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IT is holy festive Easter.* In the Fatherland to which many of our hearts turn, lengthening days and opening flowers are fit symbols of that light and life which burst forth from the darkness of the Cross. Memory paints many a scene of new-springing life where violet and primrose, anemone and hyacinth, and leaves of virgin green, and lark and thrush and linnet, rejoicing over banished winter's dreariness, welcome the dawning spring. So the Risen Lord has shed His light upon the drearier wintry waste of human sin, has touched with His “resurrection’s power” many hearts which bear the bloom and fruit of holiness.

Here too Easter comes. Here many a spirit has heard the Risen One command light out of darkness. Here human hearts, turned about by the Spirit of God, know a new life in the Risen Lord. There are those, thank God, who try to spread that light and life in the darkness and death around us. But there is the terrible darkness beyond,—the hearts and huts and hamlets where the blessings of the gospel of peace are not known, or known in name alone. As the goodman of some snug English homestead looks out upon the chilling, drizzling darkness of a November night, and thinks of the homeless out in such dreariness and prays for them, so do you, in your home, where Christ’s light has shined, think of those in the worse darkness here and pray for them.

But there are voices borne along in this darkened night,

*This paper was written during Easter-week.
which fill with pain, and quicken sympathy, and rouse to effort for those who suffer there. It may not be a prayer for help; there is not enough knowledge of the danger. It is not the intelligent cry of a Spirit-awakened sinner, “What must I do to be saved?” To multitudes here, salvation from sin in the Christian sense is apparently unthinkable. It is the sigh of human hearts that know not God, and worship, or rather at once dread and imitate an exaggeration of human vices. Does not the unconscious sob of one nearing death move our tenderest sympathy? These are your redeemed brethren dying in sin, though they know it not. The sigh of their ignorance of God and sin and salvation often makes one weep. I cannot tell it out to you as I would; it is too sad for words. Let me try to tell you something of what I have seen.

On the last night of the last moon, the last night of the Hindu year, a friend and I together went to a night festival of the goddess Manne Mâri.* Mother Mâri, as she is called, is the village goddess in every part of Mysore I have yet seen, and it would be strange indeed to find a village without her mud shrine and its bedaubed stones. She is said to be one of the forms of the lustful and blood-thirsty Kâli or Durgâ, the wife of Shiva. The name Mâri means, killing, and is also used as a name for a plague. Her messengers are measles, small pox, malarious fever, and cholera. All classes dread her stroke, and to appease her anger the blood of such valuable animals as the buffalo is shed.

Being curious to know something more about this particular Mâri called Manne Mâri, I made enquiries and was told the following legend. About twenty miles distant is the village Manne, where in ancient times the powerful Jahangir ruled. Fearless of others, he did according to his will within and without his own dominions. Mâri, resolving to humble him, breathed cholera among his people. Soon after she appeared suddenly to some villagers. After they had offered sacrifice she entered a man and through him told them that she and her two sisters dwelt in a rock of black granite near the town, and that if the rock were broken they would separate and go where they pleased. At the same time she ordered that a temple should be erected.

*This name does not occur in the Amara Kosha, nor in Dowson’s Dictionary of Mythology. One would incline to think it a remnant of ancient worship, not fully fused into Brahmanism.
Voices from out the Darkness.

for them wherever they stayed. The rock was broken. Instantly out sprang the eldest sister, with a loud voice, and she remained in Manne itself. The second flew to a wood near Madapura, and the third to Bukapatna near Sira.

To visit the dark festival of such a goddess we went along in the darkness of the night. Stillness reigned everywhere, broken only by the tread of our ponies' feet, our own voices, and now and then the howl of a village dog. Many thoughts of the works of sinful darkness which seek the blackness of the night crossed one's mind. As we neared the temple, or rather mud huts, the glare of torches, the yelling of the people, the deafening horrible monotony of the tom-toms, all upon the background of the night's blackness, made an impression not soon to be forgotten. We began talking with a group of villagers seated near a small idol car, and found that the principal performers were so drunk that they could not reply sensibly. The message of the gospel in such circumstances was strange indeed, and one could not but be sad. It seemed as if they were given up to work all uncleanness with greediness'. Turning away we observed a number of small cars, called hurujus, and found that thirty-three villages should send one each, the cost being met by a tax levied according to the ability of the villagers.

I then watched the drawing of one of these cars thrice round the wretched-looking mud gudi (temple). In front of the bullocks was a cobbler, made drunk for the purpose, beating a tom-tom, dancing, whirling a stick round his head, and yelling the most unearthly yell. Upon the car, or rather within its gaudy red and white cloths, sat a few men. Behind it walked the village women who have legal husbands living, bearing bowls of offerings on their heads. The bowls were surrounded with flowers, and a light placed in the middle lent itself to many a very graceful appearance. I was told that some had their mouths locked, by means of a wire passed through both cheeks and fastened under the chin.* One of the bystanders, who knew the gospel in name, assured us that through the power of the goddess they felt no pain, since it was done for her glory. Behind these were the men of the village which provided the car, and behind them again dancing wildly in all directions, creatures more like one's imagination of fiends than men. They had on turbans, and drawers reaching to

*This is a very common vow to Mari.
Voices from out the Darkness.

the knees; their bodies were smeared with some yellowish substance; they carried in one hand a bunch of areka blossom which they waved over their heads frantically, shrieking, meanwhile, as if their life depended on the effort. I found that these were men who had taken a vow to run through fire. When the car had been thrice drawn round the temple, the people entered and the women presented their offerings to the puñāri (sacrificial priest), who received them in the name of Mári. I went as near as was possible at the moment, but could not see all that was going on then. Afterwards, drawing nearer, I could see the gaudily dressed shame, but could not trace the features of its dark face. All this time there was such a deafening din of yells and shrieks and tom-toms that speaking was impossible, and I went to watch the treading of the sacrificial fire.

This fire was prepared in front of the principal temple. The receptacle was about a foot deep in the middle, four feet broad and three or four yards long. On either side were stones ornamented in Hindu fashion with alternate streaks of red and white. In the sacrificial fire-hole lay the burning embers carefully spread over every spot, about three inches deep I should presume. On either side were lurid torches, the light of which occasionally became so ghastly (by what means I could not find out), that it suggested things infernal. I pushed my way through the forming crowd till I came near an ancient-looking hoary man,—probably the puñāri—who directed all with the utmost interest. Then came the men of whom I have spoken, rushing with wild echoing yells, like so many madmen, through the burning embers, which were carefully replaced as fast as their feet displaced them. On they ran around the people, screeching all the way, and soon rushed through the fire again. I could not in the confusion count how many times they ran through, but it seemed to me at least six or seven. One poor fellow dropped his blossom and was roundly abused as a thief by the bystanders. It is said they rub a certain juice on their feet which prevents the fire from burning them; but I cannot vouch for that. When all had completed their task, the hoary old man, placing his right hand near the fire and then lifting both hands to his head, with bended body worshipped it and departed. After the crowd had dispersed, a man carrying a child and followed by several persons walked round the
Voices from out the Darkness.

fire twice or thrice. I was told that both running through and walking round the fire were in fulfilment of vows made to Māri in the time of distress or disease.

Things became somewhat quieter and we again began our work. Never have I been more saddened at the state of any people—listening at first eagerly from sheer curiosity, then defending or ridiculeing their practice with equal facility, but giving not the least hint that they felt any necessity to relinquish it and seek God by a pure life. The pujāri, honestly enough, defended the practice on the ground that it was his livelihood. The people then began returning to their villages, but many whose homes were distant wrapped themselves in rough blankets and lay down on the ground. It was told me on good authority, that it is customary, and the most acceptable offering, for the villagers to dedicate their daughters to Māri for that which cannot be named, and that not only childless women but others also vow in the name of Māri to give themselves up to religious iniquity for four nights during the feast, and in token thereof bind a sign on one arm. Of this I cannot speak save that it would be in keeping with all the surroundings.*

The villagers were all departing or sleeping on the ground, the torches were nearly all put out, and near the still glowing embers of the fire two drunken cobblers kept up their horrible noise with the tom-tom, stopping only, when exhausted, to drink more toddy. Looking round on such a scene, one's grief was more than can be spoken. To think of the degradation of men, made in the likeness of God, redeemed by Jesus Christ, yet giving themselves up to the service of a goddess to whom indiscriminate lust is the most acceptable offering, was almost unbearable. Standing thus, the night air bore to me the sound of boyish voices singing in the strange cadences of Hindu music. I listened, but not being able to catch all the words, asked my companion. One song cannot be named. Of three couples of another the following is an attempted unpoetical translation, influenced perhaps by the form of the original, which I wish I could reproduce.

“A soul there is within the body which it moves at will.
How long soever life may last, death will not fail.
When born what does it bring? Dying, hence what does it bear?
Tell me, as wholly burnt up limestone, crumbles it not away.
Despising this vile body, how wearily toils the soul?
But whose is the gain when it has passed away?”

* Abbé Dubois, p. 302, &c.
This is very true, you will say; but how does the song end?

"Worship the Linga. Then emancipation from the body will be gained, and never ending bliss. This is the truth."

How utterly disappointing when that which seems ennobling is so really degrading!

The voice of the singer died away, the exhausted tom-tom beaters drank their toddy and again renewed their noise; the stars shone down as if in sorrow; and many many thoughts of human helplessness in sin, beyond all utterance, forced themselves hurriedly through one's mind. O that you could know the piercing sorrow of him who tries to be a minister of Jesus Christ at such an hour! For these, in His name who died to redeem them, I claim your daily prayers.

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**BRIEF SUGGESTIONS TO MISSIONARIES ABOUT THEIR WORK.**

**By a Brahman.**

In a former paper I gave what, in my opinion, are the views of Hindus generally with regard to missionaries and the Christian religion. My object now is to indicate the way in which I think the people may be made better acquainted with Christianity, and missionaries in this country may exert a greater influence for good. Christianity will never succeed as you wish in India so long as it is looked upon by the people as a foreign religion. It must become indigenous, and the propaganda must be the work of the people themselves. But indigenous it never can be until it secures the friendship of the upper classes. If therefore you are anxious to fulfil your mission you must first address yourselves to the natural leaders of our thought, and let your teaching soak down through them to the masses. Doubtless the first preachers of Christianity were men of humble origin, and the first Christians came mostly from the lowest classes of society. But that to my mind affords an illustration of my theory. Christianity has not yet become the national religion of the Jews; nor did it attain noticeable proportions in any country before it first, in that place, gained the adherence of either the oligarchy or monarchy. Your religion owed much to the Roman Empire, and
even now it is remarkable that it has made little progress beyond the limits of that Empire. If, therefore, you desire not merely to storm a few outposts but to capture the key of our religious stronghold you must first secure the services of our leaders. This is a most formidable task; in fact so formidable that I think you will never succeed in accomplishing it. You believe you will, and that your religion is destined to become the religion of the world. Well, if your belief is ever to be realized in India it must be done in the way I have indicated.

There are other points to which I think attention should be paid by missionaries if they want to exert greater influence amongst educated natives. It looks like impertinence to say that their private lives should be exemplary and beyond the breath of suspicion; but such unfortunate exhibitions as the late Calcutta defamation case tend to discredit missionary work incalculably.

The intercourse between the missionaries and the people should be placed on a better and more intimate footing. Though they are more accessible than other Europeans, it must still be said that many of them seem to possess an undefinable feeling of their superiority, and manifest it not always in a very considerate fashion. I do not suggest that a missionary should meet every native, however low, on equal terms; but when meeting with those who are socially his equals he cannot afford to display that sort of feeling which found recent and such shocking embodiment in connection with the unfortunate Ilbert Jurisdiction Bill.

Further, missionaries will find that the most effective way of exerting their influence is by means of education. It is contended by many that missionaries, in devoting their time to education, are stepping beyond their proper limits. Possibly objectors are led to that conclusion by the fact that the numerical results shown by the educational missionaries are utterly insignificant, when compared with those of ordinary vernacular preaching. Now I would altogether demur to this kind of comparison. I hold that to persuade one person to change his religion in obedience to earnest conviction brought about by an intelligent comparison of the conflicting religions, is far better than to gain over a hundred who are as ignorant of the religion they are forsaking as of that they are embracing. Moreover, it would be a grave error to say that because education makes
no converts, it has no influence whatever for good. It should encourage those who help on your work to contemplate the amount of excellent fruit the system of education is bearing in the minds of those who are brought in in contact with it. It is surely an object not unworthy of the noble self-sacrifice of your benevolent supporters, to thoroughly indoctrinate thousands of the youth of India in the ways of wisdom and righteousness.

One other suggestion my be permitted to me. Where an educated audience is available, missionaries should take as many opportunities of delivering lectures and holding meetings for discussion as possible. I would not advise them always to deal with distinctively Christian subjects. There is one effort in which all the religionists in the world can unite, and that is in fighting against the growing scepticism of the present age. It was never intended, I presume, that your missions should either make Christians of us all or else do nothing. I can scarcely be wrong in supposing that it is part of your object to elevate the people around you in every way possible, even though you cannot quite succeed in making Christians of them. You will be doing a noble work if you first take up and fight out the cause of all religion and all morality against the ever increasing tide of doubt and unbelief. So far there will be many among the best of our people who will heartily wish and work for your success. Now and then lay before us bright examples from the lives of the departed great men of the world. Take interest in the subjects that interest us; sympathise with us actively; show us that your object is not simply to make us lose our caste, but that you want to make us better men all round; and then you will see that we shall more fully appreciate your labours, and more readily respond to your sympathy.

_A VISIT TO KAITY._

**BY THE REV. GEORGE W. SAWDAY.**

We were staying on the Blue Mountains recruiting our health when one day we were invited by the Rev. W. Stokes to visit Kaity, the head quarters on the Hills of the Basel Mission. In response to this kind invitation we left our home early one lovely morning to drive to the
A visit to Kaity.

house of our friend. Kaity is about four miles east of Ootacamund, but, as it lies some five hundred feet lower, we had to follow a serpentine road, and hence had a drive of about seven miles before reaching this romantic station. It lies in a valley, which is beautifully sheltered by belts of grand old trees. One is surprised to find a mission station in such a quiet, secluded, out-of-the-way spot. The story which is commonly told about it reads almost like a romance. It is said that long years ago Lord Elphinstone, when Governor of Madras, desired to find a spot somewhat less cold, and perhaps somewhat less public, than Ootacamund. After looking all round the Hills he fixed on Kaity as the most desirable place. But the whole valley belonged to the Badagas—one of the hill tribes—and on the pleasantest spot there stood an old tree which was greatly venerated by them, and which was popularly supposed to be the abode of a most malignant deity. Fearful of offending this god, it is said they refused all his lordship's offers, and although he went himself to interview the headman of the tribe, his efforts to obtain the land were unsuccessful. After he had been talking over his disappointment one day with his steward, the latter resolved to obtain for his master the desire of his heart. Knowing that the headman's promise was considered binding on all the tribe, he went to Kaity and invited the Badagas to a great feast; and then, when their hearts were warm with wine, he so dilated on his master's grievances that at last the headman agreed, like Esau, to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. Thus Lord Elphinstone obtained what he so earnestly desired; but history does not record what fate befel the steward whose stratagem had won the day. So much for the romance.

Government records tell us that long years ago a model farm was established at Kaity under the impression that all kinds of European vegetables, fruits, and grains would grow there; but experience showed it to be one of the most windy places on the Hills, and accordingly the farm had to be abandoned. Soon after this Lord Elphinstone bought the place for his own private use, agreeing to pay the Badagas Rs. 35 yearly for the land, which amount is also paid at the present time. He built a mansion there and furnished it in princely style. A local chronicler says, "The grounds were tastefully laid out and the whole assumed the appearance of a
beautiful English manor house, full of enchantment and attractions to the exiled European—a perfect oasis in the surrounding waste.” Stately avenues were planted, European plants and flowers blossomed in the gardens, and all that art and wealth could accomplish was done to make it a place where the Governor could enjoy life and forget for a while the cares of state.

In course of time however he left, but before going sold the estate to a civilian, Mr. Casamajor, for fifteen thousand rupees. This gentleman spent large sums in embellishing the place, and during his hospitable régime Kaity is said to have been one of the loveliest and most attractive spots in India. He was not content, however, with merely dispensing hospitality and enjoying himself in his beautiful retreat. Touched with pity by the superstitious ignorance of the poor Badagas in the villages round, and bent on doing something for their temporal and spiritual good, he established a school for them and invited the German missionaries to labour in their midst. Mr. Casamajor was not spared very long to carry on his benevolent work. In about four years he died, leaving all his Kaity property (excepting the house) and a good deal of other property, including two bungalows at Coonoor, to the Basel Mission, on the understanding that the interest of the properties was to be used for the purpose of carrying on mission work amongst the hill tribes. The house was subsequently bought by the German Mission for ten thousand rupees. The magnificent furniture of the bungalow was rightly considered to be needlessly good for missionaries and was all sold, the proceeds being devoted to mission work. One can scarcely mourn the sale of such things, but one somewhat regrets that many of the fittings of the building, such as the splendid wainscoting, were also sacrificed. From that period two, and sometimes three Basel missionaries have always been resident here.

With this short history of the station let us return to our visit. A beautiful drive of two hours brought us to Kaity where we were most cordially welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Stokes. We were told that several alterations have been made in the house since Mr. Casamajor left. One of the largest rooms has altogether disappeared; but we could easily imagine what a fine place it was in years gone by. The present homely comfort of the place reminded us of many a peaceful farm-house in dear
old England. Before breakfast we had a ramble in the garden where we were charmed with the roses, geraniums, heliotrope and many other English flowers which were growing in wild profusion. We could just trace the extent of the garden of former years, now turned into fields which are rented from the mission by the Badaga ryots. Passing out of the garden and through an avenue of fine trees we reached the shola or wood, where we found the shade of the gum trees very refreshing. The wood contains numerous ferns, and here and there seats have been placed for the accommodation of visitors. Close by is the little cemetery, where are the graves of some who passed away in the fulness of their strength and in the midst of their work; while side by side with these are the graves of little children who had been brought from the plains for the sake of gaining health and strength, but who had winged their flight from this beautiful spot to the land of eternal beauty. One newly made grave was pointed out as the resting place of the babe of our kind hosts. The child died a few months ago when the father was away on mission work. We were glad to see that God had comforted their hearts by sending another little one to fill the empty nest. After breakfast we were shown over the rest of the property. The library is a grand room, although somewhat bare. Its large window of splendid glass shows us what the house must formerly have been. Here, where a peer of the realm once held his councils, Badaga Christians now worship God, for on Sundays the room is used as a chapel. The greater part of his library, which contained many curious and valuable volumes, was bequeathed by Mr. Casamajor to the Mission. It is used not only by the missionaries resident on the station, but also by visitors; for Kaity is a sanitarium, and in the season one or two missionaries are generally found there seeking strength and recreation in the healthful breezes and well-stocked library. Gazing on the shelves we thought regretfully of the empty book cases in our own sanitarium, and almost wished we could transport thither a bandy load of the books. Before leaving we visited Mr. Müller the other resident missionary, and by him were taken to see the small orphanage in which are about twenty children who were rescued during the late famine. We recognized in them a likeness to our own boys at Tumkur, and were glad to hear once more pure Kanarese, which is not much spoken on the Hills.
No notice of Kaity can be complete without mention of the mission work carried on by the brethren stationed there. Their work is entirely amongst the hill tribes. To follow Mr. Stokes' classification, there are five tribes inhabiting the Nilgiris: (1) The Irulas, i.e., the men of darkness (from the Tamil irul, 'dark'), inhabit the unhealthy lower slopes, and live in small villages which rarely contain more than half a dozen huts. Living somewhat near the plains they have vague ideas of Shiva and Vishnu, but for the most part worship Mariamma, the goddess of small pox. They have a temple on Rangaswami's Peak near Kotagiri, and during the annual festival there large crowds of Badagas join them. (2) The Kurumbas (probably from huruba the Kanarese word for 'shepherd') also live on the lower slopes of the hills, and are much feared by the other tribes on account of their supposed powers of sorcery. They are very dirty and the Todas have a saying to the effect that a motta (village of the Kurumbas) may be smelt long before it is seen. From what we know of the Todas we think the Kurumbas may with justice return the compliment. Cultivation being rather too arduous labour for them they generally resort to the jungle where they capture game in nooses and nets. (3) The Kotas practise the industrial arts, but it is a strange thing that whilst in profession they are more respectable, in their habits they are more filthy than any of the other tribes; so that to call a man a "kota-dog" is the worst form of insult. It is said they were formerly a class of artisans brought from the plains to work for the other tribes. They worship a god called Kamataray. (4) The Todas are a pastoral people. They are tall and well proportioned, and are altogether physically a much finer race than any of the other tribes. They are woefully dirty, their women are proverbially unchaste, polyandry is common, and it is said that their many vices are fast hastening their extinction. Their houses are mere hovels, the doors being about two and a half feet high and two feet broad, so that they have to wriggle through on all fours. Their chief god is Hiriadeva, the bell-god, which is hung round the neck of the best buffalo in the herd. (5) The Badagas or people of the north (from Kanarese word badaga, 'north') are the most numerous. They belong to the Shiva sect, and are said to have emigrated from Mysore more than three hundred years ago. Their houses are built of stone and brick and have a substantial
A visit to Kaity.

look, being for the most part roofed with tiles. They are much cleaner and more industrious than the other tribes, but judging from our own experience of them we should say there is still room for great improvement in both respects.

The languages of these tribes differ much. The Irulas speak Tamil; the Kurumthas a mixture of Tamil and Kanarese; the Kotas a dialect of Tamil; the Todas what some think to be a dialect of Tamil and others judge to be a mixture of Hindustani and Malayalam; and the Badagas a dialect of Kanarese. In consequence of the differences in language work amongst them is necessarily full of difficulty, and when a missionary dies or removes it is extremely difficult to fill his place. As the Badagas far out-number the other tribes the Kaity missionaries have wisely made them their first care, have studied their language, and translated several books into the dialect. By means of Badaga they are able to reach some of the other tribes as well, who through constant contact have picked up the Badaga dialect to some extent, and can partially (at any rate) understand the gospel when preached to them in that language. One of the missionaries, Mr. Metz, laboured amongst them for twenty-five years. He itinerated from place to place making known the glad tidings of salvation to the people, and is said to have lived in their midst and partaken of their food; a fact we could scarcely credit until we learned that he was from birth deprived of the senses of taste and smell. The Badagas are a most conservative people, and we are scarcely surprised to hear that it was not until the missionaries had laboured for twelve years that they were permitted to see the first convert, Abraham, who was baptized in 1858. It was a most appropriate name to give to a first convert, and we are rejoiced to hear that he afterwards became the father of a little flock of Christians who have remained faithful. Think of it, twelve years of patient self-denying labour before even one soul was gained! From many a painful experience in mission work we know that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and who but men buoyed up with hope and filled with faith in the certainty of victory could have persevered thus? Itinerating still continues to be a very important feature of the work, and in several places small cottages have been built, from which, as centres, the gospel is preached in the several districts round; a plan which
commends itself to us and which we see has been followed by our own Mission in Bengal. Efforts have been made to remove the ignorance of the people by establishing elementary schools in several villages. The indifference of the people to learning was at first a great obstacle; but that has to some extent been overcome, and there are now 11 schools with nearly 300 pupils, in addition to the orphanage previously mentioned.

The results of nearly forty years' labour may appear to some people discouraging. For instance, except among the Badagas no member of any of the hill tribes has yet been converted to Christianity; and the village of Kaity, which lies close to the mission compound, has not yet yielded up its firstfruits to Christ, one young man who wished to become a Christian some years ago being taken away by force by his friends. But in spite of these discouraging facts, which the missionaries do not for a moment conceal, we find abundant cause for gratitude and hope; for in addition to many who are triumphing in the presence of God there are 65 Badaga Christians now on the rolls, whilst the total number of Christians in connection with the Mission is 221. Considering the difficulties we have referred to, and the fact that the first convert was not baptized until 1858, we have surely in this a wonderful proof of the power of God's grace. The change that has taken place mentally and morally in those who have joined the church is an answer to all cavillers, while to all interested in mission work the present results are an earnest of the time when all the dark degraded hill tribes shall be won for Christ, and when "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." In addition to the church and congregation at Kaity there is an outstation three miles distant (the village where Abraham was baptized,) containing several Badaga Christians and a Badaga evangelist.

When the heat of the day had somewhat abated we took leave of our kind friends and turned our faces homewards, thankful for what we had seen and heard, and full of hope for the work of the German Mission amongst the hill tribes of South India. Subsequently we had the pleasure of visiting one of the cottages before referred to. A romantic ride of eight miles brought us to the 'castle' as some facetiously call it. It is situated on the top of a little hill, with nothing near it except a small school room in which
about thirty boys from the neighbouring villages are taught to read and write. The cottage, a tiny mud house thatched with straw, was built many years ago by Mr. Metz. We thought it would be a good place for those to spend a month or two in who are always grumbling at the way in which missionaries live. A tiny room, with a table, bed, and two chairs, forms the abode in which our self-denying German brethren spend sometimes a month together. Separated from this room by a thin mud wall is the cook room and a little place for the catechist who may accompany the missionary. The mornings and evenings are spent in visiting the villages round, which are so numerous that, within the compass of a month, they can seldom visit any more than twice. Who can tell the amount of light that has gone forth from that tiny cottage? It is evident that the villagers know when their friend the missionary is resident in the place, for during the whole time we were there they kept coming for medicine. The Badagas object strongly to going to the hospitals established by government, and rather than go will submit to anything from their own ignorant doctors, even to being branded as was one man whom we saw, in about six places. All who came were doctored, some according to allopathy, and some with homoeopathic remedies; and we scarcely knew which to admire most, the loving spirit of the missionary, or the simple trust of the villagers.

A BADAGA BAPTISM ON THE NILGIRIS.
BY THE REV. G. O. NEWPORT (L. M. S.)

SOME eighteen months ago the Rev. W. Stokes of the Basel Evangelical Mission, Kaity near Ootacamund, supplied an article for the Harvest Field on “Mission Work amongst the Badagas” in which it was stated that the success to be reported after about thirty-five years’ labour among these people was very scanty; and Mr. Stokes felt bound to add that among the other hill tribes there had not been one single convert to Christianity. Twenty-one Badaga Christians had died since the establishment of the Mission in 1846, and sixty-five were then on the rolls, making a total of only eighty-six—men, women, and children—as the visible result of thirty-seven years’ labour over the whole of the Nilgiri range. Seven
Badaga candidates for baptism were however reported in that article, and these seven were duly baptized on Whit-Monday of last year in the library-church at Kaity. So far as individual conversions were concerned this was the extent of the outlook eighteen months ago. To few missions in this country or elsewhere has the rate of progress been so discouraging or the visible result so meagre. Our brethren labouring among the hill tribes of the Nilgiris must indeed work on in faith, without the joy of present success such as others of us have experienced.

Soon after the publication of the article above mentioned, the hearts of the missionaries at Kaity were unexpectedly cheered by the appearance at the mission station of two Badaga youths who expressed their earnest desire to become Christians. Notwithstanding much preaching from village to village, and many personal appeals to the Badagas of every hatti over the hill range, these youths had not before shown any sign of willingness or desire to accept the gospel. The joy of an unsolicited application from these two young men was as unexpected therefore as it was great: but we will defer any further reference to them until Mr. Müller gives their story in his own words. Suffice it for the present to say that it is the baptism of these two young men which is the subject of this article.

Ascension Day, which fell this year on May 22nd, is held as a day of special services by the Basel Mission; and as it is also kept as a holiday in Government offices and mercantile houses of business, thus allowing many persons to be present who could not otherwise manage it, the baptism was fixed for then. Brighter and warmer than usual for the season of the year, the day was propitious, and friends from Coonoor and Wellington on the one side, and from Ooty on the other, wended their way down into the quiet village of Kaity, and into the library of the Mission where the service was held. The oneness of missionary spirit, which pervades all denominations and ecclesiastical organisations working for the regeneration and evangelisation of India, could scarcely have been better demonstrated than by the gathering together that day of those who came, not only to show friendliness and courtesy to brother missionaries, but also to rejoice together in the triumph of the gospel and the salvation of souls. Members of the Baptist Telugu Mission, of the Dutch Reformed Mission, of the Church, Basel, Wesleyan,
and London Missionary Societies, of the Methodist Episco­
pal Mission, with others who identify themselves with no particular section of the Church of Christ, were there, all of one heart and one mind sharing in the service and in the delight of the day.

The service was polyglot. English and Kanarese pre­
dominated, but Tamil was not left out. Those parts which had close relationship to the special ceremony of the day were naturally in Kanarese, while the convenience and enjoy­ment of the European visitors was consulted by the frequent bursts of song in English, as well as by some of the addresses being in that tongue. The usual liturgy was set aside in favour of an English preliminary devotional service by the chairman, the Rev. Isaac F. Row of Coo­noor. After this the Rev. W. Stokes gave a brief ex­position of the first two chapters of Acts in Kanarese, which was followed by a statement in English by the Rev. F. Müller giving the history of the candidates. We cannot do better than let Mr. Müller speak for himself:—

"It was on the 10th of March last year, late in the evening, that the two Badaga lads, Tāti and Linga, aged about 20 and 22, who are now in your presence to receive baptism, were introduced to me. They had come from Ketithara and Kodanghatti, two villages in the immediate neighbourhood of our chapel at Nerkambi. I was surprised to receive visitors at so late an hour, and still more surprised to hear that the two lads wished to stay with us and become Chris­tians. They told me that for some time past they had seriously thought of embracing Christianity and were now prepared to carry out their intention. They looked very happy and gave me the im­pression of being men who knew well what they were about. Next day was Sunday, and the men for the first time in their lives joined in Christian worship. It was interesting to observe how they folded their hands during prayer, and how they were careful to behave themselves exactly as the others did who stood by them. When, at the close of the service, the missionary addressed them personally and gave them a welcome, they assented to his remarks in a very simple hearty manner. Nothing happened that day to disturb us, but on Monday some of their relatives came to Kātyī to see the lads—who are also related to each other—in the endeavour to persuade them to return home, but without success. The relatives left the lads for a short time but came again the same evening and spoke to me on the subject, urging me to deliver up the youths, on the alleged ground that they had stolen some tools from Mr. Allan's estate where they had been working as day labourers. I replied that the young men had come to us wholly of their own accord, and that as they professed themselves to be willing to remain and become Christians, I did not feel at liberty to send them away. This charge of theft was purely fictitious: they had shown a great amount of forethought so as not to give their relatives the semblance of excuse for concocting such stories about them."
A Badaga Baptism on the Nilgiris.

Linga, who is the son of well-to-do parents, had even taken off his jewels and silver waist-belt and deposited them in a box in his house before he left home. The next morning, Tuesday, the four or five men who came on Monday returned to have a talk with the lads, and permission was freely granted as a matter of course. Two catechists and a schoolmaster were present, and the interview was quiet and orderly as before. It happened that I had arranged to try a new pony that morning, and I passed on horseback through the group above mentioned which was assembled in front of the Orphanage. It seemed to me that everything was right, and I started for my ride with no suspicion of coming calamity. But I had scarcely got clear of the mission premises when the relatives approached Táti and Linga in a threatening manner. The lads foreseeing evil fled for refuge into the verandah of the Orphanage and eventually into the schoolmaster's private room. The Badagas followed the lads quickly and seized Táti, whom they at once thrust out into the open air: Linga also was seized but managed to escape, like the young man mentioned in Mark. xiv. 52. While the Christian people were enabling Linga to make good his escape, Táti was forcibly carried off by his triumphant enemies. On the latter calling out lustily for help the few Christian friends on the spot ran to his rescue; but the ranks of the assailants were instantly reinforced from outside, and although the servants of the missionaries, with all the friendly aid that could be mustered, did their utmost, no real help could be rendered him. The Badagas increased in fury as they increased in numbers, and our compound thus became the arena of a tumultuous fight in which poor Táti was cruelly beaten with fists, sticks, &c., dragged by the hair of his head, and in every way maltreated. As it was soon seen that the more the Christians attempted to rescue him the more he was beaten, Táti was in mercy left to his fate. By this time the crowd had got outside the mission compound, and halted in the public road at the back of the graveyard. An escort of four or five men took off Táti to his village by a short cut through a narrow valley; then some of the crowd dispersed, but the main body remained in council as to the best means of securing Linga also. A few venturesome spirits proposed to break into the house by force and abduct him violently, but the majority were not convinced of the wisdom of thus proceeding. Meanwhile I had finished my ride and was crossing a small stream to get home when I heard some of our school boys shouting to me. As my colleague, Mr. Stokes, was not in Kaity, these boys had been sent to tell of the commotion that had taken place. I hastened home and met the crowd of Badagas in council at the back of the graveyard as above mentioned. They were in a state of great excitement. Our catechist was also at the spot and showing me his bleeding hands, he begged me to ride as fast as possible along the public road as far as the Nerkambi bridge and thus catch in flank Táti and his escort who had gone by the short cut. I did as I was urged, and soon reached the bridge. But how great was my surprise to find Táti there safe in the hands of our own people, and no Badagas near him! It seemed impossible, but it happened as follows. Some of our people, encouraged by my opportune appearance on the scene, ran along the short cut after Táti, and as soon as they got sight of the procession they shouted, "Master is coming! Master is coming."
The Badagas, who had dispersed, ran along the tops of the hills shouting the same words down into the valley. The effect of this short simple exclamation was marvellous. The escort of Tâti took to their heels forthwith, although along the way they had been loud in their threats of the "knife and a cord for him." When Tâti, who was utterly exhausted, saw me coming just in the nick of time, he revived; we took him into our midst, and brought him home in triumph! The victory had gone round from the enemy's side to ours! And we gave hearty thanks to God who had thus thwarted and brought to naught the devices of the evil one.

We sent a request to Ooty for police assistance which was at once granted, and in the evening Mr. Shortt, the chief European Inspector, himself came down. He was of opinion that the offending Badagas deserved severe punishment and that they must be taught a lesson for their lawless conduct. Accordingly on Wednesday, March 14th, I gave evidence before the Sub-Magistrate at Ooty, and he at once summoned the ringleaders who were now greatly frightened. We were not at all disinclined to settle the case amicably and we contrived to let the offenders know this. It resulted, therefore, in their coming in a body to the mission house on the very day that the case was fixed for hearing, and in their begging for forgiveness and reconciliation. They agreed to pay a small sum as compensation for the damage done to the person of the two lads; and when this was so far settled, we all proceeded to Ooty together to attend the Court, no longer as contending parties, but as reconciled friends.

I at once told the Magistrate what had occurred, and asked permission to withdraw my complaint. To this he consented, but took the opportunity to give the Badagas a severe warning, telling them plainly that if tried and proved guilty they would have been liable to imprisonment for six months and a thousand rupees fine, and that this punishment would assuredly have been inflicted. They owed their escape purely to the forbearance and mediation of the missionary. As we left the Court, one of the chief men among the Badagas came up and thanked me for the kindness we had shown to them, adding, "You are like a father to us." "Yes, indeed," I replied, "but you behaved as naughty children, and compelled me to bring you to this place." Thus ended this affair in which joy and grief were mingled—joy over the two lads who had bravely and firmly borne the trial they had passed through, and grief at the blindness and obstinacy of the Badagas who always say "Yes, Yes" to the doctrines we preach to them, and yet get furious with rage if any one of their number shows real earnestness about religion.

Such, my dear friends, is a brief account of the two young men who are received today into the Church of Christ. I need only add that they were sent down to Calicut last year to be apprenticed to learn carpentry in connection with our Industrial Mission there. Six weeks ago they came up to be prepared for baptism. They have given us every satisfaction up to the present time, and we feel confident that our expectations will be realized in them, and that they will live worthy and useful lives among their kinsmen after the flesh. They have thus far fought a good fight; may they continue so to do, holding fast the faith, until they have finished their course. And then shall be given to them, and not to them only but "to all those who love His appearing," the crown of eternal life."
The above statement was listened to with intense interest and thankfulness, and then the present writer put a few questions to the young men as to the reason of their change from heathenism to Christianity, their purpose of remaining steadfast to the end, and the kind of life they hoped to live as Christians. These questions and the answers thereto were translated from English to Kanarese and vice versa, for the benefit of those in the audience who knew not both languages. Then came the rite of baptism which was performed by Mr. Müller, who for this purpose put on the black gown which he had not worn in the previous part of the service. Water in a small mug standing in a silver platter had been ready placed, and was now poured out from the mug into the basin, and then, as the candidates knelt reverently at the table, upon the head of each—the water being applied three times, at the name of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit respectively. The new names David and Jonathan were given in exchange for Linga and Tâti. A good number of non-Christian Badaga men and women were present to witness the ceremony, and it is said that among these were some relatives of the two lads. In the addresses which followed, very pointed and even personal appeals were made to these heathen Badagas, and we cannot but think that the excitement caused by the original conversion and now more recently by the baptism of these young men will have some influence for good on the tribes around. Mr. Hermelink, Basel Mission of Kotagiri, and Mr. Sawday, w. m. s. of Tumkur, addressed the newly baptised youths most affectionately and earnestly in Kanarese, while Mr. Bishop, c. m. s. of Trichur spoke to the assembled audience in English, as also did Mr. Boesinger of Ootacamund, adding some remarks specially for the Badagas, which were translated to them by Mr. Müller. The Revd. D. Balavendram of Coonoor spoke on the joy in heaven over repentant sinners: his remarks were largely translated by himself into English as he went along. English hymns, sung with spirit and precision by a band of some score of soldiers from Wellington, who had walked over for the occasion, enlivened the proceedings throughout; and a very inspiring and encouraging service of two and a half hours' duration was brought to a close in time to prevent the audience feeling weary.

An al fresco repast under the shade-giving trees in the adjacent avenue followed closely on the indoor meeting;
and here not only were wearied and hungry frames refreshed with the good things provided by the resident missionaries, but visitors from different places exchanged fraternal greetings and renewed old friendship, while all "thanked God and took courage." After nearly all the visitors had departed, the soldier-band of believers held a "soldiers' prayer meeting" in the library-church, and friends who were present testify with joy that a more enjoyable hour of prayer and spiritual refreshment was never experienced. The directness, simplicity, and earnestness of the petitions offered touched and moved the hearts of all present.

Our brethren working among the hill tribes have an unusually hard and discouraging field of labour. Most heartily do we all rejoice with them over the earnest of success which the Master has lately given them. The outlook, though still not bright, is yet more promising than of yore. As these two lads were meditating in secret and under the influence of the Spirit, all unknown to God's servants, whose hearts mourned over apparent non-success, so others may to-day be in earnest about salvation, though no eye but the Master's sees it. We all work for the future; especially is this true of the workers among the Badagas and Todas. Yet even now, during the seed-time, the tokens of the coming harvest are here and there apparent. The dark night, so long protracted, seems yielding to the dawn of the day of salvation; and the hard apathetic hearts of the Badagas seem to be feeling the warmth of the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the recent accessions to Christianity in this mission field be but as the advanced guard of a mighty army, to be enrolled from among the hill tribes of the Nilgiris, for the glory of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

The Rev. W. Miller, M. A., of the Madras Christian College has received the distinction of a c.i.e., in recognition of his work on the Education Commission. The recommendations of that Commission are due very largely to his shaping and championship, and the most interesting
and important chapter of the Report is from his pen. We are glad to see that the Indian Press has very generally recognised the fitness of the honour thus bestowed. Our congratulations can but slightly swell what has become a loud chorus; but we offer them heartily. May Mr. Miller long be spared to render that signal missionary service for which he is so capable, and of which the brilliant past has been so ample a prophecy.

The death of Mrs. Binney of Rangoon is announced. She was in the seventy-fifth year of her age and the thirty-ninth year of missionary service. When we saw her, two years ago, she shewed us the proof sheets of an Anglo-Karen dictionary which her husband had begun shortly before his death, and which she had carried almost to completion. Though then feeble, she was full of enthusiasm about her special work, and spoke earnestly of her continued love for missions. When her husband died Mrs. Binney returned to America; but she could not rid herself of a restless longing to be back on the soil where he lay, and where was the work to which she was solemnly consecrated. The American Baptist Mission in Burmah furnishes quite a unique list of persons distinguished by noble tenacity, and lifelong devotion. There is Mrs. Thomas, a little woman with a brave unconquerable heart. On the death of her husband she sent her son to be educated in America while she remained behind, alone on a solitary station, to carry on the work which her husband had dropped. For eight long years she managed a large Karen church, travelling from village to village, conducting services, superintending schools, caring for the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of her flock, and yet finding time withal to carry on a large amount of excellent literary work in Karen. At the end of that time her son returned, ready at once to take his father's place and to relieve his mother for still more extended literary labour. Rangoon is rich in veterans. Mr. Bennett landed there in 1827, and was yet, at the time of our visit, full of energy and enthusiasm. Dr. Stevens, who completed the dictionary which Dr. Judson began, arrived in 1838, and was accompanied, we believe, by Mr. Brayton, who has just carried his translation of the Pwo Karen Bible through the press. Many of the fathers linger, while yet the sons, on the same field, are touching the prime of their power; and so the bright succession runs.
We have received a small book entitled *Five years of Faith Work in India*, by C. B. Ward. It contains the history of the Telugu Faith Mission, and the story, though told in dubious English, is in some of its chapters unquestionably stirring. The writer insists emphatically that his dealings are directly with God and never with man; that his Mission owes all its support not to Reports and collecting cards but to prayer. When sceptical Christian friends once spoke their suspicions as to the purely faith character (in his sense of the word) of the Mission, Mr. Ward tells us that he intermitted the usual yearly Report, yet without sustaining any loss in contributions. He does not say, however, what in fairness should not be omitted, that his own wants and the wants of his brethren have been particularly indicated month by month in the *India Methodist Watchman*, and that, in fact, the work of his Faith Mission is the best advertised thing in India. One cannot but be struck with the contrast between the almost sublime silence of George Müller's faith work, and the unremitting and energetic proclamation of Mr. Ward's. We do not blame him for it in the least, nor do we question the reality of his faith. But the term, as distinguishing the Telugu Mission from any other, seems to us meaningless. Mr. Ward sees the needs around him, proclaims them, and asks God to incline the people to support His work. That is precisely what other missionaries do. Besides, Mr. Ward, to eke out the supplies which come in response to his faith, very wisely takes contracts for his orphans, which is surely as human and worldly a means as collecting cards, and a great deal surer.

Mr. Ward's book speaks of much busy work, and frequent as well as protracted periods of hard fare. On one occasion for three months in succession contributions came in scantily, and the table was but ill supplied. Wheat, rice, milk, were gradually dispensed with, and for one week the members of the mission, with orphans and all attached to them, "lived well" on Indian corn. But even at ordinary times, and as a matter of principle, Mr. Ward and his helpers "work upon a very humble line of cost," alike in dress, food, and buildings. They avow their anxiety, for Christ's sake, to assimilate themselves as far as practicable to the natives, both in habits and requirements. The same principle has been adopted by "Major"
Tucker of the Salvation Army who is carrying it, as may be supposed, to extremes. Not content to go bare-footed, he has begun "in real faqir fashion" to beg from door to door. Speaking of himself and his comrades, he says:—

"Our barracks are the open air, our officers' quarters the shelter of some banyan trees, our outfit a blanket, brush, tooth-brush, and one spare suit of clothes, with a few papers for letters. We hope soon to reduce ourselves to the clothes we actually wear, as we can always borrow a blanket, wash our clothes piecemeal, and use the native expedient of a piece of the banyan roots for a tooth-brush. By that time we shall have pretty well got back to the Apostolic model, and we are believing for and receiving Apostolic power."

In the same spirit another brother not long ago publicly thanked God that he had been saved from shirts and collars.

We desire to speak of the proclaimed asceticism of these Christian men with all respect. If they mean thereby to startle the Hindus into attention, or to bridge the gulf which separates the nationalities, or to bring their own bodies into subjection, and do not desire to arrogate to themselves a holiness superior to those who adopt other methods, we have little to say. In asceticism the lurking temptation is to the spirit of Simeon Stylites:

I, in truth,
Have all in all endured as much, and more
Than many just and holy men, whose names
Are registered and calendar'd for saints.

It is not always realized, moreover, that asceticism is itself a temptation which sometimes must needs be sternly dismissed. If Christ's first temptation was to a kind of self-indulgence, the second, arising out of vigorous resistance to the first, was to useless self-imperilment, of which surely asceticism is one form. Self-imposed suffering is not of necessity sacrifice, and death, which is practically self-sought in a disregard of natural law and common human need, is more of suicide than of martyrdom. Besides, there is an asceticism of spirit, which shrinks from the self-indulgence of ostentatious outward peculiarity, but which is nobly efficacious in bracing the man to strongest efforts for the highest ends. For an Englishman to adopt a Hindu's dress and fare excites curiosity and comment, but whether it carries moral weight with it or not we question. Strong manhood, honest affection, persistent sympathy will win those in whom a change of dress would
merely induce a passing look and smile. Europeans usually regard with ill-concealed contempt those Hindus who adopt their costume; and Hindus are not a whit behind in returning that feeling if we imitate them.

There is an idea prevalent among many educated Hindus that the real hold of Christianity upon the average educated Englishman is but slight, and that the general attitude is, not exactly scornfully antagonistic, but at the best reverently sceptical. Bradlaugh is commonly supposed to have a strong popular following, while it is fancied that Spencer dominates the scientific intellect of England. Some profess to believe that science is about to oust Christianity from its supremacy, and that to accept it now, would be to put themselves a little behind advancing culture. How far this is from being the case is admirably shewn by Mr. Satthianadhan, B. A., LL. B., (Cantab) in a small pamphlet recently issued, entitled *Religious Life at Cambridge*. It is a happy thing that a common error amongst educated natives should be answered by one of themselves, who has spent four years in England and has had large opportunities of studying the matter both at the University and throughout the country. His testimony is very decided, and moreover is true. We think the pamphlet opportune, and likely, small as it is, to be very useful. We should like to see it freely circulated amongst the English-speaking Hindus.

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**CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS TO H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE.**

About 10 a.m., on the 4th of June, a salute of forty-two guns announced to the City of Mysore that a Prince and an heir to the Mysore throne was born in the Palace. Last year, at the birth of the second Princess, some one in the Palace deceived everybody by announcing the birth of a son. This time, however, there was no mistake, and every one felt that an event of great interest and importance had taken place. The last male descendant of the Mysore kings was born 89 years ago. He was found concealed in Seringapatam at the time General Harris took the place by storm in 1799. When the late Maharajah had no longer any hope of an heir, he adopted, in 1865, a scion of one of the leading families of his house, the present ruler of Mysore. When therefore this infant Prince was born, a cloud,
which must have seemed ominous to an oriental imagination, was lifted from the Mysore dynasty. The birth of the first-born son is an event of special importance in every Hindu home; how much more the birth of the first-born son under such circumstances in the Palace! There were illuminations in the City for several nights after the joyful event; addresses of congratulation were presented by various public bodies; and the Maharajah ordered the poor to be fed in large numbers in every part of the country. Amid such circumstances we could not be indifferent, and it was felt to be a duty to express our sympathy, as a Mission, with the feelings of the country. The following address was therefore presented by the Chairman of the Mysore District, and the missionaries resident in the City of Mysore, on the 17th of June, at a Darbâr held in the Mysore Palace.

To His Highness Cham Rajendra Wodayar Bahadur, G.C.S.I., Maharajah of Mysore.

May it please your Highness,

We, the missionaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in the Mysore Country, in behalf of ourselves and of the Churches we represent, desire permission to present to Your Highness the assurance of our entire and heartfelt sympathy with all Your Highness' subjects in their joy and satisfaction at the birth of an heir to the Mysore throne.

We identify ourselves with the national life and aspirations of Your Highness' subjects, and share their sentiments of loyalty and devotion to Your Highness' dynasty and Government. We therefore unforgottably join in the public rejoicings at the birth, after so long an interval, of a Prince of the ancient and illustrious House of Mysore. This great event, so full of promise, will, we trust, yield additional lustre and stability to Your Highness' throne, and secure the permanence of Your Highness' dynasty and rule.

May we also be permitted to express how deeply sensible we are of the consideration afforded by Your Highness' Government to our humble endeavours for the moral and intellectual advancement of Your Highness' subjects. The important measures introduced since Your Highness assumed direct control of this country, we regard with continual and unabated interest and hopefulness. May we, too, use this opportunity to offer our congratulations that the efforts of Your Highness have met with cordial recognition and a signal token of approval from Her Most Gracious Majesty the Empress of India.

We unitedly pray that a reign so well begun may be long and happily continued; and that the Prince, whose advent has caused such wide-spread joy, may, in due time, be an ornament to his race, a source of perennial comfort to his distinguished parents, and a wise and enlightened ruler of his people.

The address was signed, on behalf of the Mission by Rev. J. Hudson, B.A., Chairman, and the Revs. C. H. Hocken and
H. Gulliford; and H. H. the Maharajah was pleased through his Dewan to reply as follows:—

Gentlemen,

I thank you very heartily for the warm sympathy you have expressed with myself and my people on the recent happy event in my family, and for your kind wishes for the welfare and prosperity of the infant prince.

You speak in the name of the whole Wesleyan Mission of Mysore—a body long and honorably connected with this Province, and occupying an important place in the educational agencies at work here. I am very sensible of the value of your philanthropic labours and of the advantage of having among us a body of cultured men who, at different points of the Province, are centres of enlightenment, and who extend, and give variety to, the education carried on by the direct agency of Government.

I am highly gratified to find that, though only sojourners among us, you associate yourselves so closely with the people among whom you dwell as to rejoice with them on an event which, under Providence, gives promise of the permanence of the rule of my House.

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WESLEYAN METHODIST NEWS.

We are glad to announce the arrival, by the ss. Goorkha, of a new worker in a new department for the Madras District. For some time past it has been the desire of the Ladies' Committee in London to do its share towards supplying qualified medical ladies for India, and Miss Palmer has been sent to start and conduct a Medical Zenana Mission. We trust the experiment—for experiment at present it is—may be a most encouraging success. We understand that Miss Palmer has very satisfactorily passed through a complete medical course at Dr. Griffith's Training Institution in London, and has further gained much practical experience in the Crumpsall Infirmary, Manchester. She is to reside in Royapettah, and will soon find abundant openings for usefulness. We believe it is intended shortly to send out other ladies for similar work to other centres of our Mission.

The very small band of workers at Hyderabad has been reinforced by the arrival from England of the Rev. M. F. Crewdson. This has created the long desired opportunity for extension; and accordingly the Rev. B. Pratt has been sent to open out new work at Karimnagar, in the Yelgundel District, 96 miles north east of Secunderabad. The station is a lonely one, and the solitary toiler has a claim on the prayers of God's people.

In the Calcutta District there have been some recent additions to the church, both English and Bengali. During the baptism...
of two Hindus at Taltollah, one, a Brahman, broke his sacred thread during the service and flung it away. In Barrackpore there have been several baptisms during the year, and the interesting case of one convert is thus succinctly given in the *Bengal Methodist*:

"Gui Dass Boiragi was a Boistob, a very intelligent man, about 40 years of age. His history has a peculiar interest. For seven years he read in a mission school and then expressed a wish to be baptised. He sought refuge in the house of a missionary with whom he stayed for one day. His friends came and attacked the house, carrying him off by force. He was at once removed to another locality, and for a time was strictly watched. He was induced to marry. Afterwards his religious impressions seemed to wear off. A son was born to him, and he and his family continued steadfast in their adherence to Hinduism. Some time ago his wife died, and then his son (12 years of age) was taken from him. In his loneliness he determined to make a pilgrimage to Benares. In the course of his wanderings he arrived at Barrackpore and met with one of our preachers. He was told that if he wanted peace of mind there was no need for him to proceed in his pilgrimage, but that he could obtain it here. After a time he said that if Christ would receive him in his dreadful state, and after all his wanderings, he was ready to come. Upon his public profession of faith we received him."

People like to have distinct and independent interests, in their charities as in their employments. "Show me some special work, well within my means to support, and well within my comprehension to pray about." Captain Meares, when speaking at the Breakfast Meeting in Exeter Hall the other day, answered that cry. "My wife" said he in substance "supports a village school at Bidinagere in the Kunigal circuit. It costs her Rs. 5 monthly or about £5 a year; and the villagers do the rest by providing a little rice, ragi, firewood, and such like things, according to the teacher's need and their power." Mrs. Meares undertook this charge, we believe, at the suggestion of Col. Wroughton who has himself, on behalf of his wife and daughter, done large things in the same direction. It is well that Christian people should be made aware of the opportunity and obligation. There are scores of villages where the people long for a school, but are too poor to support it themselves, and too uninfluential to get anything from Government. They send their appeals to the missionary. For a paltry monthly grant he can appoint his own teacher, devise his own curriculum and make the school what he pleases.

Set down an earnest Christian teacher in a small village; tell him to impart to the people all he can, but especially a clear knowledge of Christian facts and doctrines; pray for him persistently, for the maintenance of his own spiritual life, and the growth of his influence among the people; and who shall de-
clare the outcome of it all? Would that our central stations could be belted by a series of such outposts, so manned! There is Nagar, dark, distant, and difficult to work in any other way than this. Mr. Roberts pleads for it with just pathos. Hassan has large needs of this kind in close neighbourhood; while Tumkur and Gubbi are equal rivals in their requirements. Five rupees monthly, or five pounds a year! Not much, truly,—that is, to you; but who shall say how much in its influence on the eternal record; how much, too, in the brightening of your spiritual life, and the blessed enlargement of your whole nature? In some parts of the Calcutta District there are somewhat similar openings, to which the brethren are paying all the attention their means allow, and with acknowledged success.

Mr. Ward, in his *Five Years of Faith Work*, to which we have referred elsewhere, makes special reference to the street preaching which he and his brethren have carried on in Secunderabad. In that connection he tells us that though there are other Missions on the ground (among them, of course, being the Wesleyan), no one, so far as he is able to find out, has ever thus before publicly proclaimed Christ in the Secunderabad bazaars. “Existing Missions,” he continues, “do some work called outdoor preaching, but it is not what we call ‘street preaching,’ and is with a few here and there in out of the way localities or portions of the town. The big bazaars are unpopular preaching places with many missionaries.” The by no means subtle spirit of self-commendation which marks that paragraph, and which is deplorably characteristic of the whole book, was possibly unintended, and in any case may be passed over. What the writer may call street preaching we cannot say; but we are credibly informed that brethren equally capable in the vernacular, and with larger knowledge of the people and the country, were freely offering Christ in the streets of Secunderabad long before Mr. Ward went there, and are doing it still. It is scarcely worthy to seek to stimulate sympathy for oneself by discrediting another. But even were the fact as Mr. Ward states it, he would have acted more decidedly in accordance with New Testament precepts had he gone to the neglectful (?) brethren, explained to them “what he calls” street preaching, and invited their ability and experience to join his enthusiasm in a sacred open-air crusade against the works of darkness. Better that than to indulge in a self-gratulation which is blind to the methods and efforts of fellow-workers as conscientious and industrious as himself. We write this with real reluctance, and as a protest against a spirit to which many of those seem specially liable whose ardour of enthusiasm and sternness of self denial no one can gainsay.
TIDINGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

From the Decennial Statistics of the Church Missionary Society we find that that Society now occupies twelve stations more than it did ten years ago. The native Christian community has increased from 70,000 to 100,000, and the number of communicants has risen from 13,000 to 21,000. The increase in the native pastorate has been proportionate, while there has been a steady and healthy decline in the number of European missionaries everywhere except in the Punjab and Sindh. The cost of the Indian missions to the Home Committee is now between three and four thousand pounds a year less than it was ten years since. The Society has pledged itself to increased evangelistic efforts amongst Muhammadans and aboriginal tribes.

Dr. Elder, of the medical branch of the Free Church Mission in Madras has, on account of continued ill-health, definitely, though very reluctantly, relinquished the work in which he has been engaged for twelve years. He was honoured as a capable, genial and enthusiastic toiler, and deeply beloved as a man. More recently news has been received from the Rev. W. Stevenson, m.a., that he will not again return to India; and thus, after twenty years' service, mission work in this land loses a man of excellent spirit, conspicuous sagacity, and solid influence. The Rev. James Skinner, m.a., has lately arrived from Scotland to join the staff of the Christian College.

The last Report of the Free Church Mission is full of interest. Several baptisms are mentioned, the most notable one being that of a telegraph signaller who received his first impressions, which he was never able to efface, at the Wesleyan High School, Bangalore. "To Christian teachers growing weary of long toil amid apparent indifference and hostility, wearied most of all by the faithlessness of weak-kneed sympathisers who crave immediate results, how eloquent is the rebuke." In Chingleput much vigorous work has been done; 575 addresses having been given to over 15,000 persons, of all castes, and about 10,000 tracts distributed. Special liberality in Edinburgh has enabled Mr. Andrew, the missionary in charge, to employ six new catechists in the Chingleput District; and from this accession of strength much is hoped during the current year.

Female education has from the first been a matter about which the Free Church missionaries have been fitly solicitous. There are now 1,916 girls in the schools, and, mirabile dictu, fees have been collected from them to the extent of Rs. 4,639. In this respect Madras is far away beyond any other place we know in the country and the Free Church is first in Madras. As a complement to the work in the girls' schools, a good deal
Tidings of other Churches.

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of quiet Zenana work has been done, chiefly by Miss Cross, Mrs. Govindurajulu and Mrs. Bauboo.

The educational work of the Christian College is notorious. We are glad to find that it is being followed up, if not sufficiently yet to some extent by direct evangelistic effort. During the year under review, Mr. Alexander has directed the work, but he has not by any means been able to devote himself wholly to it. He has instituted a form of religious meetings which he calls a Conference. "The (Christian) speaker takes his place, and develops his argument, which may be of any length if only he makes it interesting. . . . . As soon as the lecture is finished the meeting is called upon to elect a Chairman, and discussion commences. Sometimes it is eager and searching, bringing out points of the greatest interest; at other times it is simply a more or less uninteresting logomachy. Hitherto, however, the temper of the meeting has been perfect, and week by week fair audiences, generally of the same people, have come together to hear." Such a movement, which finds somewhat of a parallel in Mr. Slater's work in Bangalore, is very important and will be watched with hopeful interest.

"Clocaxog" sends us some notes of the German Mission: It was commenced in 1834, and now includes within its operations South Cannanore, Malabar and the Nilagiris in the Madras Presidency; North Cannanore, Dharwar, and Kaldji in the Bombay Presidency; and the Province of Coorg. Four languages, Kannarese, Malayalam, Zulu and Konkani are embraced within these territories, and the missionaries have devoted themselves to their acquisition with admirable industry. Perhaps their mastery of the vernaculars is more critical than practical; hence, while their original compositions lack idiomatic ease and elegance the Germans are incomparable as editors of vernacular literature, and have done much good in that line. Kannarese scholars everywhere are anticipating with anxious interest the appearance of Mr. Kittel's Critical Dictionary of that language.

At present the Society cannot claim to be doing much in the cause of Female Education in the non-Christian community. There are girls' schools at twelve different stations, but the total number of pupils is only 202, being 10 less than in the previous year. It must not be supposed, however, that the Mission is slackening in its educational efforts as a whole. There are 4,330 children under Christian instruction, an increase of 322 on the year before. All of them know something of their gentle Saviour: some of them love Him. Dear little Bithia of Calicut was a small girl of seven and a half years. She died at the hospital joyfully telling those around her "that Jesus loved
her and that she loved Him.” At the very last she said, “I am so happy that I am one of Jesus’ lambs.”

There are quiet souls in many places feeling after the truth, and the Mission has witnessed some interesting cases of genuine conversion during the year. Only one case can we give here. Moradiappa was an old Shâstri of great influence. In his youth he was a Lingayat, but, conscious of much unrest, he began to inquire from other Gurus than his ancestral one, and sought peace in various forms of Hinduism. Thus in succession he became a Purânist, Shakti worshipper, Vedântist, Kâlagñâni and Atheist. His fame as a Shâstri was great and many followed him as disciples. But he was unhappy. As often as he taught the Shâstras ‘he felt himself to be a cheat’.

About the time of the famine, in 1878, he met with a missionary from Bellary, who, at the close of a discussion, said to him, “You know many Shâstras, no doubt: you should also read the Bible.” Two things about the preacher attracted him—his quiet ways and his prayers. He would fain have kept aloof, yet felt himself drawn. Having procured some tracts and read them, he sent a friend of his to make further enquiry concerning the Christian religion. The messenger instead of returning stayed and was baptized. Gradually his own convictions grew clearer and stronger. At last making a tour to all the villages where he had been regarded as a religious guide he frankly told the people that for the last twenty-five years he had been leading them astray. On the 23rd September, 1883, in the sixtieth year of his age, the Shâstri, after having undergone a careful course of instruction, was received into the Church by baptism. His wife and children have since joined him; and who knows but that some of his old followers will yet continue to follow him? So be it! Such cases are really encouraging. May they be multiplied more and more!

It has often been stated that the strength of the present Theosophical agitation lies in its unstinted commendation of everything Indian, and its bitter depreciation of everything Christian. That this is not always acceptable to the people is proved by an incident mentioned by the Rev. H. J. Schaffer of Tinnevelly, where Colonel Olcott, the President-founder of Theosophy was advertised to lecture. Before the hour appointed some of the best Hindus of the place sought an interview with him, and made a request which must have sounded somewhat strange. “Sir” said they, “praise Hinduism as much as you please; but kindly do not abuse Christianity.”