Being bent on recreation and change, I took advantage of a holiday, and paid a visit to Sringere and its great \textit{guru}, or high-priest. This person is at the head of the \textit{Smartha} sect of Brahmans, the most powerful section in Mysore. He is said to be the head of the whole community in India, being the lawful successor of the great Sankharachari, reformer and philosopher, the founder of the \textit{Smartha} sect. He consequently enjoys great power and lives on his own \textit{jaghir}, an immense estate, whose revenues all flow into his treasury. His power is chiefly limited to the Mysore, the different parts of which are occasionally visited by this august personage. His rank is such that he travels with a large retinue of servants and soldiers, while elephants lend pomp and picturesqueness to the procession. He is about the only person who is allowed to have his palankeen carried crossways, thus blocking up the street; and when he visits the capital of the province, Mysore city, he is received with a royal salute of twenty-one guns.

My object is not to write a disquisition on the \textit{Smartha} sect or the faith and work of this \textit{guru}, but rather to describe what I saw while on a visit to his head-quarters, the lonely but lovely town of Sringere. Here this \textit{guru} has his \textit{matha}, a combination of College and Cathedral and palace; for
here his disciples gather and are instructed in the mysteries of their faith; here are the temples and tombs of the great sages who have held ecclesiastical power for centuries; here are the offices where his revenue is collected and the affairs of his little kingdom managed.

Sringere is situated in the midst of the Western Ghats, amidst the most charming surroundings, in the western part of the Nagar Division of the Mysore Province. It may be approached from Shimoga or Chikmagalur. I approached it from the latter place, and intend to give a description of my journey from Aldur, a place some twelve miles from Chikmagalur, to Sringere, and of what I saw in the latter place. Mr. Riddett, the Missionary at Hassan was my companion, and one fine Monday morning in May 1881, we set off early in a tonga that has done good service in the Mysore mission. We took a boy or servant and a driver with us; and with as few things as possible we started on our tour.

For the first nine miles the road was all down-hill—a regular ghat road, winding round and round down the side of the hill, now turning to the right, now to the left. We soon left the open country and got into the jungle, whose trees increased in size and height as we proceeded. There were some beautiful peeps of scenery—mountain and stream and wood, while a cool breeze kept us comfortable. Occasionally we came to a little open space, generally cultivated with paddy, surrounded by most beautiful and luxuriant foliage, having a glorious background of lofty hills. The different shades of green were most pleasant for the eye to rest upon, varying from a very light tint to the richest dark green, all blended most harmoniously together in natives own luxuriant way. There was a great variety of trees, the most graceful being the feathery bamboo, whose plume-like branches are certainly the most elegant of all forest vegetation. Some trees were in full bloom; others had done flowering; but all were richly clad with verdure. Cocoanut palms were entirely absent, there being none between Chikmagalur and Sringere, and in the latter place only a very few. There were several specimens of the sago palm, as well as numbers of to me unknown varieties. Creepers and parasites of many kinds hung from or clung close to the trees, the orchid, perhaps, being the most numerous. In the day-time the jungle was very silent, broken only by an occasional note from a bird, the hum of
some insect, the terrible whirr of some kind of fly, or the clack of bullock-man as he urges on his bullocks. We met very few persons, except those who where with the droves of cattle, or the pack-bullocks laden with betel-nut and other articles. These are driven by a lot of persons resembling gypsies, called Lombanis. They appear to have no homes and very few household gods. Their dress and habits appear very dirty, the women, I believe, never taking off a garment to wash it or themselves and placing the new one over the rags of the old, around their necks. They wear very curious metal ornaments, which appear to be very heavy.

Our first stage was nine miles from Aldur where we changed bullocks; but our charge was for the worse, as one bullock was lame. However, we went on slowly for awhile, when we saw a couple of bandies resting by the roadside; so we took one pair of bullocks, and sent back those we had. The man objected at first, as he said he was going to market with fruit, &c., which would be spoilt if he did not get to Chikmagalur the next day. My companion knew the market was not till the day after, and on telling him so, the man had nothing to say, but contentedly went to the end of the stage. About four miles further on we met with the Executive Engineer of the district, who had invited us to a breakfast, "al fresco" as he termed it. We found him close by a small running stream in the shade of the trees. In a few minutes we were seated on a bank of earth discussing stewed foul from a Pepin's Digester with great relish. We did not stay longer than was necessary, but pressed on, as we had many miles to travel during the day.

The end of the second stage was soon reached, and with a one-horned bull for one of our steeds, we proceeded on our journey through scenery of the same wild character. The high mountains towered all around us, clad with most luxuriant forests tinged with every shade of green, while babbling brooks flowed over their rocky beds down to the shadiest of dells, where in its impenetrable shade, doubtless lurked the huge elephant, the royal tiger, the elegant antelope, the crafty jackal, the chattering monkey, and beasts and birds and insects of endless variety. A short distance after entering on our third stage we saw on our right in the midst of some paddy fields what at first looked like a huge flock of turkeys. As we drew nearer, we saw it was a large flock of vultures that had gathered together
about thirty yards from the road. They were standing quite still, some with their wings fully extended, and presented a curious sight. Whether they had assembled in council, or had come to drink and bathe, or were simply glutted after feasting upon some carcass, I know not; but they appeared too lazy to move, and even a shot or two from a revolver had the effect of driving them only a few yards further off. Our road, which was a very good one was now undulating, and leading through the same grand forest scenery, though the trees were getting larger and taller, some of the trunks being magnificent specimens, rising some fifty feet or more before branching off. The flies became very troublesome, especially a very large one called the \textit{ane nona}, or elephant fly, whether from its size or for its power to trouble elephants I know not.

We had now got into the Valley of the Bhadra, the stream that unites with the Tunga to form the Tungabhadra, an affluent of the Krishna. We soon reached the banks of the river, and saw the broad stream flowing in a fairly strong current along its rocky bed. The river was perhaps about sixty yards wide and perhaps two feet deep in its deepest part, at the spot we crossed; but in the monsoon the river is much wider and deeper and unfordable. The bed of the river was very pebbly, which made it difficult for the bullocks to draw us through. A steep ascent up the other bank brought us to the boathouse, when the boats for crossing the river in the monsoon are kept. A short drive across some paddy fields brought us to Bale Honnum, the end of the third stage. Here we stopped for a time at the \textit{anche-hoxise} (Post Office), and talked to a few people, Hindus and Musulmans, about Christ and their religion. A good pair of bulls took us along the next stage through the same grand scenery; and we were equally fortunate in our beasts of burden at the end of the stage. Here the valley narrowed in, so that the hills rose almost precipitously on our left. These were covered with the densest jungle, while a good-sized brook brawled along at our feet. We thought we were nearing our journey's end for the day; and coming to a road that branched off to the left, where there was a finger-post that told us it was the way to Singere, we decided to go on a short distance, hoping to reach the bungalow of some hospitable coffee-planter in a short time. We made some enquiries of people we met; but none could tell us where
the estate we wanted was situated. At length a young Lombani or gipsy told us one was near and took us to a road that led away into the jungle. We went on with zest, as we thought a bungalow must be near; but we soon began to wind in and out among the forest along this narrow road. Corner after corner was turned, but no house was visible, and soon darkness settled down upon us in earnest. After going a couple of miles on this road we called a halt. My companion went ahead to reconnoitre, while I remained with the tonga. The loneliness of the scene was very striking. The trees effectually shut out the light of the stars, and the glimmer of the fire-flies seemed to make the darkness more intense. Not a sound was heard save the dismal scream of some night-bird. It was not reassuring to think that at any moment a tiger or some other savage wild beast might appear upon the scene. After waiting some time, my companion returned, and reported that no bungalow was anywhere near, so we had no alternative but to return by the way we came. Slowly and sadly we wended our way back through the forest by the light of a lantern, back to the main road and on to Sale Bailu, an out-of-the-way spot. The giant mountains loomed out of the darkness on either hand, and the whole scene was silent and weird. The way to the Inspection Lodge, where we were to pass the night, was found with difficulty, the cutwal (a village official), lighting the way with a flaring torch. We got at last to a very disreputable-looking place built of wattle and daub, with window frames but no windows. The walls were not whitewashed, and the floor of mud. There was a cot and a table; but no other furniture of any kind. It was now nearly nine o'clock. We soon got a tin of soup under way, and managed to get some dinner. We then retired for the night, one taking the cot the other the table, and soon we were in the land of forgetfulness.

The next morning we were rather tired and did not get up till five. After an early breakfast we started about six on the road we traversed the previous evening. For some distance travelling was easy. We forded two small streams, and soon the road wound up a very steep hill, the road for a mile or two being a perfect zig-zag. Our progress was very slow; but the view that spread out before us as we climbed the hill was grand. At one feet was the valley we had left, whilst on every side the hills towered one above
the other, beautiful in their dark green foliage. Near the top of the hill was a beautiful little lake or pool under the shadow of the trees, whose dark waters looked beautifully cool and tempting, while at the top of the hill was a police station, where were two or three police peons, who came out to us as soon as they had donned their blue coats and turbans. They showed us a very primitive kind of stocks for holding prisoners by the hand. It was standing by the roadside and consisted of a couple of pieces of wood in the form of a headless cross. In the arms of the cross were two holes large enough to admit the hand. Perpendicularly through these holes another small hole was made and fitted with a peg, which passed close to the wrist, and effectually prevented a large hand from being withdrawn. But the whole concern was so flimsy that it might be easily torn up by a strong man and carried away. A little further on they showed us a place where the lightning had struck a few days previously. After splitting a large stone in two pieces very neatly, it ran up one side of a large tree, down the other, passed by means of the roots through the earth into the road, and then, glanced away to the police-station, where it nearly blinded the peons. During our journey through the forest, a large dog, that had made friends with us at Sale Bailu, was continually off into the woods, now starting an antelope that merrily bounded away into the thicket; now scampering after the monkeys, that ran chattering up the trees; now running and gamboling in every direction.

We soon began to descend into the valley of the Tunga. The road was not quite so steep as the one by which we ascended, but it was fairly good till we got to Kanchi Bailu, a few houses by the road side. Passing on to a little temple of Ganapati, we encamped under a tree for breakfast about eleven o'clock. Here we spent two very happy luxurious hours in the shade of a large tree, stretched on the ground, eating our full of food, drinking in the refreshing breezes, and admiring the scenery. About one we started again, and our road, which at first had beautiful hedge-rows of trees and shrubs on each side reminding one of a narrow Devonshire lane, soon became very bad. In some places it was mere track, in others it was very narrow and steep, full of gullies worn out by the rushing of the water in the rainy season. We passed several little Mari temples on our way. They are little square buildings with thatched roofs.
There is a little verandah in front, while a wooden barrier forms the front wall. The idol is generally a little rounded black stone. After three miles of rough road, we came to some open country, the road passing through some paddy fields, which must be well-nigh impassable during the monsoon. The road goes down very abruptly, and we find ourselves touching the waters of the Tunga. This river had not so much water in it as the Bhadra, and was full of little islands. Its bed was more sandy than rocky, and at the place where we forded it, it was perhaps wider than the Bhadra. A difficult ascent up the other bank, brought us to a few houses, where there were lots of pigs, rather an uncommon domestic animal in this country. A few yards more and we entered the road leading into the main-street of Sringere.

We passed through the gate of the town, and found ourselves in a broad sandy street lined with plantain trees; (a very unusual thing), while clean, well-built, substantial, tiled houses with raised verandahs are on each side. The raised verandahs, row of plantains, and sandy street are accounted for by the fact that in the monsoon time the street becomes a water-course. All business appeared to be suspended, as it was certainly the hottest part of all the day. Some were sleeping in their verandahs; one small company were playing cards (espada) or spade, as they are called by the natives); while in another place two were engrossed in a game of chess. Here and there a person gazed at us as we slowly drove up the street; but it was evident that most persons were taking life very easily just then. In some of the houses was some very good lattice-work, apparently screening off rooms where women might see what was passing in the street; while through the open doors of some of the houses we could see the cool court-yard inside. The whole place had an air of respectability and prosperity. One curious thing was the piles of firewood at nearly every door, evidently brought in to be stored up against the rainy season, which deluges the country in these parts. We turned to our right out of the main-street, at the top of which stands the matha, and after a few turnings came to the foot of the hill on the top of which stands the bungalow where we stayed. The situation of this bungalow is most beautiful; but we were mindful just then of other needs than that of satisfying our sense of the beautiful. We inspected our quarters, and found them quite empty—not a
table or chair, and no doors to some of the rooms. However we managed to get some water brought, and managed to get some pea-soup boiled, and to refresh ourselves with that much-needed luxury in the hot weather—a bath. Then we put on our most decent attire, which was not very ecclesiastical or handsome, and strolled of to see the matha and if possible the guru, although we had little hope of seeing the latter.

On getting into the main-street, we saw a rathots-awa, or idol procession, in full swing. It was headed by a band of musicians, playing an indescribable Hindu air, on their drums, tom-toms, cymbals, trumpets, &c. Next came men bearing the different emblems and badges of dignity, the chief one being a silver umbrella. Then followed the car, a small one with a dome-shaped top, altogether different from the usual pyramidal form. This dome was decorated with a large number of small white flags, while under it were two priests with the idol, which was garlanded with flowers and bedecked with jewels. Poor helpless image! poorer infatuated people that trust in it! The whole structure, which was light compared with the usual huge lumbering cars, was drawn by about seventy or eighty Brahman boys and youths by means of very large long ropes. The dusty streets had been sprinkled by many of the inhabitants, and the boys pulled with a will, though there did not appear to be any great enthusiasm manifested. Large crowds of good-looking, clean Brahman women were standing in the verandahs, watching the proceedings. When we appeared on the scene, we appeared to be quite as attractive as the car procession. We passed the procession and entered one of the shops, and found mamoties, a kind of shovel, from Wolverhampton, and tins of kerosine oil from America, even in this out-of-the-way place. While we were talking with the shopkeeper, the man who appeared to have charge of the procession, which like all Hindu processions had very little appearance of order, left it and came to have a talk with us. We found he was the guru's head accountant, who had, we afterwards ascertained, received some kindness from one of our missionaries in Shimoga. We asked him to show us over the matha, which he said he would; and when we asked him if we might see the guru, he said we might to-morrow; but as we were leaving very early in the morning, we told him it must be then. To this, he said he would do what he could. He left the procession and walked
up the street with us. We had not walked far, when a tall, slightly-bent old man came up to us, put his hand on my companion's shoulder, looked into his face, as though he had found a long-lost friend, and began muttering some unintelligible jabber which appeared to amuse the people. He soon left us, muttering to himself; and we found he was a poor harmless maniac. We passed on our way a verandah, where some half-dozen Muslim boys were reading, squat on the ground, swaying their bodies to-and-fro violently as they read or rather recited their lessons. A little further on was the Government Vernacular school, in the centre of which was an image of Ganapati, to which doubtless daily puja was made. The school was empty, as it was holiday time.

We soon got to the gate of the matha, which had a kind of bastion on each side. Above the gate was a room, the front of which consisted of lattice-work; this room looked straight down the main-street. We passed under this into a yard, at the end of which was a chatri, or resting-place for travellers, supported by a lot of wooden pillars. Near the right-hand corner, a door led to another court. By this door a Jangama, or devotee, was standing on his tiger's skin. He had a very curious dress around his waist and loins, composed apparently of narrow black braid wound round and round him. His legs, arms, and part of his body were bare, and these, together with his face were covered with ashes, gave the fellow a hideous appearance. We were told that the fellow had been performing tapas, or devotion, and that the guru had given him this braided dress, which would ensure him plenty of alms and offerings from the people wherever he went. Probably he was one of the guru's spies and a great scamp, as most of that class are. Passing through the door, we came to a yard full of timber, with which a new building was to be erected; but though plenty of labourers were at work, there was no trace of the structure. Here were the offices of the guru. His amildar, or the person who manages his revenue came out to us, and seemed pleased to see us. He looked and had the air of a great rascal, which probably he is, helping himself most liberally while he manages the affairs of his high-priest.

On going from this court we found ourselves in the courtyard of the temple. A small unpretending Vishnu temple came first, and then a comparatively small stone Shiva
Sringere and the Jagat Guru.

temple. It was like some of the best temples in the Mysore Province, those of Halebid and Belur, in point of architecture; but much smaller and not so elaborately carved. It is built on a raised platform, and from the base to the top are rows of elephants, horses, fabulous birds, *rishis* or saints, and gods. At one end were several enormous links of a stone chain, which formerly had a stone bell attached to it. On asking when it was built, we were told it was 2600 years ago! The architect that built it was the same as that which built Halebid, and he lived about five or six hundred years ago. We were also told that the temple took only ten days in building! At one end of the temple were the tombs of the *gurus*, in front of which we were not allowed to pass. There was a large number of these tombs; but they were void of any architectural pretensions. It is said that as each *guru* dies, he is buried in salt in a sitting posture, with his head visible. Then a large number of cocoanuts are brought, and these are broken upon his head, until his skull is split open, to allow the free escape of the soul. Then the poor mortal is covered over!

We went out of a door opposite the side of the temple, and came suddenly on the river Tunga which flows close by the end of the *matha*. A flight of rough steps, cut out of the rock, leads to the water's edge. Near the water is a little shrine, about two-and-a-half feet every way, and in front of it cut out of the rock are the footprints of the founder of the Smartha sect of Brahmans, Sankharachariyar, and Saraswati, the goddess of learning. The former were very large and badly formed, the latter were very small. We asked when this great man lived, and were told 2600 years ago! When we got to the edge of the water, our guide began to throw rice into the water, and very soon a shoal of fishes came close to the water's edge to get the rice. The surface of the water was quite agitated by the fins of the fish, some of which were of large size, and apparently thrive well under their kind treatment. These fish are fed regularly twice a day, and appear to be very tame, coming within two or three feet of us who were standing close to the water. To this place the *guru* goes daily, about 8 A. M., led by some Brahmans, to take his daily ablutions. Thus is it, while the shell of Hinduism, bathing and feeding of fishes, remains, the soul is gone!

We returned through the different courts by the way we
came, and when we got into the temple enclosure we found the car procession had come back, and a large number of persons assembled there. These seemed to prefer to look at us rather than attend to their religious ceremonies. Here we were again joined by the amildar, and we were told, as we thought, that we might see the guru's apartments.

We were conducted up some narrow steps, that soon turned to the right, and much to our surprise, after we had ascended a few more, we were ushered through a low door into the very presence of the great swami himself. Our guide prostrated himself on all fours before him, and we were motioned to two chairs that had been placed just inside the door. We took off our topees, made a salaam to this great Jagat-guru (high-priest of the universe), and sat down. The room was very low, and was perhaps twenty feet long by some twelve wide. The further end was dark, and the light came through the lattice-work that we had seen from the street. The back wall was covered with small drawings, evidently the work of some native artist, painted on the wall. There was no furniture in the room, except the two chairs on which we were sitting and the seat of the guru himself, which was a most curious affair. It was like a wooden cot, some five feet long by two and a half broad, with turned legs; but though it had legs they did not touch the ground; for the whole concern was suspended by two chains, one at each end, which passed over a beam in the flat ceiling to each corner of the couch; so that the guru and his seat were swinging in the air. On this the guru was squat native fashion.

At that time he appeared to be a young man about twenty, and had been guru a little more than a year. He was initiated into the rites and mysteries of his office by the late guru, a very old man, concerning whom many strange stories are told. By virtue of his office, the guru is a celibate. Although by report he lives only on plantains and milk, he has a full face, and gives one the appearance of a well-fed, full-blooded, jolly Hindu. His appearance was anything but ecclesiastical or venerable. His head and face had a crop of short black hair, nearly a month's growth, as it is stated he shaves once a month, and then has everything cut off, not wearing a jutta (tuft of hair at the back of the head) like other Hindus. His round face was lit up by a smile, apparently put on for the occasion; but it was not so intellectual as that of many a Hindu I have
Sringere and the Jagat Guru.

seen. He was very affable, and really seemed pleased to see us. He was covered with a handsome crimson shawl with a gold border, which came over his head and hung loosely round his shoulders and body. It occasionally fell off his head as he talked and gesticulated; and an attendant standing at his back placed it over his head again. His ordinary garment is said to be a yellow cloth. Beside the guru, ourselves, amildar, and head accountant, there were four or five pandits at the other end of the room, and a little boy near the lattice. The guru began the conversation by asking if we spoke in Kanarese or English. We told him we could talk a little Kanarese: English would have been quite useless, as there was no one to interpret. He expressed his pleasure at seeing us, and in Eastern hyperbole said if he could see us always he would be glad. We said we were very pleased at seeing him, told him what part of the province we had come from, and that we were missionaries sent from England to teach the people. We told him where our missionaries were stationed in the province, of our schools, and the thousands reading in them. He then recited a Sanscrit sloka, or stanza, which he interpreted to us in Kanarese, counting each word or clause on his fingers. The amildar very officiously assisted in the interpretation. The stanza was in praise of learning, and of its value above riches. After some more general conversation, we took his appane (permission to go), and departed with a salaam. I have heard since that the guru attended the Wesleyan High School, Mysore, for a time when he was a lad, and learnt a little English; but he was early adopted by the late guru at the suggestion of the late Maharajah of Mysore, and so discontinued his English studies. The interview was quite unexpected on our part, as he had refused to see two of our missionaries twelve months previously; but we were glad of the opportunity of seeing this great swami, whose power in his sect is undoubtedly very strong. The accountant went with us some distance; and I learned from him that the guru would not object to receive a Bible if I sent him one. So on my return to Mysore, I sent him a Bible accompanied with a letter, to which I received another from the accountant stating that the guru was pleased to accept it.

We returned to the bungalow, where we now found a small table and a couple of chairs. Then we went to the top of the hill close by to gaze on the glorious valley in the
fading light of the evening. The town of Gingere, consisting of about 600 houses, lies in a large oval valley, through which the Tunga winds its way, while on all sides rise the everlasting hills, clad with magnificent forests, dressed in every shade of living green. The *matha* stands on a little eminence in the centre, and from the hill appears surrounded with woods. In the valley are rich fertile paddy fields, now bare, while plantations of plantains and areca palms abound. Hill upon hill rises in the distance on every hand, and the whole prospect is enchanting—one of the grandest and most glorious scenes I ever gazed on. Sankhara-chariyar, the founder of the *matha* evidently had an appreciation of the beautiful and a longing for calm and quiet. The town is quite out of the way of ordinary traffic and is difficult to reach, so that there is nothing to disturb the quiet of the place.

The people, consisting chiefly of Brahmans, appeared very intelligent, the boys especially so; the women were clean and pretty; the town prosperous, and the place altogether a charming one for a retreat, save perhaps that in certain seasons of the year it is very feverish. No one that we met with knew any English, save a few judicial and revenue words that have become incorporated into the language; and no boy, as far as we could ascertain, had left his native place to seek western learning in the places where it is to be obtained. There are a few Musulmans in the place—some four or five families—but they have to pay a higher rent to the *math* than the Hindus do. These kill a sheep occasionally, so that flesh meat is scarce; but fowls are plentiful and cheap.

We slept that night in the *tonga* pushed into the verandah of the bungalow, and soon after day-break the next morning we set off on our return journey. Nothing of importance was noticed till we got nearly to the top of the hill, when we found that every person we met was carrying a headless fowl, or two together were carrying a headless sheep, or goat, or pig. We made enquiries and found that a great sacrifice had been made the previous evening at a Mari temple about a mile off. Thirty pigs, thirty goats, fifty sheep, and over a hundred fowls had been sacrificed at the shrine of this bloody goddess, generally represented by a smooth rounded black stone. After narrowly escaping an upset as we were coming down the hill, we went back through the same glorious forest scenery, thoroughly
pleased with our four days’ trip to Singere and its neighbourhood.

H. G.

SIVA RATIRI.

Siva Ratiri is a day of note among those Hindus who wear the triple line of sacred ashes along the brow. From sunrise on that day, every hour of the twenty-four is laden with the fragrance of sanctity, the amount increasing in intensity as the hours pass; until, at the last moment, when, in the morning watch, the crescent moon is robbed of splendour by the bursting dawn, when the last gesture is turned from the hand, the last mantra is thrown from the lips, the last prostration is made before Linga, the sins of a life are purged, and the worshipper secures to himself the aid of Siva’s hosts when the god of Hades shall claim his life.

Very sacred, very solemn these ideas; and, no doubt under the persuasion of such a faith, every Hindu home will wear on Siva Ratiri, an extremely sabbatarian dress and the resemblance of a minute ceremonial fidelity. But is it so? Has faith in the sacredness of the linga waved? Have the holiest hours of all the year become common? Is the grand chance of Siva’s grace to escape, because it involves a night’s vigil, a hungry stomach, and a tedious round of genuflexions and circumflexions? Of nine out of ten Hindu homes, the lament of a Saivite poet may be quoted truthfully, “Alas! our works are all imperfect; the stern professor of ascetic wisdom meets a cause of anger, and anon he babbles in his passion as a child! We say ‘we will watch a night for Siva’—our weakness conquers us, and we doze.

Few devotees of Siva are equal to a devotional fast of twenty-four hours, and in their homes, the tedium of a formal observance is relieved by numerous expedients. The members of the family bathe once, perhaps twice during the day. At night-fall a visit is paid to the temple, where holy lamps gleam far up the massive tower and around the shrine of the deity. A little lamp is placed at the threshold of the house in Siva’s name. Within, a linga, made of clay, represents the god who is both the destroyer and creator of all. It is anointed with oil or ghee; a small garland encircles it and a lamp burns before it. The members of the family pay an occasional obeisance to it. Then there is the
fast. Well, the fire is not kindled; the sound of grinding, pounding, bubbling is not heard: the ordinary culinary operations of the house are suspended. But the bazaar of the sweetmeat dealer is well supplied on this particular night for those who have a few annas in hand; and so, father, mother and little ones have an uncommon treat in the way of oriental confectionary, and then the vigil commences. Let us imagine the scene done to perfection. In one corner, a withered grand-father takes the Saivite rosary from his brow, slips its beads through his fingers, and does his best to get through as many of the names of Siva, as his memory can furnish him with. At the expiration of a watch (three hours) there follow three varied prostrations, and prayers before the clay deity. The men of ripened years sit contemplatively at the feet of the household guru, who, with no other gesture than the outstretched hand, dilates upon the philosophy that barricades the five pathways of knowledge, represses the five desires, and disciplines the soul for Heaven through meditative sight fixed for ever on the—navel. It is a hard time for the women, and the little ones, and in their difficulty they assist each other. So ever and anon, the night stillness is broken by the cry, “Siva, Siva; Siva Nama.” For the rest, they listen to strange stories of Siva’s sacred sports, and trim the lamp and prostrate themselves before the god, for very weariness, and have a little gossip on the sly, and wish for the morning! That is a picture of what might be expected on the night of Siva, if faith were tolerably strong and orthodoxy tolerably safe in the heart of the house-holders.

But in these degenerate days, the sanctity of the night is compressed into the religious ceremonies already referred to. The eyes are kept waking by the recitation of stories from the Ramayana, Bhagavatha, and other popular works. The skill of the strolling musician with his lohina and of the temple girl with the tambouri is put in requisition. Chess, dice, cards and other recitations occupy the long night, and, in spite of all, Morpheus becomes the Soveraign of the occasion. Little children huddle into corners and venture the wrath of Siva in innocent slumbers. Weak old men and obese women nod a blind accompaniment to the voice of singer or story teller. Even young men and maidens are guilty of paragraphs of sleep. So the night of Siva passes away unto the bright morning light and the slumbering indifference with which it is observed is no bad
Jottings about Trichinopoly.

Illustration of the religious indifference of the Hindu generally, and of the morning to which it tends.

Here and there are found rare aves of orthodoxy who attempt to keep this festival to the letter; Pharisees of Saivaism who will pay their deity the mint, anise and cummin of prescribed observances, and claim the "uttermost farthing" of their due from the Lord of Kailasa, they have no easy work of it; is a task to describe, even briefly, the tasks which they take upon themselves. There is an ablution to be performed morning and evening, and a visit to the temple; all with the appropriate prostrations and ejaculation. As sunset the idolatry of his home commences, before the clay symbol of Siva. He salutes his ten fingers, ten toes, and the other members of his body to a sort of alphabetic acrostic, a process by which he invites the energies of Siva to take possession of him; three stamps of the foot, done devotionally, remove all obstacles; three snaps of the fingers concentrate all the universe in the divine stone; and three slaps of the hands remove all impurity and make consecration service complete. As the commencement of every watch the linga worship is to be performed; at sunset the symbol is anointed with milk; at nine o'clock, with ghee curds; at midnight with ghee; at the early cock-crowing with honey,—no slight self-denial to offer these delicacies to a stone, whilst a hungry demon within is crying "give, give," and a face, lean and haggard with fast and vigil bends in worship. At daylight the last prostration is made and the last prayer offered. It is an order on the Lord of Kailasa to grant health, wealth and longevity, in return for "value received" in the self-denial, prayers, and offerings of the night of Siva. The Puranas speak of fourteen wondrous gems obtained from the sea when the gods brewed nectar there, and some of these are laid up in the paradise of Maha Deva. The least his godship can do, is to go shares with his followers who, while on earth, have devoutly observed the annual vigil of Siva Ratiri.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TRICHINOPOLY.

In March 1876 we left Negapatam for Trichinopoly. It took us five hours to travel by railway, a distance of 80 miles. Formerly the journey occupied about four days. We went there in the end of March, and felt the difference
Jottings about Trichinopoly.

at once between the climate of a sea-coast, and that of an inland town. Trichinopoly is noted for its heat. Nevertheless it is a fact that the hot season is the healthier time of the year, just as it is in other towns of this country.

The soil here is both rocky and clayey. The compounds of houses, and the bottom of wells exhibit, in many cases, nothing but rock-soil. Here and there we meet with patches of land which yield readily to the mattock, and pick-axe; but, in general a cultivator of dry-crops has rather hard work of it in preparing his land for sowing. During 1876-77, rain-fed lands were nothing more than waste lands, and the people depending on them had to abandon them, and to take to the cutting of wood and the making of charcoal to earn a living. During the late famine, people conveyed wood from the villages into the town, and besought residents to purchase it, to be able to procure a little rice for themselves.

Those parts of the country watered by the Cauvery and its branches, for some months of the year, present a fresh and pleasant view. This scenery resembles that which one witnesses in the Tanjore district between the months of August and January. As far as the eye can see so far we behold nothing but a wide expanse of green, spotted here and there with hamlets and villages.

The population, in general, consists of the Sudra class, with a large sprinkling of Brahmans in the principal towns, and also of Muhammadans, who reside chiefly in the Fort, and in its neighbourhood. The European residents do not form so large a proportion of the population of the town as they did formerly. Time was when the Fort itself was garrisoned by Europeans; but now, with the exception of a few* Europeans and East Indians, it is entirely occupied by Hindus and Muhammadans. Houses, formerly the residences of English officials are now the dwellings of Hindus. An old house within the Fort still goes by the name of Clive's house. A native official, a Brahmin, lately secured this building, and lives in it. Until the end of 1878, Trichinopoly was garrisoned both by European and Native troops. Early in 1879 the Europeans were removed; also two of the three native regiments of infantry, partly on account of the late Afghan war, and partly because the late Commander-in-

* According to the Rev. Dr. C. Buchanan's "Christian Researches" there were in 1806 about a thousand English troops stationed at Trichinopoly.
Chief thought that Trichinopoly did not now require a large number of troops.

Trade.—In addition to shopkeepers there are native wholesale merchants who export rice, oil, dry grains, hides, cordage, hardware, cheroots, jewellery and cloths. There are some good native painters who draw on talc and paper; and also make models in pith of Srirangam, Tiruvanakaval and Tanjore temples, also of the Fort rock, and of a notable Muhammadan tomb which stands near the line of Railway. There are several clever stone-masons in a suburb called Ooreiyur. They make tombs from granite and marble; also marble tables, tablets, paper weights and rulers.

Public buildings and monuments.—The Nabob's palace is within the Fort, and has been lately utilized by the Government. They made sundry alterations and improvements, and located here the Police office, the Munsiff's Court, the Tahsildar's cutcherry, and the Normal school. Lately the last mentioned institution was abolished, and the inhabitants of the town have taken up its rooms for a Town-hall. A part of the palace was given rent free to the Lady Hobart Hindu Girls' school established by the Wesleyan Mission in 1874, during the visit of the late Governor, Lord Hobart. The remaining parts of the palace are going to ruin. The building is a solid one, built of brick, chunam and granite, two or three stories high. What once was the residence of a Muhammadan prince is to some extent the habitations of bats and vermin. The bajunakoodam (बजुनाकूड़म्) is a circular hall with a gallery, which was used by the female members of the Nabob's family to witness plays and musical entertainments. It was this portion of the palace that was used by the late Normal school. Not far from the palace, is Christ Church, the oldest Christian edifice of the town. It has a name because it was built by that great man Schwartz, the father of the Tanjore Mission. The Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in Tamil are engraved in granite and placed within the communion rail. A fact is still related in connection with the murder of a Muhammadan nobleman* who was friendly with the missionary and wished to become a Christian. He came into the church to attend service, and while there was stabbed by a fanatic who had watched his movements. The native congregation of the S. P. G. worship in this church.

* He is said to have been a deposed Nabob of Kurnool.
**Lutheran Church.**—This building is a mile away, to the west of Christ Church, just out of the limits of the Fort. It was gradually built, and finished in 1877-78. It is a neat and a commodious building. The congregation here is made up chiefly of Tanjore Christians, some of whom were formerly connected with Christ Church. The Missionary in charge travels about a good deal looking after village congregations.

St. John's Church is situated in what was formerly the Military cantonment. A chaplain ministers here regularly. It is enclosed by walls, and the ground around it contains many tombs and graves of the former civil and military residents of the station.

**The Wesleyan Methodist Chapel.**—The present building was not the first chapel. The first was built very near the European barracks, and was sold when the present chapel was erected. Latterly the original chapel was used by Roman Catholic soldiers as a Temperance room, and as an oratory. The present chapel was erected in the neighbourhood of Puttoo, but within the limits of the cantonment. It is a neat chapel, and is well built, capable of accommodating comfortably about two hundred people. The Rev. R. Brown while stationed at Trichinopoly succeeded in erecting a substantial wall around the chapel. We have heard that the chapel used to be filled with an English congregation when the late Rev. W. O. Simpson laboured on this station. The Tamil congregation worshipping here numbers about sixty or seventy people, including children. A register of attendance is kept, and the Catechist marks down the attendance at the close of the service. A class meeting is held after the service for those who cannot meet on a week-day. An old man, formerly servant to the Rev. J. Pinkney, named Anthony, became blind in 1876, and was led to chapel by his wife every Sunday morning. He and his wife were members of the Sunday class. The loss of sight seemed to have led the man to serious thought, self-examination and prayer. When addressed by his leader the old man invariably spoke with trust in God his Saviour, and comforted himself with the truth that God to whom he had committed himself would not forsake him in old age. When visited in his own house, a small thatched hut, he had the same words to utter, and always welcomed us. The help he got from Christian friends, month by month, saved him and his wife from starvation, especially
during the late terrible famine. About the middle of 1878,
on a Sunday morning, Anthony was seen coming to chapel alone. After the service, at the class, he was asked how it was he had been able to find his way to chapel without being led to it as usual. With tears of joy he replied, "I prayed, and cried to God to give me back my sight. As my wife is getting old and sickly, I feared I should be left alone with no one to guide me, and therefore I prayed and wept for my sight, and now I have got it." He rejoiced and thanked God for this great benefit. After this Anthony needed no guide; we used to see him walking about the town with new life and vigour.

Another important public work is the anicut, just out of the Fort, on the way to Madras, over the Cauvery. The bridge, on more than one occasion, has been in danger of a breach from the rapid current which comes in during the rains in Mysore. There is a native feast observed on the 18th July, called வருடக்குழை, or the eighteenth increase of the Cauvery. There is a certain mark on the river's edge which has to be reached by the current, and when this is accomplished the overflow is considered perfect. It happens sometimes that the water does not rise to this height. Still the day is quite a gala day, and every class of the community proceeds to witness the tamash. All go to see, some to buy and sell, others to eat and drink, and thieves go about to steal cloths and jewels, and all that may chance to fall in their way. Hindus throw gifts and offerings into the river. Many people from the neighbouring districts come to Trichinopoly to celebrate this festival.

The Municipality market.—This building is somewhat circular. You have to enter it by a gate, which bears on its head a table showing when the market was erected, and who were at that time the President, Vice-President, and Commissioners of the Municipality. The stalls are well occupied by merchants and bazaarmen, and almost every article of food may be purchased here.

Opposite the Market gate is a large clock with two or three dial-plates. It is fixed on a tower about 35 or 40 feet high. About the base of the tower there is a space of ground which is useful for open-air preaching. Wayfarers and people, visiting the market, loiter here and afford Missionaries and Catechists the opportunity of preaching to them.
Not far from the Market stands the Civil Dispensary, a very useful Institution. The Surgeon in charge of it is expected to know Tamil to ascertain the circumstances and feelings of his patients.

There are two Jails in Trichinopoly, a District and a Central Jail. The District Jail has generally about 150 or 200 prisoners in it. The Central Jail about 7 or 800, or more, on some occasions. A good deal of work is done daily by the prisoners. Those who do not know trades are taught them. Would that we could say there was no need for such an institution.

A Cenotaph.—Near the Collector’s office, where four ways meet there is a Cenotaph with an inscription in Tamil and English, erected to the memory of the late Mr. E. R. McDonell, M.C.S., who was the Collector at one time, and Judge at another of Trichinopoly. The monument was erected as a token of respect and gratitude by the inhabitants of Trichinopoly.

Prince of Wales’ arch.—This was erected in 1875 for the reception of the Prince. It stands at the western entrance of the Fort, near the market, and was driven through by the Prince and his retinue on the day he witnessed the illumination of the Fort Rock. The arch is built of brick and chunam, and is likely to stand for many years.

Education.—Education has made some advancement in this District, especially in the town of Trichinopoly. Many years ago the Wesleyan Mission began an Anglo-Vernacular Boys’ school in the Fort; but after a short time the school was removed out of the Fort in the neighbourhood of Beemanaikpolliam. The S. P. G. Society then began Educational work in the Fort, and under several European principals their school has grown into a college of about 800 pupils. In 1878 a few Native gentlemen opened an independent High School near the S. P. G. College, and collected in a short time about 300 pupils. This movement did not seriously affect the numbers attending the S. P. G. College. This fact shows us what room there is for Educational efforts in the District. Many of the students come daily from the island of Srirangam.

Female education however is in the background. It has to be forced on the attention of the people. The Wesleyan Mission has two schools for Hindu girls, one in the Fort called after Lady Hobart, and another in Ooreiyur established in 1877; but with the exception of these, we do not
think there is another school for Hindu girls in the whole
of the District. The Roman Catholics have an Orphanage
under the care of some nuns. And there is a poor school
for children of European descent in Puttoor. This school
is in charge of the Chaplain, and was founded by the great
Missionary Schwartz.

THE MOHURRUM.

To the Shiah Musulman no portion of the year is more
sacred than that whose title heads this article. The name
Mohurrum is usually given to the feast which is held
in November, but in reality it is simply the title of the
month, the first of the Muhammadan year, in which the
sorrowful events took place which are so bitterly regretted.
The feast appears to have been a very ancient one, cele­
brated by the Arabs long before the birth of Muhammad.
The first ten days were then as now the feast or fast days
known by the name of Ashoora. The old historians tell us
that much in the same way as the Catholic missionaries
change the feast of Krishna to that of some favourite saint,
and thus metamorphose every heathen festival into a
Christian celebration, Muhammad adopted the ceremonies
already common, but added ten others—bathing—wearing
fine clothing—anointing the eyes—fasting—prayers—
cooking a more than ordinary quantity of victuals—
peacemaking—talking with holy men—distributing alms to
orphans and to the indigent public. With these additions
it became after the Hegira the greatest Musulman festival.
Thus it continued through the reigns of the first Caliphs—
Abubekr, Omar, Othman and Ali. The last of these
was the nearest relation of the prophet, being his cousin
and son-in-law, and moreover his first and most zealous
supporter. Although so nearly related, he was but the
fourth in succession, a fact which, to a large number of the
most fanatic followers of Muhammad appeared most unjust
and wicked. But he was not destined to enjoy his late
honours in peace. Rebellions broke out in all parts of the
empire, the most formidable of these being under Moawijah,
the governor of Syria. It does not fall within our
design to describe the contest that followed, nor how at
last Ali fell a victim to the knife of an assassin. Upon his
death the empire was disputed for by Moawijah and Ali's
son Hussun. After a struggle, foreseeing that great injury must come to the faith by such a division among its leaders, Hussun, who seems to have been a studious and pious doctrinaire, rather than the unscrupulous schemer who alone at that time could control the rising power of the new faith, abdicated in favor of his rival Moawijah, and was the first to pay him a sincere homage. Retiring into private life, he now devoted himself to the duties of his religion until, after nine years’ seclusion he was poisoned by his wife Jaadah, by the instigation of Yezid, the son of Moawijah. From that time he has been looked upon as a martyr by the Shiashs. “When he was at the point of death, the physician told his brother Hosein that his bowels were consumed by poison. Hosein demanded of Hussun to name the murderer, that such a crime might not pass unpunished, but the dying prince replied, ‘O brother, the life of this world is made up of nights and vanish away. Let the murderer alone until we both meet at the judgment seat of God, where justice will assuredly be done.’”

The history of the two unfortunate brothers is largely made up of elevated expressions like the preceding, which, no doubt, do much to fan the flame of sorrow at the untimely decease of such worthy men. Hosein, the second brother, continued faithful to the reigning Caliph, and even served under him in the army which first carried the crescent to Constantinople. At length Moawijah died, being succeeded by his son Yezid, the murderer of Hussun. As might be expected, Yezid was a cruel tyrant, and jealous of Hosein. The Persians tired at length of Yezid’s cruelties, sent to Hosein offering to revolt in his favor if he would but come among them. Ere he could do this the conspiracy was discovered, and its leaders executed, so that Hosein met nothing but enemies. With but 72 followers he was compelled to retreat, but was overtaken and surrounded near the plains of Kerbela. He received twenty-four hours to decide whether or not he would surrender. He chose to fight. “That night Hosein slept soundly, using for a pillow the pommel of his sword. During his sleep, he dreamed that Muhammad appeared to him, and predicted that they should meet the next day in paradise. When morning dawned, he related the dream to his sister Zeinab, who had accompanied him on his fatal expedition. She burst into a passion of tears, and exclaimed, ‘Alas! ‘Alas! Woe worth the day! What a destiny is ours! My father is dead!”
My mother is dead! My brother Hussun is dead! and the measures of our calamities is not yet full.’ Hosein tried to console her; ‘Why should you weep?’ he said; ‘did we not come on earth to die? My father was more worthy than I—my mother was more worthy than I—my brother was more worthy than I. They are all dead! Why should not we be ready to follow their example?’ He then strictly enjoined his family to make no lamentation for his approaching martyrdom; telling them that a patient submission to the Divine decrees was the conduct most pleasing to God and his prophet.”

In the morning the battle took place. After performing prodiges of valour, Hosein and his little force were over­whelmed and slain, thus ending what the Indian Muhammadans believe was the only true line of Caliphs.

The feast of the Mohurrum is instituted in commemora­tion of the death of these grand-children of the prophet. It is a time of mourning. The fantastic saturnalia, which to Europeans are the only tokens of the festival, are Hindu additions. The “cages” borne in procession, are intended to be copies of Hosein's banners upon his last expedition, or are imaginary representations of the tomb erected over the burial place of Hosein on the plain of Kerbela. The true ceremonies are performed within the house.

“I have been present,” says Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, “when the effect produced by the superior oratory and gestures of a Maulvi (reading the history of the house of Ali), has almost terrified me; the profound grief evinced in his tears and groans, being piercing and apparently sincere. I have even witnessed blood issuing from the breasts of sturdy men, who beat themselves simultaneously as they ejaculated the names ‘Hassan!’ ‘Hossein!’ for ten minutes, and occasionally for a longer period, in that part of the service called Mortem.”

In commemorating this remarkable event in Mussulman history, the expressions of grief manifested by the ladies are far greater, and appear to me more lasting, than with the other sex: indeed, I never could have given credit to the extent of their bewailings, without witnessing, as I have done for many years, the season for tears and profound grief return with the month of Mohurrum. In sorrowing for the martyred Imams they seem to forget their private griefs, the bereavement of a beloved object even is almost overlooked, in the dutiful remembrance of Hassan and Hossein at
this season; and I have had opportunities of observing this triumph of religious feelings in women who are remarkable for their affectionate attachment to their children, husbands, and parents:—they tell me 'We must not indulge selfish sorrows of our own, whilst the prophet's family alone have a right to our tears.'............. My poor old ayah resolves on not allowing a drop of water, or any liquid, to pass her lips during the ten days' mourning; as she says,—'Her Imam, Hossein, and his family, suffered from thirst at Kerbela, why should such a creature as she be indulged with water?'

There is very much in the Musulman accounts to ensure sympathy even in the minds of those who are not of the same faith; indeed we know not of a single heathen commemoration which comes nearer to the Christian ideal. Ali is to them the representative of the prophet, and the sufferings which fell upon him and his children cannot but be estimated in much the same way as a sincere Christian mourns over the humiliation and death of his Lord and Master, though without the consolation which renders the scene on Calvary our most precious inheritance.

—A TOUR IN THE NIZAM'S DOMINIONS.

BY THE REV. WM. BURGESS.

On returning to Secunderabad from the district meeting in Madras my first business was the preparation of the report of our Hyderabad Mission for 1881. This I managed while attending to the multifarious work on the station. Proof sheets corrected, arrangements touching our two young churches and our school work completed, and negotiations with Government certain private individuals respecting purchases of land and building operations having been set in progress, there yet remained a month before the setting in of the intensely hot weather. This I determined to take advantage of by making a tour to the central towns in the districts of Elgundel and Medduck, and preaching in the villages within easy distance on both sides the line of march. You will know that in this new mission in Central India we have, as yet, only taken up one centre. When I say a centre, I do not mean a spot where all mission operations are focussed, but a point whence effort radiates into the surrounding darkness. Of course, as in a circle the radii lie closest as they approach the centre, and diverge.
furthest as they draw near the circumference, so our efforts naturally fall thickest in the town where we, after matured thought, locate ourselves. What I wish, however, to point out is simply this—that when I say a centre I do not mean a point where all effort converges, but a place chosen as the best from which mission effort may diverge into the towns and villages, near and remote. Well, we have one centre—Hyderabad—and around that we have also work in places twenty miles away. The time, however, has come for choosing another station, in which Mr. Pratt, who has during the past twelve months been studying Telugu, may be located, and from which our work may branch out yet further. The northern limit of our operations in the Nizam's Dominions will be the River Godavery, so halfway thitherward, or about a hundred miles to the north-east, we turned our eyes, and decided upon surveying the thickly-populated district of Eilgundel, that we might find a spot from which, as head-quarters, we might take possession of this promising field in the name of the Lord. In all these matters we believe that that guidance of the blessed Spirit which has been promised to his Church will not fail us.

Our party consisted of three—Mr. Pratt (my colleague), a native preacher by the name of Benjamin Peter Wesley, and myself. We had with us two tents—one twelve feet square, with a double roof and two flies for day use, and another, called a rowtee, much smaller, oblong in shape, with a sloping roof supported on two uprights and a ridge-pole. The ends of this canvas-house hang loose, and can either be tied back or fastened down, as convenience requires or pleasure dictates. Past experience had taught me how useless wooden pegs are when tents have to be pitched on ground that has been baked for months under an Indian sun, as is often the case; so I furnished myself with forty good strong iron pegs with rings, and found forethought in this matter led to a saving of much time and labour. Three folding chairs, a table three feet square made to fit round the tent pole, and an iron basin with a tripod stand, made up our stock of furniture; and if there was nothing ornamental, we found that we had quite enough for use. A bag of rice, a tin of flour, several pounds of tea, sundry curry stuffs and chutneys, with two ports of jam as a delicacy, stocked our larder, all of which was conveniently stowed away in a good-sized tiffin basket. Our cuisine requisites were the scantiest, and were easily packed
in a small square box. The only medicine we deemed it necessary to carry consisted of a phial of chlorodyne, a small supply of quinine, and a good-sized bottle of Eno's fruit salt. We were not weighted with much in the way of a wardrobe. Dress coats and open-froutted waistcoats we did not carry; linen collars and white ties did not form part of our adornment; white cuffs and black coats we had none. Woollen shirts and cholera belts were to us infinitely more serviceable, if less ornamental. The only luxury in the way of dress that we had was a fair supply of snow-white cambric pocket-handkerchiefs. We carried no spring mattresses and no feather beds. A rug, a shepherd's plaid, and a pillow supplied us with bedding.

For travelling purposes we had two horses and a small shaggy country pony. Our tents and camp requisites were stowed away in two rude, springless country carts, with heavy cumbersome wheels, each drawn by two sleepy bullocks, that never moved at a quicker pace than 1½ miles an hour. If I were to say that these carts had no sides and no bottoms, my veracity might be impugned; but if I were to say they had, I should be guilty of giving birth to an idea almost as far from the truth of actual fact. Certainly the sides and bottoms they set out with were not those with which they returned. Jungle wood and tree branches had oftentimes to supply the place of pieces which during the journey had broken away from the lashing. Our camp following consisted of two horsekeepers, two bullock-drivers a capital cook, who could do his work anywhere, and make a spread almost out of nothing, and a waiting boy—a garçon, as the French generally term this class. The night of Feb. 13 saw everything in marching order, and, with our servants mounted as guard, the sleepy, patient bullocks moved off to our first camping-ground, and with the earliest streak of dawn on the morning of Valentine's-day we strode our horses and followed in their wake.

Our road lay through the English military cantonment of Secunderabad. It may at first sound strange to speak of an English garrison right in the centre of a purely native independent State, and some may be inclined to wonder how this comes about. The State of Hyderabad is in Mohammedan hands, and under a ruler bearing the title of the Nizam, and his rule is acknowledged as supreme; yet, with all that, within five miles from the walls of the capital you find the largest military depot in India. The next
in size and importance is at Peshawar, in the north-west provinces, on the high road to Afghanistan. This has been brought about by one of those strategic movements for which English rule in India is so famous. At the taking of Seriugapatam, in the province of Mysore, from Tippoo Sultan by Wellesley, later known as the Duke of Wellington, in 1799, the Nizam then ruling in Hyderabad was our ally, and in the treaty afterwards made with him England stipulated to keep up within a certain distance from the city of Hyderabad a fixed number of English troops, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, as well as five native regiments, ostensibly to protect his highness, and defend him against his enemies, naturally irritated by this allegiance with England. The real reason, however, the blindest will see, was as a safeguard of British interests, and a watch on his movements. Hyderabad is without doubt the most turbulent state in the whole of India. Situated, as it is, right in the centre of the continent, a spark here would inflame the whole. The shapers of our destinies in India were not slow to recognise this, and as a strategic movement none could have been wiser. The whole of this immense force, moreover, is kept up out of the revenue of certain fertile districts ceded to England by the Nizam as his part of the treaty engagements. In this cantonment of Secunderabad you have six miles of the finest barracks to be found anywhere the wide world over. The buildings look more like palatial residences than anything else, and are all built of elaborately dressed stone. It is said that in the state of Hyderabad we sit upon a mine of gunpowder, which at any time may explode. Hyderabad certainly is a cesspool of all kinds of villany, political chicanery, and treachery. The most turbulent spirits seem to gravitate to this as a centre. Even now no Englishman is allowed to enter the city without express permission, and even then under an escort; but with such a force of British arms so close, and always ready for any emergency, one thinks there is but little to fear from the 30,000 troops kept by his highness the Nizam.

(To be Continued).

WESLEYAN METHODIST NOTES.

—We regret to hear that the Rev. T. H. Whitamore, acting Chairman of the Calcutta District, will be unable to be present at the coming Conference. It is also much to be
regretted that the South Ceylon District will not be represented.

—Speaking of native Christian weddings we have attended more than one at which wine was used—much to our regret and have been pained by seeing young children pressed to drink it. Such an imitation of European customs cannot too strongly be deprecated by all who wish well to our native churches.

—Last month an event of much importance took place at Ikkadu, Madras District, viz., the celebration of the first Christian marriage in that village. Crowds gathered to witness it, and the impression produced on the heathen was an eminently favourable one. They discovered that Christians could be at least as happy as they, and that without the aid of toddy or arrack.

—We want life for our churches and organizations in India. Will one result of the conference be, that this life shall be obtained? We are touching Hinduism at many points, but we aim at its conquest for Christ—this and nothing less. Thank God the assurance of our Master is;

"I am come that they might have life—and that they might have it more abundantly."

—We tried our first series of Tamil evangelistic services last month in the Tamil Chapel, Black Town. Of course we had music—two fiddles, a clarionet, and cymbals and a good choir. We sang Tamil Lyrics and carefully avoided English tunes. The audiences were composed chiefly of Hindus with a few Musulmans, and were large, and very attentive. The addresses were earnest and pointed, and were given by the Rev. G. M. Cobban, J. V. Benjamin, G. O. Newport of the L. M. S. and one or two catechists. All the addresses were short, and two or three were given each evening. Though not an easy task, we succeeded in getting our prayer leaders to "pray short." A few earnest men showed themselves every night during the services, of whom we hope to see more, and the whole were evidently impressed. We were sorry that we had to close the services, in little more than a week as English ones had been arranged for in the adjoining chapel, but we hope soon to renew them again.

—Bangalore English Circuit.—At the Quarterly Committee Meeting held recently it was found that the good financial position which has been gradually gained during the past few years is being sustained. It is felt to be desirable to
keep the principle of self-support before the congregations—and we shall certainly be nearer this in the amount paid towards the maintenance of the two ministers this year than has been the case hitherto. Church work had been carried on during the quarter as usual. The congregation at St. John's Hill has practically out-grown the dimension of the chapel there, and a discussion was commenced concerning the enlargement of it. Plans and estimates are to be obtained before the December meeting when the subject will be gone into fully with a view of bringing it up at the District meetings. In order to make our services more effective in the conversion of the unsaved among us, it was resolved to hold a short prayer meeting on each Sunday before evening service.

Madras English Church: Revival Mission.

—A series of special services have recently been conducted in our Black Town Church, attended with very gracious results. Arrangements had been made that public meetings should commence on September 24th; our people were looking forward with earnest desire and strong hope that in connection with these special efforts God would visit us with reviving and saving grace; but He who has said "Before they call I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear" kept His promise, and while we were praying the spirit descended with the blessing for which we were looking away into the future. A fortnight before the services were to commence some of the friends suggested that we should meet for prayer for a short time before the Sunday evening services. Accordingly, on Sunday an early prayer meeting was announced for the evening, and a goodly number attended. In the public service following, the Holy Spirit was present to wound and to heal; six persons came forward seeking Christ and, with one exception, went home rejoicing in a newly found Saviour. From this time Cottage Meetings were held evening after evening in the homes of our people: these were well attended and proved times of great blessing to all, whilst now and again at the close of the meeting there was found a wounded one seeking healing from the great physician. On Sunday morning, September 24th, a service was held for the children; instead of the ordinary lessons, short addresses were given urging them to present decision for
Notes of other Churches and Societies.

Christ. The vestry was opened as an inquiry room and those who were seeking were invited to retire there that the senior teachers might pray with them and lead them to Jesus. A large number responded, many of whom are still giving evidence of a sincere desire to live for God and an intelligent knowledge of Christ as their Saviour. In the evening the example of the children was followed by some of riper years, and there was again rejoicing over sinners repenting and returning to God. During the following week prayer meetings were held every morning at 7 o'clock, and well attended. A children's service was held every evening at 5 o'clock attended by a large number of our own children, and children from other schools. At these, many simple beautiful testimonies were borne to the saving work of Christ, whilst, almost every night, some were added to the number of those who had sought salvation; until it became the joy of several of the teachers, that all their scholars had found the Saviour. After the children's service, a general public service was held, when, night after night, there were some that sought the Lord. On the following Sunday, a service was held in the Ragged school similar to the children's service on the previous Sunday. Addresses were listened to with great attention; and here again there were found a number ready to yield themselves to God. We are now striving to gather into Society, and catechumen, classes those whose hearts God has touched. Though no special means are being used, we are still gladdened with proofs that the wave of grace has not yet passed away from us, and are trusting to realize, in connection with the ordinary means of grace, a continued of the same blessed results that preceded and accompanied the special services recently held.

NOTES OF OTHER CHURCHES AND SOCIETIES.

—The Rev. G. Billings, M.A. has been appointed Secretary of the S. P. G. Society. He is a good Tamil scholar, and will be a welcome addition to the staff of Madras Missionaries.

—The Salvation Army has met with harsh treatment by the authorities in Bombay. We think the whole of the disturbance which has occurred may be rightly credited to the authorities, their action has done much to discredit the army and its work in the eyes of the public, and to teach
Hindus and Musulmans to regard it as a fit object for persecution. Such rough usage will be a blessing to our brethren. They have no need of State authority as a help in their work, they will not fear it as a hindrance—Christian men may be strong though not nursed by kings and queens. To us the Bombay incidents read like a quotation from old Christian annals, when emperors and parliaments were one side and Christ and his disciples on the other. We have no doubt as to the issue.

—The meetings of the Provincial Church Council of the S. P. G. Mission will be held at Edyengoody, Bishop Caldwell's old station, on the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th instant. The Executive Committee, consisting of mission agents, schoolmasters, &c., met, and have arranged that they should read their reports; on the 12th the regular council meeting will be held and on the 13th the church congress will take place; on the 14th a devotional conference, when the lay members will be at liberty to address the meeting on matters in connection with mission work. Bishop Caldwell will preside at the meetings and will hold an ordination when many of the deacons belonging to the mission will be admitted to priests' orders, and it is expected that there will be a large attendance of the native clergy as well as of the laity.

—The Rev. A. D. Rowe, A. E. L. Mission died, at his residence, in Guntooor, on Saturday, the 16th of September, at the age of 34. Mr. Rowe was known in America as a man of spirit and enterprise. By correspondence, by photography, and by visit, he has done much to unite the far West with this part of the East, in interest and Christian work. In his own district he was known as a Missionary full of varied works. He was quick and energetic, and had splendid qualities. He was the author of "Everyday Life in India." Many will now turn to that little book and read the "Life" that is, and yet is not, moved by the young author's death. Previous to the publication of his last work, Mr. Rowe had written two very neat little books, "Talks" on Indian things. They were more particularly intended for readers in the United States. In the distribution of Famine Funds, Mr. Rowe took a leading part in 1877-78. He was in the United States in 1880-81. Returning to India, with much hope and promise, he, in some insanitary village, got an attack of typhoid fever, and fell a victim to it.