NOTES OF A PREACHING TOUR IN MADRAS DISTRICT.

The ministers from the Manargudi Circuit spent five days in the month of November, viz., from the 25th to 29th inclusive, preaching in Melnattam and some of the surrounding villages. Leaving Manargudi at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th they reached Melnattam at about 7 in the evening. Making this their head-quarters they went out morning and evening to the work, accompanied by the catechist of the place and often by several Christian people of our church here.

The following places were visited, viz.:—

Friday morning, Nov. 25th.—Valoor. To this village which is about 4½ miles distant we first went for two reasons. First, because some of the inhabitants had threatened to beat the catechist if he went there again, on account of a young man, the eldest son of a wealthy merchant of the place who had expressed his wish to the catechist to become a Christian; and secondly, so that if possible we might see this young man: for which purpose we went direct to his house, but the father and son were both from home. At the entrance of the village we saw a piece of land about 15 feet square fenced round, upon which we were told this young men’s father intended to build a temple for a little black swamy which was already placed on the land before a small broken down shed, in the hope of convincing
his son that there was something genuine and true in hea­thenism and weaning him from his desire to become a Christian.

Here we preached to a congregation of about 40 people who listened attentively.

Friday evening.—Therumacottai. This place is about 2 miles distant. Here we have two small plots of land in different parts of the village, upon each of which in turn a school room was tried. But the inhabitants becoming indifferent about education the schools were given up. We were urgently requested to open a school but as the people were unwilling to help in the matter we could hold out no hope to them. A lighted service was evidently a new thing to them and we soon drew together a congregation of between 70 and 80. At first they were inclined to be disputant and interrupting. One old man with a knowing look asked us to show him our swamy then he would believe in him, or if he would send them rain and thus save their crops from ruin then he would believe in him. About an hour after we got home a beautiful shower of rain fell and thus it would seem as if God has accepted the old man's challenge. When we were about to leave several of the people asked us to come again to teach them which we promised to do on the following evening.

Saturday morning, Nov. 26th.—Mathacoor. This is a large village 4 miles to the south of Melnattam inhabited principally by Muhammadans. After singing a lyric a congregation of about 100 collected, but they were restless and inattentive. After preaching we visited the Civil Dispensary and found the two young men in charge were Christians. As the people gathered here in large numbers we again preached to them and this time found them quiet and attentive.

Saturday evening.—Therumacottai. It was evident from the groups that we saw gathered here and there and who joined us as we passed through the village to our former preaching place that we were expected. Soon after we arrived we were introduced to the village poet, a man evidently looked up to and considered a great Sastri by the people. By the time we got our kerosine lantern fixed and sung two or three verses of a lyric some 200 people collected. While the catechist was speaking he was frequently interrupted especially by a drunken man, but when the Native Minister came forward to speak he rebuked those who had
asked foolish questions, and by a few kind but pointed words caused the drunken disturber to move away. All proceeded quietly for some time when without any conceivable cause on our part, the people became restless and talkative. During this confusion of tongues according as we could plainly see to a pre-arranged plan, the poet, as the people's champion pressed forward almost to the front and impertinently thrust a small book on Vedantism into the preacher's hand and cried out with an air of triumph, "There now take that and explain it if you can." But before he was aware of it the preacher caught hold of him by the hand and brought him to the light and facing him said, amid silence. "This is not my book. I have not come to explain it. I feel inclined to tear it in pieces. But you, sir, have interrupted me and challenged me to argument upon this book, I accept the challenge and am now ready to discuss its theology, grammar or anything else you choose. Let no man speak, let this man and me." To this the poet made no reply, but looked exceedingly uncomfortable. His friends perceiving his difficulty and evident distress cried out, "No! No! let him go, let him go, sir." But we insisted for some time that the argument should go on, at last seeing we prevailed nothing we said, "Well if this man dare not argue let him confess that he is defeated, and retire." There was no need for us to say this twice, for immediately, one man rushed in to the rescue and seizing the poet by the hand dragged him forth with the cry in which many of the people joined "Sir, we are defeated, we are defeated." Hearing this the headman of the village Punchait (counsel) became exceedingly enraged and by the use of blows and threats and vulgar language literally drove the people away. As we were about leaving we saw a group of 40 or 50 standing at a little distance to whom we went and spoke a few words, when they said, "Sir, that man had no right to drive us away. He is a felon who was convicted of forgery and sentenced to imprisonment and to pay a fine of Rs. 15." We promised them that we would come again on the following Monday evening.

Sunday, Nov. 27.—In the morning and afternoon we held service for our Christian people, and in the evening held a lighted service on "the village green" where we had an attentive congregation of about 80.

Monday morning, Nov. 28.—Pungianadu. This a large village about 5 miles to the east of Melnattam.
after we got there a little old man with a shrill voice began to inveigh against the English. "They were a cruel people, for had they not sent their soldiers and taken the Tanjore palace away from the Rajah. They had not had proper rains since the English came to the country and the railways which they had introduced had made everything very dear, &c." The old man appeared considerably relieved and pleased at having thus impeached the English. He seemed as if he had possessed these thoughts for a long time and was determined the first time he saw an English man just to let him know a "bit of his mind." But after all we had great causes to thank the old man, for he shouted so loud that the people came from all sides to see what was the matter and he succeeded in gathering us a congregation of nearly 125 most of whom remained and listened attentively to two addresses.

Monday evening.—Therumacottai. Here, accompanied by several Christians from Melnattam we came for another evening service, according to our promise. At first nobody "dare join himself to us" but after a little time some 15 or so came near. However all around us, within easy reach of the preacher's voice, groups of people were gathered, and amongst one group was the very man who the evening before had driven the people away. There must have been nearly 150 people thus gathered together and all remained very quiet. It may be that many of these came just to see if any people would venture near, but in order to ascertain this they themselves had to come within range of the preacher's voice and thus we had another opportunity of preaching the gospel to them.

Here we cannot help mentioning the special goodness and care of God shown to us in two instances this evening. The first was when going to the village. In driving down a narrow sandy lane the bandyman did not observe a little child about 12 months old—who was sitting in the middle of the road, I was riding my pony immediately behind the bandy, talking with the brethren inside and just as I reined on one side to go to the front, I saw this child under the bandy, the wheel of which was within about three inches of its little life. How it escaped we cannot imagine except through the special providence of God, but there it was unhurt, delivered from the bullocks and bandy and my pony. The second was at this village. After we alighted from the bandy it was drawn up by the side of the garden. As we
were about to get in to return home one of our Christians from Melnattam, whom we did not expect would come, and who came after we got there, told one of the friends just to see that the bandy wheels were all right as he knew the people of that village to be very wicked. The young man spoken to looked and found that some person or persons "of the baser sort" had taken the linch pin from the wheel on the side of the bandy next the garden. Had we started thus the consequences might have been serious. However, one of our people said he had a friend who lived about half a mile off and away he went to see if he could borrow a pin. While he was gone, we lit up again and spent the time—half an hour in singing Christian lyrics. A pin was procured and we came away safely. It so happened that the Native Minister had been speaking from Matt. xxviii. 19, 20 "Go ye therefore and teach.............and, lo, I am with you," &c. We could not help feeling and saying to one another that God had indeed been with us, and returning to Melnattam we all—some 15 in number—met in the chapel to praise and thank God for his special goodness to and presence with us.

Tuesday morning, Nov. 29.—Audami. Here we had an attentive congregation of about 60 persons.

Tuesday evening.—This our last evening we spent in a lighted service with our Christian people. We had a very good congregation amongst whom were 12 or 14 heathens. We had reason to indulge the hope that our people here are beginning to learn the lesson of self-help. They have been dependent for so many years, that it is no easy task to teach them this lesson of independence. There is, however, this to be said for them, they are for the most part poor, having to depend for their livelihood upon what they are able to grow upon their small plots of dry land. A day or two before we visited them we learned that they had upon an appeal from the catechist contributed 22 measures of cholam towards the church, and two days after our arrival there one of them sent a sheep to us as his contribution. As many of them had come to us lamenting that their crops were dying for want of rain, our Native Minister at the Sunday morning service tried to show them how that God would bless them in temporal things if they honored him with their substance, as indicated in Malachi, iii. 7—12 which he expounded. This struck several of them and they resolved to do what they could and appointed one of their
A Fortnight's Preaching in the Mysore.

number as steward to collect their contributions of grain, &c. At the Tuesday evening meeting the same subject was dwelt upon. The next morning we had arranged to leave at 5 o'clock for Manargudi, but the rain (which had fallen all through the night) was so heavy that we were detained until nearly 10 o'clock. Several of our members accompanied us part of the way, and some said, "Oh, sir, this rain is golden, God's word is true, and we will give what we can to his cause." We reached home at about 2-30 on Wednesday afternoon the 30th, thankful for all God's goodness to us and feeling that his blessing had in some measure at least been given to our labour.

T. F. N.

A FORTNIGHT'S PREACHING IN THE MYSORE.

I was unable to visit the annual Parish at Sibi, 15 miles from Tumkur where several thousands of people assemble, but the Native Minister and catechist went, attended by some of the orphanage boys, and remained for five days preaching and selling Gospels and Tracts. On Monday afternoon, February 13th, we went to Hetenhilli a village about five miles from Tumkur. My endeavours to find out why the goddess of this place is so much honoured were vain. None of the devotees were able to enlighten me. They only seemed sure of one thing, viz., that although it was desirable to propitiate her by a visit at the annual gathering she was by no means to be relied on in times of difficulty and trouble. After getting the tent pitched we wished to commence work at once but the din of the tom-toms and conchs was so deafening that we found it of no use trying to speak, so we waited until the noise had subsided when we commenced a bhajane which speedily caused the people to assemble. We then commenced preaching and continued until about 10-15 when we felt ready for bed. The people listened with much attention, only one man (a Brahman from Bangalore) interrupted us with the old and oft repeated argument "Your way for you, ours for us," but on inviting him to come to the front and address the people he declined. As soon as the sun rose in the morning we recommenced our work and continued until the heat compelled us to return home. A great crowd gathered and we had the joy of telling people from all the neighbouring villages the glad
news of salvation. Our friend, who interrupted us the previous night, again made his appearance, this time, however, not to interrupt but to sit with the rest listening apparently attentively to the, to him, strange tidings of Christ crucified.

The next evening, Wednesday, saw the catechist and myself en route for Nandy to visit the great Parishe where often as many as forty or fifty thousand people assemble for worship and trade, for invariably in this country the two go hand in hand. We reached Dobbs’ Pett at night and early the next morning went to the town for preaching. A considerable crowd gathered who listened patiently to all we had to say. Towards the close a Brahman, fluent in speech but not well versed in his own sacred books, attempted to turn the people’s attention from what they had heard. He was only silenced by my inviting him to tell the people why it is that no temples are found in the land for the worship of Brahma. This had the desired effect of silencing him and of recalling the people’s minds to the words we had been speaking. A visit to the Hobli School finished our morning’s work. In a blazing sun we left Dobbs’ Pett in the afternoon and about dusk arrived at Chikka Bellamangala. It was too late to do much that day but early in the morning we preached Christ to the crowd who flocked out of the village. I have never seen people more attentive and interested than these. They bought books of the Colporteur and during the preaching when we attempted to show the greatness of the love of Jesus in dying for us several were manifestly touched. When we left the village they crowded round to take farewell and even after we had proceeded some distance on our way we were stopped by the loud shouts of some who wished to buy more books. Surely we may hope that such ready listeners will not have heard in vain!

It was dark before we reached Nandy, for dusk came on as we were ascending the Ghaut and our progress was necessarily slow. On arriving at Nandy we were welcomed by our friend, the Rev. E. P. Rice of the London Mission, and also by the Rev. S. E. Symons who had come out from Bangalore to see the Parishe before his departure for England the next month. We encamped in a tope near the Parishe yet distant enough to be out of the reach of all the din and noise common to such occasions. The tope had the further advantage of adjoining the road along which
the pilgrims journeyed on their way to the temple of Nandishwara at the top of the hill, so that at all hours of the day visitors were coming for conversation. Our congregations in the festival were as a rule large and attentive, the preaching being often followed by conversations started sometimes from a real desire to know the truth, sometimes from a simple desire on the part of some to show the people their ability as controversialists. People from all parts of the country heard the Word of Life, many of them we believe returned to think in their villages more deeply over the glad news of salvation through the Parama Guru Jesus Christ. The Parish was attended by many thousands, whilst 'a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, and withered' were waiting as in days of old, not perhaps from any hope of permanent benefit, but with eyes anxiously fixed on the passers-by and with voices pitiously imploring the means whereby they might nourish their diseased and pain-stricken bodies. Many too were found evidently bent on making the best of both worlds, anxious for the alms of the passers-by but not forgetful of the Punya which would procure them an easy entrance into Swarga. Such were men lying on thorns, others rolling in the day in the burning sand, some with shoes pierced with nails, some with irons thrust through both cheeks and others too numerous to mention. Let us hope that some of these will remember what they heard of the loving Physician who has medicine not only for the diseased body but healing virtue for the sinful soul. There is something infinitely saddening in the sight of such large multitudes following blindly, with unquestioning obedience, in the wake of priests scarcely more enlightened than themselves, and yet there were incidents which irresistibly excited mirth. For instance, one day in the crowd a man asserted that he was God so the catechists invited him to come to the tents. He came attended by some of his friends, on the way some one enquired "Appa, who is your house god," to which another replied "Oh, there is no need of a god in his house. He is the god and the wife and children must worship him." On his arrival in the tope he said that he was tired but some one hinted that that must be impossible since God could not be wearied. He then asked angrily why they had called him so far, but they replied that if he was god he must known everything and therefore did not need to ask why they had called him. This was too much for him and he went off at last in great indignation.
Several Sastris learned in Sanscrit came with their disciples to our camp, and with these we had long and earnest conversations not always satisfactory, since some seemed rather anxious to show their skill in argument than to learn the truth. It seemed very difficult to get them to a right understanding of the true nature of sin but most of them seemed to see their need of a Mediator performing the very work which Christ has accomplished, and not one of them was able to show from their own Vedas or Shastras one who could meet all the wants of the soul. It may be that a conviction of the unreliableness of their own systems will lead them to turn with weary hearts and childlike faith to the Saviour incarnate for all.

Before leaving Nandy we visited the famous fort wrested by the English from Tippoo Sultan's Commander Ali Beg in 1791. The precipice is shown where Tippoo is said to have thrown over the English prisoners; a terrible place indeed, but one would judge that the wretched victims must have died before they reached the cruel stones lying at the foot. We also visited the little cemetery (which I am glad to say has been recently cleaned and repaired) which is sacred to the memory of the officers and soldiers who died there during the years when an English regiment was quartered in that neighbourhood. This and the ruins of a few Bungalows formerly occupied by officers are the only things that remind us of those troublous days.

On Wednesday morning (22nd) I left for Chikka Ballapur spending the heat of the day with our kind friend Captain Price of the Revenue Survey. We reached Manchenhalli at night. Two of the men with me were Native Christians from Badachaudanahalli, and formerly before their conversion they had been in the habit of visiting a village near Manchenhalli called Minikanakuraki, a great centre for all the Pantheists of the neighbourhood. There is a hill near on which two temples were built by the late priest Kumbara Kondappa for the worship of Kumbeshwara and Maheshwari. On his death he was buried on the hill in a tomb prepared by himself, and now divine honour is paid to him daily. The present-priest is Bangalore Nagappa, a Telugu Banajiga. Our two converts were very anxious to visit this place and tell the people about Jesus, so on Thursday morning we went there, preached to the people and afterwards paid a visit to the hill where we saw the Pujari Nagappa. We tried to enter into conversation with him.
but he excused himself by saying he was not able to converse with a Sahib. We spoke a little about the true Guru Jesus but could not get a word in reply, perhaps, as some suggested, because he knew how utterly untrustworthy were the foundations on which he had built. I was told that the conduct of the people during the festivals is such as passes all description. We returned about 10-30 and early in the afternoon went into Manchenhalli to preach but, the heat was so intense that few people were visible and we had to leave after speaking to the few who gathered round us in the school house. At 4 o'clock we left for a cross-country journey, and truly such a track it has rarely been my lot to meet with. We crossed about seven streams some of them of considerable width with deep sandy beds in which the wheels of the bandies got imbedded again and again. Twice one of the bandies was upset and all the saman had to be taken out and repacked, and it was past midnight before we reached our destination, a good sized village called Gaddari.

On arrival we found to our dismay that the bandy sent off two hours before we left, containing tent and food, was nowhere to be seen; all the villagers were asleep and I had to lie down in the bandy dinnerless and cold whilst the boys and catechist found refuge in a choultry close by. I may say here that the country people deceived us with the idea that it was about 9 miles from Manchenhalli to Gaddari. If so it was the longest 9 miles I ever traversed, taking up 8½ hours, slow even for Indian bulls! Fortunately at 11 o'clock, the next morning the missing bandy turned up. The people of the village were very friendly, and the Shanbog did all he could for our comfort. In the afternoon we visited a neighbouring village. The chief speaker there was an intelligent weaver named Krishnappa. Most of the people were Pantheists and either could not or would not say anything about their own opinions. At dusk we returned to Gaddari and sitting in the choultry we soon had a congregation which I think comprised all or nearly all the male adults of the place. It was a great joy to see them sitting round quiet and attentive, and a great pleasure to our two converts Deradasa and Vedamitra because many of their own relatives were amongst the audience. We were able to show them the whole plan of salvation, God's requirements, man's sin, the need of a Saviour, and then the incarnation of Jesus with His ability and willingness to save
one and all. They listened well and we afterwards dis­
tributed many handbills. At night too, in the bright moon­
light, I heard the catechists singing in the village where
they had gone to lie down, and telling still of the love of
Jesus. Surely good will result, we have every right to
believe so.

The next morning (Saturday, the 25th) we were up at
day-break and off as soon as the tent was struck. We went
about five miles and reached Hosur at 9-30, a large town
containing (the Gazetteer says) 5,000 inhabitants, but the
place appears to have suffered much in the famine and has
that dilapidated dirty appearance which towns at a distance
from any high road often have. I had heard an unfavour­
able report of the attitude of the people from a missionary
who had visited the place and was therefore prepared for
the worst. However, we went on in simple trust in God,
believing in the promise of His presence. We stopped in
one of the streets to buy something, and soon a great crowd
gathered. This gave us the very opportunity we longed
for and I began by telling them of the merchandize I had
for sale without money and without price. There were
many Brahmans in the crowd but they heard to the end and
although they then began a great deal of senseless and use­
less argument, I felt thankful they had all heard and under­
stood the message. I afterwards went to the choultry where
at the request of some of the chief Brahmans I sat down.
My time was short and I felt it was of no use to allow it to
be wasted so I began at once. I insisted on the necessity
of the worship of the one true God and hence the folly of
idolatry to which they assented. I then endeavoured to
show them man’s sin and his need of a Priest who must be
both Divine and sinless. To this they also assented. I
then told them that there was only one such Guru, Jesus,
and that tried in whatever way they liked his character
would stand the test. They had nothing to advance in
opposition to this and asking them think over what they had
heard, I bade them adieu. A large crowd followed us asking
for handbills and a few bought tracts, so perhaps after all
our work may not be in vain. I should imagine that most
of the people of this place are rich, hence perhaps their
spiritual pride. “How hardly shall they that have riches
enter into the kingdom of God!”

Our bandies had gone on, so at 11-30, we left Hosur and
hurried on to Kurudi where we got breakfast and rested for
Our Soldiers.

an hour or two. The catechists went into the village, which is small, and preached to the people whom they could get together. I found a young Brahman in this village who was reading in our High School at Mysore when I was there four years ago. He was very pleased to see me and I was delighted to have an opportunity of urging one of our own boys to think about Divine things and ask God to help him in reading the Bible. We left at 4 o'clock and reached Badachandanahalli at sunset. We had just time to get the tents pitched before dark. We have a little Chapel in this place and a few Christians, and it was very pleasant to find ourselves 'at home' after so much knocking about. We all thoroughly enjoyed the day of rest and gladness. On Monday morning we visited Belya, a village where there is a Brahman Shekdar, a most intelligent man who reads his Bible and I believe desires to know the truth. After preaching to the people we sat in the verandah of his house and conversed with the Brahmans who were present. In the evening we had a meeting for prayer and it was touching to hear those who were so recently heathen themselves pleading for their heathen neighbours. The next morning we left for Madgiri where there is a famous Droog and Fort. On the way we called at a village which lies by the roadside but found the people utterly ignorant of even the name of Jesus. In the afternoon we went into the town and soon had a good congregation of attentive listeners. I had intended to extend our tour for some days longer but a messenger arrived at night bringing tidings of sickness from home and I had to return as quickly as possible. We leave our work in God's hands. 'Neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth: but God that giveth the increase.' May He bless abundantly all that has been done in His name!

G. W. S.

OUR SOLDIERS.

II.—Difficulties of Army Work.

To those who have engaged in Evangelistic work among the military the difficulties of such work are probably as familiar as is the necessity for it. But to others, who are only spectators, however sympathizing they may be, it must seem strange that the actual progress made year by year is so small as to be scarcely discernible and the numerical
Our Soldiers.

gain if any, is exceedingly scanty. Indeed in our own Connexion, the statistics, as published, certainly do not show an increase either in the number of declared Wesleyans or of Church Members during the last few years. This is doubtless owing largely to the lack of complete returns, but we fear not to that cause alone. For even in Great Britain where every facility is afforded for collecting numbers and where the past year was one of marked prosperity and increase generally, there is reported from the army a considerable decrease in the number of declared Wesleyans and a slight decrease in the number of members of society. What special circumstances may be referred to, as to some extent accounting for this, is a question which probably could only be answered by each Chaplain for his respective station. If it be said that other churches are becoming increasingly active in Army Work we do not dispute the statement, but we do not deem the difficulty lessened. The prosperity of others will not explain our weakness or failure. Their earnestness, their influence, should rather aid than hinder our work. Where the field is so large there need be little jealousy, and where to “change religion” is formal and somewhat difficult matter, one should at least be able to retain our own adherents. Our agents are not fewer than formerly, our instrumentalities are not less efficient, our modus operandi is unaltered, why then does not our army work succeed? To attempt a positive answer would be more than presumption on the part of the present writer. Yet as one who feels keenly for the soldier, as one who again and again has been disappointed in those who had “no root in themselves,” he would venture to mention some of those circumstances and associations which present themselves to his own mind as constituting the soldier’s greatest temptations and consequently the chief hindrances to religious work in the army.

To a very large extent the difficulties are the same in all places. The temptations to which a soldier is most commonly subject are not due to the associations of any particular cantonment so much as they are the universal, if not, inevitable, outcome of army life. The men of a regiment stationed abroad may be said to be liable to special temptations arising from the fact that they are entirely separated from family and friends, and consequently, are freed from the restraints of home. No doubt there is a great deal of truth and weight in this. But we are inclined to think it is
only a very small factor in the solution of our problem respecting the unsatisfactoriness of army work. As a rule the soldier even in England is almost entirely cut off from family and friends. Frequently this is so of his own choice. Men do not often choose to enlist in a regiment stationed in the immediate neighbourhood of their own homes. English lads do not regard the life of a private soldier as such a desirable or honourable one that they will avoid it as their choice before their own kinsfolk. Generally the contrary is the case. When a lad becomes a soldier he forsakes his home. Even if he does not do so of choice yet the very character, duties, and discipline of his profession will prevent him from making home as frequent a resort as formerly, and will in no small degree separate him from home-folk. There is, however, undoubtedly, some amount of restraint upon him so long as he feels that he is where he may easily be known and where every misdemeanour will be likely to come to the ears of his friends. Let this restraint or fear be removed, let him be stationed in India or the Colonies, and unless he know by experience the restraining grace of God it is almost idle to hope that moral rectitude will be preserved.

To this lack of moral restraint there must be added the check to religious impulse which a life so public as that of the barrack-room invariably affords, together with the attractiveness of frivolous, gay and ungodly companionships. Only the man who has felt something of the almost immeasurable force of these can understand the very beginning of a soldier's religious difficulties. Look at his circumstances. He enlists as a thoughtless youth often in haste and rashness, and not unfrequently as a runaway from home. Perhaps he has got into trouble, perhaps he has quarrelled with his relations or employers, perhaps he has tried to learn a business which he could not bring his mind to harmonize with, perhaps he has been guilty of some crime or folly or perhaps he is simply wayward and wilful and has become enamoured of a gay coat and a gun. It matters little what may be his motive: he enlists. But the novelty of the thing has not yet worn away when he discovers that he is alone, and lonely. Alone, as he had never been before. Away from all whom he loves. In the midst of a crowd and a clamour—but alone. The dreary drudgery of daily drill at first he dreads, and deems it drudgery indeed. The other hours less occupied are scarcely less irksome. There is
no attraction for him in the barracks. There are no associations for him without. He feels himself isolated. Imagine a lad, who has been tenderly and religiously brought up, in such circumstances. Nay, imagine any lad, who has known anything of home and social joys, thus cast upon himself and the world. Is it a wonder that he is particularly susceptible to any apparently friendly approach and easily led astray by the alluring wiles of those who are farther advanced in the ways of the world? A lady (Eva Travers) whose father and grandfather were both military men, recently said with equal truth and force:—"It has often seemed to me that there has been a great gulf fixed between the soldiers and the Gospel. The soldier taken away from home and all the sweet influences and endearments of the social circle and of social ties, often feels himself alone; and when he would seek society he is unacquainted with the character of those into whose company he goes. He has no one to stand by him as his friend." That this is a true statement of the case none who has talked freely with soldiers can doubt. It has been proved in the experience of many a lad whose loneliness has been taken advantage of by false friends in such a fashion as to result in the youth's utter ruin. The evil influence of barrack-life is two-fold. It is negative and positive. It restrains a man from good. It draws him to evil. The story in both chapters "is a tale that is told." The sinner's enticing and the scoffer's jeering are themes at least as old as the writings of Solomon. But nowhere is their force more keenly felt than in the barrack-room. And at no time probably were these adverse agencies more powerfully operative than now. In society generally, religion was perhaps never so much "in fashion" now. But among soldiers it is not so. History does not show that Military life has been less reckless or godless or in any way better in the past than it is now. Yet we are far from thinking that religion is becoming "fashionable" in the army. The reverse is the case. Indeed it requires more than mere moral courage or human bravery to enable a converted man to retain his religion in spite of separation from home and friends, and consequent lack of moral restraint; in spite of the seductive arts of a company of irreligious, pleasure-loving comrades, in spite of an overwhelming tide of adverse public opinion and a very tornado of opposition accompanied most likely with insult and perhaps with blasphemy. Conversion under such circum-
stances is only not impossible as "to God all things are possible." Yet there are some conversions, sound, real, and lasting, even sometimes in the most godless regiments. Over such we do well to rejoice. And with such cases as those of Saul of Tarsus and the Calvary Thief before us who dare despair of our soldiers being saved? We dare not. But humanly speaking it is not wonderful the earnestly religious men among them are so few.

Moreover it must not be forgotten that too often the godless example of officers is very largely productive of evil amongst the men. The influence of a pious officer has often been the subject of remark. Take for instance the following—"When Havelock was a candidate for the Adjutancy of his regiment and his candidature was much opposed, a return was ordered of the offences committed and the punishments inflicted, in the several companies, and it was found that his men were the most sober and the best behaved in the regiment."*

Now if such be the influence of a Christian officer, is it to be supposed that a man of the world, an irreligious man, a man of loose morality in the same rank, lives to himself alone and does not influence his men in the wrong direction? Every soldier knows it cannot be. Ungodly officers—thoughtless, extravagant, reckless, immoral officers—mean ungodly men.

It is at least reasonable to believe that an evil in itself attractive, becomes increasingly seductive to a soldier in proportion as it is indulged in by his superiors. This is notably true in respect of such sins as lying, swearing, drunkenness and licentiousness. The two former of these, formidable enough in themselves, are yet not generally serious obstacles when the grace of God begins to work in a man's heart. They give way before the truth. The latter are perhaps the greatest difficulties we have to contend with. Intoxicating drink is the great bane of the soldier. It is his temptation under all circumstances. The use of it is his stimulus to duty, his employment in leisure, his comfort in trouble, the expression of his gladness, the token of his sympathy, the pledge of his friendship. It is his beverage, his cordial, his medicine, his food. It meets him at every turn of his life. Government provides it as part of his rations. Comrades offer it, and expect it to be

* The Temperance Reformation and its claims upon the Christian Church.—Rev. Jas. Smith, M.A.
Our Soldiers.

offered. It is the first proof of hospitality on the part of civilians—custom requires it and a corrupt appetite demands it. Nor is it the drink itself only but what the drink leads to, that ruins the soldier. There is no lack of evidence to prove that intemperance is the chief cause of crime in the army. Perhaps no testimony will be more weighty just now than that of Sir Garnet Wolseley, who says:—

"About ninety per cent. of the crime in our Army is owing to drunkenness, and when our men are removed from the temptation of intoxicating liquor, crime is practically unknown among them. During the operations I conducted in South America in 1879 my own personal escort was composed almost exclusively of teetotallers. They had very hard work to do, but grumbling was never heard from them, and a better behaved set of men I was never assisted by, a fact which I attributed to their being almost all total abstainers."

—To such testimony there is nothing to add. Drink is the devil's readiest weapon. Within the last few weeks we have ourselves seen men overcome by this who just before had been, as we thought, hopefully converted to God. We have seen soldiers sorrowing for sin, and seeking the Saviour, have heard them testify to their conversion in our class-meetings, and pray in our prayer meetings, and within a week have known the same men as the helpless victims of this accursed thing. A greater hindrance to the spread of religion than the drinking habits of our soldiers, can scarcely be conceived.

But all this is in close connection with that even darker shade of immorality to which we have already alluded. The law which delays the soldier's marriage until comparatively late may be from a political standpoint a necessary one, but from a moral standpoint it is an exceedingly dangerous one. When along with this there are taken into consideration those acts which constitute state regulation of vice, it is little to be wondered at that so many soldiers fall into sins which bind them faster and faster as the years go by. O! little do those good people who have been brought up under the sheltering influences of a godly parentage and a Christian home dream how hard it is for a soldier to be upright, moral and pure. Little do they know of the binding power of the thousand forces that unite to drag him downward. Little do they think how often in the bitterness of miserable remorse he pauses a moment to say in his soul "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me

* Extract from a letter in answer to an invitation to attend a Temperance Demonstration.
from the body of this death?" and then not waiting for the answer, with the impatience of despair, throws himself back again into his old sins. Little wonder is it that in reference to this sanctioned evil a Christian pastor* writes such burning words as these:

"To facilitate sin is surely to commit sin, and to have a share of responsibility in the innumerable infamies that cluster round the one central infamy of legalized lewdness. What will, what can, young men think of such teachings as press upon them the duty and the beauty of purity, when impurity is sanctioned, provided for—not to say patronized and patented—by law?"

Turning from these sickening thoughts we might at least expect that the Gospel would be welcome by those of the men who are married and have their own quarters. We naturally look for encouragement and help from the women. And in a few cases it is accorded right heartily. But they are few. In many instances we have noticed with pain that the soldiers’ wives are, if possible, less seriously inclined than their husbands. On this point the experience of the Rev. W. Burgess of Secunderabad exactly tallies with our own. "The women have proved much harder to move than the men, and though it would scarcely be thought that the fear of being considered ‘religious’ would operate so powerfully with the women who live in their own quarters as with the men in the open barrack-room, yet the fact remains that we have found it an almost insuperable barrier to success."†

Yet "is anything too hard for the Lord?" By the strength of grace all these obstacles may be overcome, and the soldier notwithstanding his many difficulties may "know the God of his fathers, and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind." His religious life must, however, be a continuous struggle. And one thing we must not fail to mention as accounting largely for the falling away of those who have thus begun to serve God and for the prolonged indecision of others, the frequent removals to which a soldier is subject, constitute a most formidable hindrance in the way of permanent success. A man comes under the influence of the truth, is converted, and joins the church. When he has yet newly done so, and while his pastor is yet urging him to establish his heart in the faith, he is ordered away to a new station where he has none of

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† Résumé of a year’s work in Secunderabad and Chudderghaut in connection with the Wesleyan Missionary Society, 1880.
these privileges, and the influences that surround him are of a very different character. Another one is impressed, convinced, penitent, and while he is yet enquiring after God he is suddenly removed from these holy influences. The natural tendency of such removals is to produce a love of change which may manifest itself religiously as well as otherwise. But the most serious consequence is the lack of appropriate means of grace which is often thereby involved. From Chakrata (which we find to be a hill station on the Himalayas) Paymaster Sergeant Richmond of the 1st Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers recently wrote to the Rev. R. W. Allen of Aldershot:—

"Of course, the long march, with not a single service for Divine worship the whole distance, marching on Sundays and week-days alike, caused some of my class to fall away, but a number of them still hold good.

As we have no chaplain here, the duty of conducting morning parade service every Sunday falls upon your old acquaintance, who took lessons in teaching in your Sunday-school at Aldershot. I now feel the benefit of the Aldershot training; my experience there gave me ideas of dealing with men and things that I think I could not have learned under any other circumstances. But I feel a great want of books. We have no means of getting them without sending home or to Bombay. The last-named place is 1,300 miles away. All the books I have are the Bible my lads gave me at Aldershot, a Concordance, two volumes of Wesley's Sermons, and a work on Genesis and Exodus. But I am happy in the fact that "if any man lack wisdom God giveth liberally and upbraideth not."

This letter speaks for itself. It proves more powerfully than any mere argument could do, how great are the disadvantages under which our soldiers strive to serve God.

As an instance of losses by removals, take the case of the Cantonment of Bangalore for the year just closed. Early in the year the 14th Hussars were ordered to South Africa and almost all the time since the men have been in an unsettled state, either on march or at sea. The 67th Foot, which returned a year ago from Afghanistan is now leaving us for Cannanore where there is no Wesleyan Chaplain. The B. Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery returns to England. Thus our membership amongst the military must inevitably fluctuate and the men who sincerely desire to be faithful to God must grapple with enormous difficulties, must maintain their fidelity under the greatest disadvantages.

Yet the work is not altogether and always discouraging. It has its bright side. At some future time we may perhaps get a peep at it.

W. H. J. P.
SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE TIMES OF THE RIG VEDA.

By the Rev. W. O. Simpson.

I need not remind you that the oldest religious books of the Hindus are the four Vedas; amongst these the Rig Veda is allowed to have the priority in point of time and the precedence in point of authority, for the other Vedas quote it very largely as a work of acknowledged authority before their time.

To this Rig Veda we turn to-night for history. It is a book of verse; consisting of hymns chanted by Rishis in the homes of the early Hindus, handed down by word of mouth, and finally collected by Veda Vyāsa.

I have gone carefully over more than 240 hymns, picking out every reference to the constitution of Civil Society amongst the early Hindus, to their dwellings and dress, their employments and pursuits. History thus constructed must of course be very incomplete; yet it affords some light to guide us back through many ages, into the presence of the men from whom the men of to-day have sprung.

Yet I am bound to warn you against the impression that these investigations are complete. The hymns, which have been examined through Professor Wilson's Translation, form only a portion of the Rig Veda. Other portions have been translated with which I am not acquainted; but I have the best authority for saying that they add little to the information contained in the previous parts and furnish no contradiction to it.

Oriental scholars, for reasons which I need not detail here, have fixed the date of the collection of the Vedas, at about twelve or fourteen centuries before Christ, or more than three thousand years ago. Moreover, for some centuries before their reduction to writing, the Vedic hymns had been in existence as oral liturgies handed down from generation to generation; so that the Rig Veda really represents a state of society existing from three thousand to three thousand five hundred years ago. To realize this astonishing antiquity, let us look at the position of some nations of the ancient world at the time referred to. Turning to the Old Testament Scriptures, we find that the Jews, themselves a nation of shepherds, were threading their way through the wilderness to the land of Canaan under the leadership of Moses. Egypt on the banks of the Nile, Babylon and Assyria by the shores of the Tigris and Euphrates, were
already rising into mighty monarchies. The Greeks were still without an alphabet, and some hundreds of years were to transpire ere their fleets would sail for Troy. All beyond, through the lands most famous in modern history, Italy, Spain, Austria, Germany, France and Britain, is involved in shadow; the eye catches occasionally the forms of savage and unclad men walking through primeval forests, over untilled fields.

There is evidence enough in the Veda itself to fix the habitat of the early Aryan Settlers. The Indus was their principal river; they deified it and invoked its blessing. "May Sindhu, the renowned, bestower of wealth, hear us, fertilising our broad fields with water." Besides the Indus, the Sarsuti or Saraswati, the Beas, Sutlej and Jhallum, have all been identified with rivers spoken of frequently in the Rig Veda:—the Jumna and Gomati are mentioned in the later hymns, suggesting that the original settlers had extended themselves eastward, whilst in the very last book we come upon the Ganga or Ganges and that only once. The Punjab then may be regarded as the home of the Aryan race at the time of the Vedic Hymns. But they were immigrants from a more northern clime; they brought with them the grand religious rite of the parent stock, the sacrifice of the horse: they were distinguished from their swarthy neighbours by pale complexions, telling of colder climes; dwelling in torrid heat, they preserved the traditions of their ancestral homes and told off time by winters! Lastly, they had to fight for every foot of ground they gained! they advanced, as the tribes less civilized than themselves and therefore less powerful, were subdued. They occupied a position similar to the Pilgrim Fathers in America or the first British settlers in New Zealand or Australia. Whence came they? Their title contains their genealogy. They were Aryans. Old Greek Geographers; the modern tern, only slightly changed; very ancient monuments now being found to speak after a silence of long ages, indicate the mother country of the settlers on the Indus. It was the Ariana of the Greeks, the Iran of modern maps.

"There was a time," says Max Müller, "when the ancestors of the Celts, the Germans, the Slavonians, the Greeks and Italians, the Persians and Hindus were living together within the same fences." "The Hindu was the last to leave this common home; he saw his brothers all depart towards the setting sun and then turning towards the south and the east, he started alone in search of a new world."

(To be Continued.)
We extract the following, from the recently published report of our work at Secunderabad;

"Besides attending to the wants of our own people, we have regularly proclaimed the glad tidings of the Gospel in the streets of Secunderabad and in the Market Square of Chudderghaut. Occasionally we have met with rude opposition and dogged objection. Generally this has arisen from sundry rude Mahommedans who have pushed their way into the crowd. As a rule the Telugus have listened to our proclamations of the Gospel with attention and interest. We have striven to keep clear of street discussions, urging those who were desirous of further inquiry to repair with us to the quietude of our homes for that purpose.

The "Bhajana" held weekly in our school-chapel in Chudderghaut has not been so successful this year as last. This has been chiefly owing to the fact that the musical instruments failed us. The leading drum was not forthcoming, and this led to the collapse of the others. We intend buying a tom-tom now that we have among us one who is skilled in the manipulation of it, and keeping it as our own property. This will render us independent of outside help. Tom-tom and violin again installed, this unique service will, we doubt not, prosper. It has its attraction for the people, who not only appreciate the music, but listen very attentively when the great truths embodied in the native lyrics are explained and enforced.

An extended tour to Beder was made in the early part of the year with the special object of choosing centres of operation. We were invariably well received by the Hindus, and our message was frequently heard with gladness. We wish we could say the same as regards the Mahommedans we met. Save however Mootanghi, a village situated twenty-five miles to the north-west of Secunderabad, and peopled by respectable and fairly well-to-do cultivators of the Reddi caste, no place seemed to offer sufficient inducement to warrant our expending time and money in a second visit. On that line of march the Mahratta-speaking element is too large to offer a good field for purely Telugu work. Mootanghi is without doubt a favourable and inviting locality for mission operations. It is the centre of a cluster of villages all within easy walking distance. We have put the place on our working plan, and for the last nine months it
has been regularly visited by us. We have gained the sympathy and goodwill of the headman of the village, and we intend before very long opening a school and placing a Christian teacher in charge. Several other villages have been visited by us weekly, and in one, Kookutlapully, six miles from our nearest centre, we have stationed an agent. He keeps a day-school for the children and spends all his spare time in house-to-house visitation. One man, the first-fruits, has recently been baptized. Others are under instruction. We have put up, or rather, assisted the villagers to put up a room which is now used as a school during the week, and a meeting place for Christian worship on Sundays. The walls are of mud, and the roof is of thatch. Our share consisted in making a grant of Rs. 15 for the wood in the roof. The labour as well as the walls was given by the people themselves. In like manner the villagers are helping in the erection of a small house for the catechist dwelling among them. So far he has been living alone, first in one house and then in another. His wife and children have now joined him, and for their accommodation we are building. We are largely helped in this branch of our work by J. P. Fiddian, Esq., C. S. Were it not for his liberality, our village extension would be at a standstill. Two agents are entirely kept by him."

Bangalore, Presentation to Mrs. Symons,—On Saturday, the 25th February, a number of Mrs. Symons' friends waited upon her at the Wesleyan Mission House, for the purpose of expressing their heart-felt gratitude for the long and excellent service she has rendered in the cause of religion, and to present her with a neatly worked basket full of rupees. The company having assembled, the Rev. E. R. Eslick delivered an address as follows:—

My dear Mrs. Symons,—By the ladies you have now greeted I have been placed in a position, at once delicate and difficult, but the position is one that confers upon me such a high honor, that I have ventured to accept it. You will have observed that the ladies and young people present are members of the Society-class which you have led for some years past, together with others you have known and visited during an equally lengthy period. I am asked to make known their feelings with regard to yourself, and your now early departure from among them; and I do so with much diffidence, because I feel certain that no words I can command will do justice to the thoughts and affection I
have to interpret. These friends are grateful to God for having sent you to live amongst them for so many years. It is not often that a Wesleyan Methodist Minister is permitted to remain 14 or 15 or more years in one place, but that has been the case with Mr. Symons and yourself; and I know you regard it as an exceptional advantage, and, in the estimation of your lady friends present, you have availed yourself of this advantage in an exceptional manner. I will not distress you (as I know I should) by enlarging upon the excellencies which have marked your life and work in Bangalore; but, in order to fulfil my present undertaking, I must enumerate some of them. 1st. The care you have taken to regularly and punctually attend all the means of grace—thereby setting an example worthy of your profession and position. 2nd. The readiness you have uniformly displayed in advising and assisting. 3rd. The impartial interest you have taken in the welfare of all, by visiting them, in sickness and in health, and engaging in private devotional exercises, as opportunity occurred or need required. But it is in the class meeting that you have wrought most effectively, and as class leader you will be remembered and loved by the members. Your prayers and advices there brought light to some who were in darkness, joy to others who were in heaviness and despondency; and often, as the weekly meetings have progressed, members have been led to holy resolution and quickened spiritual life. These are not mere sentiments of my coining. They are the facts which have attended your life and labour amongst us, and it is with gratitude to God that we have thus spoken of the grace which is in you. But I will not longer dwell upon this subject, although the temptation to enlarge is great. Your departure is regarded as a distinct loss, and will be regretted as such. You will often think of your friends here. They will as often think of you, and in the separation so soon to be effected, you and they will recall, with comfort, the lines written by H. Stowell, and in our Hymn Book,

“There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.”

Your friends hope that your voyage home will be pleasant and safe; that in your native country you may find the rest and physical benefit you need; and should you be able
to return and resume your work of faith and labour of love, they will abundantly thank God, and affectionately welcome you. In conclusion, I am desired to ask Miss Nancy Farmer to present you with a basket and contents, and to beg that you will accept it, not as indicating the extent of your friend's affection, but as a slight recognition of the long and faithful and valuable service by which you have so much enriched them.

Miss Nancy Farmer having made the presentation, Mrs. Symons said she would ask Mr. Symons to thank her too kind friends, as she felt she could not adequately do so. She would, however, say to her friends that their present should purchase some things in England by which she would the more constantly bear them in mind; but she could not endorse the many kind words they had, through Mr. Eslick, uttered concerning herself and her work. The Rev. S. E. Symons in a very effective address thanked all for their very great kindness. He was glad to see how his dear wife's labour had been appreciated, labour that should not now be broken off, but for the imperative demands of health. They were going home to friends they loved dearly, but they none the less regretted the severance from those in Bangalore who made the place dear to them. It would indeed rejoice their hearts if, after a period of change and rest, they should be allowed to return to their work. But life and work were in God's hand.

The Rev. E. R. Eslick then engaged in prayer, and the proceedings closed.—Daily Post.

NOTES OF OTHER CHURCHES AND SOCIETIES.

—The Rev. Dr. Strachan is to be Bishop of Rangoon. We trust that his elevation may be accompanied by a growth of kindly feelings towards other denominations.
—The Rev. John Hay, L. M. S., Vizagapatam, on leaving for England was presented with an address, and a purse of Rs. 1,000. He has been engaged for upwards of forty years in Mission work, and hopes to return again to India in November to complete his great work of the Revision of the Telugu Bible, which is urgently needed by the Telugu people.
— Last month, the C. M. S. Mission Church lately erected in Lahore was opened by the Bishop. This Church which now bears the name of the Holy Trinity is situated in the suburb of Anarkali, close to the large and populous bazaar, which, though outside the walls of the city, is to all intents and purposes of continuation of one of the principal streets, and the most important mart of Lahore. It is for the reason that the majority of the Native Christians connected with the Church of England who have been gathered in Lahore live principally about Anarkali, and the site of the New Church was selected as the best obtainable in the rapidly-increasing neighbourhood, for their convenience.

The congregation, among whom formerly a native priest, and latterly a native Deacon, has been working, numbers some 200 souls, and consists chiefly of Government clerks and other officials, tradesmen, pensioners, &c.

The Bishop referred in his dedication sermon to the many changes of place which had been the lot of the worshippers, belonging to this Church: and inasmuch as these frequent changes have had an unfavourable effect on church attendance it is a matter for congratulation that at length a permanent centre for the work has been obtained.—I. Churchman.

—Government Chaplains in their dealings with Hindus appear so careful to observe "neutrality" that it is a pleasure to read the following:—

"The Rev. J. Mills Walker, M.A., Chaplain of Trinity Church, Bangalore, gave an address to educated Hindus at the Wesleyan Chapel, Chickmagalur, on Saturday evening last, the 25th. There were 33 native gentlemen present as well as 8 of the Christian community. The lecturer based his remarks on Ephesians ii. 8, 9, "For by grace are ye saved through faith: and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works lest any man should boast." He reminded his hearers of the necessity of listening to such words, because of sin. Connected with sin we have all its concomitants, namely, pain, suffering, death. All religions tell of sin, but Christianity tells us of a Saviour from sin. The lecturer quoted texts describing the state of our world and of the inhabitants thereof. He then spoke on Grace and Faith, and contrasted the simplicity of the Christian system with the works of non-Christians. He reminded his audience of the simple Gospel plan of salvation, and urged them to think and act. If, of course, they found their own
system could give them comfort, and pardon, and rest, then he said never to give it up, but if there was something wanting then he presented Christ and his work and death. If their sacred Scriptures had such words of comfort as St. Matt. xi. 28, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and St. John vi. 37, "All the Father giveth me shall come to me: and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out"—then they need not trouble themselves about Christianity, but if the opposite was the truth, then he urged them to accept the gift. He told them of the Christian’s God who was able to forgive and forget—Is. viii. 25: "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for my own sake, and will not remember thy sins,"—and concluded by quoting Is. xlv. 23: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: For I am God, and there is none else."

Mr. Trimalcchary, b.a., b.l., Sub-Judge, proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was seconded by the Mun-siff, Mr. Venket Row. The discourse was at once eloquent and scholarly, and remarkable for its impartiality. The attention paid by the audience was most striking, and the lecture seemed to be much appreciated by the non-Christian gentlemen present. Mr. Walker delivered an address in Shimog a also to about 50 educated Natives. It is hoped that the other visiting chaplains will do likewise.

—The Church Missionary Record has interesting extracts from Bishop Sargent’s journal, some of which we subjoin:—

October, Monday 28th.—Sarisedshipuram. At seven in the morning I had the Boarding School boys up for a short examination, and then the girls of the day school. This school is called “the Florence Monro School,” as it is partly supported by a lady friend in England, whose contribution supplies the children with clothing and a feast every six months. There were 25 children present, and there were 25 pretty red cloths of various lengths on the table, with 25 beaming faces looking at them. To give some importance to the gift, I told them about the kind donors in far off England, and then said I must ask them a few questions and hoped they would deserve the cloths by answering fairly. Then thinking they might be nervous by my questioning them, I told the Inspecting schoolmaster to catechise them. He began. Who was Abraham? The father of the Jewish people. From what country was he called? From Ur. Who accompanied him? His wife, with
Notes of other Churches and Societies.

Lot and his family [I asked who else? They did not remember Terah]. Did Abraham and Lot always continue together? No, they separated because their servants did not agree. Where did Lot go? To Sodom. By this time I saw that the eyes of the children were more on the cloths than on the examiner, and some of them began to look disappointed at the detention, fearful that if in their turn they failed to answer the question, they might lose the coveted reward. So I called them up one by one and put the pretty cloths into their hands, and with very smiling salaams they went home to exhibit their treasure. I have often been struck with the improvement manifest in the features of our native children after they have begun to learn in our schools, and especially in our Boarding Schools. The mind evidently affects the body, and certainly it must affect the character. You see it in the expressions of the face and the attitude and bearing of the child. Especially is this case with girls who are being educated in our Boarding Schools. What influence does the kind and consistent character of the Missionary's wife bear on these children! Fed with food convenient for them, well clad and trained to cleanly and regular habits, the moral and religious feelings exercised, children of very ordinary and even forbidding looks are turned into pleasing and attractive beings. I have sometimes thought that this contrast is owing among other things to the contrast of the beings which the heathen and the Christian children are respectively taught to worship. On the one hand, the heathen child is accustomed to the sight of a hideous looking idol, most frequently a child-devouring demon! This is the object of its worship, and the worship itself is essentially awful and disgusting. How can any human being rise above the object of its adoration? How can heathen children made familiar with such cruel objects ever wear a gentle, smiling and attractive face? On the other hand, Christian children abstracted from all such associations, and taught to know and love a kind and loving Saviour, who when on earth invited little children to him, "took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them," such children trained to feelings of gentleness and pious love, cannot but shew something of its influence in their deportment and in their very faces, the expression becomes sometimes angel-like, if not angelic. I have tried to fancy myself standing by and observing a family of heathen at their demon wor-
ship. I see a little girl looking wildly at the demon idol and at the coloured pictures drawn on the wall before her. She addresses the mother and says, "What is that figure and what mean ye by this service?" The mother replies, "See you not the goddess delighting in blood? The figure in her hands represents an infant whom she is devouring—we are careful for our child, and we desire to propitiate the goddess that she may spare our dear one. Here bow down and worship. May the life of this sheep or of this cock be accepted for your life, and so may the anger of the demon be appeased." And now if we might look in at a Christian family on Christmas day, and hear the dear little girl in the family group ask and say, "mother, we went to church and now we are having a feast. What mean ye by this service?" I think I hear the mother reply, "Anbai charity) you are old enough now to know that this is the day that the Saviour of the world was born at Bethlehem—this is the day that the angels sang that beautiful hymn which mistress was teaching you last week to sing, let me hear you repeat it, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." Yes, that is the hymn, and we should all rejoice, for the birth of Jesus is "glad tidings of great joy" to us and to all people. Jesus loves us and loves little children, and I wish you may learn to love Him." Surely children of any sense and feeling at all, must feel an influence within, arising from such training as shall tell in some measure upon their character and the expression of their countenance.

For several hours engaged in the business of the Church Council. Four Native Pastors and sixteen Laymen were present. In the evening there was Divine Service in the Church at which one of the Native Ministers preached, but it was a very formal discourse, and not calculated to stir up the congregation and the agents of the mission who were present.

In the evening went to Sivalarkulam, about half a mile to the east. This is the largest and most important village in this neighbourhood. Two years ago for the first time Christianity gained an entrance here. One family of shepherds put themselves under Christian instruction. Some months after that, two more joined, and about seven months ago above twenty families. So that now there are one hundred and twenty souls here who have renounced idolatry and join in Christian worship. I was long doubt-
ful whether considering the opposition and persecution to which they were exposed, they would remain steadfast, especially as I was told the women did not regularly attend worship with their husbands, but the men explained that this was owing to the lack of a proper place to meet in. The first thing that these people saw, on their numbers being so largely increased, was the large stock of straw belonging to the chief man among them on fire and some Rs. 30 or 40 property thus destroyed; next a charge of robbery was brought against one of them, and later on another charge of injury to property against some fifteen of them. But the evidence was so manifestly untrustworthy that the Sub-Magistrate threw the case out at once. Four months ago the Native Church Council allowed them Rs. 30 towards building a place of worship. They expended nearly Rs. 100 of their own, and built a place 36 feet by 15 with walls some 10 feet high, all beautifully neat and clean. They put up a temporary porch, tastefully filled with a canopy of cloth and with strings of flowers. The globes inside had been borrowed from Nallur. The room was soon filled to overflowing, for several had come from other villages, and not a few had to stand outside. The first part of the xxii chapter of St. Matthew was read as the second lesson, and on it I framed my sermon. I observed how in the person of the missionary who in times past occupied in the Nallur Station, the king's messengers had come to this village and invited them, but they had declined, now at length some had professed to accept the invitation. There are many in this province who come as it were to the door, look in, but never enter. You will say that you have come in and some of you have been baptized. Well, here is the feast before you. What would you say if sitting down you folded your arms and would not eat? “That would never do,” said a man sitting half way down. True our religion is a religion of the heart. What is the great feast which the Gospel sets before you? “Jesus” said some of the men, yes, Jesus the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. The heathen think it is enough to repeat “Hurri, Hurri;” or “Siva, Siva.” But it will not suffice to merely repeat the precious name of Jesus, you must take Him into your hearts, you must believe in Him, as the Saviour who has borne your sins, and from Him you must seek pardon and grace to be holy. This was the substance of my discourse. I have seldom
addressed a more attentive audience. I have so far entered into particulars that friends of our mission may know what our employment really is, when we go among these people and may as partners in our work cultivate a prayerful sympathy with us."

With reference to the recent visit and flourish of trumpets by Colonel Olcott the following paragraph from Bishop Sargent's Journal is interesting;—

"The even tenor of our Tinnevelly mission work was somewhat agitated last week by the visit to this Collectorate of the President of the Theosophical Society. The wildest rumours were set afloat among the Hindus that a European gentleman holding a very high political and social position had renounced Christianity and become a Hindu. Nay more had become a veritable Rishi of the Saivite philosophy and practice! I was curious to know how a gentleman of admitted English or American rectitude could possibly conform to the expectations of orthodox Hindus of the Saivite sect in Tinnevelly, who are idolators to the back-bone. I do not believe that any blame attaches to the President for the rumours that were thus set afloat regarding his preference of Hinduism. It was the work of native agents who thus thought to gain the populace over. The President seems to have been fairly outspoken when he publicly announced his preference for *Buddhism*, and spoke of Christians as being the common enemies of both. It was this antagonism to Christianity implied and expressed which drew so much sympathy towards him. For as a Hindu writer asserts, the Mahratta proverb herein holds good, "*The enemies of my enemies are my friends.*" Still I am glad to know there were some among the auditors who did not approve of the President's remarks about Christians and Christianity. One object that evidently lay at the President's heart, suggested doubtless by the Ceylon men, was quietly to do something which might be regarded as a peaceful accommodation between the Hindus and the Buddhists, after centuries of antagonism and alienation. This would have been a mighty result; but there was no hope of its being effected by open and *bona fide* acts. One might as well expect water and oil to commingle as to effect a real union between these two parties. But the innocently planting of a young cocoanut tree brought by Singalese from Ceylon, and the planting it in the temple yard of the Great Pagoda of Tinnevelly, would if accepted by the
Tinnevelly Brahmins as a token of reconciliation have been a great matter on which to rest an argument, and thus to prove the progress of the Theosophist Society. But the populace were not to be so easily imposed upon. They removed the plant from its original site and placed it elsewhere, and the whole temple yard had to be ceremonially purified of the contamination it had thus contracted by the intrusion of the foreigner. Had this apparent reconciliation really taken place, a new page would have to be added to the Madura Stala Purana, or a supplement to the 63 Tiruvilayadal, which represents 8,000 Sammals or Buddhists as having been impaled at Madura, when they were overcome in argument and suppressed by the Brahmins of that place. This impalement is supported by history, by tradition, and by a yearly commemoration of the same in pantomime. However much the mild Buddhist may therefore incline to reconciliation, we know it is the wrong doer that is the hardest to be gained over. Desirable however as such as a reconciliation might be, I see no sufficiently strong motive set forth in the prospectus of this Theosophical Society to produce so wonderful a result. The mere assertion of universal brotherhood will never effect it. For the life blood of Hinduism is caste, and this the Buddhist religiously rejects. All things considered I do not think our progress here has anything to fear from this new religious or social phenomenon. As to the principle upon which the Society is founded it seems to me essentially to want coherency. The time honored Institution of Freemasonry seems not to meet the requirements of this new Society. Branches may be composed solely of co-religionists, Aryas, Buddhists, Hindus, Zoroastrians, Jews, Christians, Muhammadans, Jains, &c., each under its own President, &c. And no member has the right to preach his own sectarian views and belief, or depreciate the religion of other members to other Fellows assembled, “except when the meeting consists solely of his co-religionists.” The only thing which now gives a shew of importance to this movement in the estimation of common people is that every member has to pay an initiation fee of Rs. 10 and the members are bound by certain signs and pass words.”