In the last Report of the Mysore District may be found this passage:

"A young Brahman who had often begged to be received into the Church of Christ was at length baptized; next day his friends came to the house where he had passed the night and took him away by force. They brought a charge against the missionary, which, of course, fell to the ground; but all efforts to see him have proved unavailing. He was at first shut up, and afterwards sent away from the town. May God support him in his enforced banishment from Christian society and helps!"

The story of the young convert thus briefly alluded to is as follows:—Ramayya, a Mādhava Brahman, about twenty years of age, and a member of a family long resident in Tumkur, had for a considerable period expressed his hearty assent to the truths of Christianity, and his desire to proclaim in public baptism his full and final adherence to those truths. He had been an anxious inquirer for more than three months, and after careful scrutiny of his conduct, and thorough examination of the grounds of his belief, a day was appointed for his baptism; but then and for some time after he was prevented by his relations and friends from receiving the rite. At length he came boldly forward and divested himself of his sacred tuft of hair (juttu) and thread (janivāra), the latter of which is now in the possession of the Rev. G. W. Sawday, Wesleyan Missionary at Tumkur, by whom he was baptized on the 21st June 1882, in the mission chapel. After the ceremony was over, the young convert went to the house of one of the native Christians and there partook of the food provided. The
next day his fellow-castemen forcibly removed him, and some time after brought a charge of kidnapping against the missionary, which the District magistrate very properly refused to entertain. A false and distorted version of the matter was circulated, and it was attempted, very absurdly, to make people believe that the young man had been coerced into the step which he had freely and voluntarily taken.

Mr. Sawday was naturally anxious that the real facts of the case should be known and clearly understood. Further, being desirous that the whole question of readmission into caste, after a breach of its rules and regulations had been committed, should be fairly and honestly decided—he wrote to the *guru* of the Vyasaraya math to the following effect:

"On the 21st June 1882, your disciple Ramayya renounced Hinduism and professed Christianity, but I hear, has now been received into caste. As he has been baptized, recognized as a Christian and received into our Church, I shall be much obliged if you will inform me under the authority of which *Dharmashastrs* you have reinstated him in your caste; for up to the present time such a strange event as the admission of a Christian into the Brahman caste has neither been known nor heard of. As it is possible you may not have been made acquainted with all the facts of Ramayya's case,—or you would scarcely have consented to receive him, contrary to the tenets of Hinduism,—I append them in detail:

1. He cut off his *jutta* of his own accord.
2. He handed his sacred thread to me.
3. He was baptized by me.
4. He ate food with Christians.

You may rest assured of the truth of these statements, and you may verify them if you please. If caste be not destroyed by any or all of these acts, I shall feel obliged; by your kindly letting me know under what circumstances a man is supposed to forfeit his caste."

For obvious reasons no reply was vouchsafed to this letter, but an order was sent to Tumkur by the *guru* to the effect that Ramayya was on no account to be received or associated with by the Brahman community. It has subsequently transpired, however, that some of the young man's friends wrote to the *guru* to say that the missionary's assertions could not be accepted as true, because he had come out from England with the avowed purpose of destroying caste, and would adopt any means to attain his end. The vacillating young man was eventually restored to caste on the specious representations thus made.

In apparent contrast to this, was the account which appeared in the *Harvest Field* for November, regarding the opposition which has been raised against the proposed
readmission into caste of a “Srivaishnava gentleman” who is considered to have cut himself off from all social and religious communion with his people by reason of his having crossed the “wide rolling ocean,” and spent some time in England. The exact nature of this young gentleman’s offence has not been clearly specified, nor can it be very definitely gathered from the curiously vague though sufficiently diffuse way in which the whole subject has been treated by those who have written on both sides of the question. In the article in the Harvest Field, the writer alleges that “much extra trouble and expense was incurred so that the young man’s caste might not be broken more than was unavoidable under the circumstances,” and that there “is absolutely no reason to suppose that the adventurous young gentleman was not a strict vegetarian and teetotaller.” One of the leaders of the orthodox party, who argues on the other side, has expressly formulated the enquiry, “Whether a twice born person commits sin by making a sea voyage for more than three days?” and while answering in the affirmative, he yet fails to shew how or why any offence has been committed. True, some attempt has been made to prove that the Code of Manu prohibits long sea voyages; but there is not even a shew of reason in support of the prohibition, and blind adherence to laws, whether sacerdotal or otherwise, which do not commend themselves to the conscience and common sense of the moral and enlightened portion of mankind, has long been a thing of the past, a mere relic of the days of bigotry and ignorant superstition.

If we consider the cases of the “young Srivaishnava gentleman” and Ramayya together, and deduce from them such reasonable and logical inferences as they fairly admit of, we can only arrive at the conclusion, absurd as it may seem at first sight, that the whole system of Hinduism is based upon the superstructure of eating and drinking. With regard to Ramayya, there could be no possible doubt that he had renounced Brahmanism, cut off his “juttu,” and divested himself of his sacred thread; yet because nobody cared to go to the trouble of proving that he had partaken of food with Christians, no insurmountable barrier was raised against his readmission into caste. But in the case of the young gentleman who went to England, the orthodox party knew well enough that, whatever might be said to the contrary, nobody could travel by sea without transgress-
ing those rules of Hinduism which regulate the kind, mode of preparation, and consumption, of food; and the question has recently been placed beyond all doubt by the summary ex-communica tion of some of the most influential leaders of the progressive party, merely because they had the temerity to dine with the traveller after his return.

To shew how much stress is laid upon this apparently unimportant gastronomic question, I quote a passage from a lecture delivered by a Brahman gentleman of the Sri-vaishnava sect, who is a zealous Theosophist. He says:—

"A question of a friend of mine, who wanted to know what Theosophy was,—viz, 'Whether to become a Theosophist it was necessary to take food with Madame Blavatsky?,'—made me laugh; but I thought this question would not have been put had it not been suggested by the practices of the Christian missionaries in their endeavours to proselytize men to their faith."

Can it really be that intelligent Hindus, who have had what they proudly style a "high education," implicitly believe in a creed founded upon a system of regulations connected with the lower animal instincts, or that they for a moment imagine that Christianity has any connection whatever with eating and drinking? "If true, 'tis pity." Do they not know that one of the greatest Apostles has said, "Why, as though living in the world, are ye subject to ordinances; touch not; taste not; handle not; which all are to perish in the using"? (Col. II. 20, 21.) Can they be ignorant of the only Christian rule of practice which is thus comprehensively and clearly summed up—"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."? (I Cor. X. 31.)

Pursuing this subject still further, and diving more deeply into it, we must assuredly be convinced that it matters little what a modern Hindu's creed may be or even his conduct in certain respects, so long as he conforms outwardly to the canons laid down regarding food and drink, and abstains from eating with persons of a different caste or religion. This may seem a strong, nay harsh and uncharitable statement to hazard. It has been generally understood that every man within the pale of Hinduism firmly believes in the Vedas and other sacred books, and that the various religious precepts laid down therein are scrupulously observed in the daily life of every Brahman at any rate, however great may be the shortcomings of the lower castes. But that this is far from being the real state of the case is told in forcible language by one
Present Aspects of Hinduism.

of the highest, wealthiest, and most influential of the strictest sect of Brahmans, who thus delivered himself in an essay on "Caste."

"How many of us, may I ask, satisfy the requirements of caste? I do not mean among our own heterodox selves, but among the bigoted conservatives, who with our uneducated women form the stronghold of the caste ethics? Our motto seems to be, not that they should not be violated, but that we should take care not to be found out in the breach. Ninety nine out of a hundred Brahmans do not perform the Sandhya in proper time, never study the Vedas at all, seldom think of the sacrifices required daily, and do not even wash as often as the rules enjoin. Yet no one objects. We go through the ceremonies in a mechanical way, either without understanding them, or without being edified if we do. We are, without the slightest compunction, reciting the Vedas in the hearing of those who, if Manu were the ruler, would have had molten lead poured into their ears for their pains! We are content even to study our own Vedas from non-Brahmanical pandits like Max Muller. We talk glibly of widow marriages and sea voyages, and shock the orthodox world beyond all forgiveness. We have renounced our ancestral and Gita-prescribed pursuits of life and duties, and have adopted mammon worship in hundreds of ways. We never even make a namaskára to our idols, and, like consummate cynics, sneer at the most serious observances of our orthodox brethren. We educate our girls, and make them study our sacred literature in the teeth of tenets which degrade our women to the level of Sudras. What prevents our travelling in other lands and acquiring practical wisdom? What makes our practical religion so ridiculous in the eyes of other religionists? Caste. It is demoralizing in its effects, engenders self-sufficiency, narrows our sympathies, and is alike opposed to reason and conscience. Its refrain is that the bulk of the human race should for ever hopelessly continue to be the helots of a narrow oligarchy irrespective of religious purity, wealth, or intellectual superiority. It in effect represents the Divine Father of mankind as a partial Being, with human and earthly passions and leanings. I repeat therefore that caste is a huge sham, and if we are true to ourselves, to human nature, to God's eternal laws, and to our country's real good, we ought to renounce it."

"These be brave words, my masters"; terse, trenchant and thoughtful; and we feel constrained to ask in all sincerity, yet with a feeling of painful surprise, how it happens that those who are animated, if not actuated, by such noble aims and lofty aspirations can grovel beneath the thraldom of baneful and effete custom; or why men who have practically renounced Hinduism as a system of religious faith and doctrine, should yet tenaciously cling to its rules and regulations respecting such utterly trivial matters as eating and drinking? Well has it been said by one of themselves, "We Hindus have entirely abandoned the spirit of caste, but incontinently cling to its dead shell." Need it be so any longer? If scepticism, Theosophy, and
Brahmoism can be accepted and followed by orthodox Hindus without forfeiting their social or caste position, surely it is absurd to contend that ceremonial pollution and degradation can be incurred by the neglect or breach of mere conventional observances having no possible connection with religion.

Far be it from me to cavil or rail at what any man honestly believes in; but I think the reductio ad absurdum principle may well be applied to some of the more recent phases and developments of Hinduism. I would affectionately say to those enlightened, earnest men who know the truth, but fear to act upon it,—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come"; and for all those who still grope in the ignorant darkness and bondage of superstition, let us fervently pray that they may soon be led into the glorious light and "liberty of the children of God."

C. C.

"FOUR YEARS IN ASHANTI."

By the Rev. G. Richter.

The above is the title of a book of 256 pages, compiled by Dr. H. Gundert from the journals of the Basel missionaries, Ramseyer and Kühne, and published in 1875. These two, with Mrs. Ramseyer and her baby boy of three months old, were surprised at their station, Anum, in June 1869, by Ashanti soldiers, and after being forced to march over 800 miles were kept in captivity by King Koffi Karikari till February 1874, when they were released on the approach to Coomassie of the victorious army under Sir Garnet Wolseley. As the sudden, short and sharp imprisonment of Mr. Shaw in Tamatave by the commander of a French man-of-war evoked no little excitement and sympathy in religious circles, the story of the equally sudden but long and wearisome captivity of these Basel missionaries, though a decade has passed over the sad event and the Ashanti war is almost forgotten, may still enlist the attention of those who take an interest in the "Dark Continent." It may even prove a timely retrospect, since by the latest information from Western Africa the deposed despot and late keeper of the prisoners, Koffi Karikari, reasserts his claim to the throne and...
reoccupied the bloody "golden stool" of his fathers. After the downfall of the Ashanti power in 1874 lively hopes were entertained that the horrid practice of human sacrifice would be stopped and Christianity gain a footing in this land of blood; but the new King Mensa and his court rejected the Gospel message proffered anew by the Wesleyan Missionary, Mr. Picot, in 1876, and resolutely declared their adherence to the fetish worship of their ancestors.

The Ashhantis are an intelligent, restless and warlike nation and most eager to extend their dominion, especially for trade purposes, towards the seaboard, from which they are excluded by the English Cape Coast Colony and some small protected inland States. Hence all the political intrigues and wars during the last fifty years on the West Coast of Africa afford but little hope of a settled peace,—especially as there is the want of a strong and consistent colonial policy.

The Basel Mission has occupied the Gold Coast as a field of labour since 1828 and, having accomplished a great work there, has made several attempts to cross the frontier into Ashanti. In 1864 the new station Anum was founded north of Akumu and to the east of Ashanti beyond the river Volta. The Rev. Mr. Ramseyer with his wife and Mr. Kühne settled there, on a beautiful hill near the town, and living and labouring only for the highest good of the people, they were unmindful of the political excitement and rumours of war from across the Volta. The king of Anum gave them timely warning, but even after the Ashantis had taken possession of Anum they determined not to forsake their post. A party of Ashanti warriors surprised them at the mission house, saluted them with professions of friendship and invited them down to the town to an interview with the great Commander Adu Bofo. The mission party followed in all simplicity, never more to see their home. They soon learnt the terrible fact that they were prisoners of war and were forcibly hurried on to the camp of the Ashanti chief, a march of two days, through scenes of fire and bloodshed and amid the jeers and curses of a bloodthirsty victorious army; the wild soldiers threateningly brandishing their weapons in the faces of the poor prisoners who, sick at heart and famished with hunger, could hardly drag themselves forward. Brought at last into the presence of the dreaded chief, Adu Bofo treated them with supreme con-
tempt and handed them over to a certain Akjena who thenceforth became their heartless and tyrannical jailor. Iron rings were fastened round their feet and every night they were chained. The order was, "To Coomassie." The missionaries were thunderstruck, but remonstrance was unavailing; march they must, and what a march it was, with the driver Akjena at their heels!

Their way lay through a wild mountainous hill tract along the Volta, then over a sandy desert across Ashanti, and they were compelled all the time to live on the coarsest food supplied in scantiest measure. Being unprepared for the journey, they lacked all the way, for three long months, such common necessaries as soap, comb, scissors, needles: no wonder that their bodies became sore with filth and insects! In all their troubles and distress they had not even a Bible or any other book to draw comfort from. How they appreciated the spiritual treasures stored up in their memories! Yet many boxes with their plundered property were carried along with them, which, however, they were not allowed to touch. Mrs. Ramseyer lost one shoe in a swamp and in the presence of Adu Bofo her dress was torn from her; still she had to march on as best she could, carrying her poor baby at her side. Their small supply of tinned milk soon came to an end and seldom could they get fresh milk or an egg for their darling boy. Gradually he wasted away till on the 7th August, two months after their capture, his sufferings came to an end, and the sorrow stricken parents laid his emaciated little body under a banyan tree, with the hopeful prayer that his grave might be a pledge that the Cross of Christ would one day be established even there.

In their sufferings the parents were comforted by the sympathy of the Queen of Sokore who paid them a visit. The people with whom they came in contact often showed a warm feeling for the prisoners and brought them food or palm wine, but their soldier guard appropriated the good things for themselves. At this time the king of Ashanti, who had been informed of the approach of the prisoners and the sickness of the child, sent them a kindly message. Arrived at Dwaben, the largest town after Coomas-sie, the King of Dwaben, a relative of Kofi Karikari, gave them a solemn reception and made enquiries about them. On their way to the king they had to face the whole population, and the children made themselves espe-
cially obnoxious; while a band of women whose husbands had gone to the war approached them in a war dance and, screaming like furies, surrounded the prisoners and brandished their knives before their faces with terrible grimaces. On the 10th August their long march came to a temporary termination at the village of Abankoro, a day's journey from Coomassie, where they stopped for six months, but still close prisoners and in the hands of their old tormentor Akjena. Here they were joined by another prisoner, Mr. Bonnat, a French merchant from Ho not far from Anum. He had fallen into the hands of another Ashanti chief and was also on his way to Coomassie. He shared their misfortune to the end of their captivity.

At last, in April 1870, the king sent for the prisoners and admitted them into his presence. It was a grand day. The king, seated in state, and surrounded by his chiefs and officers, all glittering, in barbaric splendour received the party. After their solemn salutation of the king, he with his whole court formed into procession and passed in front of the poor Europeans who in their shabby and tattered clothes and weakened by illness and semi-starvation must have exhibited a sad contrast to the robust courtiers bedecked in silk and gold. However the royal reception restored them to honour and raised them at once in the estimation of the people. To their unspeakable joy a letter from their missionary brethren at the Coast gave them tidings that efforts were being made for their release. A royal reply set forth that their liberation depended on the safe return of the king's general, Adu Bofo. It was then clear that the whites were kept as hostages in case of need; but their condition improved, chiefly through the instrumentality of the king's relative, Prince John Ansa. During the reign of the former king this prince had been sent as a boy of twelve to England and had there, under the auspices of Queen Victoria, received a Christian education and been treated with great kindness. At this time he was in the political employ of the Dutch Governor and charged with a message to the king. He procured for the prisoners a New Testament, and in other ways sought to ameliorate their sad condition.

Their first impressions of king Kaffi Karikari remained unchanged on further acquaintance. They describe him as of an imposing presence, of middle height but well built, with a countenance expressive of power yet mingled with
benevolence and free from every trace of cruelty. This may appear inconsistent with the actual state of things in Coomassie, where the slaughter of human beings was a daily occurrence; but what to the Christian seems a horrid and cruel butchery, is regarded by the fetish worshipper as a sacred and meritorious act. The Queen-mother, also a fine and noble looking old lady and the most influential person at court, made a most pleasing impression, and she often evinced her sympathy by acts of kindness to the prisoners. Through the intercession of Prince Ansa, but much against the wishes of the chiefs, the king permitted his captives to exchange their miserable grass huts, hitherto their cherished "Ebenezer," for rooms in the old dilapidated Wesleyan mission house in Coomassie, where also Prince Ansa was located with his followers. It was on the 5th December 1870 that they occupied their new quarters and they were thus enabled to celebrate Christmas in a manner more becoming than they had at one time anticipated. The king continued to supply them from time to time with money and gifts in kind; but their means of subsistence were at all times uncertain and precarious,—especially the supply of salt, a scarce and expensive article.

In September 1871, General Adu Bofo returned with his army of 18,000 men from the Kjebe expedition and made his triumphant entry into Coomassie. Then followed the horrible "costume" for the dead, the bloody sacrifices for the one hundred and thirty-six fallen chiefs, for each of whom from thirty to forty victims were slaughtered! These were days of intense agony to the missionaries, who partly witnessed the terrible scenes without being able to mitigate them in any way. About this time Mrs. Ramseyer gave birth to a daughter and the joyous event brightened up their dreary existence. Mr. Ramseyer attempted also to gather about him some boys for instruction and to preach to the natives in the market place. He obtained from the king a piece of jungle and started a plantation for yams, Indian corn and sugarcane, though doubtful whether anything would ever be left for them to reap. They wanted healthy exercise and suitable occupation and the garden afforded them both. The king also made use of the skill of his captives and desired them to build a European house for him, which they cheerfully undertook.

Meanwhile at the instigation of the Basel Mission and
influential friends in England repeated efforts were made by the Dutch Governor at Elmina and by the English Colonial Government to negotiate the liberation of the captives. Besides Prince Ansa, Messrs. Crawford and Plange arrived at Coomassie as ambassadors from Cape Coast, but their principal object was of a political character and referred to Elmina which had been ceded by the Dutch to the English and on which the king of Ashanti pretended to have a lien. Even a ransom for the prisoners was discussed and a maximum sum of £1,000 offered, which the Colonial Governor, Mr. Pope Hennessy, generously suggested the Basel Mission should pay! But after the return of Adu Bofo and the arch-agitator, Akjampong, adverse counsels prevailed; the persons should not be let go, Adu Bofo urged, but be sold, and not for less than £6480.

War with the English was resolved upon to secure Fante and Elmina and active preparations for the expedition were vigorously carried on. The Ashanti army marched in December 1872, ostensibly against Assim, but in reality against Fante and the English. The enterprise proved unsuccessful; bad news again and again reached Coomassie. When, at last, the English Government assumed a firm attitude and resolved to chastise the Ashantis, and when Sir Garnet Wolseley advanced with his picked army across the River Pra and, overcoming every resistance, approached Coomassie, the king and his chiefs and especially the Queen-mother gave ear to conciliatory advice and agreed to the liberation of Mr. Kühne. It was only just in time to save his life, for his bodily and mental sufferings had undermined his health and brought him to the brink of the grave. It was eagerly hoped that his appearance in the British camp would stop the general’s advance; but the victorious army pressed onward, and then the king played his trump card by dismissing the remaining white prisoners, not only without ransom but laden with presents. Who can describe their joy and gratitude to God, when safe and free they were taken under protection of an English outpost and then conducted to Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff! They felt as if they were dreaming when, on 9th February 1874, they found themselves again amongst their missionary brethren and a Christian congregation at Christiansborg.

“We have come back,” they write, “not by ransom, as Adu Bofo swore should be our fate; but the Lord has
sent an army to set us free. And reviewing the series of
wonderful deeds by which our lives have been preserved
and we have been led back, even the heathen greeted us
with sympathy and acknowledged that now they were
forced to believe that our God was a mighty and gracious
Lord; for as soon as they heard of our captivity, they were
convinced that all prayer was in vain and that we never
should return from Ashanti."

In conclusion I may only advert to the Christian
"revenge" the missionaries have taken for all the indigni­
ties and sufferings in Ashanti. No sooner had the Basel
Committee resolved upon an Ashanti mission, towards
which Christians from all parts of the world contributed,
than Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer offered their services. They
returned to Africa in 1875 and whilst Mrs. Ramseyer
remained at the coast, her husband, with two brethren,
entered Ashanti anew and preached the message of peace
where he had been treated as a prisoner of war. He
fixed upon Abetifi in eastern Ashanti as a mission sta­
tion; but the sudden and severe illness of Mrs. Ramseyer
necessitated their immediate return to Europe. However,
there are now two Basel mission stations in Ashanti, at
Abetifi and Begoro, and the work there is gaining a firm
foothold.

THE TUMKUR ORPHANAGE.

BY A LADY.

"WHY did the missionaries undertake the care of the fa­
mine orphans?" asked a lady not very long ago; "the
Government were looking after them well enough, and I do not
see that any necessity existed for the Mission to burden itself
with them." As a rider to these remarks a gentleman ob­
served that he thought the boys could only be retained by
being kept in a state of semi-slavery, and that their future
settlement was a difficult, almost insoluble problem. Obser­
vations of this kind show clearly that but little is yet known
regarding the aim, objects, methods, and future prospects of
the orphanages,—those havens of rest for children whose
only heritage, but a short time ago, seemed to be starvation.
No apology seems necessary therefore for a brief summary
of the history of the Tumkur Orphanage, by one who;
though entirely unconnected with the Mission, has seen and heard all that is here related.

The institution was started in the year 1877, just when a few showers of rain and the prospect of some kind of a harvest had begun to dissipate the fear of any further fatal scarcity. The Government officers were doing the best they could for the poor little waifs and strays who were picked up, some by the way side, some under trees and bridges, some in ditches, anywhere and everywhere,—either having been deserted by those who in ordinary times would have been the foremost to protect and foster them, but who under the fearful pressure of want, hunger, and misery had lost almost every vestige of human love and tenderness,—or else having been bereft of their parent’s care by the cruel hand of death. The children thus rescued from the jaws of that dread monster which had proved so fatal to their protectors and friends, were fed and clothed, it is true, and had some sort of a roof to cover their unfortunate heads; but the Government officials, being burdened with many other important and pressing duties, could scarcely be expected, and indeed were practically unable, to devote any special care and attention to these poor orphans.

It thus became a simple matter of necessity to appoint paid servants to discharge the onerous task of caring for the foundlings. These did their duty to the best of their ability, and no one can blame them if they failed to accomplish successfully that for which, through lack of training and interest, they were incompetent. Moreover, it was not the intention of Government to maintain anything like permanent orphanages, and the only result to be anticipated was that the luckless children would in time drift away one by one to different villages to drag out a weary existence in practical slavery,—the boys as agricultural labourers and servants, and the girls as the shameless tools of infamous employers. Strange to say, their own fellow countrymen rarely held out a hand to save or succour these helpless mortals. A few were adopted or otherwise provided for by wealthy Hindus, but the number of such bore a most insignificant proportion to the great mass of those left uncared for; and even though the natives knew full well that the adoption of these orphans by Christian missions would surely lead to their being brought up as adherents of that religion, yet “little they recked,” and moved not hand or foot to secure them to their own faith. The Christian spirit certainly shone out conspicuously at this juncture,
and as it has been from the beginning, and ever shall be, the loving sympathizing example of the Divine Founder of Christianity constrained His followers at this fearful time of trouble and sorrow, and under its influence the dying waifs were saved, and now rejoice in the happy home provided for them.

The same principle which has been relied on with such marvellous results by George Müller of Bristol, and Dr. Barnardo in London, has sufficed to buoy up the hopes of the originators, and fully to meet the requirements, of this orphanage. The Government at first allowed the not over liberal sum of Rs. 3 per head per mensem for the maintenance of each orphan. But this has gradually decreased year by year until now only one rupee per head is paid on account of boys under 15 years of age. Now as the average monthly cost of each orphan is at least Rs. 3 it may well be believed that strong FAITH, coupled with a great deal of hard work, much correspondence, and many trying hours of anxious care can alone suffice to keep the wheels of this beneficent institution constantly and steadily in motion.

Regarding the boys* it may truly be said that they are happy and comfortable in every sense of the term. Luxury they have not, nor is it desirable that they should in any way be made discontented with the "state of life to which it has pleased God to call them." They were mostly children of artisans and labourers, and right well are they being fitted by their daily training to become respectable, honest, and hard working members of these classes of society. Carpentry, ironwork, pottery, rope making, and weaving are being taught at the orphanage to some; while others of the sturdy, healthy, and cheerful-looking lads are busy all day ploughing, sowing, and weeding, or tempering mortar and building walls and houses in a manner to do credit to any body of workmen. There is no need curiously to anticipate the future, but the outlook is far from being discouraging. The majority of the boys are yet young, but some few who have grown up have already been employed as domestic servants and artisans; many others will be comfortably started in life as ryots, and they can then easily earn a modest competence, and so all will doubtless be provided for.

* The girls are equally well off at Hassan, and are taught to weave, knit, and sew.
The discipline and general management are identical with that maintained in a large family by wise and affectionate parents. There is neither too much nor too little restraint; perfect freedom is combined with conformity to simple and carefully devised rules, so that the boys may enjoy life and yet be kept from the paths of sin and folly. A few silly lads have been tempted to leave by special offers from people who were self-interested in drawing them away from their kind benefactors; but these were only the "sickly lambs" to be found in every flock, and the large majority of the boys know only too well that the fold in which they are so carefully watched and tended is not to be lightly exchanged for any other place. It is a remarkably gratifying fact that most of the truants, after wandering about for a few days or weeks, have gladly returned to their old home.

If it be asked whether the orphans have benefited by their adoption by the Wesleyan Mission, I can readily reply, "In every way." Surely it is no small gain to them to have been rescued from a life of degrading superstition and perhaps even of vice, to have been taught to read and write, to have learnt of God and Christ, the plan of salvation, and the way to heaven! The pages of *At Home and Abroad* and the yearly Reports of the orphanage tell of many who have passed away to the "house not made with hands,"—some of them in great pain and after excruciating sufferings, but nearly all of them filled with a blessed hope of meeting in heaven the Saviour they loved. Sad indeed must have been the feelings of the missionary and his wife as they witnessed the dear children passing away from them, even though they knew that these little ones were going to the land where "pain and death come never"; but they rejoice in the fact that they have been permitted to train so many who are now—

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Singing Glory, Glory, Glory."

"But what has the Mission gained?" is doubtless the unspoken question in many a worldly-wise person's head. Well, to put the matter on the very lowest ground, I think it is some advantage to have a considerable number of youths and young men converted, forming quite a large accession to the ranks of Christianity and brought permanently under its influence; but there is something higher and nobler than the mere numerical gain. Souls have been saved, and God has been, and is being honoured thereby. Then
there is certainly the sweet peace and satisfaction arising from having accomplished what Tennyson recommends Lady Clara Vere de Vere to engage in—

“Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,
And teach the orphan girl to sew.”

A slight sketch of the daily life of the orphans may prove not uninteresting. They rise at half-past five, A.M., have an early meal, and then go to work until ten o’clock, when the bell rings for prayers and bath, after which they have their mid-day food. At 2 P.M., they attend school, except on those days when there is a pressure of work, and all hands have to turn out to finish it. At five o’clock they have their evening meal, and close the day with prayers. A night school exists for a few of the bigger boys, who are at work in the smithy or on the farm all day. About 250 acres of land have been secured not very far from the town and several gifts of tools for the use of the boys have been received. Some of the children have been taught to sing very nicely, and they help the missionary when preaching to the heathen in the villages, or at the lighted school room services.

There are now 151 boys in the orphanage, many of them still young. Some kind ladies have adopted a few, and these are happily provided for; the Government grant will also be a small help for a period of two years, after which it will cease. But the bulk of the necessary funds has hitherto been, and must continue to be, contributed by those who feel it to be their duty and privilege to “visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction,” and who live in joyful anticipation of the time when they shall hear from their Lord the glad words, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me.”

FORTY YEARS AGO.

By the Rev. A. H. Kaundinya (Basel Mission).

(Concluded from page 142.)

It did not take long before dark clouds began to gather over me; the interval, however, was long enough for me to grow in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ and to be strengthened in the inner man against the temptations that I was to undergo. Thenceforward it was a great
pleasure to me to go to Balmatha every day and to spend an hour with Dr. Moegling in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. My old friends, Bhagavanta Rao and Mukanda Rao, who were at that time employed in the mission printing office and had been for some time convinced of the truth of the Bible, as also two of my class fellows, Ramachandrayya and Manjunathayya, joined in these exercises, the first two from a hearty desire to follow the truth, the latter two from a desire not to be found deficient in the knowledge of Scripture at the time of the yearly examination. They not only soon discovered that school examinations had nothing to do with this Bible lesson, but even joined us in our prayer meeting.

In the meantime I told my wife that I believed in Jesus as my Saviour and that it was my intention soon to profess Christianity openly. I began to speak frequently on the subject and to pray with her. She soon got alarmed and told the news to my sister, who was in the house, and also to her mother. One day, it was the 24th December and Sunday, while the five before named were engaged in prayer at Balmatha with Dr. Moegling, a messenger came to call me home. There I found my father-in-law and others awaiting me. The former addressed me kindly and requested me to go with him to spend a few days at his house. I thought I must appease my relations by showing unconcern about what was demanded of me, and in a moment of great weakness I permitted my Bible to be taken away from me. I was not exactly under any restraint but was always watched, and wherever I went somebody would accompany me. I submitted to this annoyance, supposing that it could not go on for any length of time; but the few days of such weak hypocrisy, the multiplied entreaties of friends and the arguments of opponents were gradually doing their work. A certain coldness began to creep over me and there was reason to fear that I was not prepared to take up the cross of Christ so soon. My relatives did all in their power to keep me from all intercourse with Dr. Moegling, who at last, upon my request, asked the chief magistrate and collector of Kanara, Mr. H. Blair, to send for me and to see that I was under no restraint. My relatives had now to let me go, but a servant accompanied me, apparently to hold an umbrella over me, but really to act as a spy. On my way to the collector I first went to Dr. Moegling, who, though glad to see me, soon perceived...
that my path, as a disciple of Jesus, was beset with great difficulties and temptations. He was sad and agitated; I remained cold. It was now time to go to Mr. Blair, but I promised to see Dr. Moegling on my way home. Doubts, however, arose in my mind, whether I was not playing with sin by putting off my confession of the name of Jesus before men. Mr. Blair received me very kindly and assured himself that I was under no bodily restraint. Mrs. Blair, a decidedly pious Christian lady, also spoke kind words to me and at parting asked me to take a small packet of pressed ferns to Dr. Moegling on my way back.

Returning to Balmatha, I had a short conversation with the missionary, which was sufficient to show me the perilous position I was in. I was fully convinced that I must break through that very day, if my soul was to be saved. To go home and declare myself a Christian was out of the question. I did not care to be treated as an outcast in my own house. It was clear that the best plan, under the circumstances, was to stay where I was. Dr. Moegling, however, told me to walk out of the compound, and if I returned without the servant, he would not object to receive me. I went out with the servant, told him that I intended to stay with the missionaries, and sent him away. He ran like a mad man, and in less than half an hour hundreds of Brahmans and others, my father-in-law at their head, came up to Balmatha. Though at first afraid to go among the excited crowd, I soon got bold and sat with my father-in-law in the verandah. He, a Government servant and a prudent man, did not permit anybody to use force. Seeing that neither persuasion nor threats had any effect upon me, he left and went home sorrowfully. My poor wife was naturally disconsolate but would not join me, though she came to see me soon afterwards. When I observed what she desired, I made over to her my keys and put her in possession of my property also. Eight years later, after my return from Europe, she joined me, and the property again came into my management. My poor wife, though united to me, did not live long enough to become acquainted with Christianity. She had just begun to incline her heart to Christian instruction, when she became seriously ill and died in the year 1853.

My two companions, Bhagavanta Rao and Mukanda Rao, who were at the time in the printing office, cast in their lot too. This took place on Saturday, the 30th of De-
November 1843. Ramachandrayya and Manjunathayya, however, were kept back by their relations. The latter, years afterwards, committed suicide by drowning himself. Ramachandrayya is still living at Mangalore as a pleader of the District Court of South Kanara.

The week following, that is, on Saturday, the 6th of January 1844, we all three were baptized into the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost by the Rev. Herrmann Moegling in the presence of the small Christian congregation and a few Christian friends. As is usual in the German Mission, we all received new names; Bhagavanta Rao was called Christian, Mukanda Rao Jacob, and I Herrmann.

Things seemed to go on smoothly, but only for a time. There was something brewing. After repeated attempts to seize and carry us away by force, the relations of Jacob (Kamsika) hit upon a wicked plan of exciting the large and respectable community of the Muhammadans of the place. One morning we were startled by the news of a tremendous uproar in the town. A pig had been killed and thrown into one of the tanks belonging to a mosque. Fanatically disposed Muhammadans were told that it must be the work of the German missionaries, who after having destroyed the caste of some Brahmans, had now the audacity to insult the Muhammadan religion also. The followers of the Arabian prophet in this instance were like a powder magazine, only wanting a spark to begin the work of destruction. Thousands of them came together near the Jamma Masjid, filled with the spirit of resentment. It was, however, not long before a report of the state of things in the town reached the ears of the collector, who, being responsible for the peace of the place, on the one hand requested the commanding officer of the garrison to have artillery guns ready and prepared for action in case of emergency, on the other hand sent word to the leading men among the Muhammadans to come to him and lodge their complaints. It must, however, be observed to the honour of the Mangalore Muhammadans, that they were not hopelessly fanatical. The leading men went up to the collector, followed indeed by immense and intensely excited crowds of their co-religionists, who filled more than a furlong of the broad road leading to the collector's house. Mr. Blair received the head men most kindly and heard them most patiently. Then he reasoned with them and said,—"You will acknowledge that the missionaries
are just at present greatly disliked and even hated by the Hindus. Is it probable that they would at such a time unnecessarily bring upon themselves the enmity of the Muhammadans also? I suspect that the Brahmans, perhaps some of the relations of the new converts, have done this in order to take their revenge upon the missionaries through your instrumentality. Try to find out the miscreants. I will handsomely reward any who may give such information as will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the evil doers.” The chief men among the Muhammadans were fully satisfied that the collector was right; they were exasperated that cunning Hindus had tried to make a cat’s paw of them, and taking leave of the kind and polite magistrate they immediately set to work to discover the culprits. Muhammadan zeal and the promised reward were more than a match for Hindu cunning. The secret was soon out, the plot was discovered; several persons, and among them, as ringleader, a brother of Jacob Kamsika, were accused before the magistrate. After a careful enquiry the prisoners were committed for trial to the Sessions Court, presided over by Mr. F. Anderson. A few days more, and in all probability the prisoners would have been sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour. Mr. J. Kamsika’s relations, seeing the critical situation of their friends in prison, now besieged Balmatha and begged Mukanda Rao to have compassion on his brother. They also humbly entreated Dr. Moegling to show magnanimity and mercy towards them. The relations of the prisoners bribed the witnesses and pacified the Muhammadan leaders with a good deal of money, besides paying also for the purifying of the desecrated mosque. Thus the case for the prosecution was allowed to break down, and the judge had the, on this occasion, agreeable task of acquitting (!) the prisoners.

Forty years have since passed and times have greatly changed. On the 9th January of this year Mr. M. Ram Rao, a member of my old caste and Government Pleader at Mangalore, came out and confessed the name of Jesus and was baptized on the 14th of the same month. A great number of his friends and relations were present in the Church during the baptism, and some of them afterwards actually came to the house to CONGRATULATE him on this happy occasion. May God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, hasten the time when all the natives of India shall gladly confess that Jesus is the Lord to the glory of God!
HINDUS CROSSING THE SEA.

BY A BRAHMAN LIBERAL.

II.

THE further development of this agitation in Mysore is as amusing as it is suggestive. After a few weeks' stay with his family, the young gentleman whose adventurous act has disturbed the stagnation of ages among his castemen, has returned to England to complete his legal studies in the Inner Temple. His father and friends have spared themselves no pains and trouble to send him fully equipped, so as to enable him to live in the land of the caste-less Hūnas without unnecessarily infringing his own traditional caste segregation and vegetarian habits.

But the storm unwittingly raised by him does not show any sign of abatement. On the contrary, even sober and temperate people, ordinarily engrossed in religious and caste duties, have forgotten themselves, and are microscopically examining, from sunrise to sundown, the motes in their neighbours' eyes, while neglecting the possible beams in their own. Wherever Brāhmans of what denomination and marks soever congregate, whether in temples, maths, bathing ghāts, or pīals, the staple topic is Samudra yānam (sea-going), and the conduct of the people supposed to have had direct or indirect social intercourse (Samsargam) with the unlucky traveller. It may safely be asserted that this question haunts the mind of the Brāhman world more disturbingly than the now famous Ilbert Bill has ever haunted that of the Anglo-Indian and Eurasian world.

Proverbial philosophy has it that a certain unnameable personage always finds work for idle hands, and the curious may speculate on the remarkable fact or coincidence that the anti-sea-voyage agitation was originated and is chiefly kept up by Government officials, who have been retired on pension, and who could not otherwise enjoy their otium cum dignitate. Utterly oblivious of their own world-wide antecedents, these estimable gentlemen fancy that the existence of their community as a high-caste body, and even their religion (!) are imperilled, not only if one of their number visits the countries of the west by sea, but also if there be direct or indirect contact with him. Hence, thanks to their
misdirected energy, their community is rent asunder by internal discord and mutual hatred.

It would be an unbearable strain on even an orthodox and bigoted Bráhman's credulity to say that the Smriti law still remains in force in its entirety. It does not require much logic or time to prove that the bulk of it is obsolete or is tacitly discarded. Parts of it are simply impossible, at this time and under present circumstances, to be carried out. This is not the assertion of an anglicised 19th century red radical. The great commentator of Parásara's Smriti has very clearly and very conclusively laid it down in his gloss on verse 50, chapter XI. The conservative Bráhmans, proud of their own excellences, might also lay to heart the accommodating dictum of Mādhavāchárya, who, as is well known, was one of the early and worthy successors of the great Sankaráchárya.

During the last Dasara festival, a number of the friends and sympathizers of the traveller paid a visit to Mysore, which was at the time the scene of gay festivities. The traveller has an estate near one of the stations on the Mysore Railway, where himself and a few friends stopped for a day. A curious circumstance in this connection is the Argus-eyed watch the orthodox leaders keep over the actions of their go-ahead members; and it will therefore be easily understood that, on that occasion, people were not wanting to report to the conservative leaders the fact that the traveller and his friends had spent a day together near the former's estate. Shortly after the Dasara feast was concluded, one of the orthodox gentlemen laid hold of the cook who prepared and served food to the party, and obtained from him at night, in a closed room, a deposition to the effect that the traveller and his friends had on the above occasion eaten together and in the same line. Many of the orthodox leaders were magistrates and judges, and some of them are still gracing such positions in the Mysore public service. Ordinarily they themselves would have voted it to be the height of injustice and absurdity to condemn an accused person unheard, on packed evidence, taken at an unusual hour behind his back. But "all is fair in love and war," and the Mahájanas, as the orthodox style themselves, are avowedly waging a crusade against heterodoxy in general, and sea-going in particular!

The friends of the traveller (not himself) stopped with their friends at Mysore, and several dinners were given. On the
28th October, 1883, the Mahâjanas sat in solemn conclave in a temple at Bangalore, and, after due deliberation, issued a printed bull excommunicating twenty-two persons, including, first, the friends who had stopped a day with the traveller at his estate, and second, those who dined with these friends at Mysore. As a rule, modern Brâhman orthodoxy does not act on the axiom that "things which are equal to the same are equal to one another." But in this instance their aversion to the traveller overcame their usual toleration and the fiat has gone forth, severing the connection of the aforesaid individuals with their community.

It has been ascertained beyond all doubt, I think, that the traveller and his friends did not eat together when they spent the day at his estate. Even though they were convinced that after so-called purification by means of certain ceremonies a sea-traveller may legally be associated with as before, yet they abstained from taking food with him, in accordance with a previous understanding to the effect that, until the final return of the traveller from England, his friends should not take so defiant a step. But casting to the winds all notions of fairness, the Mahâjanas chose to believe the one-sided story extorted from the cook, in preference to the written denial of the charge sent to them by one of the excluded gentlemen, whose character and position were by no means inferior to those of any in the orthodox assembly. These facts have been obtained from the published proceedings of the Mahâjanas themselves.

But even supposing, for the sake of argument, that the friends had eaten with the travellers, they would not be liable to any penance; because the Parakâla Guru, who is the spiritual preceptor of H. H. the Maharajah of Mysore, has ruled that purification is only required for five days' association at the lowest.* None can say that association of such a duration ever occurred in any case.

It is a suggestive circumstance that the expelled consist of sons, brothers, relatives and friends, and the expellers have thus put an enormous pressure on their natural and healthy emotions, to carry out the behests of the caste inquisition. Whether and how long the gulf between such near relations, caused for such a reason, will remain unbridged is a curious problem. Most of the orthodox leaders are only persevering in the matter for the sake of

* Vide Proceedings of the Mahâjanas, dated 23rd September 1883.
a mistaken notion of consistency. They were driven at first to an attitude of unrelenting defiance towards sea-going by the officious zeal of some not over-wise friends and relations, and now think it dishonourable to retreat. It is too late in life for them to believe that it is not ignominious to acknowledge an error, although they are ready in their calmer moments to admit that to err is but human. There is not at the present moment a single Srivaishnava family of the traveller's community in Mysore in which the most deplorable violence is not being done to the noble instincts implanted by nature in man's breast, by the offering of a most suicidal and ineffectual opposition to one of the healthiest onward movements of the age.

In the first paper on this subject, it was asserted that a math near Poona had ten years ago given a verdict in favour of Brāhmans crossing the sea. The self-complacency of southern Pandits does not, however, admit of their acknowledging the correctness of the Mahratta reading of the texts. It is sneeringly asked whether there is any learning in Mahrāstra (Mahratta country)! Even supposing that the interpretation of the Pandits there be correct, the local conservatives argue that "the North" has already been excepted by Bodhāyana from the prohibition against sea-going; conveniently forgetting that the North means the country lying between the Vindhyā and Himālaya mountains, and that the Mahrattas are governed by the laws, rituals and customs of the South. Nor is it quite correct to say, as the orthodox defenders of custom do, that there have been no instances in South India of a Brāhman who has gone to England being re-admitted into Brāhman society. One of the Barristers now practising at Bangalore is a Brāhman, whom the Smārtas have excommunicated. But his Brāhman servant, who had lived with him in England for years, has been, after some probation and after certain ceremonies, taken back into the bosom of his caste and family.

Such is the unreasoning frame of the Brāhman mind at present that these apparently unanswerable facts and arguments are not even listened to, and everybody is content to follow the general stream of tendency in his own caste, not caring whither he floats. The friends and sympathizers of the new movement are openly anathematized as atheists, pariahs, materialists, "London-Brāhmans," &c. The traveller himself is for the time being forgotten, but those who befriended him, or showed him any kindness or
hospitality, and those who advocate others visiting Europe from considerations of general good, are persecuted with what looks like malicious cruelty.

As for the Shastras on the subject, the majority of the expelling body do not understand them, and those that can read them for themselves are content slavishly to accept the meaning attached to them by the maths, and tradition-worshipping priests. The masses sneer at the slightest attempt at a different construction, and put an extinguisher on the most fervent enthusiasm by asking whether the sceptic is greater or more learned than the heads of the maths and their satellites.

From the foregoing outline it may be possible for outsiders to form some idea of the upheaval which the Brahman world is undergoing at present. Friends of progress are cheered by this sign of healthy action, which they hold to be infinitely preferable to the stagnant content, or the semblance of it, which has kept the people inert for so many ages.

It would be untrue to say that the orthodox "contents" do not number in their midst some very intelligent and worthy gentlemen, who are not slow to perceive and admit the advantages of Hindus visiting England. Their chief reason for opposing it seems to be that they will personally suffer much avoidable inconvenience and hardship by detaching themselves from the majority; but the excuse which they plead is that the reform is at present premature and therefore inexpedient. One of the great bugbears of these worthies is the scorn and contempt which they fancy will be hurled at them by the other sects and sub-sects of Brahmans for allowing into their fold an "England-travelled" member.

An attentive observation of the signs of the times, and a real desire for the material prosperity of their country would doubtless enable them to perceive that their fear is chiefly imaginary. At any rate travelling to England as Brahmans cannot be put in the same category as the numerous vices, which are unfortunately honeycombing Brahman society through and through at the present moment. The Maharatta Brahmans are no less sticklers for caste than the Southerners, and yet the former do not make any fuss on the point. Brahmins visit England from the Bombay side and return into their old social positions,—many of them without doing any penance whatever.
Nor can it fairly be asserted that this demand for liberty—not license—by the rising generation is altogether abrupt and sudden. As has been shown already, a Brahmanservant, who had lived in England some time, has managed to get back into society; and nowhere is it laid down that visiting the countries of the Mlechchas is an inexpiable breach of the canon laws. For instance, going to Persia is, according to the Smritis, equal to visiting Bengal, except on pilgrimage, and the same may be said of going to England. Objection is only taken to making a voyage. But it is undeniable that thousands have made and are now making voyages along the coasts, across the Bay of Bengal to Burmah, and to Ceylon. The advocates of reform are only solicitous of extending this practice for the social, material, moral and intellectual amelioration of their country. It cannot be too often brought to the recollection of the conservatives that the liberals do not in the least desire to subvert their social life; and while they encourage their wealthy countrymen to travel, deprecate the abandonment of the best national habits and tastes as strongly as they protest against the loss of their own social status. There is hardly any need to say that the appliances of modern science and civilization enable every one, of whatever nationality, to preserve, wherever he goes, most of his own distinctive and peculiar habits.

The exceedingly retrogressive character of the proceedings of the Mahajan is already begun to defeat their own object. In Shimoga and some other towns the members of the caste, orthodox and heterodox, have combined, and have passed resolutions condemning the evidence of the cook as utterly unreliable, and declaring that the excommunicated ones have not rendered themselves unfit for recognition and companionship. There is no doubt whatever that the elders of the community have in this affair betrayed a want of foresight and real knowledge of human nature. If they have even a spark of true patriotism, and if they do not want their children to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," they ought not to strain at this infinitesimal 'gnat,' after the 'camels' they have already swallowed in conformity with the irresistible impulse of the times.
The Indore difficulty has been considered by the Government of India, and Mr. Wilkie has received a reply to his communications. It is therein pointed out that the Maharajah Holkar, as the ruler of his own State, possesses plenary powers in respect to his own subjects. British subjects are entitled to and promised perfect liberty of religious opinion everywhere in India; but the Government of India does not consider itself bound to exercise any interference whatsoever on behalf of the subjects of native States. The letter thus proceeds:

"The Agent Governor-General desires me to inform you that his action in regard to direct interference on your behalf, must be confined to requiring for you, if necessary, perfect religious freedom, so far as the exercise of your personal religion is concerned, and security from molestation in your own house and on your own property in the Indore city, should you possess any. He will, however, take an early opportunity of pointing out to the Indore Durbar the immunity from molestation which obtains in British India, in regard to missionary work; and it is hoped that His Highness may be inclined to approve a more conciliatory policy than he has hitherto considered it necessary to adopt."

Dayanand Sarasvati, a prominent religious reformer, translator of the Vedas, and founder of the Arya Samaj, died at Atmere on the 30th October. The main effort of his life, pursued most enthusiastically and adhered to unswervingly, was to recall his countrymen to the simple (as he believed) monotheism of the Vedas. He was a strong opponent of idol-worship, caste, and child-marriage, and a powerful advocate of female education. He recited a Vedic hymn just before his death, and with the exclamation—"Oh, God! Thy will be done!" closed his lips for ever.

The "Indian Witness" has the following:

A well-informed correspondent writes to us that at a prize distribution in a certain mission school the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province presided, and finding a Bible among the books to be given, absolutely refused to hand it to the pupil who was to receive it. We are so unwilling to believe the story that we suppress names and dates, but we would not allude to the matter at all if our information were not well authenticated. If any high official should do such a thing, he would lessen the respect of the school boys for himself, both personally and officially. It is one of the last lessons which Europeans in India succeed in learning, that both Hindus and Muhammadans expect them to respect their own religion, and utterly fail to understand their affected "neutrality" on the subject. The day for this kind of nonsense has gone by, and the boys in our schools are now less timid in religious matters than many who ought to be their religious exemplars.
A series of revival services has recently been held here with very gracious results. The work was undertaken in August last and began with nightly cottage prayer meetings in the houses of the members. When these had been held for three weeks, all the members were specially invited to be present at the Saturday evening prayer meeting. The attendance was unusually large. The nature of the work was explained, the need of individual effort impressed upon those present, and volunteers for service requested. One and another rose in ready response, stated in real “lovefeast” style their desire to serve God and offered themselves for whatever work might be given them. Soon nearly forty names had been given and we came away rejoicing from one of the best lovefeasts we had ever attended.

Prayer meetings were continued another week. Meanwhile a plan of Black Town was drawn up dividing it into eight districts, to each of which a superintendent and four visitors were appointed, whose duty was to visit every house in their respective districts, repeating their calls whenever possible, distributing handbills and inviting to church. For this purpose one thousand handbills were printed and were soon used up. Every house in Town had been visited before the services commenced. The enthusiasm of those who volunteered at first became infectious; daily, willing workers offered their services, and more than one whom we had deemed unable to leave their houses, complained that no work had been given them and claimed common privilege with the rest. The public meetings were continued for a fortnight. An early morning prayer meeting was largely attended by members of both our own and other churches, and greatly blessed to all. Rarely have we ever experienced such seasons of refreshment. The evening preaching services were also attended by large congregations and the interest was well sustained to the last. During the fortnight about forty persons sought counsel in the inquiry room, most of whom we have reason to believe found Christ a present Saviour. Two children’s services were held, when several of our Sunday scholars gave their hearts to Jesus.

As most of the inquirers were connected with other Christian societies we have not received a large increase of members. Yet have we great cause for rejoicing. The result among ourselves has been deeper and more precious than the mere increase of members. The spiritual life of the church has been quickened. A general desire for work is being manifested, an earnest enquiry as to the teaching of Scripture concerning holiness has been awakened, and the attendance at our public services, prayer meetings and class meetings has been considerably increased.
The site of the old chapel built in Holland street upwards of sixty years ago, has been for some weeks past a scene of busy activity. Workmen have been engaged in preparing it for the erection of another chapel, more commodious and more beautiful. The foundations have already been put in, and part of the walls raised up to the basement level. On Monday evening October 15th the memorial stone was laid by Mrs. Little of Karur. The novelty of the event, in spite of unfavourable weather, drew together a large assembly of all classes and creeds. At the hour appointed, the Rev. J. M. Thompson, Superintendent of the Negapatam circuit, gave out hymn 990 and read I. King VIII. 22 to 30. The Rev. D. Valuppillai then prayed in Tamil and Mr. Thompson in English, after which the latter placed in a cavity under the stone a sealed bottle, containing a copy each of the latest issue to hand of the following publications,—Harvest Field for September and October, Methodist Recorder, South Indian Post, Madras Mail; also a copy of the circuit plan, a list of the names of the gentlemen on the building committee of the new chapel, and one each of the current coins of the realm. F. Oliver Esq. then handed a trowel to Mrs. Little and requested her to lay the stone, which duty Mrs. Little performed in true workmanlike fashion. The Rev. Henry Little then addressed the assemblage, briefly sketching the history of the old chapel, and dwelling upon the great truths which would be the central theme of the preaching in the new building—one God and one Saviour. On the completion of the chapel, he said, the church would have to be built, not upon a stone, but upon a rock, the rock Christ Jesus. Next day a beautiful miniature trowel in silver, with ivory handle, and suitably inscribed, which arrived too late for the ceremony, was presented to Mrs. Little. The new building has been designed by G. S. Bruce, Esq., C. E., and when completed, will be a credit alike to its designer, and to the church to which it belongs. It is gothic in style, constructed of red pointed brick, with an ornamental tiled roof. The main walls consist of arches resting on pillars, and the front gable wall and verandahs rest on rough granite columns. Folding teakwood doors occupy the spaces between the pillars. The total cost is estimated at Rs. 7,000, towards which more than half has already been promised.

On the evening of October 16th a highly successful concert, conducted by the Rev. W. H. Findlay, M. A., was held in a large room on the premises of the South Indian Railway, kindly lent for the occasion by Jas. Smith, Esq., chief auditor. There was a large gathering, and upwards of Rs. 150 was realised towards the building fund.
A narrative of very vivid interest comes from the Rev. Owen Watkins, the indefatigable pioneer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in the Transvaal, South Africa. Sixteen years ago a heathen man belonging to Pahlala’s tribe in Secceoeni’s country went down to Maritzburg in Natal in search of employment. He found that, and more—a Christian missionary. Christ’s gospel reached his heart and woke up the manhood within him. He became conscious of new ambitions, set himself to learn to read and write, and after some time became an intelligent, useful and influential member of the Wesleyan Church at Maritzburg. But the man’s heart yearned to impart to his own people the light he himself had received, and after much thought and consultation with the missionary, Samuel (for that was the name given to him in baptism) resolved to throw up his employment, sacrifice all future worldly prospects and go and preach Christ to his own people in the Transvaal. He had to make a journey of seven hundred miles on foot; but he undertook it cheerfully.

On his arrival at home he reported himself to his chief, Pahlala, told him of Jesus, and asked that he might be allowed to preach to the people. But Pahlala thought of Jesus as a new Chief who was to come and conquer all the tribes, and he forbade the holding of any meetings in His honour. So for four years Samuel was unable to hold any public service; but he taught the Scriptures from house to house, and the knowledge of Divine truth spread like leaven. At the end of that period Pahlala died and his chief wife, a sister of Secceoeni, reigned in his stead. To her Samuel applied to be allowed to hold public services and to establish schools, and permission was granted. Very shortly a building capable of holding six hundred persons was erected, a school also was established, and the work of the Lord prospered. Some time after churches were built at two other places, and the people asked that teachers might be appointed to live among them. So Samuel called together the church, and after earnest prayer for Divine guidance two men of good report and tested piety were set apart for the work of God. But these men needed training, and Samuel sent them with letters of recommendation and sufficient money, to the French Mission in Basutoland, where they remained and studied for two years, after which they returned to work among their own people.

News of this work came to the ears of the Berlin missionaries who were at once anxious to absorb it into their own. But Samuel declined, saying that he had been converted among the Wesleyans, and must remain faithful to them. He felt sure they would yet find him out, and acknowledge with gratitude the work that God had done through his instrumentality. In the meantime, however, Samuel invited the Rev. Mr. Hofmeyer, of the Dutch Reformed Church, to visit his people, examine them, and,
if satisfied, administer to them baptism and the Lord’s Supper. This was done, and from that time Mr. Hofmeyer rendered these churches assistance as occasion offered, while still recognizing them as Wesleyan Methodists.

Fifteen months ago the wife of one of the Christian natives gave birth to twins. Now, there is an old heathen custom in the tribe, that if twins are born, one infant must be given up to be killed, and its body placed on the banks of the river to be washed away, in order that the spirits may be pleased and that rain may be given to the land. A message came from the chieftainess to Samuel, that one child must be given up in order that they might perform heathen rites upon it. Samuel’s answer was sublime:—“God gave the life. It is man’s duty to preserve it. I will not give up the child.” Then came other messages, and some of his friends even tried to persuade him to yield. But he stood firm. In the midst of all this, one of the twins died. Samuel had it buried just behind the church. But the belief of the heathen was and is, that if the poor little body rested in the country of the tribe, no rain would fall, and their crops would fail. So now a demand was made to deliver up the body, that it might be placed on the banks of the river and washed away, and so carry away the peril from the tribe. Samuel told them their belief was an insult to God, and that therefore he could not comply with the order. Thereupon an impi (army) was sent down. They ordered the body to be taken up, but allowed the poor father to have it on condition that it was at once taken out of their country. Samuel and the father at once started off with the poor body and brought it to a farm, “Good Hope,” forty miles away, where some Christians belonging to Mr. Hofmeyer were living. Here they buried the body in peace, “in sure and certain hope” of the resurrection.

Meanwhile tragic events were taking place at home. By order of the chieftainess the church was destroyed by fire. Then all the Christian men were ordered to come out of their huts. They were severely beaten with sticks and ordered to leave the country of the tribe at once. They were allowed to take their families with them; but nearly all their property and stores of food were taken from them. Two hundred souls went forth into exile for Christ’s sake!! Samuel returned just as they were being driven forth. He conducted them to the farm “Good Hope,” before mentioned, and arranged for a portion of them, with himself and family, to remain there on payment of ten shillings per hut per annum. Another portion of them under the guidance of one Johannes went fifty miles further north and obtained a place of refuge on a Boer’s farm.

Mr. Watkins thus describes his first meeting with these people:—“I heard of Samuel some twelve or sixteen months ago, how that he was working for the Lord, and that he belonged to
the Methodist Church and had been waiting for us for long years. I sent and asked him to come and see me at Pretoria. He came about the end of last November bringing three others with him. When I saw him I was amazed. He is a very little man, not much more than five feet high; but he has the courage of the apostle Paul and the tenderness of the apostle John. He told me his story, all unconscious of the sublime heroism it contained. He had laboured for nine years in the dark wilds of Africa, unknown, unpaid, unvisited, unrecognised by any Church (for we did not know of his existence and were not yet in the land), yet remaining steadfast to Methodism, and patiently witnessing for Christ in the midst of distress and persecution as bravely as any of the early Christians did.

"You will not wonder that I was greatly moved, and that I promised to visit him as soon as possible. I sent word by a messenger when they might expect me. When I got to the foot of the hill, on the top of which Samuel's village is now built, some of the people saw me, and at once set up a cry, "It is! It is!! the missionary; our own missionary!! come at last." There was a great commotion. Then a lot of guns were fired off by way of salute, and the people rushed down the hillside to greet me. I stood still at the spot where the first party met me and waited until all the rest came down. Samuel was away in the bush, cutting wood for a school house; but they sent runners to tell him the glad tidings and bid him come at once. I had to shake hands with every man, woman, and child, until my arms ached again; after that came words of welcome. Tears rolled down many faces as the teacher, Johannes (one who had been to Basutoland), told me how for a long time their prayers and cries had gone up to heaven for my coming, and he concluded, "Now at last that we see your face, all the days of our mourning are ended." I spoke to them very gently, for I knew their sorrows for Christ's sake had been very great; and in a faith which almost staggers me now, I told them God's people in England of the Wesleyan Church would not forsake them. The teacher thereupon in an ecstasy of joy raised the hymn, "Jesus sought me when a stranger," and we moved forward as it were in an ocean of sacred song. In a little while Samuel arrived, and as it was an occasion to be spoken of in coming generations he was saluted with three guns. To see that man's face beaming with joy, as he saw me in the midst of his people, and to feel the grip of his hand in welcome, amply repaid me for all the hardships passed in coming to visit him. I cannot tell you of the long meeting we held and the many matters we talked of, but it was a time never to be forgotten."

Mr. Watkins appeals for help to settle these homeless Christians, and asks for an English missionary to be stationed in those regions.