"WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE."

WITH THE PILGRIMS ON ADAM'S PEAK.

BY THE REV. S. LANGDON.

“What do you say now to joining the pilgrims, and climbing the Peak?” said a gentleman to me the other day, as we sat in the verandah of the Kandy mission house.

“Well,” I replied, “I have only lately returned to my work here, and I feel as if I ought not to spare an hour from it just now. But as it would give us an opportunity of doing some good itinerant mission work, and as I have my English strength fresh upon me now, your proposal is tempting. We will make arrangements for the journey.”

“That will be splendid. The books tell me that it is one of the finest sights in creation to see the sunrise from Adam’s Peak. Emerson Tennant seems to labour under the difficulty of not finding anything in the English language equal to the task of description. And, I say, I fancy I shall be the only one of the passengers now ‘doing Ceylon’ who will be able to say that he has ‘done the Peak.’”

My friend is a new Zealander (not a Maori), on his way back from England to his Southern home, and was staying with me while his steamer was delayed. And this fact, that no other passenger would be able to say that he had “done the Peak,” was to him a source of great gratification. But “doing the Peak,” like other doings, is not quite so easy as talking about it.
We made a party of three, my excellent colleague, the Rev. G. E. Goonewardene, who had never made the ascent, joining us. "I wish you could be photographed just as you are," was the cry of a missionary's wife as we started from the mission garden with our bags and alpenstocks. It would have been an interesting group, but we were in too great a hurry for photography, having but little time for catching the train in which we were to do the first stage of the pilgrimage, about twenty-five of the seventy miles from Kandy to the Peak.

The train was crowded with pilgrims of various nationalities who had been visiting the shrine of "The sacred tooth," and were now bound for the still more sacred shrine of the footprint of Buddha on the summit of the holy mountain. We were carried along at the rate of about thirty miles an hour—not bad for a pilgrimage—through scenery which can scarcely be surpassed even in the Tropics. The Maweliwanga, the great historic river of Ceylon, came frequently into view between clumps of giant bamboos and under spreading palms. Mountain streams intersected the valleys, with here a torrent dashing among the rocks, and there a big waterfall with a spectrum band on its spray. We have rapid glimpses of lovely sheltered spots where clear, smooth streams wander beneath trees loaded with tropical fruits, and we feel that we would like to get out at the next station and go back and spend the day there; but the pilgrimage has to be done, and on we move to Rawalapitiva the end of our first stage, where the pilgrims take leave of what the Singhalese people call "the smoke carriage."

Now comes a time of re-organizing and re-adjustment, for the next stage has to be done under very different conditions. The majority of the pilgrims will walk. Some will ride in the bullock carts that have been drawn up to the station; while others, like ourselves, who see no special merit in doing the whole of the journey on foot or in a springless bullock-cart when something better can be obtained, commit themselves to the tender care of an Arab driver who has brought a pair of "Arab steeds"—one of the disillusions of the East—harnessed in a wagon to place at the service of pilgrims who can afford it. My friend the New Zealander can afford it, and after a great deal of talk in Arabic, Singhalese, Tamil and English, especially the latter, we close with this "child of the
"Waiting for the Sunrise."

We ran well for a time and we almost began to believe that the Arab steed was worthy of his fame; but when we commenced climbing the hills, then the poetry vanished and the steed became very "unsteedy," as one of the party said with a miserable attempt at a pun, for which he ought to have been punished there and then. They jibbed and descended to the unromantic level of the animal "what wouldn't go," and altogether behaved in a most unpoeitic manner. The only bit of poetry that we could appreciate just then was "The Arab's farewell to his steed." But we were in circumstances which unfortunately prevented our saying "farewell," or we would gladly have said it. We took the opportunity of this jibbing fit, however, to distribute tracts amongst the pilgrims and talk with them on the subject of the pilgrimage. They were, in most cases, eager to receive the tracts, and several of those who could read promised to read them to those who could not.

We ourselves read a little from some of them to occasional groups, and here and there Mr. Goonewardene gave a homily in passing. Sometimes it took the form of cross-questioning: "Where are you going, friends?" "Going to the holy mountains, sirs, the shrine of the blessed footprint." "What footprint?"

"Do not the gentlemen know that it is the very footprint made by our great Lord Budha when he left Ceylon for India?" "How did he get to India?" "He went through the air, and that was the last spot of ground in Ceylon touched by his sacred foot."

"But why do you go there?"

"May we ask why the gentlemen are going?"

"Oh we are going to look at the scenery; but all of you, old grandfathers and grandmothers, mothers and children, you are hardly going to toil up for that purpose."

"No, indeed, (with a laugh at the idea of going up for the sake of the scenery). We are going up for merit. Some of us will not live much longer, and we shall die full of merit when we have once seen the holy footprint."

So the conversation goes on as we climb the hills behind the jibbing horses. And you may be sure that we were not slow in telling them of "a better way" than either the Budhist's "eight-fold path," or the pilgrimage to the Peak.
Our tracts had been well selected before leaving home and bore such titles as "Christ and Buddha," "The sacred footprint," and "How to obtain merit."

If the speed at which we went in this second stage of the pilgrimage was not great, it gave us compensations. One great compensation was that to which I have already referred, the opportunity of distributing tracts and talking to the pilgrims. It also gave us time to get a full view of what was to be seen by the way. We were passing through "the forest primeval" when our attention was called away from the slow ungainly run of our Arab steeds to a big bread-fruit tree over-arching the road. There was a rustle of the leaves which no wind could make, and a thud on a branch which meant an animal of more than ordinary weight. Our New Zealander had been desperately anxious to see a monkey "at home." He had hitherto only seen him in the "Zoo." This was his opportunity. It had come at last. Our friend's excitement was intense. What would the passengers say to this? It was one of the most weighty and solemn of all Ceylon's solemn Simians. There's alliteration for you! One look at the New Zealander's puggaree was enough for Jacko who vanished with the grunts peculiar to his class, and we again mounted our seats behind "Arabia's desert rangers." Birds in a variety of hues cross our road. Butterflies in a still greater variety flutter aimlessly about. Striped squirrels chirp as they spring from branch to branch, and big lizards come out of the holes in the ant-hills to have a look at the pilgrims as they pass.

As the sun mounts the heavens the day burns outside the forest; but here in this grateful shade we scarcely feel the heat and say "The pilgrim's life is not so bad after all;" and, "This is not so hot for the Tropics." Here, with the music of the running water, we could stay all day, looking at these wonderful tree-ferns with their graceful, feathery plumes, at the foliage and flower which clothe the jungle with a "coat of many colours," while only a passing band of pilgrims or an occasional monkey disturb the quiet of the Elysium. But the pilgrimage has to be done, and by and bye we get out of the forest into the open coffee country which is now nearly all tea. That last phrase is the New Zealander's, not mine. He has been visiting the Emerald Isle lately.
Poor King Coffee is sick, sick unto death. A deadly fungus has got into his breathing apparatus (the leaf), a sort of tubercular disease of the lungs, and his majesty is consumptive. So the Ceylon planter has transferred his affections to old Coffee’s rival Tea. Ceylon tea must always be spelt with a capital T. And let me tell you in a “note by the way” that you do not know what good tea is until you have tasted a decoction of the leaf from the “isle of spicy breezes.” On we go through the tea-country, passing hundreds of Tamil women who are picking the leaves under the direction of their overseers. But the sun is scorching hot and we sing,

“Tea, Tea everywhere,
And not a drop to drink.”

The heat must be my excuse for the extraordinary limp in the metre.

And now we exchange Tea for Coffee. We are going down into the great valley of Dikoya. Descending the hill our Arab steeds show some reminiscence of their old desert fire, and we actually have to restrain their eager impetuosity. This is King Coffee’s home. Here he does not appear consumptive or sickly. This is the blossoming time, and oh!—one cannot help an ejaculation at such a time, in such a place—oh, what a sight this Dikoya valley is in the coffee blossom!

“It’s like snow,” said the New Zealander; “well, I’ve never seen anything like this, even in New Zealand!”

What more can be said? It is like snow, but is without the monotonous white of snow. You look over miles of the beautiful dark green laurel of the coffee flecked with this rich blossom and interspersed with clusters of cinchona trees on either side of the river, which runs down the whole length of the valley. It is not only the seeing faculty which is appealed to, but the air is laden with the fragrant perfume of the coffee-flower, and as we sit behind the “children of the desert,” who trot along now (down-hill) as if impelled by old associations or by some hereditary instinct, we indulge in dreamy thoughts of “Araby the blest.”

Here the pilgrim bands increase. The villages pour out group after group until a considerable procession is formed. Again we distribute tracts and talk with the pilgrims, many of whom display the greatest eagerness to get possession of our silent witnesses for Christ.
It was nightfall by the time that we got to the little village of Maskeliya over which the holy mountain towers.

"Can we go up to-night?" we asked of the villagers.

"Oh, dear gentlemen, how can you go up to-night? Do you not know that the forest is infested with elephants? and even cheetahs have been seen."

The New Zealander had no wish to see the elephant and cheetah "at home." He had seen the monkey, and that was enough. I agreed with him. We were on the point of giving up the pilgrimage for the night when we were encouraged to proceed by a returning band of pilgrims, who gave a more favourable report of the country to be traversed in the third and last stage of our pilgrimage.

It was a fine moonlight night—and the light of the full moon in Ceylon is fine—and the night would be cool for climbing, so we determined to try it.

Another "note by the way." We received the greatest hospitality and kindness during a stay of two or three hours here from a Christian Tamil who said he had been educated in the Wesleyan Central School, Jaffna. The New Zealander who had got very hungry in the pilgrimage, and whose wants were relieved by the hospitality of the young Tamil, was very much impressed with this as an evidence of the value of Christian Missions, and made a mental note of it along side of the passage of Scripture which exhorts us to cast our "bread upon the waters."

This young man holds a position of responsibility in the village and district and is but one of the numerous witnesses to the value of a Christian mission education scattered up and down the country.

We said farewell to the Arab steeds for the time, attached ourselves to a small party of pilgrims, got a couple of coolies to carry our luggage, and set out on foot for the third stage of our pilgrimage, a walk of thirteen miles. And such a walk!

"Have we got to go up there?" said the New Zealander, as he rested on his alpenstock and looked up at the great cone of the holy mountain, which seemed to be lifted up into the moonlit heavens.

"The pilgrimage has to be done, you know. What will the passengers say if you don't go up?"

We have walked three miles and find it pleasant walking amidst the fragrant coffee on this cool moonlight night, when a villager runs to meet us.
"Waiting for the Sunrise."

"My lords, the river is swollen; it is impossible to ford it tonight!"

Another difficulty in the way of our pilgrimage. But our fellow-pilgrims understand it, and they tell us in an aside that the villager is magnifying the difficulty and will presently offer to take us across at an exorbitant price. The two coolies settle the question when we reach the stream by grasping the New Zealander in a pair of big brawny arms and carrying him across. The others follow in turn.

Then came the march up. Mile after mile we went through coffee alternating with jungle. All was still save for the croaking of the tree-frogs, or the rattle of the cicada. The pilgrims talked but little; walking was sufficient. And there straight before us the dark outline of the holy mountain towered up as high as ever. On the top of the cone a bonfire blazed which gave it the appearance of a volcano. It was in honour, so the pilgrims said, of an envoy who had come to the shrine with presents from the king of Siam, and a great p席kama, or festival, was to be held next day on the summit.

At last we reached a little amblama, or rest-house, the last house we should see on the pilgrimage until we reached the shrine on the top. Here in a little hut close by—the rest-house was so crowded with pilgrims that we could not get in—we laid down our luggage and began to prepare for a meal. The New Zealander stretched himself out on a rug and watched my colleague and myself in our efforts to get supper ready.

"This is something like roughing it!" I said, wiping the perspiration from my brow, after a long spell of blowing a little fire with my face down to the sticks, while engaged in the operation of making beef-tea with Liebig's Extract.

"Oh, this isn't much," said the New Zealander, reclining at full length on the rug with his head resting on a pillow; "I rather like it!"

The stiffest part of all the pilgrimage was yet to come. We were soon in dense jungle, a jungle so dense that even the light of the full moon could not penetrate, and we had to depend for light on the torches carried by the pilgrims for the double purpose of lighting the way and keeping off wild beasts. How weird it all seemed. The long line of pilgrims toiling up the ascent looked, in the glare of the torches, like a procession of ghosts struggling up some subterranean
path to get into open air and light again. We had about three miles of this sort of thing, and along a great part of the distance rocks had been arranged into rude steps for the benefit of the pilgrims, who bring immense revenues to the priests of the Peak.

Thoughts of the illustrativeness and suggestiveness of the whole thing came crowding into one's mind as we toiled up in that pilgrim line. Here was an illustration of the struggle for the light up through the jungle of heathenism, which some pilgrim-souls have undergone in every age, shewing plainly that they sought 'a better country.'

The occasional glimpse of the fire blazing on the summit made us think of something else. "For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness and tempest."

"You can't help thinking of that," said the New Zealander, as we halted for breath, "though one doesn't like to connect it with that abomination up there."

But it is the way of the world, and the way of much of the Christian world, toiling up "the mount that might be touched," when we might be carried by faith into the midst of the spiritual glories on Mount Sion. We lack faith and therefore we are always wanting something that we can touch. The mount "that might be touched" is still the world's most sacred mountain.

We cannot stay to moralise any longer. We must try to get to the summit by sunrise, and we are now advancing far into the small hours.

The pilgrim line gets shorter as we ascend. One after another drops out and remains to attach himself to the next band. It is oppressive to think of the numbers of bands of pilgrims who for two thousand years have been toiling up this steep path to obtain merit and to get rest to their souls; to get a sight of the holy footprint which has made the mountain celebrated in all the literatures of the East and sacred to hundreds of millions of our race. Many of them have died in the attempt, as the graves by the roadside bear witness.

We have been climbing for five hours, and now we are near enough to hear the great bell ring which each pilgrim tolls when he arrives at the top, and we can hear the shouts of praise to Budha. But there is still a stiff and somewhat dangerous bit of work to do before we can reach the bell.
Now we are mounting steps cut out of the solid gneiss face of an almost perpendicular precipice; and now we cling to the old chains which legend connects with Alexander the Great, and which may perhaps have had some real connection with his general who became a Budhist.

This is what Tennant says of this last stage:—

"On approaching the highest altitude, vegetation suddenly ceases; and, at last, on reaching the base of the stupendous cone which forms the pinnacle of the Peak, further progress is effected by the aid of chains securely rivetted in the living rock. As the pillar-like crag rounds away at either side, the eye, if turned downwards, peers into a chasm of unseen depth; and so dizzy is the elevation, that the guides discourage a pause, lest a sudden gust of wind should sweep the adventurous climber from his giddy footing into the unfathomable gullies below. An iron ladder, let into the face of a perpendicular cliff upwards of forty feet in height, lands the pilgrim on the tiny terrace which forms the apex of the mountain; and in the centre of this, on the crown of a mass of gneiss and hornblende, the sacred footprint is discovered under a pagoda-like canopy, supported on slender columns, and open on all sides to the winds."

The dawn was breaking as we mounted the last few steps, and we hardly dared to look down from that giddy height on the country beneath. Nor had we time just then for admiring the scenery. A few minutes of breathless climbing and we stood on the summit of one of the most celebrated mountains in the world. The New Zealander's triumph over his fellow-passengers was complete. He had "done Adam's Peak!"

We found the summit crowded with pilgrims. It was a sight never to be forgotten. All Asia seemed to be represented in that crowd thronging the Eastern side of the Peak, looking with strained eyes into the sky of the dawn.

There was the Singhalese Budhist in his white jacket and skirt, his head adorned with the tortoise-shell comb. There were Burmese priests in yellow robes, with shaven heads, accompanied by male and female pilgrims who had come from the land of the white elephant. A prince of Siam with his retinue was there. Pious Budhists from China and Cambodia were also amongst the crowd. Muhammadans—Moors, Arabs, Afghans—associating the footprint with the first man Adam, had come there to worship. Hindus, claiming the print to be the impress of the foot of Shiva, were there looking eagerly into the Eastern sky.

"What are you waiting for? what is it all about?" I cried as we gained the highest crag and tried to press our way through the pilgrim crowd to the shrine.
"Waiting for the Sunrise."

"We are waiting for the sunrise," they said. "Waiting for the sunrise!" The Sinhalese words in which they said it went ringing on in my ears and for a time shut out all other interests.

We saw the "footprint," which must require the utmost stretch of the grossest credulity to be regarded as either human or divine. It was a great hollow in the rock, about five feet in length and wide in proportion, bearing only a very distant resemblance to a human foot, but suggesting a distinct reminder of the cavities on Druidical rocks in England; suggesting also the thought that the rock might have been a high altar for religious ceremonies long before Buddhism took possession of the mountain. It was surrounded by yellow-robed priests who had kept the night-long vigil, with their eyes bent on the sacred hollow, into which the flowers and other offerings of the pilgrims had been thrown.

"Waiting for the sunrise." Still the eager crowd looked into the morning sky. A vast sheet of white cloud covered the sleeping land beneath, and over this we gazed at that part of the Eastern sea where the sun was to appear. "The Gentiles shall come to the brightness of His rising," we said as we looked at the pilgrims of so many "nations, kindreds and tongues," all there with one all-absorbing object,—"waiting for the sunrise."

In the stillness of intense expectation with which the pilgrims had infected us, we saw the long "fingers of the dawn" spreading over the sky, and then as the full glory of the rising sun burst into view, the "Saadu"—the shout of worship—rent the air. It was the united cry of the pilgrim bands who had been "waiting for the sunrise."

We turned away to look at the country on the other side, where the remarkable phenomenon called "The shadow of the Peak" is visible at sunrise. A dense dark shadow bearing the distinct outline of the holy mountain falls on the cloud-sheet which covers the land.

"The shadow of the Peak" is another phrase full of suggestiveness. So much of the land is covered by the "shadow of the Peak," with the darkness and ignorance of a degenerate Buddhism.

We look over the country, on the glorious panorama presented to the view as the sun drives the clouds away. Tennant describes this scene as

"... perhaps the grandest in the world, as no other mountain,
Although surpassing it in altitude, presents the same unobstructed view over land and sea. Around it, to the North and East, the traveller looks down on the zone of lofty hills that encircle the Kandyen kingdom, whilst to the westward the eye is carried far over undulating plains, threaded by rivers like cords of silver, till in the purple distance the glitter of the sunbeams on the sea marks the line of the Indian Ocean.

Methodistically speaking the Kandyen kingdom is my “circuit,” and for the first time I see the whole of my vast circuit at a glance. And in that Kandyen kingdom that we see spread before us like a map, in those magnificent valleys, by those silver streams, hundreds of thousands of human souls are still in “the shadow of the Peak,” still “waiting for the sunrise.”

There in the South East is the great principality of Onvah, almost if not altogether untouched by the “fingers of the dawn,” the gospel message. Onvah, the domain of a long line of princes, the most beautiful part of this vision of beauty on which we gaze, is all “waiting for the sunrise.” We added Onvah to my immense circuit at the last District Meeting. It is so easy to add on paper. We felt it bitterly that the interior of the land, the great Kandyen kingdom and the Onvah principality, should be so terribly neglected. Of course we sent an appeal to the Missionary Society for these hundreds of thousands of people, “waiting for the sunrise.” We prayed about it and are praying still, that our English Methodists in the enjoyment of all the privileges and the illumination of the gospel, may be moved to send a man to our help in bringing the light to bear on the large populations in this Kandyen country who are still living in “the shadow of the Peak,” “sitting in the darkness and shadow of death.”

Higher Education in Southern India.

By the Rev. H. Gulliford.

The phenomenon of a whole nation striving in their own land for university honours in a foreign tongue is surely unique in the world’s history. Such, however, is the spectacle to be witnessed in this ancient India, which has been the birth-place of so much that is marvellous. All the youth of the land who desire a higher education crowd those places of learning where they can be prepared
Higher Education in Southern India.

for a university career; and a student may become a graduate of any of the universities without being required to pass a single examination in his vernacular. In fact 'the higher education' is now a universal synonym for an English education, and the study of the Sanskrit classics is rapidly falling into desuetude. The spread of this higher education can consequently be readily gauged by the numbers who appear for and succeed in the university examinations.

The publishing of the lists of successful candidates is always a cause of excitement in every land; and India is behind no country in the eagerness with which she awaits that event. Here the excitement is crowded into one short period of the year, as the results of all the examinations are made known about the end of January or the beginning of February. Then the telegraph is eagerly employed to speed the news to the successful candidates, and the post-office is thronged with an excited crowd of students anxious for fuller information on this all-important subject. The candidate has a happy time of it in the interval of waiting. His fond mother looks upon her boy as a prodigy of learning if he has appeared for the Matriculation or F. A. examination, and he consequently receives unlimited attention and indulgence. Great is the rejoicing if success has crowned the efforts of the aspiring youth; but sad is the lamentation and bitter the wail if his name does not appear in the Gazette. The pleasant food is despised, tears blur the transient brightness, and with shame and confusion of face he begins his study once more. But he soon becomes inspired with the hope that next year he will obtain the much-coveted honour of a place in the Gazette—the acme of educational distinction in India.

The Report of the syndicate of a university is an instructive document to those who take an interest in the higher education of the youth of this land, and who are not avverse to the study of facts and figures. We propose to take a brief review of last year's work in connection with the Madras University, and to make a few comparisons in order to see to what extent the leaven of Christianity is reaching the educated classes of the community.

The first thing that strikes one is the very rapid spread of English education and the large numbers that appear for the examinations. The following table will illustrate what I mean. It shows the number of candidates for the various
university examinations in 1864—5, 1873—4, and 1883—4. The reason I have chosen 1864—5 is that I have not the returns for the year 1863—4.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Matriculation</th>
<th>F. A.</th>
<th>B. A.</th>
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<tr>
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<td>1883—84</td>
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In a word, the number of candidates for the different examinations in the Arts course of the Madras University is nearly ten-fold what it was twenty years ago. What is Christian effort doing among these thousands? Let us see.

The following table shows the number of candidates from each class of the community for the different examinations during the same years as given in the previous table.

### Matriculation Examination

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<th>East Indians</th>
<th>Europeans</th>
<th>Muhammadans</th>
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</tbody>
</table>
One remarkable fact brought out by the above figures is the very large number of Brahmans who seek university honours. Nearly two-thirds of the whole number are Brahmans, although they form but a comparatively small proportion of the community at large. They have always been an educated race, and the traditions of their caste are all in favour of learning. The necessities of the time demand that their learning shall follow new lines, so the Brahman student throws aside his *Amara Kosha* and the traditional Sanskrit lore, and becomes a fluent reader of English, a skilful worker in mathematics, and a diligent student of western philosophy and science. The law of heredity doubtless tells in favour of the Brahmans and enables them as a community to hold their own. Anyhow they appear determined that no class shall wrest the laurels of centuries from their brows. Many of them are very poor and can ill afford to pay the fees demanded for their education and for admission to the examinations, yet they manage somehow or other to get the money. They do not, as yet, work with their hands, like a President Garfield, to earn the wherewithal to pay for their education. But many of them secure seven well-disposed persons and get a meal from each once a week; then they beg an anna here and another there till they get their school-fee; and devote the rest of their time to their books. Zeal for study they have, though not always according to knowledge; and their determined perseverance ultimately bears the palm.

The great bulk of the community, represented in the second column—Hindus, not Brahmans—are evidently appreciating the modern system of education. Till recently they were entirely cut off from a classical education; for the sin of teaching a Sudra Sanskrit was as heinous as eating flesh. Now the door of higher education is open to the whole nation, and the masses are slowly but surely rising to an appreciation of this boon, and are sending their sons in increasing numbers to the various schools.

The East Indians and Europeans are not large in numbers. A very fair proportion of them seek the best education they can get; but the number of candidates will always necessarily be small in proportion to the other classes. An English education will naturally be the one

* A Sanskrit Dictionary, committed to memory by all Hindu students of Sanskrit.
Higher Education in Southern India.

they will always strive after, and they should be at the top of the list; but it is to be feared that they are not always animated with the most ardent zeal for knowledge.

The figures indicating the number of Muhammadan candidates tell a sad tale. The power of Islam is doomed in this land, unless brute force again bears sway, or the rising Musalmân youth apply themselves to western learning so as to be in harmony with the spirit of the age. The number of candidates is out of all proportion to the large Musalmân population. Islam has very little that is merciful for the Kafir (infidel); it shows very little tenderness for learning that is outside of the orthodox lines; it is made of sterner stuff than Hinduism, and will not bend so pliantly to the circumstances of the time. It has not ceased to denounce as accursed those of the community who help the infidel, and has even placed a ban upon the mission school. It is stubbornly bent on being true to tradition and despises modern progress. It is true that there is a noble band of reformers anxious to be in harmony with the age; but they have a difficult task before them, and it seems doubtful what the result of their earnest efforts will be. As a community they are steadily losing influence in the land.

The spread of western learning among the native Christians is a very hopeful sign. The numbers steadily increase year by year for all the examinations. It is true they, most of them, lack the advantages of hereditary culture; they have no traditions, as yet, to uphold; they come, generally, from the lowest ranks of the community; they are very poor: these are all hindrances to the spread of learning among them. On the other hand, they are free from the prejudices of caste; their religion is on the side of enlightenment and progress; and they have the earnest missionary to point them to nobler ideals and to take them by the hand and help them to their attainment. A glance at the column showing the percentage of native Christians to the whole number of candidates would at first sight lead to the conclusion that they were not keeping their position. In 1865-66 they were about 10 per cent of the whole number; in 1883-84 they were only 6.7 per cent. The explanation of this apparent retrogression is, I think, to be found in the following circumstance. When the University was started there was not that natural prejudice against a new thing among the native Christians which existed amongst the other classes. Hence they
flocked in larger numbers proportionately than did the other sections of the community. But as these other classes have seen the benefits accruing from a university career, they have sought them in ever-increasing crowds; whereas the proportion of candidates from the native Christian community has all along been high and fairly constant, and is not likely to be much greater till the number of Christians bears a larger proportion to the population. At present they are between 1 and 2 per cent. of the population; but they supply nearly 7 per cent. of the candidates for university honours. This shows that they are far above the community at large in the proportion of their educated men; and this proportion is more likely to increase than diminish as the years roll on, in spite of the fact that most of the Christians come from the lower classes. The members of the native Christian church may well be proud of their position educationally in the community, though they are so often spoken of as pariahs.

The number of candidates that appear for an examination is not the true test of their intellectual status. That must be determined by the number who pass. When we apply this test the native Christian community has no need to be ashamed, but on the contrary may congratulate itself. The following table will prove this, as it shows the percentage passed from each section of the community at the examinations held in 1883—4.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Community</th>
<th>Matriculation</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th>F. A.</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th>B. A.</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Examined</td>
<td>Passed</td>
<td>Percentage</td>
<td>Examined</td>
<td>Passed</td>
<td>Percentage</td>
<td>Examined</td>
<td>Passed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Native Christians</td>
<td>357</td>
<td>144</td>
<td>40.3</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>49.3</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muhammadans</td>
<td>125</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>37.6</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>55.6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Europeans</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>36.4</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>57.1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brahmans</td>
<td>3100</td>
<td>1077</td>
<td>34.7</td>
<td>751</td>
<td>352</td>
<td>46.9</td>
<td>223</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>East Indians</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>29.9</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>26.3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hindus, not Brahmans</td>
<td>1523</td>
<td>413</td>
<td>27.0</td>
<td>248</td>
<td>98</td>
<td>39.1</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parsis</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In the Matriculation examination the native Christians are well ahead of all the other classes. In the F. A., the
Europeans and Muhammedans are before them, but the numbers from those bodies are so small that the passing of one or two increases the percentage greatly. They are before the Brahmans and Hindus generally. In the B. A. examination they have done badly, being at the bottom of the list. This would imply that they were not so capable of sustained mental exertion in the higher realms of knowledge; but the figures of past years do not support this view, and we may suppose they had a run of bad luck. As a whole we find the native Christian community quite equal to the other classes in intellectual contests. In the class-room, in the examination-hall, they sit side by side with those who have inherited a bent for intellectual pursuits, and in the testing time they are found to be well abreast of the foremost.

By means of the Report before us it is possible to make another interesting comparison, and ascertain the percentage of educated young men that pass through mission schools, including of course all Christian schools, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic. The comparison is as perfect as I can make it, and is well within the truth, though the figures may not be absolutely correct. The following table shows the number of candidates from mission schools and from all other sources, and the percentage of boys educated under Christian influences.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Examination</th>
<th>Candidates from Mission Schools</th>
<th>Candidates from Government and all other Schools</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Percentage from Mission Schools</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Matriculation ......</td>
<td>1791</td>
<td>3499</td>
<td>5290</td>
<td>33.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. A..................</td>
<td>361</td>
<td>749</td>
<td>1110</td>
<td>32.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. A...................</td>
<td>134</td>
<td>200</td>
<td>334</td>
<td>40.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand Total...</td>
<td>2286</td>
<td>4448</td>
<td>6734</td>
<td>33.9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We learn from this table that more than one-third of the students of Southern India are daily brought under Christian influence and receive regular Christian instruction in the best of books—the Bible. This fact speaks well for the efforts of the various missionary bodies in South India. There can be no doubt that the youth of the educated classes
receive more attention comparatively than the youths of the other classes; but if we can influence the educated youth of the land in favour of Christianity, we shall have gone a great way towards influencing the whole nation. A grand field for noble work is offered to the educational missionaries in the training of the thousands of candidates who pass through the mission schools and colleges, which it would be folly to let pass out of their hands, or remain unimproved.

It is gratifying to learn that the work done by these institutions, as tested by the examinations, bears favourable comparison with the work done by other schools. The percentage of candidates who succeeded in passing the examinations from mission institutions is larger than the average percentage of passes, showing that the standard of education would not necessarily fall even if Government were to withdraw from the field of higher education.

One cannot leave the last table without referring to the very large number of candidates for the B. A. degree who came from the Madras Christian College. Nearly a third of all the candidates came from that college alone, while it, in fact, represents the whole of Protestant Christian effort for the educated classes above the F. A. standard; for only two other Christian Colleges—those of St. Joseph’s, Trichinopoly, and St. Peter’s, Tanjore—sent up students for their degree, and they presented only 33 candidates.

The good work the Christian College is doing, the enthusiasm and success with which it is doing it, and the influence it exercises upon the pupils, all combine to make a strong and unanswerable appeal to the Christian churches to support this institution in the highest state of efficiency, so that untramelled by financial considerations it may continue with ever-increasing success and ever-widening influence the noble work of tempering the secular education of the higher classes with the hallowing influences of our holy Christian religion.

On a careful review of the work of missions among the educated classes there is every ground for encouragement and hope. A third of the pupils flock into our mission schools, and leave them to go forth upon life’s journey with a knowledge of the way of salvation, often with their hearts strangely warmed towards it, frequently convinced of its truth, and sometimes ready manfully to embrace and proclaim it. The churches at home may well be proud of
The rise and fall of a local deity.

The position their missions have secured in the higher education of the people; and if statistics were available a similar story could doubtless be told of education among the masses. All this proclaims to this superstitious and priest-ridden land that Christianity is in favour of light not darkness, of enlightenment not ignorance, of inquiry as well as authority; and that the people may obtain within her pale freedom of inquiry, peace of mind, purity of heart, and nobility of character. The toil of workers in these schools and colleges cannot be in vain. The influences to which a young man is subject during his student life are not lost. This is seen now in the conversion of some and the elevation of most; it will be seen in the future in the more general turning of the people to the Desire of all nations, and in the lifting of the nation to a higher standard of civilization, morality, and spirituality.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A LOCAL DEITY.

In a remote and jungly part of the Sira district, Mysore, there is a rising knoll, scarce high enough to be called a hill, on the very top of which is a masonry tomb. This tomb is oblong in shape, and is enclosed by a wall, along the whole length of which have been built mantapas or open verandahs. On the tomb is a black stone dhúnakappe, or emblem of the sacred linga. At the foot of the knoll are numerous rude stone structures erected for the accommodation of the various petty traders, who drive a brisk trade among the thousands of devotees annually flocking hither for the great religious fair. Flocking did I say? That is hardly correct, no fair having been held for many years past. But I anticipate. All around are shady groves and deep sweet wells, offering grateful invitation to the glare-wearied and parched votaries of the god Junjappa, and proving beyond doubt that here is the shrine of a once popular deity.

The origin of the shrine, and the genesis of the canonization of the old saint Junjappa are sadly involved in the mazes of tradition; but the legend accounting for these things we will give in its most recent form. Junjappa was a man of the cowherd caste (Karadi Gollaru) who lived more than a thousand years ago. He does not seem to have been remarkable either for piety or charity. He is
The rise and fall of a local deity.

said to have lived with a man belonging to the ryot class, but this part of the story is denied by his own caste people. He possessed property, which envious relatives coveted; and at last one of them poisoned him, thereby unwittingly laying the foundation of his future glory. For Junjappa came to be regarded as a martyr; and the idea was greatly encouraged when his host, out of pity for his sad fate, erected a tomb to his memory. In a comparatively short space of time this tomb became the gathering-place of many worshippers, the scene of weird superstitious observances, and the rallying point for the celebration of the festivals of many deities of much older origin, such as Rama, Lakshmi, and Narasimha. It seems passing strange that Junjappa should have been so speedily exalted above the recognized ancient deities; but perhaps, after all, it is not more wonderful than that such excess of reverent devotion should be paid by some professing Christians at the shrines of fabled saints and dubious martyrs.

The symbol of Junjappa is a square bamboo basket, covered with velvet cloth, and supposed to contain the relics of the long-defunct saint. But such is the reverence in which it is held that nobody professes ever to have peeped into the sacred casket, and the exact nature of its contents is, consequently, affirmed to be unknown. A miniature silver umbrella and other insignia are carried on the casket; also miniature snakes and scorpions in gold and silver—for Junjappa, in return for such offerings, is believed to secure to his worshippers immunity from the sting of these poisonous reptiles. There are two or three caskets of relics preserved in as many villages, and once every week, on the Monday, one of these was formerly brought and placed on the tomb, and a grand ceremony was performed, with votive offerings of cocoanuts and flowers. It would have moved any serious outsider to watch the earnest energy which the people threw into their worship. Nor was that worship merely periodical and customary. Let a relation be sick, or disease attack the cattle, or cunning fraud or unscrupulous power threaten injury or ruin, and Junjappa was instantly consulted. All the wants which they could interpret to themselves they carried faithfully and expectantly to him; but the deeper wants—they had found no name for them; they were vaguely conscious of them, but did not know their meaning. Cattle, health, children,—they cried to Junjappa for these; but for nothing higher.
The rise and fall of a local deity.

Junjappa's shrine flourished, and priests and managers grew rich on the willing offerings of the numerous votaries who flocked to it. Little marvel, under these circumstances, that envy was aroused in the minds of covetous outsiders. How these outsiders managed, cuckoo-like, to oust the original managers, and attach to themselves the profit of the shrine, forms an instructive episode.

The men of Junjappa's own caste (Gollaru) held possession by virtue of consanguinity, but they were only too willing to allow people of other, and especially higher castes to worship at their shrine. Thereby accrued to their god higher honour, and to themselves richer emoluments. But after a while the neighbouring farmers (Vakkaligaru), deeming it unworthy of their dignity to offer gifts through cowherd (Gollaru) priests, devised a scheme for securing a joint partnership. It was cleverly managed.

First the farmers proposed to transfer their numerous teru or car festivals to Junjappa's shrine, by which means a largely increased gathering of people was secured, and of course a much larger revenue. In consideration of this the cowherds allowed the farmers to appoint a priest of their own to present their offerings. Thus a partnership in the priesthood was established. After some time the priest of the cowherds died, and the farmers pushed their pretensions by refusing to allow the newly elected man anything more than a subordinate position. Then began a dispute which gradually waxed into a fierce and famous fight. Courts of law were resorted to, and complaints and counter-complaints became the order of the day. First one party was fined, then the other. The farmers thought to gain the day by a coup de main, and boldly charged the cowherds with the theft of their casket; but this was found to be an impudent fabrication. At length the authorities, growing weary of the endless strife, directed both parties to cease from visiting the shrine until they had agreed to keep the peace. Neither party was disposed to yield a jot, the shrine was deserted, and the glory of Junjappa departed. All this occurred about ten years ago. Recently an attempt has been made to revive the worship of the ancient saint, but so far without appreciable success.

C. C.
NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

A correspondent sends us the following:

Two interesting articles on "Supernatural Possession" appeared in the Harvest Field about a year ago. A circumstance witnessed by me the other evening may tend further to illustrate the practice of the natives in dealing with cases of "possession." The evening was very dark as I was walking home from a Sunday lecture to educated Hindus, and I saw in the distance a small group gathered round a tree. Going up very quietly without attracting their attention, I was able, by the light of their lantern, to see distinctly all that went on. About half a dozen ordinary-looking men were standing by, while a woman, leaning against the trunk of the tree, had a few locks of her hair, which were gathered up in a lump, nailed to the tree. After the long thick nail had been struck about a dozen times with a stone they said "That will do," and the woman fell to the ground. They liberally applied water to her face and shoulders from a small vessel that had apparently been brought for the purpose, and in a short time the woman sat up with a dazed appearance as of one recovering from a swoon. She did not speak, but when helped on to her feet went along quietly with an old woman who evidently had charge of her. As the men were going away in an opposite direction I asked them what it was all about. They replied that the woman had had a devil in her which had taken away her senses. The devil said it wanted to go into a tree, so they had just helped it into the tree and the woman was now alright!

Surgeon-General Balfour has recently pointed out that in India there are 600,000 girls already widowed, who are so young that they ought never to have been married. The census report tells us that among the widowers and widows of this land 24,000 boys and 78,000 girls are under nine years of age; that 75,000 boys and 207,000 girls are between the ages of ten and fourteen; and that between the ages of fifteen and nineteen there are 131,000 males and 382,000 females. When it is remembered that before these girls there is nothing but enforced and perpetual widowhood, it will be seen how strong is the case of those who are agitating against the universal custom of child-marriage. It is time strong measures were taken. A suggestion has
been made that Government should enact that students under a certain age, if married, shall be excluded from the benefits of University examinations. Doubtless that would have great effect so far as the boys are concerned; but as girls rarely appear for those examinations the main evil would still be untouched. Considering the strength of the prejudice in favour of child-marriage, and the abnormally slow growth of public opinion in this country, it seems as if the only hope of relief must lie in the direct and emphatic veto of Government upon such marriages. Why should not Government impose restrictions as to the age of contracting parties upon Hindus as upon Europeans?

There is said to be a revival of Hinduism among the educated Bengalis. This is attributed by the Hindu Patriot to (1) the introduction of Sanskrit into the schools and colleges of Bengal; (2) the widening gulf between European and Native, aggravated "by a savage attack on the national religion which an eccentric missionary thought fit to indulge in two years ago;" and (3) to the "strange apparition" in Calcutta of a popular Hindu preacher, who night after night is listened to "not only with patience, but even with admiration and enthusiasm, by thousands of educated Bengalis." There is no evidence that this revival has so far spread wide or struck deep, and it is hardly likely to do so. The attempt is to resuscitate and glorify a worn-out and discarded past. That past has in it follies incredible and innumerable; but enthusiasm shuts its eyes to them. Even the best in it is known to us only in dubious outline; but imagination can fill it in in startling detail. And with a past so transfigured as to be scarcely recognisable, it is hoped to rehabilitate India, and fit her for a place in the progress of the nations. But the world moves not backwards. All of essential truth that Hinduism ever owned is found in fuller measure and in purer association in Christianity, and this attempt is foredoomed, alike by history, logic and common sense.

A discussion has been raised by the Indian Witness as to why Native Christians should be more markedly ostracised by the Hindu community generally than are members of the Brahmo Somaj. Both have eschewed the distinctive features of Hinduism; both have repudiated caste; and both
have been very radical in the social reforms which they have advocated or adopted. Yet the fact remains that Brahmos are treated by orthodox Hindus with an amount of consideration which is but rarely accorded to Native Christians. The Liberal, a Brahmo paper, finds the reason of this in an alleged denationalisation of Native Christians. It asserts that in matters unnecessary and unimportant they have so far departed from approved national usage as to have rendered themselves obnoxious to patriotic Hindus. Being called upon to state in what respects Native Christians have thus denationalised themselves, The Liberal instances nine particulars which we may thus summarise:

1. They have given up cremation.
2. Their marriage ceremonies are conducted entirely in "the English spirit;" i.e., the language used is English; the attitude, standing instead of sitting, is English; and the practice of giving to the assembled guests cakes instead of Sandesh is distinctly English.
3. They have, in many cases, adopted English styles of dress.
4. They prefix 'Mr. or Mrs.' before their names instead of using some Indian honorific.
5. They are neglecting the vernacular languages in favour of English.
6. Church service is conducted in English; or the vernacular employed is usually very dubious.
7. Native music has been made to take a second place.
8. The diet they generally adopt is so un-Indian as to include meat.
9. Divorce, so repugnant to the Hindu mind, is permitted among them.

The case is not proven. It has been well pointed out that of these instances five—the first, third, fourth, fifth and eighth—are by no means peculiar to Native Christians and cannot therefore account for their being so rigidly ostracised. Burial, not cremation, is universal among the Musalmans, who are not therefore denationalised; and even among Hindus it is enjoined that infants, Sudras, and Lingayats should be buried not burned. The English tendencies observable in the changed dress, in the use of 'Mr.' in the slight respect shewn to the vernacular, and even in the use of flesh meat, are quite as common among advanced Brahmans as among Native Christians. The statements that in church service and in marriage ceremonies English predominates is a complete though unintended misrepresentation; the fact being that the vernaculars are all but universally used on these occasions. As to the last in-
stance, divorce, we quote the excellent reply of the Editor of the Indian Christian Herald, himself a Native Christian:

"Then as to divorce, it is not true that the Native Christians have welcomed it. It is a remedy which is resorted to rarely and most reluctantly in every instance. But is divorce really repugnant to Hindu ideas? What is divorce? It is a cessation of the relationship of husband and wife and of the duties appertaining thereto. Now according to Hindu ideas, a man can put away his wife if she be afflicted with particular diseases or be guilty of adultery, and take unto himself another wife or any number; but the wife, poor dumb brute, cannot, under any circumstances, take a husband. The Hindu likes divorce so far as the man is concerned, but hates it so far as the woman is concerned; whereas the Christian gives the same privilege to both. Is he to be taken to task... because he stands up for the woman... Are the Native Christians to do a positive wrong to the woman in order to be national? It is a national usage for a Hindu to put away his leprous wife just in the same way as a Christian husband puts away his divorced wife; but the woman cannot and ought not to put away her leprous husband. Once allow the woman to do the same as the man, and you have divorce as real amongst the Hindus as amongst Christians. Equality of the woman with the man, and not divorce, therefore, is repugnant to Hindu ideas, and the Liberal must excuse his Native Christian brother if the latter has betrayed an undue weakness for the woman."

Three causes will probably account for the state of things complained of. (1) It is known that many of the Native Christians are of very humble birth. They may now be as well educated as any class in India, or better; they may be true gentlemen in spirit and manners; but judged by their origin they are deemed despicable. Of course many from the highest castes have become Christians, but their association with social pariahs has rendered them intolerable. The Brahmos, on the other hand, belong chiefly to the most respectable castes, and have never risked their respectability by striving to bring outcasts within the pale of their Society. (2) Brahmos, being professed ecclesiastics, are most pliably accommodating. The chief object of their endeavour is not truth, but universal love; and this is to be brought about by carefully managed compromises, by the judicious distribution of flattery all round. To put truth before geniality, and the conscientious practice of it before all mere expediency, is not a burden laid upon them as upon Christians; and hence they find it easy to arrange a modus vivendi with their stricter Hindu neighbours. (3) But whilst Native Christians do not discard their true nationality, they find less difficulty than any other class in openly assimilating all that is best in other nations.
Patriotism with them is not synonymous with undeviating and unreasoning adherence to the ancient customs of the country; it rather means such an enlightened love of one's own land as shall lead to the acceptance from whatever source, of everything which will secure its quickest and highest progress. Brahmos believe in this view of patriotism, and so do many Brahmans. But the former are fettered by the necessity for compromise; the latter are restrained by caste. The Native Christians alone are able openly to embody their idea of patriotism, and this it is which creates the cry of denationalisation.

The Rev. C. B. Ward of Secunderabad has made a new departure, in imitation apparently of the latest tactics of the Salvation Army. Dressing themselves as Hindu San­gyāsis (ascetics), carrying with them nothing but a Bible, hymn-book, pen, paper, and some medicine, and trusting entirely to the villagers to satisfy their hunger, he and a native assistant have spent five days in a preaching tour among the villages of Hyderabad. Mr. Ward seems to have found the experiment an encouraging one. Apropos of this last development of missionary enthusiasm we quote some very opportune words from the Bombay Guardian:—

"We cannot resist the impression that when preachers of the gospel attire themselves as Sanyāsis, Boivāgis, Faqirs and the like, they bear testimony in behalf of a false religion, and are regarded as so doing by those who belong to the systems they thus seem to countenance. The idea that is at the root of Faqirism is that there is a special sanctity in renouncing worldly avocations, and that such persons have in this sanctity a claim to homage and support. More than anything else this idea has tended to hinder the people of this country from attaining to a proper conception of true religion. Many of these professed ascetics are known to be grossly immoral, without any particular diminution of their influence. We fear that they who have adopted this kind of costume have not considered the matter in all its bearings. They wish to adorn the doctrine of Christ, but are really testifying to ideas that are much opposed to that doctrine."

A recent issue of the Quarterly Review tells a story of the siege of Gawilghur which it justly characterizes as Spartan in its ideal of military obedience. A young officer of artillery had been directed to transport a heavy gun into a difficult position. He failed in the attempt and reported to his colonel that the thing was impossible. 'Impossible,' exclaimed his indignant superior; 'impossible, sir? I have the order in my pocket!' Our candid friend 'A Brahman'
told us last month that he considers our attempt to conquer India for Christ an impossible one. He only echoes an opinion very largely held, not only by Hindus and Musalmans, but also by the sceptical and indifferent of Christian lands. 'A glorious dream' (men patronise us with credit to that extent) 'but hopelessly impracticable'. And even among missionaries there are some whose hearts reluctantly respond to that judgment with an assenting echo. Well, while men sneer at our fanaticism, or at the best pityingly admire the rashness of our uncalculating enthusiasm, we 'remember the order in our pockets' and pound away at the stronghold which we or our successors must carry.

WESLEYAN METHODIST NEWS.

The Bengal Methodist reports the baptism of ten Santhalis at Bankura in the Calcutta District. Steps are being taken to purchase a plot of land for a Christian village, for which it is calculated that a sum of Rs. 4,500 will be required. The Rev. J. R. Broadhead and his native helpers have recently spent some time in special effort among the Santhalis. It is difficult work, for the people live in huts widely scattered in pathless jungles, and when found are woefully ignorant. Scarcely a man, woman, or child can read, and to most the sound of the gospel is utterly unknown. It is proposed to open a school in a central locality, and a Hindu gentleman, who has the lease of those jungles, has given a site for the school-house.

The Hyderabad Mission, though still very young, has a membership of 87, with 28 on trial; and these Christians during the last year gave Rs. 454 to the support of their pastors, which means an average contribution of Rs. 5 per head. There has been a cheering work of grace in the church, many of the members having realised not only the joy of true conversion but the strength of fuller consecration. Evangelistic work has been earnestly carried on in the streets of the towns, and in the surrounding villages. Often such work is depressing, but instances frequently occur shewing that the words spoken live longer than we know:

"One morning as we were striking our tent, a number of villagers gathered round to watch the busy scene. The opportunity was seized of speaking a few parting words to them. The tent, loose and flapping in the breeze with ropes untied, gave us a text. We reminded them of the transitoriness of our earthly life and told of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "The word is good," broke in a farmer as we were speaking "we have
heard about this before." Enquiry elicited the fact that a godly engineer, twenty years ago, pitched his tent by the village, and took the opportunity whilst there of preaching Christ to the people. He has passed away, his name is forgotten, but the truths to which he gave utterance, live still in the memory of those who heard them."

The plant of the mission has increased very largely. A mission house has been purchased; a native church and girls' school have been erected in Secunderabad; and last of all the new Wesley Church has been completed ("a perfect bijou of a building"), and has been already consecrated by the descent of the converting Spirit. The girls' schools, and Zemana work are under the active management of Mrs. Burgess and Miss Hay.

In the Report of the Madras District just issued the Rev. G. M. Cobban writes:—"Irupur Coopum now appears for the first time on the list of stations in this circuit. It is nearly twenty miles west of Ikkadu just across the borders of the North Arcot district. To commence work there was an entire departure from our plans, an irregularity which, however, as yet we have seen no reason to regret; and we cherish the hope that soon the magnificent field which lies between it and Ikkadu will be fully occupied by our Mission. About twenty persons have been baptized there during the year, and others are waiting to be baptized. Land has been procured for a chapel. Around it, within an area of a few miles, are many villages which form excellent spheres for work, and these have all been visited by us. In several of them people have promised to become Christians, and we hope hereafter to be able to give them the attention they deserve. A catechist has been stationed at Irupur Coopum, and since their baptism the people have made unusual progress in Christian knowledge, and manifested much interest in the services."

From Negapatam the Rev. J. M. Thompson reports protracted opposition in evangelistic work:—"One man has been responsible for most of the opposition. Knowing our regular preaching places, for some months he put in an appearance almost as regularly as ourselves. He usually tried to get up a dispute, and when this failed to silence us, mud, &c., not unfrequently followed. A hint that such tactics if persisted in much longer might bring our opponent into collision with the police, led to the cessation of violence, and the adoption of another mode of annoyance. Opposition services were begun within ear-shot of ours, and for a time were only too successful in drawing away our congregations. But the would-be champion of Hinduism soon grew weary of preaching, and gave up his services. Either he or some of his friends next tried the Press, and a
large handbill containing attacks upon the Bible, culled mainly from the writings of Bradlaugh, was circulated in the town and neighbourhood. This was circulated in the month of June, and at the bottom of it was an announcement that there was more to follow. So far however, no more have appeared, and we have had no further opposition.

An interesting missionary meeting has recently been held in the Union Evangelistic Hall, Ootacamund. It was of a polyglot character, the addresses being delivered alternately in English, Tamil and Kanarese. The speakers on the platform formed a miniature Evangelical Alliance, there being present the Revs. J. H. Bishop and M. Nellatambi of the Church Mission; G. O. Newport of the London Mission; J. Müller of the Basel Mission; A. Cameron Watson of the Church of Scotland Mission; and the Revs. J. Gillings and G. W. Sawday of our own Mission. On the following day a lecture to educated Hindus was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Bishop, followed by addresses by the Rev. S. Organe and G. W. Sawday. The presence of so many missionaries in Ootacamund enabled Mr. Sawday to organise several other meetings; and great help was given to him in his work in the weekly market.

On Tuesday evening, June 17th, a deeply interesting ordination service was held at Jaffna, North Ceylon, when the Revs. C. S. Casinader and R. A. Barnes were publicly set apart to the full work of the ministry. The Revs. E. Rigg, G. J. Trimmer, T. Little, with the Revs. J. Benjamin and S. Niles took part in the service. According to time-honoured custom, the ministers to be ordained gave public testimony to their conversion and call to the ministry, and stated their belief in Methodist doctrine and approval of Methodist discipline. After the laying on of hands a charge was delivered by the Rev. E. Rigg, which a correspondent describes as "one of the most faithful and exhaustive summaries of ministerial duty which it has ever been our pleasure to listen to."

TIDINGS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

The Rev. F. Batsch of Ranchi, Chota Nagpur, has just returned to Europe after forty years of mission work. The history of those forty years includes some remarkable successes and is full of encouragement. Beginning work in 1844, it was not till 1850 that the first four candidates, men of the Uraon tribe, appeared, and after due instruction were admitted into the Church of Christ as the first Kol converts. Seven years later the converts numbered 700; while eleven years later still,
that is in 1868, the Christian community numbered 10,000 persons, of whom 2,231 were communicants. 'Then a split took place in the Mission, one party following Mr. Batsch, the other accepting another leader.' Still success continued, and at the present time it is calculated that, belonging to both Societies, there are not less than 40,000 Christians. A wonderful forty years' record!

A less remarkable, but still highly encouraging review of thirty years' work, has been published by the Rev. J. T. Noyes of the American Madura Mission. In his station of Periakulam since 1854, the number of congregations has increased from 12 to 38; the membership from 785 to 2650; the communicants from 47 to 560; native preachers from 13 to 54; village schools from four with 45 pupils to 27 with 603 pupils; the school fees from nothing to Rs. 150; and the benevolent contributions from Rs. 50 to Rs. 1,450. In 1854 there was only one church where now there are seven. Then the Christians were nearly all unable to read, and knew little beyond the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. Now very large numbers both of men and women are able to read and take an intelligent part in public and private worship. And all this in one small district.

One of the most interesting departments of the work of the American Madura Mission is that conducted by Mrs. Capron at Madura. With a large field before her and aided by nine Bible women, she is exercising immense influence among Hindu women and girls. Some of the incidents which have occurred to them are most touching, but we can only find room for two. Some time ago cholera raged in Madura, and it was then that both these incidents occurred:

"One (heathen) woman, when taken ill in the night, told her mother that in their loneliness they must turn to the Lord for help, bidding her lie down and not be afraid. She thought of our faces and our words and recalled a remark of mine upon a verse she had repeated to me, that it was the language of Heaven and that Heaven's King had worded it so that we could understand it. She lifted her eyes to Heaven and said, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'Oh! God, I know this is thy language and I have said it as well as I know how. I have now no other trust but Thee.' Again alarmed by disease, again she took refuge in these same words. As she herself expressed it, 'He gave me sleep and I woke in the morning to praise Him.'"

The other incident is in connection with the Hindu Girls' School:

"The North School is so situated that funeral processions pass by it. One day, after school hours, a few girls were looking over the parapet wall at the street scenes, when another of the victims of
cholera was being carried by. It had been a day of many deaths in the city, and the girls were silenced by the sight. One of them remembered being told how they might find comfort in a time of fear and repeated the words, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name. Thou art mine.' One after another along the line took up the same message of heavenly love and repeated it, as if for herself. The last one, in unconscious thought of its beautiful adaptation, selected another verse and added, 'Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.' He who hath ordained praise out of the mouth of babes will use his own words in his own time and way if we will but teach them.

From the Reports of the London Mission Society in South India and Travancore we learn that in the different stations there has been gathered a baptized Christian community numbering more than 29,000. This does not represent all who come regularly under the influence of the gospel, for in Travancore alone there are unbaptized adherents to the number of 26,000. That means, if we rightly interpret it, that these 26,000 people have put themselves under systematic Christian instruction and in most cases are ripening for baptism. Of those who have received baptism nearly 6,000 are admitted as communicants to the Lord's table; and these, we presume, represent the vital strength and real aggressive force of the Society. There are 37 ordained native ministers and evangelists, and more than 200 catechists. In Travancore there are 31 "Female Assistants," 11 of these being Bible-women. Educational work is carried on with much vigour in all branches. It is particularly pleasant to find that there are about 6,000 girls in the schools connected with this Mission; and a fair beginning has been made in Madras and Bangalore in Zenana work. In Travancore the churches seem to be pushing on very hopefully towards self-support, there having been raised last year for all purposes, a total of Rs. 12,974-12-3. The work of the Medical Mission in Travancore grows rapidly year by year. In 1866 only 6,684 cases were treated, while in 1883 there were 29,433 patients.

A good deal of earnest evangelistic work has been done by the missionaries of the London Mission, and the experiences related in connection therewith are full of interest. The following cheering incident is mentioned by the Rev. E. Lewis, of Bellary, an indefatigable and most successful itinerant:

"Our day at Handiganoor was a busy and happy one. We resolved to say nothing on this occasion to Basappa or his family about baptism, but to tell them again as much as we could of the love of Christ. In the evening Basappa came to me quietly and said, "Will you baptize us to night?" I asked him whether he spoke for himself alone, or for his family also. He replied, I have made up my mind; will you ask my wife and children what they have to say?" I asked them all, and with one consent they desired..."
Tidings of other Churches.

to be baptized. We accordingly that evening baptized Basappa, his wife, three grown-up children, his son-in-law, and three grand-
children."

The Rev. E. P. Rice, B.A., refers to a tract written by a Brah-
man, in which the errors of Hinduism are exposed, and the
truth of Christianity is established. This is an almost unique
occurrence. The same missionary tells of another Brahman
who has acquired a great fondness for Christian books and
teaching. He possesses a considerable number of such books,
and he and some fifteen young men meet almost every night in
his private room to read them and discuss their contents. An
incident of another kind mentioned by Mr. Rice is interesting to
those who try to understand closely the details of our work :

"I was struck by the extreme appropriateness of the justification
of idolatry one day offered by a villager at one of the annual fairs.
Alluding to the image of a female deity which was the object of wor-
ship, an evangelist had asked whether those stone breasts could give
milk. "No," said the villager, "but many a mother stops the cry-
ing of her child without giving it milk, by merely putting her finger
in its mouth!" He did not perceive that his words exactly indicat-
ed the deceitfulness of idolatry, and the explanation of its wide pre-
valence, that while it stills the voice of conscience, it cannot nourish
the heart."

The island of Formosa, although so near to China, seems to
have been unknown to the Chinese until the year A. D. 1430.
Mission work in the island is of a comparatively recent date, but
has met with splendid success. The Rev. Dr. T. L. Mackay, the
Canadian Presbyterian missionary, went there first in 1873, and
settled in the northern part of the island, leaving the south to
the English Presbyterians. He laboured long without success,
but after the first convert was gained the field rapidly opened
up. In 1879 when he went home for a short rest there were 20
chapels, 300 communicants, and upwards of 2,000 adherents.
Truly this was marvellous progress in so short a time; but the
success that has attended his labours since his return is still
more remarkable. The report for 1882 says, "We have now 26
native preachers, 26 chapels and 3,000 native Christians." Later
still, the following astonishing news was flashed along the wire :
"Two thousand aborigines have thrown their idols away and
wish to follow the Lord of Hosts. One village after another
peopled by the savage children of the mountain wilds, have come
out as a body and already sing our sweet hymns far on into the
night." No wonder Dr. Mackay asks for £500 for ten churches
to be erected without delay. With one's heart warmed by such
cheering news, who could refuse to give? Oh for days of similar
Pentecostal blessings in India!