in general. Some of the persecuted slaves fled to other Mission districts, where they were instrumental in winning others to our holy faith. Meanwhile a second slave congregation was formed in a village next to the first, where their Syrian masters persecuted them so cruelly that most of the first converts deserted their village, and fresh converts filled up the gap subsequently. There are two converted Pariah families in this place, one of whom was twice beaten by his fellow-castes, and once by high castes, for becoming a Christian. The Pulayah converts of this village also were exposed to fresh troubles by relinquishing caste in eating with other converts. In 1856, the Rev. J. Hawksworth returning to England, the Rev. J. Peet again superintended this station. The Rev. G. Matthan was very industrious in organizing weekly prayer-meetings and monthly love-feasts, at which the people subscribed money, and raised the sum of more than 500 rupees, which the Society increased to 1000 rupees, by a grant of 500 rupees from the Jubilee Fund, to commence a native pastorate endowment fund. In 1860 Mallapalli was formed into a separate district under the independent charge of Mr. G. Matthan,

who was removed to Cottayam in 1863, after labouring here for sixteen years. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. Eapen, under the superintendence of the Rev. J. Peet, who retained charge of this till he was taken to his rest in 1865, when this station came under the superintendence of Mr. Baker, who succeeded Mr. Peet. Mr. Eapen actively laboured here for four years. About the end of 1867 Mr. Eapen was relieved by me.

In concluding this review I confess that I have omitted many circumstances connected with the early history of the Mission, for the sake of brevity. At present we have about 587 souls of converted Syrians, who are distributed in seven villages. The attendance on Sundays is so large that the church is actually crammed, being too small to hold them all. Besides these, there are two congregations of converted slaves, amounting to eighty-two souls, who have two chapels. The prayer-meetings, and Bible-meetings, and monthly love-feasts, are still kept up. I was enabled to commence a Sunday school, which is attended by twenty-five youths. The congregations, besides subscribing at prayer-meetings, love-feasts, &c., have, this year, brought the first-fruits of their harvests to the church in sheaves and grain, as a thank-offering. They also subscribed this year thirty-seven rupees to the Mallapalli Auxiliary Bible Society. The Lord has signally blessed His work here this year, in calling to His church more than ninety souls from heathenism. These were brought under Christian instruction by their converted fellow-slaves of Chelekomp, an out-station of Pallam. About thirty of them first built a prayer-house, for which the ground was secured by a Nair, who takes a deep interest in the instruction of his slaves, whatever his motives are. Mr. Baker's visit helped to encourage the slaves very much. At Mr. Baker's second visit we obtained a site to erect another prayer-house for the sixty people who were subsequently brought under instruction. These ninety inquirers belong to a class called eastern Pulayahs. The sudden change, even in their external demeanour, is very striking. The females, whose dress consisted of nothing more than leaves and twigs, are now decently clothed when they attend their new prayer-house, and seem to be more intelligent than their husbands. Their children attend the schools regularly. The headman of these inquirers was a famous devil-dancer, and he gave up to Mr. Baker the idols he worshipped, together with the bells, swords, belts, crown made of peacock feathers, &c., which he used in devil-worship.

The Syrian Christians, who are twice as many as our people, are improving in their spiritual concerns by the example of our people.

ENGLISH MISSION IN CAIRO.

It is now more than eight years since Miss M. Whately was led, in God's providence, to spend a winter in Cairo. The neglected condition of the young of both sexes, but especially of the girls in that city, was strongly laid on her heart; and she resolved to make an attempt to bring, if it were but a few of these, under the beneficial influence of Christian instruction.

She began by gathering together a few little girls in her own sitting-

room, where, with the help of a pious Syrian matron, who could supply in some degree the deficiency caused by her then recent acquaintance with Arabic, she instructed them in reading and writing, in Scripture history, and the truths of the Gospel. The school grew and prospered; hindrances and difficulties at first often threatened to destroy it; but, with God's blessing, it held on its way. In time a boys' school was added. Two excellent Syrian Missionaries, brothers, were associated in the work; and now, at the end of eight years, we can thankfully look back and exclaim, "What has God wrought!"

The little group of six or seven girls assembled in their teacher's room has become "two bands"—a school for each sex separately, containing a total of about 250 scholars, viz. about 170 boys, and between 70 and 80 girls, for the numbers are constantly increasing. About half the aggregate number are Moslems, the rest are Copts, Greeks, Syrians, &c.

All of these children are instructed in the Scriptures, and in the vital truths of Christianity; and visitors much experienced in school teaching, have borne witness that the answers given are fully equal to those in the best parish or Sunday schools in England and Ireland. And that this is not a mere mechanical system of teaching is evidenced by the intelligent and often original way in which the answers are given. On one occasion, Miss M. Whately was giving the boys a lesson in history, and asked them if they knew where Cyrus was alluded to in Scripture. A Moslem boy quickly opened his Bible and turned to the passage in Isaiah, "Thou art my Shepherd," &c.

Another time, one of the Messrs. Shakoor asked a class he was teaching the meaning of the passage in the Gospels about binding and loosing. A Copt boy said, "to send for the priest;" but a young Moslem, a child of five or six years old, interposed, "No; if a man goes on sinning, and will not repent, he is bound; if he repents, he is loosed."

The same child was asked why the Lord Jesus was called "the good Shepherd?"

"Because He cares for us as a shepherd for his sheep," was the reply.

"And how did He show that He cared for us?"

"By dying for us."

These answers were entirely spontaneous.

About a hundred of the boys learn English. Some of them are going through very difficult class-books, and will answer questions in English with a fluency and correctness really astonishing. Their answers in geography, history, arithmetic, English and Arabic grammar, &c., are no less satisfactory.

The girls are instructed with equal care in Scripture. A catechism, containing questions on the leading truths of the Gospel, with all the answers in the words of Scripture, is used in both schools; and a smaller and more elementary one for the little ones.

In secular knowledge the girls are less advanced, from the circumstance of their early betrothals obliging them to leave school very young; but they all read and write, learn the rudiments of geography, arithmetic, &c., and there is a class which learns English. They devote the afternoon to useful plain work, and also to the curious and beautiful embroidery of

the country, which, as a means of support, is a very important branch of female education.

In the boys' school there are lessons in French and Turkish. Both sets learn to sing hymns in Arabic. The general neatness, cleanliness and order of the schools is remarkable. The prevalent disease of the country, ophthalmia, has been much checked by care in this respect. A spirit of mutual love and kindness is encouraged, and while Gospel truths are taught plainly and without compromise, all reflections on each other's religion, and everything like bitterness or party-spirit, is forbidden.

We cannot as yet venture to speak of conversions. An open profession of Christianity in a Moslem would be probably, in the present state of things, fatal both to the convert and to the progress of the school. Only God can make martyrs : if man attempts to force the work, he fails. The present is the time for sowing the seed, and patiently waiting for the fruit : the Spirit of God can alone bless the word taught, and cause it to renew the heart. But He has promised that His word shall not return to Him void ; and we have every reason to hope that by His power the good seed is germinating in many a young heart, and will be found at the great day to have borne fruit unto everlasting life. No child can leave that school either a bigoted Copt or Greek, or a thorough-going Moslem. The head-knowledge has been given, the rest must be God's work alone. The children are not only of the poorer classes : distinctions of rank are fortunately unknown, and the rich and poor mingle freely together in both schools.

A book depôt, where Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, &c., are sold and distributed, is in connexion with the Mission. One of the Missionaries is constantly there, and much useful conversation often takes place with inquirers, both Copt and Moslem.

A daily evening meeting is held in the school-house for Copts who desire to meet for Scripture reading and instruction.

Miss M. Whately has also a class for women and girls on Sunday afternoons, and every Sunday evening a service is held, presided over by the Messrs. Shakoor, who preach in turns.

The occasional journeys taken by the Mission party on the Nile are also a means of helping the work. Many villages (chiefly of Moslems, with a sprinkling of scattered Copts) are visited, the Scriptures read and distributed, and Gospel truths taught, as far as opportunity allows.

There has been encouraging proof of the blessing attending on these endeavours.

"Sir," said one poor Copt to Mr. M. Shakoor, "God sent you here to save our souls."

"You were kept here by the wind to teach us," said a poor Moslem woman.

We are, of course, not speaking of this agency as the only one in Cairo ; there are others, and there is room for many more ; but it is the only English Mission work existing there, and the only attempt, as far as we can learn, to carry on work systematically and extensively among Moslems as well as Christians.

It may easily be conceived that the expenses attending such a Mission are very heavy, even with the strictest attention to economy. In any

country they would be so ; but in Cairo the dearness of house-rent, skilled labour, and all the necessaries of life, is so great as to add materially to expense.

Miss M. Whately has not only given herself, but the means at her command, to the work ; but these resources are very limited, and the circumstances of her necessary residence at the scene of her labours makes collections extremely difficult. At this present moment the funds are so low as to make it a matter of deep anxiety as to the continuance of the work, even on its present scale, and this when the constantly increasing number of pupils calls rather for extension than diminution.

The faithful labourers go on, steadily looking to Him whose is the silver and the gold ; but it is His will to work by means, and we would very earnestly commend this work to the sympathies of the Christian public, and especially to British Christians. Our sympathies are due to every agency for spreading Gospel truth in this and every country ; but when British Christians see a countrywoman going forth depending upon no help but God, sparing neither her personal strength, nor the resources at her command, cheerfully devoting herself to a life of more labour and self-denial of every kind than falls to the lot even of most Missionaries, surely they will be ready to lend a helping hand, and thus to enjoy the privilege of taking some part in the blessed cause of hastening the day in which it shall be said, "Blessed be Egypt my people !"

Subscriptions will be received by MESSRS. BARCLAY, TRITTON and BEVAN, 54 Lombard Street, E.C. ; by ROBERT BARCLAY ESQ., 9 College Hill, Cannon Street, E.C. ; by MISS WEBB, 267 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W. ; and MESSRS. SUTER and ALEXANDER, 32 Cheapside. In Dublin by MISS E. BRADY, 26 Upper Pembroke Street ; and on the Continent by MISS BURTON, care of M. Eymann, Rue du Simplon, Vevey, Switzerland.

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PHIL. I. 21.

To live and work for Thee,  
Me Thou doth send  
Amidst earth's ruins. May I be,  
Unto the end,  
A living sacrifice. My store  
Is thine—not mine—for evermore.

Thy work, O God, is mine  
Daily to do ;  
My work, O God, is thine  
While I pursue  
The path in which my Saviour trod,  
In sunshine, or beneath Thy rod.

With Thee to guide aright  
I fear no foe ;  
Nor, in the darkest night,  
Refrain to go  
Where'er Thy voice is heard to  
call,  
For Thou encirclest, rulest all.

Amid the fiercest blast  
Of worldly pride,  
Though sore, and long it last,  
With me abide. [fires  
Thy love can quench the strongest  
Of earthly love, and base desires.

What though my passions rage  
And urge retreat,  
The warfare which I wage  
Knows no defeat. [side  
The conquering power is on my  
While I in Jesu's love abide.

If, till I reach the end  
Of life's short day,  
I must the truth defend  
'Gainst error's sway,  
O let Thy Spirit on my sight  
Pour forth His beams of heavenly  
light.

And may I faithful be  
 'Midst every snare,  
 And ready willingly  
 His cross to bear,  
 Who, with such deep humility,  
 Endured the painful cross for me.  
*Taunton.*

Then, when death's icy hand  
 Shall touch my heart,  
 And from life's weary strand  
 I must depart,  
 Let the dismissal, Lord, to me  
 Be but the entrance hour with Thee.  
 ROBERT PARGITER.

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 THE CHAMBA MISSION.

THE following account of the Chamba Mission, sent by the Rev. John Newton, will be read with interest. It is an independent Mission, begun and carried on by the Rev. Mr. Ferguson. It is aided by friends in different countries.

I have been spending the summer at Dharmsala, in the Himalayas. This place is 6000 feet above the sea. It is situated on an irregular slope, which terminates on the south-west, in the Kangra valley. Immediately behind Dharmsala, on the north-east, is a hill some 9000 feet high, covered with a dense forest. Beyond that is another hill, or range of hills, of naked granite, rising to a height of 14,000 feet. Beyond this range is the valley of the Ravee, the river on which Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, stands. In the midst of this valley, at an elevation of about 500 feet, is the city of Chamba, the capital of a Hindu principality.

My wife and I determined, before returning to Lahore, to visit Chamba, and learn what we could of the Missionary work there. To cross the mountain, however, behind Dharmsala, is not practicable, except for hardy mountaineers; so we took a circuitous route through Dalhousie, another European station, about as high as Dharmsala, and fifteen miles from Chamba.

From Dalhousie our way for the first ten miles was through a magnificent forest of cedars, with walnuts and other trees interspersed.

Just before emerging from the forest we came to a splendid amphitheatre, 300 or 400 yards in diameter, covered with grass, and having a small lake near the middle, the hills on every side but one clothed with a mass of the richest foliage, rising gradually to the height of from 300 to 1500 or 2000 feet. In this amphitheatre stood a temple dedicated to the serpent, an object of worship everywhere to be met with in these mountains, and among various aboriginal tribes of India. If the history of this worship could be traced, I doubt not it would be found that its object was no other than the old serpent that deceived our first parents. It is worshipped, of course, through simple fear, as an enemy of man that has power to injure him. And such is the character of many of the heathen deities.

Before reaching Chamba we had to descend 4000 feet. The city is built on a gently sloping plateau, on the opposite side of the river, so that we had a fine panoramic view of it as we came down the hill. The entire plateau, up to the foot of the hill beyond, was seen to be occupied by the town, the Rajah's palace standing in a prominent place near the rear. The houses generally present a shabby appearance, being covered with old board roofs, and being two stories high.

In the middle of the town there is a beautiful promenade, in the form of a parallelogram, on one side of which is the Rajah's garden.

The river was crossed by a wooden bridge, at which a toll was levied, and a book was presented in which we were expected to record our names, which was no sooner done than a messenger was despatched with tidings of the fact to the Rajah. Our way to the Mission house led through the promenade, which was found to be carpeted with the most beautiful violet-looking grass.

The town of Chamba is supposed to contain about 7000 inhabitants. This, for the mountains, is a large town. The population of the whole state I have not heard, but its area is said to be 3000 square miles. From the difference of elevation in different parts of the territory the climate is that of the three zones. The temperature of the city, when I was there in the middle of October, was charmingly mild; yet one morning, after a night of thunder and lightning, some of the hills in the neighbourhood were covered with snow.

Besides the native houses in the city, I noticed several built in European style. One of these was what is called a dawk bungalow—a house built and furnished according to English taste, for the use of English travellers. This is kept up at the expense of the Rajah, who is said to be fond of Europeans. Another is the residence of an English civil engineer, who is employed at present in making roads. A third is occupied by an English officer, who acts as a sort of Prime Minister, under the title of Superintendent. His appointment is from the British Government in India, but made at the Rajah's request.

The Missionary is the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, a minister of the Church of Scotland. For some years he was the chaplain of a Scotch regiment sent to India in the time of the great mutiny. His heart was much in the Missionary work, and about five years ago he resigned the chaplaincy and commenced a Mission at this place, without being connected with any Society, and depending for his support on the voluntary contributions of the Christian public.

Mr. Ferguson's work has been so far successful, that, counting children with adults, he has baptized from among the heathen about ninety persons. His converts are not confined to the city, but live in some half-a-dozen towns or villages besides, some of them at a distance of ten or twelve miles. One of them is a very old man, supposed to be about 140. Most of them belonged to very low castes, yet one is a young Brahmin. The baptism of the former seldom or never gave rise to opposition or persecution; but the Brahmin had to encounter violent opposition from his widowed mother. During the last summer he married a girl in the Orphan School at Ludiana, and through her influence the mother is beginning to entertain so kindly a feeling towards her son that he entertains a hope of her being brought also to the knowledge of Christ. This is an interesting fact.

The Rajah has from the beginning been friendly to the Mission. The ground on which Mr. Ferguson's house stands was a gift from him. He was formerly so interested in the Bible that he studied it regularly with the Missionary, and a short time ago he ordered a proclamation to be made in the places where the Christians live, that no man's worldly interests should suffer from the Government on account of his religion.



## CONTENTS.

|                                                         |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| BOMBAY AND ITS MOTLEY POPULATION (With a Cut) . . . . . | 109 |
| MALLAPALLI, TRAVANCORE . . . . .                        | 111 |
| ENGLISH MISSION IN CAIRO . . . . .                      | 115 |
| POETRY—PHIL. I. 21 . . . . .                            | 118 |
| THE CHAMBA MISSION . . . . .                            | 119 |

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## CONTENTS.

|                                                                           |     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| TRAVANCORE—THE WORK THERE. (With a Cut) . . . . .                         | 121 |
| SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY WORK IN THE VICINITY OF NINGPO,<br>CHINA . . . . . | 123 |
| POETRY—"THE MOURNINGS OF SUCH AS ARE IN CAPTIVITY" . . . . .              | 126 |
| THE FISHERMEN AT THE MOUTH OF THE GANGES . . . . .                        | 127 |
| CONSTANTINOPLE . . . . .                                                  | 129 |
| ZENANA FRUITS . . . . .                                                   | 132 |

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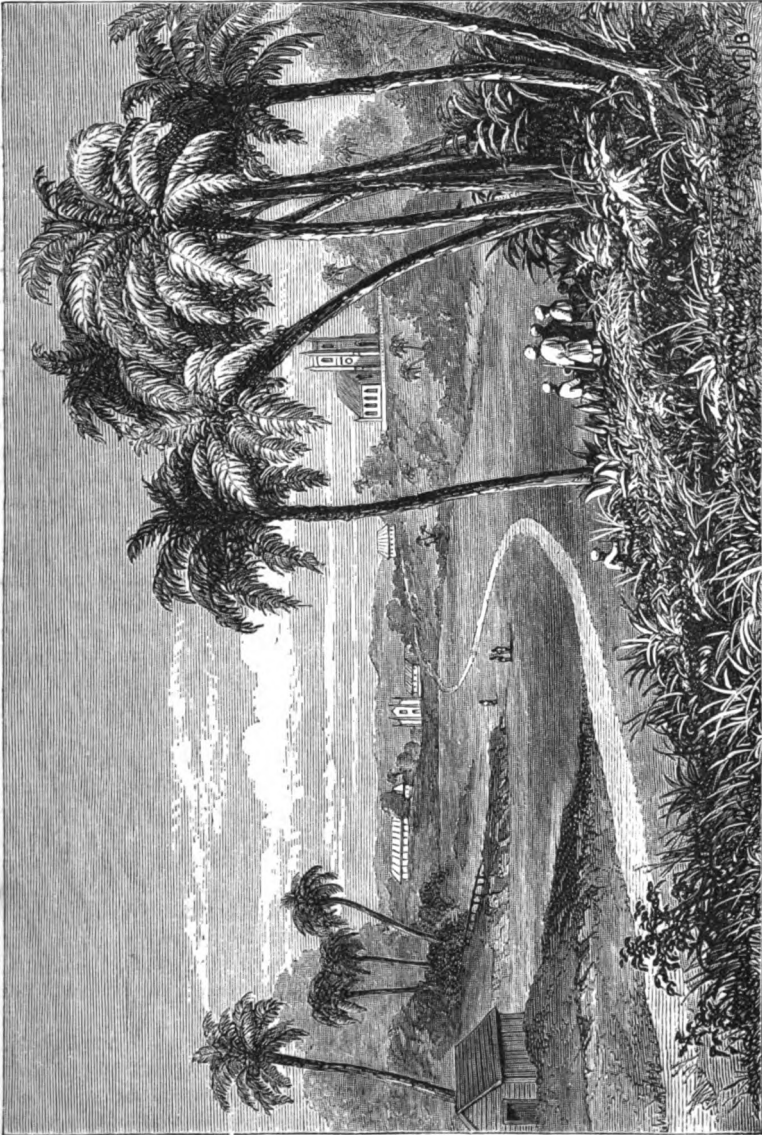
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TRAVANCORE—THE WORK THERE.

TRAVANCORE is one of the most beautiful provinces of India. In the background rise the Western Ghauts, and between these and the sea lies the kingdom of Travancore. The ghauts rise to the height of 7000



VIEW OF COTTAYAM, TRAVANCORE.

November 1869

feet ; the forest-clad hills shelter below the higher summits, and thence by degrees the surface of the ground slopes down into the lowlands, with their beautiful back-waters, by which, with a little outlay, an inland navigation might be opened 200 miles in length.

As may be supposed, the scenery is very varied. The strip of land between the hills and the shore is rich in cultivation. About forty miles in medium breadth it is adorned with cultivated villages, waving plains and palmyra topea. The fertile tract is succeeded by the genuine Malayalim country, a woody and rugged surface, while above tower the precipitous cliffs of the great chain.

The surface of the country is not more diversified than the population. There are the Brahmims, the ruling class, rising like the ghauts above the rest of the population, and, like the ghauts, the most difficult of approach. Next come the caste-people, namely, the Sudras, or, what is the same, Nairs ; then the Christians, consisting of Syrian Christians and Romanists ; after these, the low-castes, such as the Chogans, who in the north are called Tiers ; and lastly the out-castes, or various classes of slaves, with the jungle people.

These together amount to one million and a quarter ; yet when our Missionaries first went amongst them they were divided one from another by these caste distinctions, and the population was in consequence broken up into fragments. Each caste treated superciliously those which were below it. The Chogan was as scornful to the slave, as the Nair was to him. Yet such is the power of the Gospel of Christ, that it has united together in one church a body of people from all castes, numbering now between 12,000 and 13,000.

Cottayam was the first spot at which our Missionaries were placed. It is remarkable, and very interesting to know, that the two Missionaries who commenced the work in Travancore, by taking charge of the Syrian college at Cottayam, and in other ways endeavouring to raise the Syrian church from its degradation, are still living, venerable and venerated clergymen of the Church of England—the Rev. Benjamin Bailey, Rector of Sheinton, Salop, and the Rev. Joseph Fenn, Minister of Blackheath Park Chapel.

It is also remarkable that the largest ingathering has been, not from the higher, and, we might suppose, the more intelligent classes, but from the lowest and most degraded of all—the slaves. In our last Number we stated that Mallapalli was the first Missionary station of the Church Missionary Society in Travancore, previous efforts having been in connexion with the Syrian church, and with a view to its improvement ; but Mallapalli having been the first station founded after the Syrian church had rejected our well-meant efforts, and refused to be reformed, a new system was then pursued. At Mallapalli was also placed our first ordained native, the Rev. G. Matthan, and from Mallapalli the work amongst the slaves first commenced.

We mentioned that Mr. Matthan, at the suggestion of Mr. Ragland, opened a school for slaves. In September 1854 the first baptism took place. The school was in the jungle, and when the Missionaries arrived there on the appointed morning they found the slaves had been in the school all night, waiting their arrival. It was pouring rain. The paths through

the jungle were turned into streams, and our Missionaries had to wade through water a considerable way; the sight however, of the well-filled school, was more than a compensation. There were about thirty candidates. Bitter was the enmity they had endured at the hands of Syrian Christians and heathen, who raged against them, and sought to crush the movement; and when the work went on, nay, spread about, so that slaves in other directions sought baptism, the persecution was directed against the Christian congregations from whence the light had come. The washermen of the vicinity were not allowed to wash Mr. Matthan's surplice, or the clothes of the congregation and people had to be brought from a distance to do this. The barbers were forbidden to shave any of the Christians. The Syrians, when they met them, drove them off the road as unclean persons, and would not enter their houses or shops. But the brunt of the storm fell upon the slaves. They were driven away from the school where they had assembled on Sunday morning, and the following Saturday the school-house, in which the baptisms had taken place, was burned to the ground for the second time. It was very affecting when the Christian slaves came on the Sunday morning, and saw what had been done. Standing among the ashes, they exclaimed, "It was here we first found the Saviour, and here, on this spot, we will still worship Him." They would not seek shelter under a neighbouring tree, and so the service was held on the old spot. Deeply earnest were they during the sermon, and, when it was over, they said, "Although they may destroy the outward temple, they cannot destroy the temple which God has set up in our hearts."

And the work has gone on. The fire has not been put out. Satan, through his agents, would have done so, but Christ by His grace has fed it, and thus it burns more brightly, and has continued to spread more and more widely, to this day.



#### SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY WORK IN THE VICINITY OF NINGPO, CHINA.

THE Rev. F. F. Gough, in one of his itinerancies amongst the dense population of the Ningpo plains, visiting the scattered Christians and comforting them, and preaching the Gospel of Christ to the heathen, was accompanied by Mrs. Gough, and she has been kind enough to give us some details of this tour, which was carried out in May last. As might be expected, she was, to many of the people who had never seen a foreign lady before, an object of unbounded curiosity; but, curious as they were, they showed no rudeness, and the sensation which she caused helped the great object—the deliverance of the message of mercy to the largest number of hearers who could be got together; so much so, that she expresses this conviction—"That a frequent visit to the Sæn-poh district from a foreign lady would be beneficial to the native women, they seemed so much pleased; and while they were very curious in examining

me, they were quite friendly, and even courteous." We now introduce some extracts from her letter.

With a boat as their conveyance, they reached in twenty-four hours, the Sæn-poh plain. "A fresh, soft breeze was blowing, and the lowly hills, some crowned with trees, some with verdant grass, others with grass and rocks interspersed, the smooth winding canal, valleys planted with peas, beans, wheat, and barley, formed a picture I shall not soon forget. We came first to a village called Lah-nying Sæn (the stone man hill). Here it was market-day, and there were much noise and bustle. Mr. Gough took out some tracts, and went to speak to the people. I came outside the boat: then the market was deserted. I tried to tell them of Him who had come to save sinners, but, after a few words, it seemed but little use. My dress, the colour of my hair, the way in which it was dressed, what we ate and what we drank, &c., was what they wanted to know. I answered all their inquiries, and had a slice of bread brought for them, which they took and smelt: one woman ventured to break off a piece and taste it. It was quite amusing to see them: the slice of bread was distributed among them, and they all seemed to think it a curiosity.

Leaving this spot, we soon after came in sight of our little station at Kwun-hæ-we. It is a walled town, but it looks as if any one might walk over any part of the wall. Whenever I made my appearance the people ran out of their houses to catch sight of the foreign lady. After going all but round the suburbs where our preaching room is, we then moored in front of it, and the dear native Christians came to welcome us. The Li-pa-dong (preaching-place) is a large room: on each side are two or three rooms occupied by the native catechists and their wives.

A female candidate for baptism was examined. Subsequently we had a visit from two men, one a candidate for baptism, the other came for his old mother, who was blind, and unable to come herself.

The next morning we had family prayer with many of our converts. It was pleasant to see so many assembled, truly worshipping the Lord Jesus. At half-past ten we had our morning service, and truly my heart burned within me as I saw the crowded room. After the service had commenced the poor old blind candidate for baptism came in. My heart yearned towards her in her blind helplessness, and I thanked God that she had given herself to the Lord. After the second lesson, one man, two women and their infant children were baptized. One woman was unable to come. To-morrow we hope to go to her house, and, if possible, baptize her. After the sermon, on Acts x. 47., the Lord's Supper was administered to thirty communicants.

On the next day (Monday) we set out with three native Christians to baptize the old woman who was unable to attend. We reached Sing-sgyiao in little more than an hour, but here the excitement was greater than at Kwun-hæ-we. At first the native Christians went to the old woman's house, and asked her if she would like to come to the boat, return to the Li-pa-dong with us, and be baptized there; but she preferred having it at her own house. We then went on shore. People ran from all parts to see the ong-mao-lao-nying (red-haired woman).

Presently my hand was taken by a Chinese young woman, who resides in the house opposite the old woman, and is an applicant for baptism. I was taken through the crowd by her into the old woman's house. The old woman received us lovingly, but the crowd pressed on. Presently a woman took down some more shutters, one falling on a boy's head, and forthwith in every crevice and corner, where a head could be squeezed in, there was one to be seen. How, under such circumstances, baptism could be administered, was a marvel. The young woman suggested fastening up the shutters and door, but this would have been unwise. The people would have supposed that some evil was going on, and there would probably have been a riot. I proposed that the old woman should go in the boat with us; but one of her relatives being unwilling, I proposed that some of her friends should accompany her. At last, after various plans had been suggested, the old woman determined to go with us. It was arranged that we should go first, and that she should come afterwards with the native Christians, lest the poor people should think that we had taken her away by force. When we had reached the boat, crowds came and stood on each side of the canal. Mr. Gough stood outside the boat, and spoke to them of Jesus, reading several parables to them, I sitting inside the boat. Presently they asked me to come out, which I did, and I was then introduced to them as one who had come from afar to greet them and tell them of Jesus. Presently the old woman came down to the boat, pushing her way through the crowd, the converts following her, she evidently wishing to show she came of her own free will. I helped her into the boat, and we sat down together on the outside. We then left for Kwun-hæ-we. Presently the old woman brought out a bag, containing what she had formerly thought very precious, as merit laid up for another world—numerous papers, with her name written upon them, of a yellow colour, covered with red circles, each circle supposed to be 1000 cash in another world. These papers are brought to the priests. In the evening, on our arrival at Kwun-hæ-we, she was baptized by the name of Persis. Mr. Gough read the parable of the merchantman, who, having "found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." So this woman, having found Jesus, gave up all the treasure she had been hoarding up for sixteen years and more, and found, instead thereof, Christ and the peace which He gives.

Mrs. Gough adds—"There seems a spirit of inquiry amongst many of the women of Ning-po. My Bible woman is very earnest and diligent in going about among them. She has already brought around her several women who are inquiring, and I trust, ere long, to see the fruit of her labours. She lives in a native house in the midst of the city, which we have succeeded in renting, and where I hope, next week, to open a school. Missionary ladies out here are now so few, that girls and women are much neglected."

This is a fragment of Missionary work in China, showing how it is carried on. May the prayers of Christians at home go with the labours of Missionaries abroad, and may the good Lord give the blessing!



“THE MOURNINGS OF SUCH AS ARE IN CAPTIVITY.”

THE lines we introduce have done us service. Four sisters desired to help the funds of our Society when they were low. One of them composed the verses. They were printed and distributed by post in various directions, with a note of explanation stating the object, and requesting a very small contribution. Many gladly responded, and between 12*l.* and 13*l.* were thus collected.

In the roar of the surging ocean,  
 “As it breaks on its cold, grey stones,”—  
 Can you catch no sounds, as of wailing  
 In its mournful undertones ?

The hearts whence they come are so anguished,  
 E'en the cold sea feels their grief,  
 And brings all unpaid on its waters  
 The yearnings for relief

Of souls dying in heathen darkness—  
 Souls dying in black despair,  
 With none to whisper of JESUS,  
 Or to breathe a Christian prayer.

In the dreary winds of winter,  
 In their “sadly thrilling parts,”  
 You may hear the mournful sighing  
 Of those breaking, human hearts.

\* \* \* \*

“O ye Christian hearts in England,  
 Care ye not that we should die ?  
 Must we be shut out for ever  
 From your glorious home on high ?

“Tall us—the great FATHER up in heaven,  
 Is HE not *our* FATHER too ?—  
 JESUS CHRIST, the LORD and SAVIOUR,  
 Did HE only die for you ?

“Oh ye happy Christian people,  
 You can help us if ye will ;  
 While ye grudge your gold and silver,  
 Must we—*must* we perish still ?”

\* \* \* \*

Christian brethren,—CHRIST'S disciples,  
 Shall we not obey His word ?  
 “Go ye forth, and teach all nations,”  
 Go, baptize them for the LORD.

For how shall we meet our MASTER,  
 When HE cometh from the sky,  
 If the souls bought with HIS life-blood  
 We have left alone to die ?



## THE FISHERMEN AT THE MOUTH OF THE GANGES.

*(From Colonel J. E. Gastrell's Report.)*

ALONG some of the less-frequented channels, the inhabitants are chiefly, if not wholly, fishermen, whose scattered huts, canoes and nets are often the only sign of human beings to be met with. In such localities nothing meets the eye but a wide stretch of marsh land, where fields of reeds and long grasses, with their long silvery tufts waving in the sunshine, alternate with pools or lakes of deep water, covered with all kinds of aquatic plants, which flower and sleep on the surface, and large expanses or islands of recently-raised alluvium. These latter, when on the edges of the marsh, offer great facilities for rice cultivation, the first step being to make paths across them, formed, as above-mentioned, of grass, reeds, weeds, &c., well matted together. These paths, though very elastic and somewhat difficult to walk on without practice, are, however, perfectly safe, and if a person can only keep his footing, there is no fear of being engulfed in the bog. Myriads of wild fowl, king-fishers, cranes, pelicans and other aquatic birds are seen flying, swimming, or congregated in flocks in all directions over these swamps, and feeding on the small fish which abound in every pool and stream. Morning and evening, and often during the night, their cries alone break the monotonous croaking of frogs along the margin of the streams, or the ceaseless chirp of the grasshoppers and cicadæ on their banks. During the heat of the day, and at flood tide, the silence that reigns in these marshy solitudes is deep and profound, and, save the occasional hail of a fisherman, or the shrill cry of the fish eagle, as he launches in pursuit of a gull to rob it of its prey, not a sound is often to be heard. The very reeds and grass seem overpowered by the heat and glare of the sun, whilst not a breath of air disturbs them. At such times the atmosphere, always heavy and oppressive, becomes, in the general stillness, most suffocating and sickening. As the ebb makes, however, the scene soon changes, and all becomes life again. Myriads of fish-hawks, gulls and other birds circle over the spots left by the receding tide, and follow in its wake in pursuit of small fish, whilst adjutants, marabouts, cranes of all kinds, pelicans, and other waders stalk leisurely along, darting their beaks right and left into the many pools, where they find an ample store of small fry of all kinds left by the falling waters. The fishermen are now all alive and busy catching the various kinds of fish entangled in the nets which they have previously staked along the banks of shoals, or at the entrances of khalls. The rice cultivators also go to work the moment the water has sufficiently receded, and throw up fresh bunds and pathways to dam out the tidal waters, and enable them to prepare more land for rice, or repair leaks and breaches in those already existing. Occasionally men may be seen artificially raising the reclaimed land still more by carrying and throwing in earth from the adjacent lower parts of the bheels.

In February, March and April (especially in the latter month), as the water in the bheels gradually becomes lower and lower, and the grasses and reeds wither and dry under the increasing heat of the sun, the

proprietors of the marsh lands fire the jungle in all directions, to have the ground in readiness for the coarse rice (burro dhan) crops that are grown in these tracts. The smoke arising from the fires added considerably to the difficulties, otherwise experienced, in running survey lines across the marsh lands. Throughout the swamps the huts of the inhabitants are constructed on high mounds, well raised artificially above the surface of the spongy banks of the streams that traverse them. Wherever the current is strong, and likely, during floods, to injure the basement of the mound, precautions are taken to preserve it, by erecting at its foot, on the up-stream side, a strong fence of bamboos, or reeds, and grasses intermixed. This fence also serves the double purpose of a stake net, during high tides, during which prawns and small fish become entangled in the meshes. All mounds of any standing have, usually, date and other trees planted on them. These afford shade, during the extreme heat of the day, for the few cows or goats the owner may possess, and at the same time they help, in some measure, to purify the air, and absorb some portion of the miasmatic vapours that arise from all sides.

In some parts the swamps present a most peculiar appearance, from the numbers of long bamboos and low stakes of wood, which are dotted thickly about them. These are placed there, from time to time, by the fishermen and fowlers, who frequent these tracts, either to support their nets on whilst drying, or to attach them to when extended for the purpose of catching birds or fish. Numbers of water fowl are caught here annually, chiefly for the sake of their plumage, the feathers being mostly carried to the Calcutta market, where they are used for covering hats, making tippets, trimming dresses, &c. The soft down from under the wings is used for the same purpose, and for stuffing pillows. The birds most sought for are the marabouts, king-fishers, flamingos, several kinds of cranes, pelicans and wild geese. One mode of catching wild geese in these swamps, on the shoals of the Megna, and wherever, in fact, there is a good rise of the tide over shoals, is as follows: The fowlers note well the spots first resorted to by these shy and wary birds after their return from the feeding grounds; they then select those spots that are covered with water, or nearly so, at high tide, and, choosing a night when the flood tide makes, a little after dark, they plant stakes along the upper part of the sand bank, or mud-flat, and extend their nets horizontally on bamboos or wooden stakes. Towards evening the geese arrive and invariably alight close to the edge of the water, and commence bathing, washing, and dressing their plumage, retiring higher up the bank as the tide advances, until at length, driven to take flight by the rising water, or by the shouts of the fowlers, they rise and are immediately entangled in the nets spread for them. The moment the fowlers are apprised, by the clamour of the geese and the flapping of their wings, that they are caught in the nets, they put off in their boats for the place, and either kill them with short bamboo staves, or take them alive for the different markets. They, however, usually kill them on the spot, and strip them of their feathers. Another mode of catching the smaller birds is the following, and is equally successful in taking birds on trees. The fowler provides himself with a number of thin taper bamboos, fitting one into another like a fishing rod. Arming the small

end with cotton and a sufficient quantity of bird-lime, he moves quietly through the reeds and rushes of jheel, and on nearing any birds, either swimming on the water, or perched on the long grass and reeds, he fits on piece after piece to the one armed with bird-lime, until it is of sufficient length to admit of his touching and entangling the bird with the limed end. The men who practise this method are exceedingly expert; and seldom fail in their catch.

In what strange homes do we not find portions of the widely-dispersed family of man? The poor fishermen at the mouth of the Ganges, cannot say that the lines are fallen to them in pleasant places, yet even these dreary homes would become such if cheered by the hope of the Gospel.

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#### CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE following letter received from the Rev. Dr. Koelle of Constantinople opens up to our perception the difficulties with which converts to Christianity have to contend in an unevangelized land, where the whole force of the Government, so far as it dare, is against the spread of the Gospel. Such early flowers bloom in a wintry atmosphere. They seem almost to be premature, so chilling are the winds, and so great are the discouragements they meet with; yet, frail as they seem to be, they live on. Life in them is stronger than the surrounding cold, because it is kept alive by the power of God. Let the work which has taken place be only genuine, and it will live on. The first letter is dated August 13, 1869—

I have to make to you a painful communication respecting the Mohammedan family I received into the church last Epiphany. In fact, I feel as if I had been bereft of a child; but I suppose we must say with the Apostle, "If they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us." The man, thank God, is steadfast, and says, having once denied his Saviour he would rather lay down his head than do so again. But the woman, with the two children, has returned to the Mohammedans. This happened thus—

On Tuesday evening, the twenty-seventh ult, between nine and ten o'clock, a police-officer, with a number of policemen, surrounded the house where the baptized family lived, and demanded admittance. Not stating the reason why they were coming, the man refused to open the door, saying, "My friends come by day, but those who come by night are enemies." They then threatened to open the door by force; but one being told that the house belonged to a Frank, they desisted, and, after about an hour, left again, without having obtained their object.

Till then the family had apparently gone on quite satisfactorily. The woman never missed our Turkish Sunday service since her baptism, and always showed marked attention. Her husband treated her kindly, telling me, since, that he not only laboured hard by day to earn their scanty bread, but also, on coming home in the evening, did the house-work for his wife, as he was anxious to prove to her what the Christian

religion enabled a man to do. Neither to him, nor to any of us, did she ever give any ground of suspecting that she contemplated returning to Mohammedanism; only it appears that some weeks previously she had complained to the neighbours that she could not go out, as she had not the means of dressing like the Christian women; and, a few days before this police visit, she told her husband that she had visited Mohammedan friends in the neighbourhood who were very angry with her for becoming a Christian, and assured her that fifty of her countrymen had taken an oath to cause her to return to Mohammedanism, or else kill her, or die themselves in the attempt. She also added, "I foolishly then asked them, Would you liberally provide for me and my children?" Next day, when we questioned her on this, she said she had not meant anything by it, but only wanted to test them what they would say. Whether she then actually said more than she allowed to us, or whether her Mohammedan friends presumed upon it, I cannot tell; but the police-officers said to one of the neighbours that a petition had been presented on behalf of the woman, stating that she was forcibly detained in a Christian house.

On the following day I called on the chief of the police, to beg for an explanation of such strange proceedings. He told me, "Yes, I have sent for the family, to examine them, and afterwards to send them on to the Pasha; for according to the laws of this land, if a Christian wishes to become a Mussulman, he is not at once permitted to do so, but has first to make an open declaration before the proper authorities, and in the presence of a Christian priest, and this same law must be observed with regard to Mohammedans who wish to become Christians." I replied, that far from wishing to be in the way of such a public examination, I should be most happy to forward it, and to be present at it. Upon this he said, "Then bring the family at once, for they must be examined without delay."

Accordingly I left to fetch them, but, on arriving at the house, found that the man was out at his usual work. I had scarcely set out again to convey this information, when I was met by the police-officer, who said, "I thought I had better come at once to examine the person in her own house, if you have no objection." I asked him in, and at once called the woman. He now put a number of questions to her, *e.g.* whether she was there in that house with her own free will, which she answered in the affirmative; but when he asked after her religion, she, to our great surprise and regret, professed herself a Mohammedan. As soon as she had done so the officer said to her, "Then go and get ready to come with me;" and then, turning towards me, he continued, "For no Mohammedan woman is allowed to remain under a non-Mohammedan roof." When I asked him whether they could not delay till the husband came home, who had no apprehension of what was taking place, he replied, "Oh, she has no longer any husband: when she declared herself a Mohammedan the man has ceased to be her husband." On being reminded that sometimes a Mohammedan had a Christian wife, he said, "Quite true: according to our law a Mohammedan can have a Jewish or a Christian wife; but no Mohammedan woman can be the wife of any but a Mohammedan husband." When I asked, "But had not the children, at all events, better be left here till he comes home, as he is

their father," he replied, "The case of the children will have to be decided by law; but as the woman is bent on taking them with her, the best thing you can do is to deliver them up on trust, so that they will have to be brought forward again, if the father can establish a claim upon them." So they left together, and I with them, to deliver the children to the chief of police "on trust." There the woman was again questioned, and again professed herself a Mohammedan, in my presence, and I was requested to bring the man also on the following day.

When the poor man returned from his work, late in the evening, he found an empty house. The trial was great for him, but he took it well. He said, "I have deserved this by my sin. When I denied my Saviour, I took this woman; and now she is gone again. I told her, at the time I returned to Christianity, that she could remain a Mohammedan if she chose, but that I was determined to be a Christian, and rather to leave her than Christ. She then said, "I shall not leave you: if you become a Christian, I shall also become one."

Next day, after having further spoken and prayed with the man, and finding him firm in his resolution to remain a Christian, come what may, I went with him to the chief of police, who questioned him in the same way as his wife the evening before. But when he unhesitatingly professed himself a Christian, he was told that he could go. Before leaving, I told the chief of police that the man was willing to leave his little girl with its mother, but that he very much wished the boy should be restored to him. To this he replied, "He has no claim, but the question about the children does not rest with me. I shall forward them, with their mother, to the Pasha, when the case will be decided according to law."

The girl being about two, and the boy about six years old, I thought the man's wishes were so just, that he might succeed in obtaining the boy. The question also being one not so much of religion as of justice and fair dealing, I hoped the English Ambassador might effectually interest himself in the matter. Accordingly I lost no time in soliciting His Excellency to use his influence with the Turkish authorities to secure the restoration of this baptized boy to his Christian father; but a few days ago I received the following answer—

"Sir, with reference to the subject of your letter of the 30th, ult., I have to inform you that the boy in question appears resolutely to refuse to return to his father, and the authorities hesitate to exercise force in such a case. It was the boy himself who communicated to the Zaptieh (*i.e.* policeman) his mother's wish to return to her original faith, and he seems resolved to remain with her."

As it appears from this letter that the Ambassador is not inclined to press the matter, I fear other efforts of the poor man, *e.g.* by petitioning the Turkish authorities, would likewise prove unavailing.

The man has several times seen his ex-wife and children, whilst in custody at the Sublime Porte, and bought them fruits &c. He said the woman looked wretched; but as a policeman was always present he could not speak to her much; and she herself made signs that she could or would not say a word. May God in mercy look upon them all!

A second letter on the subject has been received from Dr. Koelle, which, on account of its length, must be deferred until next month.

## ZENANA FRUITS.

LIKE birds in gilded cages, Hindu ladies were shut up in Zenanas. Indeed they were worse off than the encaged birds, for these, if they had no liberty, had light; but the poor ladies had neither one or other. Now, however, the prison doors have so far opened, that English ladies are permitted to enter and bring with them the light of the Gospel. Here are some fruits from Calcutta of this beautiful Zenana work.

One of the Zenana teachers residing in our Mission compound had long been encouraged by the earnestness and faith of one of her pupils; indeed, for more than a year back it was well-known that she loved the Saviour in her heart, and worshipped Him in private. The Bible was her daily companion. Her husband knew of her convictions, and, up to a certain point, did not actively oppose them. In the earlier stage of her experience he would allow his wife to read the Scriptures, and patiently listen to her converse respecting them. So long as the subject was a mere matter of talk and speculation, he saw little to fear. But by and by the woman's faith grew; her devotion to Christ, and her anxiety publicly to acknowledge Him, became so strong that she could no longer trifle. She told her husband of her earnest desire for baptism. Immediately his tone changed. He became harsh, and even cruel. Repeatedly was her ardent avowal of faith in Christ followed by a severe beating. But nothing could shake her constancy. She meekly bore the cross for the sake of Him she loved. She more than once conceived the idea of quitting her home for the purpose of baptism. She asked the advice of her teacher. That lady very discreetly declined to advise the step. Up to that time no case of the kind had occurred, and it seemed very doubtful whether it would be prudent or right to encourage a Hindu woman, even for the sake of baptism, to desert her husband. One thing at least was certain, that to give such advice, in the present state of Hindu society, would create bitter animosity against us and our work. Besides, though we hold with our church the holy sacraments to be "generally necessary to salvation," and binding on all who can avail themselves of them, we still believe there may be salvation without the outward rite.

The poor woman saw that the burden of decision rested with herself. She accepted the consequences. She betook herself to the Mission compound. Her only object was to be baptized, and then return to her home. She was speedily followed by her husband and other relatives. Every means was tried by them to induce her to abandon her object—persuasion and threats, caresses and denunciations. Her only reply, was, "No I must be baptized: that done, I will return at once, if my husband will receive me." Finding their efforts vain, they left her. Not long after, Bindoo was received into the church. She is now walking in all meekness and Christian simplicity, rejoicing in the consolation of the Gospel.



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CONTENTS.

THE SECUNDRRA ORPHANAGE NEAR AGRA, NORTH INDIA (With a Cut)	133
CONSTANTINOPLE	136
POETRY—CAN YOU LIVE WITHOUT JESUS?	139
PESHAWUR	140
ZULU-LAND	142

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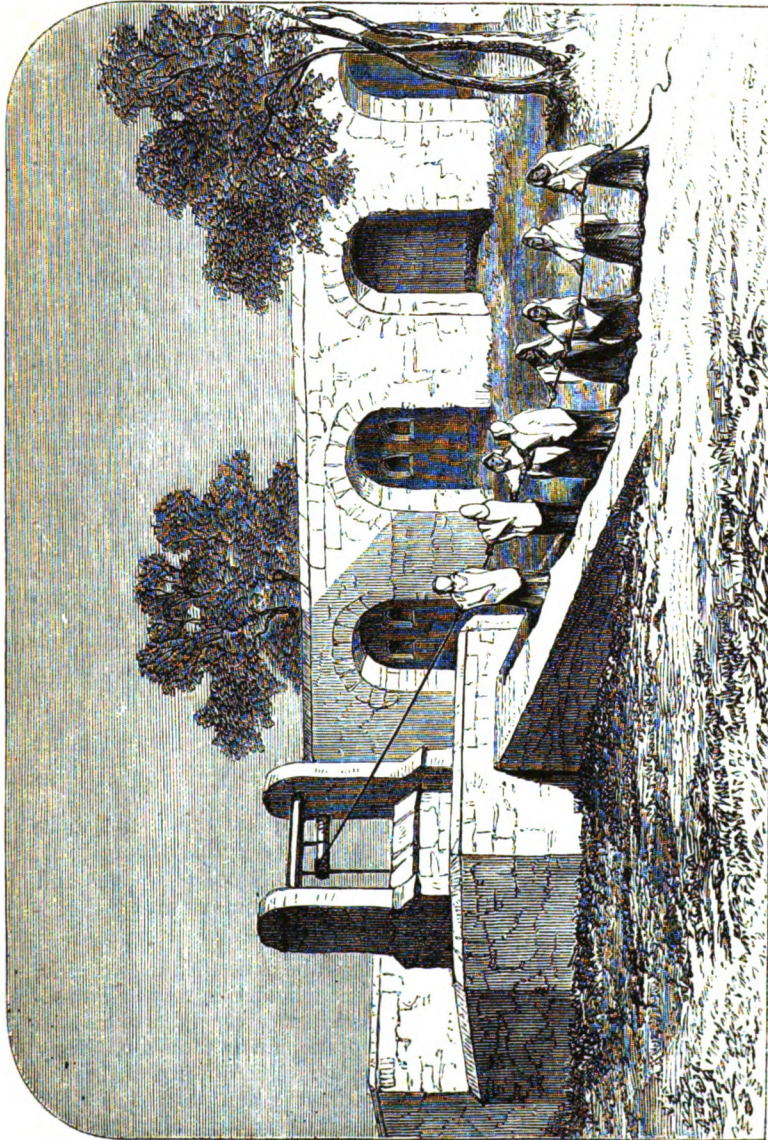
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THE SECUNDRA ORPHANAGE NEAR AGRA, NORTH INDIA.
THIS is the second Orphanage at Secundra. The previous one was broken up in the Mutiny, the native flock finding shelter with the Europeans in the Fort at Agra, and afterwards being transferred



THE WELL AT THE SECUNDRA ORPHANAGE.

December 1869.

to Allahabad, where they form a Christian congregation under the pastoral charge of the Rev. David Mohun. This second Orphanage rose on the ruins of the first about eight years ago. It contains now about 320 orphans, and is divided into two distinct departments for boys and girls. By deaths or marriages there is a change every year; yet the numbers do not diminish, new claimants for the home which it affords being continually sent in by the Magistrates, not only of Agra, but of other districts, as Delhi, Kurnal, Meerut, Muttra, Allygurh, Etah, Etawah, Mynpoorie, and also from Oude, Ajmere and Malwa. Crippled children, idiots, deaf and dumb, blind and foundling, are also sent in, and these poor outcasts are never refused.

The boys are taught in the Holy Scriptures, and leave the school with a good elementary training in the common speech of the country. Many of them are masters of two languages; some, who are more advanced, of three. A school of industry was started in 1862.

Several native Christians, orphans of the former Institution, undertook to establish a press on their own risk for the purpose of teaching the trade to the orphan boys. This plan, however, failed, owing to the scarcity of printing work, and the press was removed. The Orphanage Committee, still hoping that a press would succeed, devoted a considerable sum to the purchase of one. This was opened in 1863. Other trades, as weaving, bookbinding, carpentering, blacksmiths' work, type-casting and paper-making were successfully introduced. Weaving had soon to be given up again, because common cloth is manufactured so cheaply by the natives, and for making cloth of superior quality no teacher could be procured. Paper-making had also to be discontinued after two years' trial. The press promised to become the most successful of all the trades, there being only one important thing against it, and this is, *want of work!*

The Orphanage Committee now contemplate the commencement of a School of Arts, in which engraving, drawing, carving, turning, will be taught.

In the Boys' Orphanage English is taught; but this is not so in the Girls' department, the instruction being vernacular throughout, as the girls, for the most part, are expected to be village wives and mothers, able to read the Scriptures in the vernacular among themselves and their children.

The classes exhibited very clearly what can be done with native girls, if we can only keep them at school long enough and in regular attendance. I found here girls of all ages, from seven or eight to sixteen years, all reading Urdu with a fluency proportionate to their age. Many of them write it neatly and spell it correctly. The upper girls have a fair knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic, and worked out the examples I gave with ready accuracy; some of them were also quick at easy mental calculations. In the classes fit for the study geography is

also taught, and a few girls from among them examined in the subject could point out the principal cities, rivers, &c., of Hindustan. The subject, however, is one for which the girls do not seem to have much liking. The attainments of the girls, though not extensive, are tolerably sound, so far as they go, and their interest in their work is fairly patient and sustained.

In the frontispiece a slight sketch is drawn of part of our *zenana*, the sleeping quarters of the female Orphanage, built last year. Some of the girls are represented as drawing water from the well by a rope and a leather bucket. The well being from sixty to seventy feet deep, there is no other mode of drawing the water except by bullocks. The girls of one of the eight sections are generally employed in this healthy occupation during free hours, others being engaged in grinding corn and cooking the meals.

The elder girls are engaged as teachers and monitors. That the girls may also become instruments of doing good may be seen from the Rev. R. Hoernle's report of Secundrabad, an out-station of the Meerut Mission, where one of our Secundra orphan girls, now a catechist's wife there, has been visited by her father, who was supposed to have perished in the famine of 1861. He was so pleased by his visit at his daughter's house, that he resolved to return after some time with twenty-seven families, and to join the Christian church.

A letter written by a blind girl to a lady in England who supports her.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—May the Lord Jesus Christ keep you. After due respect and greeting, be it known to you that, by the grace of God, I am quite well, and hope that, by the same grace, you are also in good health. I pray God that He may grant you His Holy Spirit, and bless you in all your work.

"Dear madam, I know that when I was among the heathen I did not know God, and could not discern between good and bad. But now thousand thanks be to God that by His mighty hand He has brought me out from amongst the heathen, and has brought me to His knowledge. Now I know Him well and can also discern between good and bad. God provides for me by your means, and I pray Him that He may give you the more abundantly.

"Dear madam, I desire very much to see you, but this cannot be now. But one day I shall see you, on the great day of the resurrection in the heavenly Canaan. Be it further known to you that I can now read a little. Our beloved Miss Baba (Miss Ellwanger) who was over us has taught me to read the Gospels of Matthew and John (in the character for the blind). She is now gone home to her own country.

"Be it known to you, that on Christmas-day the girls went to the boys' school, where a tree was ornamented with wax-lights, pictures and oranges, and many things the name of which I do not know. All the boys and girls stood in rows, and some gentlemen and ladies had assembled there also. We sung some hymns, and the boys and girls who did well in the examination, received prizes, and all the girls received little bags with something within. The day of the restoration of Secundra, on the 13th October, was a day of great rejoicing. We had

swinging in whirligigs and a number of sights, and before that we all went in a procession, with music and singing, round the Christian village and other places."

"Now I tell my own work. I cook and grind corn, and make thread, and in the hot season I pull the punkah. Our school is from nine to twelve o'clock, and from one to four we sew. Now I have no leisure to write more, and send you my love and salams.

"The writer of this letter is your loving daughter—JULIA AUGUSTA."

Our readers may like to know how this Institution is supported. The following paragraph will explain—

For the maintenance of our famine orphans we receive a grant from the Famine Relief Fund of 1861. For those sent here by magistrates Government has lately sanctioned a charitable allowance of two rupees per mensem. The Calcutta Corresponding Committee of the Church Missionary Society continues to let this Orphanage enjoy the interest of the compensation money received for the property of the old Orphanage destroyed in the mutiny. We receive also an educational grant-in-aid from Government. For the rest we depend on the liberality of Christian friends in Europe and India, and our prayers for support have never been refused. It is only when the necessity for extraordinary expenditure arises—as, for example, last year, for additional accommodation for our girls, and now, the season of scarcity of provisions—that we have to make a stronger appeal than usual in behalf of our orphans. Although we never send round subscription books, the list of our subscribers has increased greatly, and, next to God, who is the Father of the fatherless, and who has raised so many kind friends for those special objects of His care in this Orphanage, our heartfelt thanks are due to those who have so liberally responded to the appeal made in last year's report.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The second letter of the Rev. Dr. Koelle,* in reference to the Turkish family, giving an account of the return to Christianity of the woman is as follows—

I despatched to you my last letter on Friday morning last, and in the afternoon of the same day the woman came to our Mission house, saying that she was sorry for having left us, and that she wished to remain a Christian, and to return to her husband, if he would receive her again. Her husband said she was still his wife, and if she came back to him he would receive her. She then promised to come again next day to remain, and to bring her children with her, who had not been allowed to accompany her, so as to insure her return. Accordingly, on Saturday she asked permission of the police to let her take out her children, and to fetch some linen from her husband's house, of which she was in need. Upon this she was sent from the head-quarters of the police in Stambul to the head-quarters of the police in Pera, and in the latter place a policeman was given her to accompany her to her husband's house. But as

* See our last number, page 129.

the house of our catechist, a Russian subject, was next door, she entered there, and was received as a visitor. When they were seated, she said to the policeman, "You can go now: I am a Christian, and shall remain with my husband, who is also a Christian." The man went, and, soon after, an officer, with eight armed policemen, came to fetch her by force. The catechist naturally refused them admittance into his house without an order from his own Consulate. The officer at once sent to the Russian Consulate for a cavass, to enable him to enter the house; but the Russian Consul was not in a hurry to comply with the request, till he had learned from his own subject the particulars of the case. It was now evening, and the eight armed policemen were posted around the house for the night, to prevent the woman's escape. When the Russian Consul was informed by our catechist of what had happened, he said, "Yes, I will now send a cavass, not indeed to the Turkish police, but into your house, for the protection of the woman, lest she should be unduly intimidated by this array of Turkish policemen, and to-morrow I will send another man to bring her here for protection." Soon, however, the chief of police addressed himself to the Consul, censuring him for interfering with a case that concerned Protestantism. The effect of this was, that in the morning the Consul sent us a message, that he regretted being unable to protect the woman any further, and that the only thing he could do was to delay the sending of a cavass for a few hours, to enable us to procure the necessary protection of the woman from the English Embassy. But finding that all the officials, both of the Embassy and Consulate, were up the Bosphorus, the only thing left for me to do seemed to be to call on the chief of police, and seek to arrange the matter as favourably as possible. He was under the impression that the woman had gone to her house to fetch linen, and was then forcibly detained by a Russian. I explained to him how the woman had come, and was remaining by her own free choice, professing herself a Christian. He objected that it was impossible for them to let her return to Christianity, "for," said he, "she has already put us to the expense of 1500 piasters. We have fixed a monthly allowance on her, have taken her a house, and procured an Irade (order) on her behalf from the Sultan. How is it possible to let her go back again?" I said, "But she says she is a Christian, and if you wish to examine her again, as you did three weeks ago, respecting her religious profession, I am ready, as I then was, to bring her to you. When I brought her, in company with her husband, she was at once separated from us, and led into a room by herself, to which neither of us was admitted. The chief of police was closeted alone with her for about ten minutes, telling her, as I have learned since, how munificently the Government had provided for her, and if this was not enough, she had only to say so, and more would be added, &c. I then knocked at the door, went in, and protested against this mode of procedure." The chief of police replied, "This woman is not a Christian; she is a Mohammedan." I said, "Will you be so good as to ask her in my presence?" and when he did, she answered, "I am a Christian." Upon this the chief of police said, "No, she is not a Christian, she is a Mohammedan: she does not know what she is saying." We then both went back to his own room, and after having in vain tried to induce him to accept bail for her

appearance whenever wanted, she was sent over to head-quarters in Stambul, we following at a distance, to intimate to her that she was not deserted. On that same Sunday evening she was twice brought before the authorities, and on Monday again twice, to tell her how much would be done for her if she professed herself a Mohammedan. Fifteen liras were to be given her for journey money, a house was to be bought for her as her home, and she was to receive a monthly allowance of 150 piasters, fifty for herself and fifty for each of her children. A document was even placed before her with all this written out, and a seal put into her hand with her Mohammedan name upon it, which she still has, and she was asked to put this seal upon the paper to give it validity, it being made out in the name of the person who possessed that seal; but she steadfastly refused to accept any of these bribes. This refusal was really no small thing on her part, considering that when she went home she came to an empty room, and her laborious husband, a mender of shoes, earning only about a shilling a day, and sometimes not half this, barely sufficient for the scantiest supply of food and clothing. May this be a proof that she has learned to some extent to appreciate the unsearchable riches of Christ!

On Monday morning I started with the first steamer for the Ambassador's summer residence up the Bosphorus. His Excellency received me at once, and, though confessing that he had no power to "insist" on my request with the Turkish Government, viz. that they should give the woman the same opportunity now to profess herself either a Christian or a Mohammedan which they gave her three weeks ago, yet he saw the justice of my request, and cordially promised to "counsel" compliance with it. Accordingly I received a letter for the Pasha, the chief of the central police, which I endeavoured to deliver straightway. But as he did not come to head-quarters that day, I had to come again on Tuesday. The Pasha seemed in favour of religious liberty, but did not venture to decide the case on his own responsibility. The letter was therefore forwarded to Aali Pasha, the Prime Minister, and it is to his credit that he wisely and equitably decided, "Let her go where she wishes." As soon as this decision arrived, the woman was set at liberty. The delighted father clasped the little girl in his arms, I taking the boy by the hand, and the woman following with a cheerful countenance, through the main street to Pera, no one molesting us. Arrived in their house, we all knelt down to thank God for this favourable turn of things, to ask forgiveness for the past, and more grace for the future. Knowing that their cupboards were all empty, I gave the man a few shillings to provide a full meal for his family, as that was an evening of rejoicing for them. Throughout this trying season the husband has acted as an exemplary Christian, and I hope the trial will prove a blessing to the whole family.

I wrote to the Ambassador, gratefully to inform him of the entire success of his kind help.

HOW CAN YOU LIVE WITHOUT JESUS ?

OH, how can you live without JESUS, my friend,
That SAVIOUR, so tender and true ;
Whose Love knows no measure, no change, and no end,
And who offers it freely to you ?

Is there never a season of sadness and pain,
When your heart, in its desolate cry,
Complains that all human resources are vain,
Its deeply felt need to supply ?

Then how can you live without JESUS ? One ray
Of His Love would make sorrows depart
Like phantoms, before the bright dawn of the day
That His smile would light up in your heart.

Is there never a time when, with pleasure's bright wine,
Your glittering cup sparkles gay ;
And yet, when your draught is the deepest, you pine
With a thirst it can never allay ?

Then how can you live without JESUS ? He gives
Living water, of such healing power,
That he who drinks humbly for evermore lives,
And never thirsts more from that hour !

Is there never a time, when your sins' heavy weight
Seems to crush your soul down to despair,
And the threatening woes of Eternity's state
With their terrors your spirit will scare ?

Then how can you live without JESUS ? Alone
He can bear all your burden away.
No other escape ! His blood must atone :
His life must your penalty pay.

Or, if you can live without JESUS, my friend,
Will you venture without Him to die ?
Alone, dare you enter the world without end ?
Stand alone in God's Presence on High ?

And why should you live without JESUS ? oh, why ?
You have nothing to do but believe ;
And why without Him should you venture to die,
When He offers your soul to receive ?

He is all that you need : He entreats you to come :
Come at once—He invites you 'TO-DAY.'
To-morrow may seal your eternity's doom ;
At your peril you dare to delay.

No longer, then, live without JESUS, my friend !
That SAVIOUR so tender and true !
His Love knows no measure, no change, and no end,
And He offers it freely to you !

E. J. A.

PESHAWUR.

MINGLED tidings come to us from this station, some encouraging, others painful.

The painful intelligence is, that the cholera swept down on Peshawur with terrific force in the beginning of September. One of our Missionaries on the spot, the Rev. W. Ridley, thus describes its violence—

It began about a week ago, and has, up to this time, been daily gaining ground. On Tuesday there were more than a hundred cases, of which about half proved fatal within a few hours, while many lingered on a day or two. What number died yesterday I have not any well-substantiated account; but if the state of the atmosphere may be taken into account, then I should say there is little hope that the fell destroyer has slackened his hand. A *cordon* has been drawn around the city, and no communication is permitted between it and the cantonments. This increases the gloom brooding over the population, and makes them feel as if they were shut off and doomed to die. Despair is therefore more prevalent than it would be in the case of free and open intercourse.

Our eyes, in more than one sense, look unto the hills. We pray earnestly for rain in the neighbouring hills, so that the air may be cooled down. The heat for this season of the year is most unusual. The thermometer on Sunday night at 11-30, in the open air, stood at 92°. It has not gone below 90° in my house since. No air stirs, and the atmosphere is murky. At this moment clouds are slowly moving towards the hill from the east, and hope still lingers that rain is not far off. The city is, for Peshawur, remarkably clean, and the authorities deserve all praise. The *cordon* makes us all prisoners, so that even if either of us were taken ill, we could not send for a doctor. Our schools are nearly broken up, so few are the numbers that attend. Panic has seized them all. I have lost one valuable teacher; Mrs. Ridley also one; and news has now come that a second teacher, the one that can be less easily spared, is taken ill. I am more a doctor (or shall I say that we, for Mrs. Ridley is the chief doctor) than a *padri*. Mrs. Ridley is now on her rounds, and has just sent for more medicines. Two minutes since I wrote "no air stirs;" a dust storm has now suddenly burst on us, and I hope it will do great things for us. We generally shut up the house at such times, but now we welcome dust for the sake of the wind. The change is magical: the thermometer has already fallen to 83°, or about 10° in about as many minutes: it puts joy into us. This dread season has been precious sowing time. We have been preaching in the bazaars morning and evening every day, and people listen with more than usual attention. On Tuesday one, and yesterday two, men came to my house, and confessed themselves Christians in heart, but were afraid to openly confess. Of one I had previously thought that he was on the right road. The other two I knew nothing about. Mrs. Ridley's teacher who died was considered by her to be a Christian in heart, and several times of late had spoken of publicly confessing it. Such times as these, though they have their terrors, especially at night, when the shrieks from every quarter drive sleep from our eyes, still are times of refreshment. It does the heart good. I hope to be able to report well shortly.

Again, on September 17th he writes—

Cholera still rages very badly. More than 100 per day are said to die. On the 14th there were 200 new cases, and 130 deaths in the city, not reckoning the cantonments and its bazaars. On the 15th, 119 new cases and 75 deaths; 16th, 200 new cases and 110 deaths. To-day a marked improvement—69 deaths and 113 new cases. Mrs. Ridley has lost her two best teachers, and her work is quite stopped. During their illness she attended them, and, through God's blessing, was able to save a third, who was also seized. I lost another teacher yesterday, and to-day broke up the schools. We have lost a Christian. To-day's improvement brightened us much; but it is a sad state of things. We hoist our flag morning and evening daily in the bazaar, and have daily service amongst ourselves in the church. Many hearts are softened. May they be melted into submission by grace!

The despairing cries that constantly assail our ears are heartrending.

My wife had a sharp attack, but has been mercifully restored. More work remains.

Heavy calamities fall on India—cylones, drought, famine, pestilence. Does not this remind us of the following passages in Holy Writ?—

“I have given you cleanness of teeth in all your cities, and want of bread in all your places; yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.

“I have withholden the rain from you, when there were yet three months to the harvest, and I caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it not to rain upon another city: one piece was rained upon, and the other piece whereupon it rained not, withered. So two or three cities wandered into one city to drink water; but they were not satisfied: yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.

“I have smitten you with blasting and mildew, when your gardens and your vineyards, and your fig-trees, and your olive-trees increased, the palmer worm devoured them: yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.

“I have sent among you pestilence after the manner of Egypt: your young men have I slain with the sword, and have taken away your horses; and I have made the stink of your camps to come up unto your nostrils: yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord.”

Have these solemn dispensations no meaning?

“Will a lion roar in the forest when he hath no prey? Will a young lion cry out of his den if he have taken nothing?”

“Can a bird fall in a snare upon the earth, where no gin is for him? Shall one take up a snare from the earth, and have taken nothing at all?”

“Shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people not be afraid? Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?”

Is not the Lord speaking? Does He not summon India to repent? Are not these dispensations as the "great and strong wind;" as "the earthquake;" as the "fire" which went before to prepare the way for the still small voice, speaking peace by Jesus Christ?

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ZULU-LAND.

THE Missionary notices with which these pages are filled are usually gathered in the fields where the Church Missionary Society is at work. But we would not confine ourselves to these. We like to stray into other fields of labour where the same Gospel is taught by men of other nations and other churches; and very pleasant it is to find that the same Gospel produces like results, whether the Missionary be English, or German, or Frenchman, or American.

And now we are about to transfer our readers to a field which is not within our Missionary circle, but where the American Church Missionary brethren have gone in, and are breaking up the ground.

Where is the Zulu-land? Take a sailing-vessel at New-York; hasten southward on the boisterous Atlantic; far beyond Cancer, the Equator, Capricorn; stand toward the shore of Africa instead of that of South-America; round the Cape of Good Hope, the Tormentose, where winds and waters are for ever clashing; skirt upward along the eastern coast for a thousand miles more, but not past Mozambique, and you have arrived at the Zulu country, after a voyage of three months.

A lovely land! A portion of the territory of Natal, running one hundred and fifty miles on the sea-coast and two hundred and fifty inland. By three noble natural terraces, it gradually rises as it recedes from the ocean, until it terminates in a stupendous wall of lofty, perpendicular, rocky mountains, which shut it out from the endless and unknown interior. As to climate, simply delightful; as to products, growing coffee, sugar-cane, oranges, lemons, limes, pine-apples, and other tropical luxuries; abounding in bright-blossomed trees and groves and forests that are always green.

The Zulus are black, with woolly hair; yet it is more than suspected that they possess an admixture of Arab blood. Some words in their language, some physical and mental peculiarities, such as the slender, tapering limbs, the delicate extremities, the frequent aquiline nose, square forehead, and the active questioning intellect, being thought to favour this theory. Their lovely climate permits the scantiest of clothing, and this they prefer in their native condition. Both sexes are fond of ornaments. Collars and girdles of gay beads, necklaces of antelope horns, bracelets, rings, and armlets of brass, unique earrings, reed snuff-boxes gaily coloured, from their chief adornments. Their hair is worked into fantastic shapes, sometimes with red clay into a top-knot, sometimes by artistic shaving and a judicious use of gum into a polished, shining, black ring encircling the top of the head.

They live in kraals. The wealth of the country lies in cattle, and the central idea of a kraal is a cattle-pen. Around this is built a circle of little huts, and around the whole is a fortification of a strong fence. Enter the inclosure by its one carefully guarded opening, and you may go

around and visit the huts, but must go into them, as every one does, on hands and knees, for they have no other mode of ingress. The men take snuff and smoke, drink beer and hunt ; and as the woman's rights movement has not reached Zulu-land, the women do all the menial work, and polygamy is the custom.

We would now introduce to our readers a lady who left home and friends to go forth and labour among the Zulus.

A young lady, born and reared in New-York city, where her father was a physician ; educated, after the manner of young ladies there, to know Latin, and French, and German, and music, to which she added later such knowledge of Greek as should enable her to read the New Testament in the original ; having a great aptitude for learning languages ; the precious endowment of a cheerful temperament ; that perception of the comic which belongs to the largest and tenderest natures ; and also an unusual share of that indescribable magnetic power which subdues and captivates without effort ; teaching in City-Mission schools, industrial schools, and the like ; all the time conscious of a secret yearning toward the destitute African ;—this was Mrs. Lloyd in New York, when known as Katherine C. Parker,

The same young lady transferred to South-Africa ; childless and a widow there at a little over twenty ; possessing ample means ; remaining to teach the people toward whom her soul had been early drawn ; living in the family of an old-established Missionary as if she were his elder daughter, mapping out her own work ; doing what, but for her, would have to be left undone ; exerting an almost magical influence over the natives ; speaking their language with fluency ; called by them in turn mother, doctor and chief ; writing letters home that quicken the pulse and stir the blood of us sluggish ones ; hers the very romance of Missionary life ;—this is Mrs. Lloyd among the Zulus.

We, too, have such instances—ladies who, when they lost their husbands, would not leave the Mission-fields where they lived and died, but remained there to find compensation for a husband's death by becoming the privileged instruments of raising the dead to life. But we must look further, and see what encouragement this lady has found among the Zulus.

Scattered along the Zulu coast are twelve American Missionary stations, the larger part of them but a few miles from the ocean. They are the first Missions established there, and have been in operation since 1835, a period of about thirty-five years. Let us stop to give Christian honour to those self-denying countrymen and countrywomen of ours, who, for all these years, have wrought on that far-off coast. These are they into whose labours Mrs. Lloyd has lately entered with so much heart and power.

The largest of these is Umvoti, lying five miles from the sea, where have long laboured Mr. and Mrs. Grout, honoured Missionaries who have grown gray in the service. In 1860 Mr. Lloyd was sent out as a colleague to Mr. Grout, and died of consumption within two years and two

months of his arrival. An infant child had preceded him. Mrs. Lloyd remained.

Married and widowed, a mother and childless, within this short space, eternity was brought so near that time seemed too short for the work of life. There was need all around her, and laying aside the thought of home and its consolations, she took up her self-appointed task.

This has a variety of departments. Every hour of the twenty-four claims its duties, of which sleep is apparently the least important. Her knowledge of music, her aptitude for languages, her remarkable power of winning confidence, all find abundant use. Within a small radius she has established six schools, over which she has placed native teachers, who require her constant supervision by day, while she teaches an evening class of young men, and a Bible class on Sundays. She visits the sick at outlying kraals, both as Missionary and physician; she trains the sweet Zulu voices to sing anthems and choruses; she communicates a knowledge of needle-craft to the girls in industrial schools; she helps to introduce civilization by means of Christmas celebrations and the distribution of clothing; she gives invaluable private lessons in the household where she finds her home; and, finally, she is aiding the Missionaries in translating certain books of the Old Testament into Zulu. And with prayer, and work, and time, her native cheerfulness has been restored, and she is the life of those around her.

The opening day of a new school in Zulu-land is a day to be noted. The children come of all ages, from the baby who is carried on its sister's back, to the boy of twelve or over, and all come naked. Garments are furnished as fast as they arrive; for in Zulu-land, as elsewhere among the heathen, dress is not only a civilizer, but, indirectly, a means of grace. When a Zulu man shows a desire for a shirt, it is right to entertain high hopes of him. "Will he come out, do right, and wear clothes?" is the anxious question concerning a convert. The Christian Zulus are known at sight, because they are clad, and thus clothes are a type of all good. Therefore it is an important portion of the education of the little natives to introduce them to garments, which is their first step towards civilization. Their effort to get themselves into such are what our newsboys would call "a caution." Every thing is put on upside down, and inside out, and wrong side foremost: what should fasten in front is fastened in the rear, and *vice versa*: shirts are assumed bottom side up, with the sleeves on the lower limbs, and are buttoned behind; arms go into the legs of pantaloons, and legs into the sleeves of other garments. In the excitement, the children all scream and gibber at the top of their voices, that being their custom at home; meanwhile the smaller ones, struck with terror because the teacher is white, have to be reconciled to the monstrosity.

But the progress is wonderful, even on the first day. The girls show a marvellous facility for the needle, and learn to sew well—some of them in five minutes. The children become so interested that the next day they sling the little ones over their backs at an early hour, and dart off without breakfast for fear of losing one minute of the beneficent, winning presence of their white teacher.—*From the American Church Missionary Register.*



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