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The Colombo Apothecaries Co. Ltd.
JANUARY, 1907.

Collect.

O Eternal God and merciful Father we humbly beseech Thee to bless Thy Holy Catholic Church, wheresoever spread upon the face of the whole earth. Good Lord, purge it from all atheism, heresy, schism, superstition and factious maintenance of groundless opinions; that one faith, one Lord, one baptism, may in all places be uniformly professed. And grant, good Lord, that we may be and continue, faithful, living and working members under Christ the Head, in that Church the Body, all the days of our life and through the hour of our death; by the merits and grace of the same Jesus Christ our Lord and only Saviour. Amen.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

The strong in spiritual action need not look Upon the new-found year as on a scroll, The which their hands lack cunning to unroll, But in it read, as in an open book, All they are seeking—high resolve unshook By circumstance's unforeseen control, Successful striving, and whatsoever the soul Has recognised for duty, not forsook. But they whom many failures have made tame, Question the future with that reverent fear, Which best their need of heavenly aid may show, Will it have purer thought, and loftier aim Pursued more loftily? That a man might know What thou wilt bring him, thou advancing year!

R. C. TRENCH.

Editorial.

Although 1907 will be several weeks old by the time these pages reach our readers yet perhaps we can hardly do better than once again utter the wish that should also be a prayer "A Happy New Year to you." It has been very rightly pointed out long ago that although 1907 will be several weeks old by the time these pages reach our readers yet perhaps we can hardly do better than once again utter the wish that should also be a prayer "A Happy New Year to you." It has been very rightly pointed out long ago that it is as a state, and not as a society, that Japan has been a legally organised state, a skeleton with little or no moral flesh upon it. And it is to the new-born year as on a scroll, The which their hands lack cunning to unroll, But in it read, as in an open book, All they are seeking—high resolve unshook By circumstance's unforeseen control, Successful striving, and whatsoever the soul Has recognised for duty, not forsook. But they whom many failures have made tame, Question the future with that reverent fear, Which best their need of heavenly aid may show, Will it have purer thought, and loftier aim Pursued more loftily? That a man might know What thou wilt bring him, thou advancing year!

At this season the heart naturally opens to those who are in distressed circumstances—and surely we should be particularly alive to the needs of our brethren and fellow-workers in S. India who are labouring under the great added trouble of the loss of funds through the recent Madras failures. We would earnestly urge all who have not yet made any special thank-offering for God's mercies vouchsafed to them, to send some gift, however small on behalf of the straitened work in S. India. The Rev. J. B. Panes C. M. S. Office, Egmore, Madras, will receive and apportion such gifts as the donors desire.

The effort being made to raise a fund to restore the time-honoured House of God, Christ Church, Baddegama, which was consecrated by Bishop Heber in 1825, has met with considerable success. Altogether, including a small legacy of Rs. 100, over two thousand six hundred rupees have been collected. Special thanks are due to Mr. E. J. Carus-Wilson for the great interest he has taken in the matter and the large amount he has collected in England. Many friends whose practical sympathy had been counted on have not yet responded to the appeal sent to them. We would remind them that we need about Rs. 1250 more to carry out the necessary work.

We have before us a circular from the acting Archdeacon asking for collections to be made in all our churches towards a special Thank-offering in connection with the Pan-Anglican congress which is to be held (p.v.) in England in 1908. In that year the Archbishops, Primates, Metropolitans, Bishops, and representatives of the Clergy and Laity of the Church of England in every part of the world will meet in London to discuss matters of vital importance touching the welfare of the Church. All the Dioceses are asked to collect during these years towards a Thank-offering for all God's mercies to us, and this will be offered at a special Service in St. Paul's Cathedral in London in June 1908. As far as Ceylon is concerned, the object towards which our contribution will be devoted is left to the Congress to decide. We hope that all missionaries and clergymen will lay this very important subject before their people, and that our readers will ask their ministers what they intend to do in order that a not unworthy response may be given to this appeal.

In the Baddegama District Christmas Day collections were set aside for this purpose, and Rs. 40 was realised.

The latest news of Mr. Fraser—continues reassuring. Mrs. Fraser writes that the "mustard pack" treatment is infusing some vigour and strength—but the acute anemia from which Mr. Fraser is suffering will require long and careful nursing. They hope to be in Oxford for some time and to promote missionary work in that University.

Dr. W. E. Griffis, one of the earliest American educationalists in Japan, who has been familiar with the thought and life of that country during forty years, writes in the October number of "The East and the West." "Japan is yet to become a great Christian nation. Her wise men are finding out the difference between Jesus and what nominal Christians and state churches call "Christianity." Who shall hinder them? The parable of the leaven has a living illustration in the Japanese Empire. Never was there a greater hunger among the people for the pure Word of God. Never were the whitening fields more surely ripening for the harvest.

Nevertheless the word of an alien…….may err in judgment. Let us then hear Dr. Nitobe, professor of political economy in Kyoto Imperial University and the celebrated author of "Bushido," who has recently given us the following authorised statement of his conviction regarding Christianity: "Up till recently Japan has been……a legally organised state, a skeleton with little or no moral flesh upon it. And it is to Christianity that we must look to give us the moral flesh. It is as a state, and not as a society, that we have made changes and progress, and now the time has come to make changes in society. This is dependent on the personal character of those in places of
leadership and authority, and personal character is best improved or changed by Christianity. That people in general believe that Christianity is the best former of character is evidenced by the fact that so many of the characters in popular novels and dramas are Christian."


"I could not see for the Glory of that Light." Acts 22.11.

Oh for the Light that shone around
The slaughter-breathing Saul;
That cast repentant to the ground,
Before the Lord of All;
The Lord Who lives to intercede,
Who leaned from Light above
To lavish on a broken reed
The splendour of His love.

When Saul arose with holy awe
To seek a guiding hand,
Still in his eyes that no man saw
The Just One seemed to stand.

Still in his ears the Secret Voice
Which spake with him alone,
Affirmed the ancient gracious choice
Which made with Jesus One.

Henceforth to him 'twas Christ to live,
And Christ to him to die;
Christ, to us his passion give
Who serve so mournfully.

Be singleness of heart bestowed
Till faith be second sight;
And life a long Damascus-road
Of Resurrection light.

That though on earth we ran our race,
Beset with all its pride,
We may, for glory of Thy face,
No glory see beside.

Christmas Day
at Christ Church, Galle Face, Colombo.

Punctually at 12 o'clock the strains of "Christians awake, salute the happy morn" sung by the Boys' Brigade carollers, greeted the ear; and these followed by the beautiful words of the carol "Nowell," were sure indications of the coming of Christmas day. Mindful of the services of the day we hastened to rest but alas for rest! At 3.30 a.m., the Church bell clanged for an early Tamil Service, the second and longer ringing occurring half an hour later. The pressure of services in three languages in one Church made necessary some careful planning to fit all in and, well our Tamil brethren are proverbially energetic. However there were compensations for the broken rest in the bright hearty music, some old familiar English tunes, others joyous Tamil lyrics, that formed part of that early service.

At 6.15 the ringing of another bell announced the proximity of the 6.45 early Communion service in English when many of the Lord's people gathered together round His table. This service was followed by a second Tamil Service, with Holy Communion, which commenced at 7.30 a.m., and at 8.30 while this service was proceeding a children's service with an address by Rev. A. MacLulich was commenced in the adjoining School room.

The English morning service commenced at 9.30. The Church beautifully decorated by loving hands the day before was exceedingly nice. The massive pillars with their bands of scarlet cloth and ferns; the pulpit adorned with maiden fern, arum lilies and chrysanthemums; the lectern with holly berries; the prayer desk with fern and white wool (like snow); the font with fern, eucharis and arum lilies; chancel and communion rails with palms and ferns were all sweet reminders of the festive season. The large congregation joined heartily in singing the special Christmas hymns and the beautiful anthem "Christians awake" with its messages of the glorious fulfilment of the advent of the Saviour retold the old old story in a wondrously sweet and touching way. Nearly 100 of those present remained to partake of the Holy Communion.

The Sinhalese Service was conducted at 3 p.m., and this was followed by an English evening service at 5 p.m.

A quiet evening closed a day that had been filled with joyous worship of our dear Lord and only Saviour Jesus Christ.

Recent Arrivals, Visitors &c.

Miss F. Henrys, transferred from the Society's Mission at Palamcottah, arrived in Ceylon on Nov. 10th, and proceeded to Galle where she is associated with Miss Payne. On the same day the Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Walmsley arrived by the "Prinz Regent Luitpold," and have joined Mr. Senior in the work at Trinity College. The Rev. G. T. Weston, who has been asked to study Tamil, arrived in the "Caledonia" on Nov. 12th, and is now residing at the Mission Bungalow, Borella. Miss E. B. Sparrow, a new worker for the Sinhalese branch of the Mission, arrived in the "Prinz Eitel Fridrich" on Nov. 21st, and is stationed at Cotta while studying Sinhalese.

Miss Denyer, who left early in the year on short furlough, returned to the Mission in the "Chesire" on Dec. 3rd, and has resumed work at Kandy. In the "Ormuz" on Christmas eve, Mrs. and Master Leonard Ryde, accompanied by Miss Baker, returned to Ceylon after 16 month's absence. We are thankful to say that Mrs. Ryde is quite recovered of the illness that necessitated her return to Europe.

Miss E. C. Vines left Ceylon for England on ordinary furlough in the "Oronics" on Nov. 22nd, and Miss Stayner of the China Inland Mission, who was landed here from a German steamer early in November owing to a serious illness, was able to proceed on her journey in the "Zieten," accompanied by Nurse Hoey, on Dec. 3rd. From a letter written from Aden we were glad to learn that Miss Stayner had made a comfortable journey and was making satisfactory progress.

In addition to the above there have passed through Colombo, on their way to or returning from their stations quite a large number of workers connected with our Missions in China, Japan, and India.

We also had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Alexander (of the Torrey-Alexander Mission) who were on their way, with Doctor Thompson, a nephew of Rev. Jacob Thompson of Jaffna, to the C. M. S. Hospital at Paknoi.
Consecration of St. Andrew's Church,
Anuradhapura.

To-day, on the feast of St. Andrews, the first Protestant Church built in the North-Central Province was solemnly dedicated by Dr. E. A. Copleston, the Bishop of Colombo, with due and appropriate ceremonial. Everything that could possibly be done to render the service complete was done, and considering the distance from Colombo and other centres and the numerous disabilities consequent on a small community of Protestants the result was a complete success, the whole service proceeding without a hitch from start to finish. The C. M. S., under whose auspices the Church was built began working here about 1868, when Mr. Louis Liesching was the District Judge and to the Rev. J. I. Jones belongs the honour of being the pioneer Missionary.

THE ARCHITECTURE.

This Church is built in perpendicular English style. The length is 50 feet, width 24, height from ridge to floor level 27. There are two Tudor arches, 15 feet high to springing level. The original plans were made by Mr. W. M. Pogson, F. R. I. B. A. but they were considerably altered by the Standing Committee. His plan was a Church 15 feet from floor to top wall. The local committee wisely decided to raise it to 20 feet—a considerable improvement. The original intention was to divide the Church into 4 bays exclusive of sanctuary but funds did not permit of this and so there are but 3. The vestry is on the right hand side of the sanctuary, the organ on the left, the choir stalls right and left below the sanctuary. Over the west gable is placed a handsome Celtic cross. The furniture is in a measure in keeping with the early perpendicular style of the building, and it is interesting that everything concerning the Church was made on the ground. The windows and doors are of polished satinwood; the benches, pulpit, lectern, communion table and font (a gift of Mr. A. Rothwell D.E., whose little baby-daughter was the first to be christened) are of handsome Kumbuk and Suriya-mara. The pulpit is on the left, under the arch of the choir. There are 2 pairs of lancet windows in the sanctuary, 3 windows in the choir, 2 sets of 3 each in the nave. There are 4 large doors and 4 large windows. The building is altogether of red brick with Mangalore tiling. The belfry has yet to come. A picturesque wild tree has been spared right outside the window. The building is altogether of red brick with Mangalore tiling. The belfry has yet to come. A picturesque wild tree has been spared right outside the window.

THE SERVICE OF CONSECRATION.

The weather was simply perfect, in striking contrast with the weather the day before. The service being fixed for 8.30 a.m., the congregation began to assemble earlier and soon the seats began to be filled.

The Registrar of the Diocese (Mr. R. H. Morgan) was unfortunately unable to be present as also Mr. W. C. Price, P. E. Kurunegala, who had done a great deal for the building until he left the station. Hymns specially printed were distributed among the congregation together with the form of consecration. Miss Gedge played at the Consecration Service and at the evening service as well and confirmation at 4.30. A surpliced choir from Kurunegala brought up by the Rev. F. L. Beven led the singing.

The Bishop and clergy and the choir robed in Mr. Bingham's house, which is opposite the Church, and were met at the entrance of the Church grounds by Mr. Vigors, Major Mathison, Mr. Krishnaratne, Mr. Solomons and Mr. Purera, Catechist. Mr. Krishnaratne here read the petition desiring the Bishop to consecrate the Church and then the whole body of clergy and choir marched round the Church singing the hymn "Spirit Divine attend our prayers." On arriving at the west door, which was closed, the Bishop knocked with his staff for entrance; and the door having been opened and the key of the Church presented by Mr. Bingham to the Bishop, the procession proceeded up the nave singing the 24th Psalm. The Bishop placed the key, and title deeds of the Church and land which were handed to him by Major Mathison on the Communion Table. Part of the Service having been read Mr. Vigors appeared before the Bishop and read the following "Sentence of Consecration:"–

In the name of God. Amen.

Whereas we did lately receive the petition of Rev. William Shorten, within our Diocese and jurisdiction, and of the several residents and inhabitants in Anuradhapura whose names and signatures are there undersubscribed, humbly praying that we would be pleased, by virtue of our Pastoral and Episcopal Office, to consecrate the new Church or Edifice in Anuradhapura aforesaid to be called St. Andrew's.

And whereas we have taken the said petition into our most serious consideration and have complied with the same, We, Ernest Arthur, by Divine Permission, Bishop of Colombo, do therefore, by virtue of our Ordinary and Episcopal Authority, now separate, and set apart the said place, Edifice or Structure, containing in length from East to West sixty feet, and in width from North to South forty-six feet, from all profane and common uses, and do hereby dedicate the same as the Church of St. Andrew's at Anuradhapura aforesaid to God and Divine Worship and do Consecrate it for the Celebration of Divine Service therein according to the Church of England, and we do openly and publicly pronounce and declare that it shall so continue for ever hereafter separated, dedicated, and consecrated, by this Our Definitive Sentence or final Decree, which we make, pronounce and promulgate in these writings, saving and reserving unto us and our Successors Bishops of Colombo, all Ordinary and Episcopal jurisdiction rights, and privileges. In witness whereof we have caused Our Episcopal Seal to be hereof affixed dated the thirtieth day of November in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Six, and of Our Consecration the fourth.

(Signed) E. A. COLOMBO.

The Sentence of Consecration was then signed by the Bishop on the Communion Table, and a hymn which was specially adapted for the occasion containing the following appropriate verses was then sung.

Lift the strain of high thanksgiving,
Tread with songs the hallowed way
Praise our fathers' God for mercies
Who hath helped us in the past
Fix it for His sure possession
Holy ground, while time shall last
Mid this scene of ruined splendour
Our own unchanging God,
The perils which threaten our inner life are subtle and insidious. Every man who has analysed his own spiritual experience has felt them. Those which I would speak can perhaps be arranged in pairs, one danger threatening us on each side. The perils which threaten our inner life are subtle and insidious. Every man who has analysed his own spiritual experience has felt them. Those which I would speak can perhaps be arranged in pairs, one danger threatening us on each side.

2. Perils.—But there are perils of the spiritual life in itself and in its expressions in service, which assail it with subtle and deadly skill. And there is no escape from these. We cannot elude them by any horizontal movement. The model thought that by going off to different places and hiding in caves and cells they might escape from the perils of life, but the scheme failed, for the simple reason that they carried their life with them. The perils of the spiritual life do not lie in external surroundings, but in the recesses of men’s souls, in the nature of life itself. St. Anthony was not delivered from vile visions by taking up his abode beyond human life. He had eyes in his soul that saw as clearly as any physical eyes could have seen. We cannot get away from the perils of life by any movement east or west, or north or south.

And just as there is no escape from the perils of life horizontally, there is no escape vertically. To be sure, a man escapes from certain types of temptation, but a deliverance from these perils only discloses another set of perils more subtle than those with which he had to deal before. He was first waging a bludgeon warfare. He had exchanged that for warfare with the broadsword; but now he finds that he must fight at even a quicker pace still, and with a rapier. To be sure, he has a larger force with which to confront these new perils; he is in every way in a better position to face life’s battle, but the fact that he has got past certain old temptations is no assurance that he will not have to face on a new battle-field a more agile and cunning foe. The higher Christian life lifts us past certain perils, but after all it has only lifted us past them to bring us near them again. We are above them, but on a precipice’s edge. And as we stand near this great declivity every day, it is easy for a man to fall back into the moral morass once more. I had a friend in the ministry. He was known to be, and I think he was, a man of especially deep and genuine religious earnestness; but he fell into the hell of an adulterer’s life. He was a renegade upon the earth to-day. None of the old men who knew him know where he lives. Friends behind him in the place where he was once known and loved have only a feeling of great shame at his life. He was walking, as he thought, in a forgiven life, and it was only a step between that and dismal ruin. The spiritual sensitiveness of the higher life needs to be bound with a ceaseless vigilance to the iron moralities.

But it is not of this, but of the new and finer perils of the advanced Christian life, the life of highest ideals and most sensitive conscience, that we are thinking. In one of his letters to the Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. Gladstone says: “There is one proposition which the experience of life has burned into my soul. It is the fear that my religion shall kill my morality. Every day of my life in thousands of different ways, some great some small, all of them subtle, I am tempted to that great sin.” And this is the great peril with which we are confronted in our lives. We have to face the peril of not lifting our life to the level of our Christian theory.

After all, we will preach no more gospel than we are living. Thring held that it was not what we say or what we do that God uses, but what we are; and what we say and do only as it gives real expression to what we are. It is not the Christian theory which we hold that will influence men unless that theory is embodied in our life, or unless we are conscientiously striving to yield ourselves wholly to Christ for the perfecting of our character.

The perils which threaten our inner life are subtle and insidious. Every man who has analysed his own spiritual experience has felt them. Those which I would speak can perhaps be arranged in pairs, one danger threatening us on each side.

1. First, the perils of negligence and over-pressure. On the one hand, there is the possibility of a man’s neglecting the great opportunities of spiritual service.
JANUARY, 1907.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The mingled messages of Advent, Christmas, and the Passing of the Year are on the air as we wish our readers a Glad New Year. Humbled by a sense of past shortcomings, yet let us step forward into the unknown future with courage and faith. For is not the soon-returning Master, the Christ of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, of Calvary, of Heaven, our glorious Remedy for sin, failure, and decay? He Who sitteth on the Throne can make all things new within us this New Year. Our lives may be ever young in God. If amid the stream of days and hours our hearts cast anchor on Jesus Christ, 'the Same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever,' then our hands will be outstretched and strong to rescue perishing souls tossed on the restless waves of superstition, error and sin.

'That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water.' Recent events in the Missionaries Foreign Field have brought these familiar words of our marvellously comprehensive Litany home to the hearts of praying Churchmen and women. The accompanying pictures portray more eloquently than words the disaster wrought at Hong Kong by the typhoon in September. During the three hours during which the storm raged, ten thousand Chinese and others it is estimated lost their lives. Subsequent mails brought not only the sad tidings of the fatal accident to Bishop Hoare and four Chinese students, but of a terrible experience undergone by our missionary, Mr. Norman Mackenzie, on his way by steamer to Pakhoi. The s.s. ‘Apenrade,’ containing a large number of Chinese passengers, was blown broadside on a fortified island (depicted behind the vessel), becoming a total wreck. ‘The soldiers were instrumental in saving all the Europeans and many Chinese, although numbers were drowned, including a Bible-woman, also returning to Pakhoi. But not only do our workers abroad meet with 'perils in the sea.' They sometimes encounter 'perils of robbers.' Three of our Persian missionaries on their way home on furlough in the late autumn—the Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Stileman and Miss McClure—were attacked by highwaymen and suffered the loss of much of their property. And, lastly, we grieve to add, away at Blackfoot Crossing, North-West Canada, Canon Stocken has been lately bereaved of his devoted wife—our oldest women missionaries to Japan—by a carriage accident. We sorrow with all who mourn her loss; and afresh commend our workers on all their 'journeyings to God's preserving care.

A magazine in a new cover is not unlike a child in a new dress—somewhat self-conscious, and desirous of creating a good impression! Although the outer covering adds nothing to the real value, it is curiously true that a change of...
cover may materially affect the circulation of a magazine. Perhaps it affords a topic of conversation, and thus brings into prominence a subject that had fallen into the background. Be that as it may, we hope that all six of the Society’s selling magazines will be much in the minds and on the lips of our supporters during this first month of the year. For new friends are needed as never before in the history of the Society. And an acquaintance that deepens into friendship can only become possible by introduction—the warm personal introduction of a mutual friend. We particularly ask that our friends will purchase and push the sale of the localized editions of the Gleaner, on which so many honorary helpers bestow much pains and prayer.

The pressing importance of our financial position is the reason sufficient excuse to the older readers of the Gleaner for recurring to the theme. For the enlightenment of the many new friends who will peruse this magazine for the first time, we would simply state the following facts, which need no words from us to emphasize their extreme and serious import. 1. The policy of the Society is that of accepting all candidates for the foreign field who give sufficient proof that they have been called of God, believing that He Who has sent the men and women intends also to send the means for their support. 2. During the past twenty-five years the staff has increased fourfold—yet it is quite inadequate to cope with the growing work and to enter the open doors. The income during the same period has nearly but not quite doubled. 3. The Capital Fund has been drawn upon to meet deficits to the extent of £30,000. 4. For the current financial year about £32,000 more than the ordinary receipts of last year are needed merely to make both ends meet. The receipts up to the present time are many thousands of pounds below the sum received at the same time last year.

In the light of the above facts relating to means, let us consider some just as startling with regard to men and women. Even if the natural development of the Society’s existing work is forbidden—still more any fresh extension—no fewer than forty-seven missionaries are urgently needed at the present moment. Yet the Committee have already been obliged to face the question of retrenchment in case this year’s income prove inadequate; and probably such retrenchment will include the keeping back of all new missionaries next autumn. We venture to say that our friends need only to read the pages of this one issue of the Gleaner in order to gather the import of such a statement. Thanksgiving Week should witness a tangible effort to prevent a so great calamity.

No more striking ‘ book with a purpose ’ has lately issued from the press than the volume Overweights of Joy, by Miss Amy Wilson Carmichael, author of Things as they Are. The writer, a missionary of the C.E.Z.M.S. in South India, pourtrays with a masterly touch the result of the tyranny of caste, the uphill fight of God’s soldier, be he missionary or convert; and plies the reader with facts, incidents, and illustrations ‘ hot from actual experience,’ as our missionary, the Rev. T. Walker, avers in his preface. Overweights professes to be a song to cheer those discouraged by the ‘ bitter battle ’ of the earlier book. But, as the author says, ‘ The song is sung in the night : let no one dream the night has passed.’ We commend it earnestly to our thoughtful, believing, and praying readers. We are convinced that the book, like its predecessor, has a compelling power, and will be used of God to send forth new soldiers to the fight.

Some of our Home Leaders.

BY EUGENE STOCK.

I.—CHARLES SIMEON.

In commencing some short articles on the leading men who have guided the Church Missionary Society at home, I cannot omit Charles Simeon, although his story is pretty well known. For unquestionably he stands first in the first rank of the founders of the Society; and his connexion with it, to which alone I shall refer, is not so familiar to most readers as his general work at Cambridge.

Born in 1759, converted to Christ in 1779, ordained in 1782, and appointed to Trinity Church, Cambridge, in the same year, Simeon was not yet thirty years of age when he received, early in 1788, a letter from India, written by his friend, the Rev. David Brown of Calcutta, whom he had known at the University, and signed also by three Christian laymen in the service of the East India Company, which then ruled British India. This letter proposed that Simeon should go to India. A similar letter was sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to various M.P.’s, including Wilberforce. Nothing came of it at the time; but it led to Wilberforce’s attempt in Parliament to secure liberty for missionaries in the East—which the Company succeeded in defeating; and it laid India upon the heart of the young clergyman at Cambridge.

The Evangelical clergy were few and far between in those days, and were disliked and despised. Those in London formed themselves into a little association for mutual encouragement, called the Eclectic Society, which met ostentatiously for tea and conference. In 1796, Charles Simeon came from Cambridge, and opened a discussion on the question, ‘ With what propriety, and in what mode, can a Mission be attempted to the Heathen from the Established Church?’ Was there no such Mission already? The S.P.G. was maintaining clergy in Canada, but had as yet no work in the Eastern Hemisphere; and the S.P.C.K. was supporting German Lutheran missionaries in South India; but no English clergyman was engaged in preaching the Gospel definitely to the Heathen. It must be added that men like Simeon, who were regarded as ‘ Church Methodists,’ had no chance of influencing the S.P.G. or S.P.C.K., though many of them subscribed to both. In—
Henry Martyn, indeed, offered to the Society, but eventually went as a chaplain, though in spirit and in work a true missionary of the noblest kind. No wonder Simeon, more than forty years after receiving that Calcutta letter before mentioned, wrote upon it, 'India has been a principal and an incessant object of my care and labour. . . . I used jocosely to call India my Dioccese. Since there has been a Bishop, I modestly call it my Province.'

Charles Simeon preached the second of the C.M.S. Annual Sermons, in 1802. His text was Phil. ii. 5-8, 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus,' etc.; and his main point is seen in the question, 'What would have now been the state of the whole world if the same mind had been in Christ that is in us?'

Simeon continued in charge of Trinity Church for fifty-four years. For a long period he was despised and persecuted by both town and gown; but he lived to be the most honoured man in Cambridge. He was Senior Fellow of King's College, and, never having married, dwelt in his college rooms to the last. He died on November 13, 1836, aged 77; and the whole University assembled to lay his black wings of the demon tempest sweep,

In Memory of J. C. Hoare,
Missionary and Bishop, 1876-1906.

Henry of Simeon, the Rector of Clapham (John Venn) introducing it. Simeon pressed three questions, 'What can we do? When shall we do it? How shall we do it?' and urged immediate action. The result was a decision to go forward at once; and three weeks later, on April 12, was held the public meeting that founded the Church Missionary Society. Simeon was not present; and he had but a small share in the subsequent proceedings of the Committee; but it is clear that his earnestness in spurring on others had had great influence in producing the result.

India, however, which had been so much in Simeon's mind, did not for several years profit by the formation of the new Society. In one thing, the energies of the Committee were at first concentrated on West Africa, whither were sent all the Germans who were the first missionaries engaged. For another thing, the East India Company would not convey missionaries in their ships, and would not allow them to land at Calcutta if they got there any other way. It was on this account that Simeon encouraged the men he could influence to go out as 'Company's chaplains,' that is, to minister to the English merchants and troops, being sure that in some way the providence of God would give them openings among the Heathen. He was able to recommend godly and earnest men to the Company through one of its leading directors, Charles Grant, who had been in India, and had been one of those three laymen who signed David Brown's letter above mentioned. Grant was a remarkable man, of whom I might say much if I were not obliged to confine this short article to Simeon.

Among the devoted men who thus went to India as chaplains, mostly through the influence of Simeon and Grant, were Claudius Buchanan, Henry Martyn, Daniel Corrie (afterwards first Bishop of Madras), Thomas Thomson, Henry Fisher, Marmaduke Thompson, James Hough (founder of the Tinnevelly Mission), Thomas Carr (afterwards first Bishop of Bombay), and Thomas Dealtry (afterwards second Bishop of Madras). Every one of these did much for Missions, and particularly for the C.M.S.
In the Pagan Soudan.

I.

A Friendly Village.

On July 10 one of our number, the Rev. A. Shaw, pitched his tent at Shoka's village. It is a village on the east bank of the Nile, about four and a half miles south of our river station. There is quite a large number of people there, and Shoka himself is very friendly. Our sailors have been over at Shoka's a good deal to cut wood and build two tuhibs for Mr. Shaw, so that although it is only a temporary station he may at least have a solid roof over his head in the rainy season. Mr. Shaw tells me that there are far fewer mosquitoes than at our river station. In fact, he was able to sit out in the open for a few nights without a mosquito net. His camp stands back a little from the river bank, is fairly high, and beautifully drained naturally. He has already got hold of two or three boys to help him in his work, I am glad to say.

The Work at Bor.

As to work at Bor, where I am writing this, there has been a fairly regular stream of patients every day at the dispensary, numbering on an average about twelve per day. In addition to this we go out into the clearing and visit the people in their homes. Of course, one of us must remain at home to take care of the camp, and to entertain any chiefs who may call.

The Housing Question.

On September 7 we began to build a mud house at the river station. We secured Achiau and his brother Adjuek and twelve of their women folk. I may mention, by the way, that there are many more women than men here. The two men dug the soil, and the women mixed it with water and then thoroughly kneaded it, while we laid it in position. A Dinka has no straight lines or angles; his own dwelling is round. The house is not complete yet, for the Dinkas have not worked many days. A little rain in the early morning or an extra supply of fish is sufficient excuse for them to stay at home. The house question is really a difficult one, and we shall be most thankful if we are able to solve it in this way. We propose to have a thatched roof; the walls are thick, but there are no foundations and, of course, a big storm may wash the whole thing away. We are also constructing two more tuhibs here, one of which is for a grain store. The old one is useless, as the rats and white ants find easy access. The new one is to stand on legs, and I hope in time we may cheat these destroyers.

Curious Customs.

This month I have seen one or two customs which I had not seen before. One day I saw a woman use a novel method for washing her hands. She filled her mouth with water, then poured it out upon her hands while she rubbed them. I was astonished at the capacity of her mouth. Another day I saw a young woman set to work and solemnly lick the face of a baby all over as a cat would lick a kitten. No wonder the babies' faces shine sometimes! Their method of carrying babies is simple if not comfortable. They are slung in a gazelle skin over the mother's back, and she often carries a load upon her head as well. If the child who is being carried is able to walk, he sits upon his mother's shoulders while she puts her hands behind his back and behind her head. In this way he gets an easy seat and a good rest.

At the River Station.

Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Comely have been together at our original river station most of the time. The Dinkas there have been working very well except for a few days when there was an over-abundance of fish, and then they simply sat and gorged themselves and would work for none. They are generally hungry, so when there is a harvest they take their fill. The men, however, have worked well as porters; and the women, and sometimes a few men, have done a good deal of digging and weeding. We have a nice supply of Indian corn, ground nuts, and cotton growing there now, under Mr. Comely's superintendence, and these need constant attention in the wet weather, when the weeds grow apace. Both Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Comely have done some medical work there.

A Cart and a Canoe.

Another accomplishment at the river station this month has been the building of a cart. The wheels were sent up from Khartoum, and Mr. Wilmot did the rest. It is built for two oxen to draw, and is capable of carrying anything. We shall find it most useful when we move heavy timber for building purposes. When I paid a recent

The Mission Station at Bor, White Nile.

(From a Water-colour Drawing by Mrs. A. C. Hall.)
visit to Sinqua's village and cut Mr. Shaw's hair for him, I made the return journey in a native 'dug-out' canoe. We did not meet any hippo on the way, but soon after we had started the water began to trickle in by my side through little holes and splits. In making the canoe they had cut it rather fine at one side. We, therefore, stopped and pushed up with some mud. This operation was repeated at various stages of the journey. These canoes are built in the Alib country across the river. They are long and strong. A Dinka sits at each end to paddle, and with his paddle he generally takes a fish spear. The canoe lake very narrow, and it is difficult to sit down at all, and afterwards there is always the danger that you will not be able to get out—but that is only one of the risks of life.

II.

From Mrs. Charlotte Hall, who spent four days last July with the Gordon Memorial pioneer party at Bor, we have received the following letter, illustrated by her own sketches made on the spot.

Welcome in the Rain.

After about fifteen days from the time of leaving Khartoum we reached Bor. As we neared the landing-place, I saw the Endevour tied up at the bank and close to it some Englishmen, whom I soon made out to be Mr. Hadow, Mr. Thom, Mr. Wilmot, and Mr. Comely. I was given a very warm welcome to the Dinka country, and to the C.M.S. portion of it especially. The rain began to welcome us too, alas! for in a few minutes it came down in torrents, and it does so thoroughly at Bor, as it soon continued. Our luggage was covered with a waterproof sheet, and I fled to the hut kindly set apart for me by Mr. Wilmot, who, in a most self-sacrificing way, put up a tent for himself and gave me his bed. So soon as the rain ceased, I was invited to Mr. Hadow's hut for some tea. There was no single servant in the camp—they were all on strike for more wages—so Mr. Hadow went down on his knees and proceeded to blow up a fire of sticks laid on the floor of the hut, not at all an easy accomplishment, causing the eyes of the blower to look as if he had had a violent fit of crying. In a wonderfully short time Mr. Hadow arose and gave me tea with fresh milk in it, provided by Mr. Comely's cows. Then soon after we discovered it was noon, and luncheon was suggested, and we were regaled with sardines and bread—the latter made by our host, which was a great credit to him. Indeed, all our friends at Bor make excellent bread. After luncheon, I went to my hut. Towards sunset the mosquitoes got a good deal worse, and soon drove us to the shelter of our mosquito nets.

A Novel Journey.

Next morning Mr. Thom went back to the inland station and Dr. Lloyd came down to the river. They had to walk through long grass, with the water in places up to their knees, for about three hours. I had been told it would not be advisable for me to visit the inland station, and when I got to Bor, I found it was absolutely impossible. Mr. Shaw also came in from his new station, about one and a half hours south of Bor. His lonely place seemed to agree with him, for he looked remarkably well. We arranged that I should visit his station the next day, on a chair on poles; but when next day came, it was found to be impossible owing to the amount of water on the slippery mud. Mr. Hadow and Mr. Comely kindly offered to help me in the house. They readily agreed to help me in the house. They readily agreed to help me in the house. They readily agreed to help me in the house.
The old Native Doctor, A-long.

The men ranged in age from twenty to about seventy years, five being over sixty, and several had smoked for over thirty years.

One old man, sixty-four years of age, had smoked opium for thirty-five years. He was cured, but his system had suffered so much that four weeks afterwards he passed away. I believe he was truly on the Right Way.

It is interesting in looking over the list of names to see the reasons why they took opium. Eighteen said they did it out of curiosity or for pleasure, but all the others were ensnared into taking it for physical weakness, or illness of some kind or other.

The physical distress of these poor men the first two weeks was terrible: tears streaming from their eyes, pain, vomiting, and almost every ache and sickness that a person could conceive of, while the craving was excruciating until almost up to the last day. Even the night before we broke up a man had the craving so bad he seemed quite unable to control himself. His muscles twitched and spasms racked his body. Once I saw him, while lying flat on his back, in some extraordinary way cause his whole body to spring about a foot from the bed. His comrades said it was ' the craving,' and that this was the fifth time he had tried to give up opium!

Much prayer was offered on our behalf for this venture, and from the first God was manifestly with us. The strain, especially on Dr. Wilkinson, was very great, and over and over again obstacles arose and the evil one showed his hand, but by God's grace and power there was victory all along the way.

Up to March 2 there had been continuous rain, but on that day the weather broke, and it remained fair until after the three weeks, when continuous rain again came on. This was indeed providential, as in the large and very open hall it would have been very risky to keep the men in the
draughts and damp. The Heathen remarked again and again how God had prepared the fine weather for us, and that He showed by this He was going to bless the village.

Naturally at the outset we had very little encouragement in our preaching and teaching. We used a small book with half a dozen good hymns, the Creed, Lord’s Prayer, Ten Commandments, and a simple prayer. At morning and evening prayers we sang these hymns, so that before long the patients became very familiar with them, and the last week often sang them by themselves.

We took turns at the preaching and simply preached Christ and Him crucified. To me it was a wonderful lesson as to the power of that message. Christ dying upon the Cross for them; no matter how often we dwelt upon it, this was the only power that could draw them. Besides the regular preaching we went from bedside to bedside during the day, and this personal dealing with the men did a great deal in melting the reserve and diffidence towards Christianity.

We held our services in the midst where the beds were thickest. At first few from the outer beds came to the centre, but before we closed the centre aisle around our preaching table used to be crowded, not only by the patients, but by even the headmen and elders. One of the headmen said to me one night after the service, and before his fellows, ‘I don’t know anything, but I do know that Jesus loves me.’

One interesting old man was a native doctor. He was very reticent at the beginning, and we feared he would give us much trouble, so we made him an object of very special prayer. His bed was in an out-of-the-way place not seen from the table. On the evening of the ninth day I was preaching on the power of Jesus crucified, when in the middle of the address the old doctor walked up the main aisle and stood by my side until I finished, when he joined with us in the Lord’s Prayer, and then, thanking me, he went quietly back to his bed. About a week after this he told me of his decision to worship God, and he has been doing so ever since.

On March 22, the last day, we dealt with the men individually, to find out if possible the stand they would take as to Christianity. Of the seventy-nine, as far as we could make out, forty-three had definitely decided to become Christians, and were praying, though about half of these were not as yet very clear. Of about ten of the others we were uncertain, and the remainder we felt were not sincere, though they assured us they would now worship God.

On the afternoon of the 22nd we had a farewell service, at which all the elders and headmen were present. Several of us gave a last few words, two of the elders spoke, and after the doctor and I had thanked all for their kindness, I closed with prayer. The medicines were then given to each man for the last time and we all left. They were all very grateful. One old man expressed what seemed to be the attitude of each when he said to Dr. Wilkinson, ‘I thank God first, and then I thank you and Mr. White.’

The next morning the village turned out en masse and sent us off in state. Our chairs, provided by the villagers, were decorated with red silk, and presents of fowls were hanging behind.

Five weeks later I unexpectedly spent a Sunday at A-iong. To my joy I found that nearly all who had been cured of opium were attending church and had enrolled their names, while the headmen as well as the elders were also coming.

Since then we have heard that everything is still encouraging, and the Christians have had to rent a larger house to accommodate all who come to service. We have put our best catechist there for six months, and he is doing excellent work.

So far, of the seventy-nine, only one has gone back to opium, and he has fled from the town.

How can a slack Branch of the Gleaners’ Union be Invigorated?

It is often much more interesting to start new schemes than to revive old ones.

We are inclined to feel that the dying Branch had better die. It is a hopeless matter. Here, as Secretaries, we get our first hint. Nothing must ever be hopeless, we ourselves least of all. Let us be sure our Branch can be revived, let us be sure we can do it, let us be sure others will help us.

We must next decide what are our weak points. Although meetings are not everything, yet if badly attended, they serve as an excuse for the despondent to groan and for the half-hearted to fall away. Therefore how shall we improve the attendance?

I. Let each individual member be made to feel he is wanted at each individual meeting.

II. Pass round a Roll Book and make every one present put a mark against his name, so that he may himself see how often he has missed, and the Secretary may be reminded, by the blank spaces, of people to be looked up.

III. Read short Minutes of the previous meeting to suggest to those present that they ought to care what happened last time.

IV. An attractive account, in the Parish Magazine, will show the poor defaulters what they have missed.

But even these hints will not be of much avail if the meetings themselves are dull, which is, perhaps, the true reason why they are badly attended. ‘Dull!’ exclaims some hard-working Secretary; ‘I get through as much every time, real live missionaries too. I have not the face to ask any more of them to come and address such a handful of people.’ Certainly not. Your Gleaners should work the meetings themselves, till they begin to feel they are essential to them. Believe me, this is one great secret of success. They must not be ‘my’ meetings, or ‘your,’ but our meetings. Get at one or two members privately, impress on them that it is their especial effort which is needed to make this session a greater success than the last, and he ready to accept suggestions, even if they be a little hard to utilize.

Do not hesitate to ‘pack’ your first meetings. Suppose you start with ‘Texts and Facts;’ see that at least a third of your company have the required text and fact—supply them, if need be, on condition they assure you they will make it their business to read what you give them and to use it. ‘Surely not!’ you may say. ‘When the poor chair will come to the meeting—Just see poor old B. through!’ —and so forth. Not only do A. and B. feel that the meeting depends on them, but their friends feel almost as responsible.

Get one or two people to whip up others to attend. Do not do all the work yourself though you must never lose an opportunity. The waverer will sometimes come because two people have asked him.

But there will always be a large proportion of Gleaners who can never attend meetings. These must on no account be allowed to sleep when your Branch is being revived. They must be made to work in some way—to distribute magazines, collect money, and so on, and they must do it because they are Gleaners. It may be well gently to intimate with ‘Texts and Facts,’ see that at least a third of your company have with ‘Texts and Facts,’ see that at least a third of your company have

Remember, if you want to fill others with enthusiasm, you must have a present that they ought to care what happened last time. Exhort, cajole, do what you will to help, but be helped in return. Again, be positive in your own mind that you will get what you want. Efforts are often nipped in the bud because the Chairman does not know what he may expect. Miss X. is trying to make up her mind to read her text when the poor Chairman, in despair at the silence, passes on to another topic.

But suppose you are aiming at a different class of meeting, to consist of five short papers, of five minutes each, to be read by Gleaners. Again, be positive in your own mind that you will get what you want. Effort, cajole, do what you will to help, but be helped in return. Remember, if you want to fill others with enthusiasm, you must have a large stock of your own. For the time being, at any rate, the Gleaners’ Union must appear to be the only thing of importance.

Then, choose your speakers with circumspection. In every parish there are groups of persons more intimate with one another than with the rest of the world. If possible secure one speaker from each group. The reason is obvious: A. will get her friend to help with her paper; B.’s friend will come to the meeting—Just see poor old B. through! —and so forth. Not only do A. and B. feel that the meeting depends on them, but their friends feel almost as responsible.

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G. A. T. FERRE.
IBET is one of the countries the door of which is still closed to evangelistic effort. It was hoped that the result of the recent Expedition would have been to open the country not only to trade, but to the Gospel. So far those hopes have not been fulfilled, and the British Government is very averse to any travellers entering the country. And yet there are points of contact, and influence is being brought to bear upon the people. For many years the Moravians have been carrying on a quiet work among Tibetan speaking people to the south and east. And there are several centres with small Tibetan Christian congregations (see Illustration). Not long ago a lama (monk), touched by the kindness shown to him by the missionaries when he was ill, and impressed by a study of the Gospels which had been given to him, became a Christian. He has, I hear, exercised great influence on his former disciples in Western Tibet; and it is possible that several may ere long join the Christian congregation.

Mr. Francke, who has been working in Khaltze in the Upper Indus valley, has brought out a monthly newspaper in Tibetan (see Illustration, p. 12). The circulation is small as far as the number of copies issued is concerned; but each copy is handed on from one to another, and the monasteries furnish not a few regular readers.

On the east side on the Chinese border a quiet work is going on at Ta-Chien-Lu and other places. A most interesting book, With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple, by Dr. Susie Bijnhart, gives a graphic description of work in Tankar and Kumbum, monastery, and a record of a most heroic but

Christian Congregation at Leh, with Moravian Missionaries.
In the western portion of that part of Tibet which is under Kashmir rule, Mohammedanism has obtained a firm footing, and it is gradually spreading, chiefly by inter-marriage with Tibetan women.

Kargyl is a Mohammedan Tibetan district. Occasional visits have been paid by the Kashmir C.M.S. medical missionaries. But as most of the people understand Tibetan only, it is necessary to use an interpreter. If workers were forthcoming, Kargyl is a district which requires occupation, and for which hitherto practically nothing has been done. It lies just midway between Leh, the chief centre of Moravian work amongst Buddhist Tibetans, and Srinagar.

A certain number of Tibetans come every year to the Kashmir Mission Hospital, and they may often be seen in the wards. Ever and anon in one of our district tours we are able to visit portions of Western Tibet and to carry on medical mission work there.

On a recent visit to Dras, which is two marches from Kargyl, I had more than seventy patients in one day. One of the bystanders interpreted from Kashmiri to Tibetan, and I had quite good congregations. On a former visit I was fortunate in having with me a Christian Tibetan.

The Tibetan people are pleasant mannered but very dirty. In some districts their life is very hard owing to the difficulty in raising crops in the desert. Nothing can be done without irrigation. Wherever a stream comes down from the snow-clad heights, there is a fan-shaped area of cultivation, and little channels are carried along the hillside as far as the water can be carried. In some villages there are three or four lines of small irrigation canals one above the other. Occasionally they may be seen hundreds of feet above the road.

A Tibetan village is quite characteristic and very picturesque. After a long and hot march along a sandy path, with rocky cliffs towering above and a great river foaming below; after threading one's way through innumerable boulders with dark red polished surfaces and occasional carved inscriptions, all lying under blazing sun, the atmosphere quivering with heat—the temperature perhaps 150°F.—we see in the distance a green patch of cultivation. As we approach we find terraced fields of barley and buckwheat supported by stone walls. Here and there are bushes of wild rose with profuse and brilliant red blossom. Little runlets of crystal water cross the path, and there are lines of poplars and willows, with, nestling among them, flat-topped houses with bunches of prayer flags. By the side of the road are long lines of broad and solid wall, paved with smooth flat stones, each bearing the sacred text, *Om mane padme hūn*, 'O God, the jewel in the lotus. Amen.'

The Buddhist monuments, chortens as they are called, are a conspicuous feature of the landscape, being pure white or earth-coloured with patches of red paint. They are usually dome shaped, resting on a solid square foundation and with a coloured spire. They vary in height from twenty to sixty feet.

The people are clad in long coats of a grey woollen material, with broad girdles of blue or red, and caps of various colours; red, blue, green, or even black velvet with red lining. They have high cheek-bones and wear their hair in long queues; which make their backs greasy and black. The women wear thick black woollen coats and trousers, and a stiff curved head-dress which covers the neck and back, and is made of red cloth and closely studded with turquoise and brooches. They also wear elaborate necklaces of silver and red coral, and a large white section of shell like a cuff on each wrist. The monks too are always in evidence, with their shaven heads, receding foreheads, voluminous red robes and bare arms.

Perhaps on top of a neighbouring cliff is a monastery, a picturesque group of white buildings with verandas and rows of small windows, the whole surmounted by a parapet decorated with tufts of yaks’ tails on poles. In such a monastery there are usually two temples. One of these contains numerous small images of incarnations and founders, and is provided with shelves for manuscripts, brass vessels and musical instruments used in worship. In the other temple there is usually a colossal image of Buddha or of Chunrezig, and the walls are covered with paintings representing the triumph of Buddha and the destruction of his enemies (see Illustration). Prayer
Lamas with a Drum, Trumpets, and Cymbals, Lamoyoro Monastery.

Cylinders abound, and the monks religiously turn them as they pass. The monasteries are very interesting, places to visit. But neither in them nor in the villages and towns of Ladakh does one meet with the Buddhism of romance. Along with much that is quaint and weird and fascinating from an artistic standpoint, there appears to be only too much that is gross, sensual, and depraved. Ignorance and pride as usual go hand in hand. There is no 'Light of Asia' here. Is it to be found anywhere in Buddhist countries?

These are the people who need our help, not in spasmodic efforts at wide intervals, but in a steady, persistent, insistent growing stream, so that the Light of the World may be lifted up amongst them.

**PRAISE AND PRAYER.**

**THE THURSDAY PRAYER MEETING.**

A Meeting for Praise and Prayer is held in the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, E.C., every Thursday, from four to five o'clock. All are welcome. Special requests for prayer on missionary topics to be presented at the meeting should be addressed to the Secretary, Central Prayer-meeting, C.M. House, whom they should reach by first post on Thursday.

In April 1906 the idea of forming Prayer-Links between missionaries, converts, or non-Christians abroad and workers at home first appeared in the Gleaner. Since then more than 150 names have been enrolled, and many letters have been received from missionaries and their Intercessors testifying to the spiritual cheer and strength imparted by this bond. The Prayer Link Scheme is not an Union; there are no pledges, no Membership Cards, no fees. Names are held at head-quarters in strict confidence. But those who desire to remember definitely and daily some one individual in the Foreign Field write in the first instance to the Editor of the Gleaner, asking to be put in communication with a missionary who will be their Link; who will give them particulars of his or her need, or that of a convert, or non-Christian for whom special prayer is desired. We shall gladly receive intimations from missionaries who desire Home-Intercessors whom they may consider real colleagues.

The following are extracts from two letters recently received from missionaries to whom we have assigned Intercessors:

Many thanks for your letter conveying the welcome intelligence that you have found me a colleague. I have written to him and am sending him our last Report that he may get well up in our Mission and so be a real help to us. As real, believing and victorious prayer lies at the foundation of all our success, so it is the hardest thing to offer in the missionary cause, and we may well pray earnestly for these Intercessors that they may have grace to persevere in the task undertaken. The more we get of such prayer the greater will be our success both at home and out here. Daniel ix., 18, 19.

I am delighted to think I shall have a co-worker and am preparing to send her a map and photographs so that she can really go round the walls of Jericho in spirit. It is a splendid plan.

Not One is Forgotten.

O GOD, I pray for those who know Thee not far off—in foreign lands.

'Not "foreign" unto Me, my Child, but close Within My hands.'

'And I would pray for those who speak to Thee— Alas, so very few.'

'Nay, nay, Thou hearest but the rain-drops fall, I hear the dew!'

'And so I rise. Yet am I filled with shame, For half I've asked has fled!'

'Not "fled" from Me. All safe thy ev'ry prayer,

May be answered.'

F. M. N.

**AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.**

'Let us come boldly unto the Throne of Grace.'—Hab. iv. 16.

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Thanksgivings. Magazine.

Jan. 4. For the transformation at Onitsha 12

8. For the baptism of Khaiel and his family 13

18. For Mr. N. Mackenzie's preservation 1

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Jan. 6. That Abimaleka may be used to Kabarega's conversion 11

8. That Moslem influence in Uganda may be counteracted 13

10. That the inquiring students of Allahabad Hostel may be inspired 1

16. That the light of the Gospel may penetrate dark Tibet 5

29. That "slack" G.U. members and meetings may be reinvigorated 7

30. For blessing on all efforts to raise the Society's Funds and to circulate its Magazines 2
Bunyoro's Exiled King.

By Mrs. A. B. Fisher, Toro, Uganda.

Those of our readers who were present at the Gleaners' Union Anniversary will recall Bishop Tucker's reference to the African evangelist who had set forth—with a label round his neck because unable to speak any other language but his own—on his long and self-denying journey. On p. 191 of the December Gleaner King Andereya's letter referring also to him was given. Mrs. Fisher's paper and photographs arrived after we went to press.—Ed.

An interesting event took place in the history of the infant Church of Bunyoro when in September last it wished God speed to one of its members whom it was sending as missionary and teacher to their exiled king, who since 1899 has been a prisoner of the British Government in the Seychelles Island. Kabarega, the ex-king, is a typical representative of the old order of savage despotism that existed throughout the several kingdoms of the Uganda Protectorate before the British took over the administration of affairs. His reign marked the decline of the Bunyoro as a power to be reckoned with among all the surrounding tribes, including the Baganda.

Previously his kingdom had extended over vast territories, reaching to the Congo Free State on the west, including the entire and now separate kingdom of Toro, and a considerable area now brought within the Uganda boundaries.

He was the only monarch of these interior tribes who persistently and deliberately withstood the British and the civilization that followed in their wake. One cannot but feel a certain pity and admiration for this old savage, who was willing to risk so much in order to retain his autocratic sovereignty, his liberty, the old superstitious customs, cruelty, and nudity.

Deformed limbs, sightless eyes, earless, noseless, and tongueless figures remind one of the years when these people were at the mercy of the whims of a relentless king, who nevertheless won the love of certain of his people by the fear he instilled and the lavish generosity he bestowed upon them, after ravaging and plundering the weaker tribes. The folk half regretfully recall the times when no man had need to work in order to provide himself with wife, food, and herds. Kabarega's war-drum was rarely silent in those days, and was eagerly responded to by his warrior subjects, who, armed with shield and spear, set forth on their raiding expeditions, bringing home as plunder cattle, sheep, goats, and women. The royal butcher would drive a roaring trade on such occasions, oxen being slain, roasted and given round to the people, who, in the intoxication of their victory and excitement, would all shout loyalty to their king.

It was not till after six years of open rebellion against the British, during which time the whole country was reduced to famine and disorder, that Kabarega was obliged to flee to Bukedi. Here his faithful subjects carried food to him regularly in face of immense difficulties and danger, until Colonel Evatt made him prisoner in 1899.

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 Horn has been the most eager to send a teacher to the exiled king to make known to him the religion of Jesus. Abimalake was unanimously elected for this work, as he is well known to Kabarega, having held a chieftainship under him in the old days. He has also proved himself to be a consistent Christian and a conscientious worker, having worked in the church and men’s school at Hoima for many months previously.

He and his wife, who accompanied him, specially need the prayers of friends at home, for they have gone to the distant Seychelles for a period of two years, to a land of strangers, under entirely new conditions of life, and will have, doubtless, to face new and unknown temptations.

God grant that they may be instrumental in leading their ex-king to the Saviour Christ that he may become an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.

From the Harvest Field.

West Africa: The Yoruba Country.

The Alake’s Thankoffering.—Many of our readers will remember reading of the visit of England to the Alake of Abeokuta in the summer of 1904. Although not a baptized Christian, he regularly attends the services in the Townsend-Wood Memorial Church at Abeokuta. He has recently been seriously ill, and on his recovery, at his special request, a Thanksgiving Service was held in the church on September 6. Bishop Oluwole, who conducted the service, writes:

All the pastors attended in their robes. There was a large congregation. During the Te Deum, with which the service closed, the Alake came forward with his thankoffering and humbly presented it at the communion-rail, kneeling.

West Africa: Southern Nigeria.

The Power of the Gospel.—Bishop Tugwell (now in England) visited Onitsha, on the Niger, on August 26, and reopened Immanuel Church, which had practically been rebuilt. The Rev. S. R. Smith baptized seventeen young men converts after the dedication service. The building, which holds about 450 people, was well filled with a reverent and well-behaved congregation, and the Bishop writes:

As these young men came up to the font and in turn reverently knelt down, and dedicated themselves to Christ in baptism, one realized something of the power of the Gospel to change men’s hearts and lives and character. Eleven years ago I opened the church, when the building was crowded with an excited mass of heathen people, who throughout the service talked and laughed and made no pretence to worship, whilst boys jumped in and out through the windows and generally enjoyed themselves. On that occasion very few could read, and still fewer had been baptized.

On this occasion the building was filled long before the service began with a well-dressed, well-behaved, and intelligent congregation, the greater number being able to read and heartily taking their part in the service, whilst not only have many been baptized, but from that centre have gone into the surrounding districts a goodly number of earnest evangelists, the greater number having received elementary training under the Rev. G. N. Anyangbaunza, now pastor of Christ Church, Waterside. How little the outside world knows of all this, and how little even God’s people in England can realize how stupendous is the power of the Gospel in its operations upon the ignorant and degraded races of the earth!

Uganda.

The Bible in Uganda.—The British and Foreign Bible Society has played no small part in the spread of the Kingdom of Christ in Uganda. From the central store in Mengo are daily distributed Bibles, Testaments, and Scripture portions into all the numerous districts. Most of these books are in the language of the Baganda, which is termed colloquially Luganda. In the western kingdom of Toro, and in Bunyoro in the north, the dialect of Lunyoro is spoken, and the New Testament and the Gospels in that language are sold in place of the Luganda in those countries. Further north, in the Nile district, an entirely different language, Gang, is spoken, and the people there are just receiving the Gospels in their own tongue. To the east, in Kavirondo, missionary work has not long been in progress, but already a Gospel in the Masaba language has been prepared tentatively. There remains much land to be possessed within the Protectorate, and it is hoped that during the next decade the number of languages in which work from Uganda as a centre is carried on will be largely increased. At the Mengo depot the sales of an average day amount to some Rs. 20. In a description of the book-room a writer in Uganda Notes says:

The depot has always a large crowd about its doors, and many are the transactions, small and large, that are made over the counter. Here is a little lad who has come with his ten cowrie shells (two-thirds of a farthing) to provide himself with a mateka (first reading-book). Beside him is the servant of a big chief, who is purchasing a handsome red-edged New Testament, for which he pays down a rupee out of his earnings. Others are demanding Gospels, at a penny each. A man who has been in the shop for close upon an hour, has just made his choice between a morocco-bound New Testament and a whole Bible in the cheapest binding, the difference in price being trivial. Very carefully are the books examined before a final purchase is made, the slightest fault in binding or printing being noted, for only a perfect book will satisfy a Muganda purchaser.

The Mohammedan Question.—There is a very real...
danger of Mohammedanism occupying the countries around Uganda before Christian evangelists have taken advantage of the welcome which Paganism holds out to them. A writer in Uganda Notes says: —

"Egypt draws perceptibly nearer to Uganda. The most northerly station of the Uganda Mission at Gondokoro, whither two Baganda evangelists were sent in February, is distant only 112 miles from the Nile, where the Soudan party are settled. Lower Egypt is a stronghold of Islam, and the followers of that religion are ever busy carrying their creed southward through Upper Egypt towards the confines of this Protectorate. Many of the Nile tribes have already embraced Islam, though the tribes to the north of our Missions in Bunyoro are still Heathen. If these tribes are left to accept Mohammedanism before the Gospel is carried to them, the difficulty of our work in those regions will undoubtedly be seriously enhanced. ..."

The end of this stage was that he developed into a sort of Unitarian, but with a great love for all manner of Christian fellowship. Finally, fuller reflection convinced him of the full Apostolic faith, and I have not yet met an Egyptian with a clearer grip of that faith. He has a perfectly Ignatian desire for martyrdom, which he quite believes will fall to him, and I once heard him earnestly addressing his wife (squatting in front of him) in these terms: 'Now then, woman, when I am gone you just remember one thing—Jesus is alive and Mohammed is dead. What have you to do with a dead man?' The 'woman' nods sagely, and for the hundredth time gets her mind round that fact that 'Jesus is alive and Mohammed is dead.' I heard quite independently that when the Moslem women came around, having heard that she was going to be baptized, and heckled her as to her reasons, she had only one reply, 'Jesus is alive and Mohammed dead; how can a dead man save?'

When they came for baptism they made their answers in a loud voice, first Khaleel, then the wife, then the godparents for the children.

Then Khaleel entered the water and was baptized with great joy. Then Kikka (Rebekah), with prodigious self-possession, entered the water; so keen was she that she gasped out 'and of the Holy Ghost' as she emerged and heard the last words of the solemn sentence. So she also went up out of the water. Then came the children..."
smart appearance of the boys, and said he could see at once what discipline and drill had done for them. On another day in the same month the school compound was filled to overflowing with twelve hundred boys and about one thousand guests, assembled for the prize-giving. The awards were distributed by Sir Francis Younghusband, of Tibetan fame, who is now the British Resident in Kashmir; and Rajah Sir Amar Singh was also present. Lord Lansdowne, when Viceroy of India, gave to the school a silver and bronze medal for competition, to be given to the best all-round boy, and the Municipality of Srinagar also gives a medal to the teacher or student who has done the best for the sanitation of the city during the year. The Principal, the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, thus explains the system on which prizes are awarded:

The prize-winners are not those who have shown themselves proficient in books only, but they are the first three boys in their respective classes who have shown themselves to be the best in all-round school life. Our examinations extend to the whole life of each individual student. By this method each boy gets an equal chance, for if a boy is not good at books he may be good at games, and if he is not great at either of these he may show himself worthy in his conduct towards the master and his fellow-students, and helpful to his parents and to the city people generally.

SOUTH CHINA: FUH-KIEN.

'The "Sleeping-sickness" of China.'—The Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, of Fuh-nung, recently attended a meeting of Chinese called for the purpose of forming an Anti-Opium League. It was held in a theatre which goes by the exalted name of 'The Seven-times Holy Temple.' He wrote on September 1:

'We were invited by the governor to be present and exhort the people to cease smoking and growing opium. This is not a Christian but entirely a national movement. They had for their own orators, literary men.

One speaker began to launch forth about the harm done by the Western Kingdom, which was unpleasant for us to hear. Our catechists had assembled for the quarterly Church Council, and several of them, together with the city pastor, spoke in the theatre. No one had a good word to say in favour of taking opium as a luxury. I told the people who smoked about our hospital, and exhorted them to come without delay and be cured. The local Chinese word for opium is apieng, by laying long emphasis on the first letter when pronouncing this word the meaning changes to 'can desire' (apieng apieng). They laughed when I said, 'opium can deceive us!' They liked this play on the word.

The Guild purposes holding public meetings weekly in various centres. It is also hoping to open an opium refuge and invite one of our medical students (now a flourishing practitioner in this city) to cure men of the opium habit.

This zealous propaganda against what may be called 'the sleeping-sickness of China' is not of local origin but emanated from the Chinese Imperial Government, which has been immediately recovered.

In modern times, in Christian countries, there is little or no belief in present-day demon possession, and the stories from the mission-field are heard with amazement. The Rev. W. C. White (of the Canadian C.M.S.), writes:

In China, hundreds of years before the Christian era, the Chinese knew that a personal devil was a fact, and their history down through the ages shows what a continuous hold this belief has had upon them.

Demonical Possession. One of the most perplexing phenomena that the missionary in Eastern lands meets with is that of demonical possession.

At the missionary meeting of the Iieng-kong Church Council in February last, one of our catechists, called Dang Daik-Ing, related an experience he had recently had. At a village six miles from Ma-pe, where he is stationed, a young woman was possessed of an evil spirit. One of the household was a Christian in secret, and Dang went there and sought to exorcise the demon by the name of Jesus. But she would not tremble, and Dang found she was possessed by an evil spirit, and it was the name of Jesus that many of the most striking cases of demon possession have been immediately recovered.
the next morning for his home. He had walked about half the distance when men from the house came running after him to tell him they had found the cuss. At midnight, at the very time that the woman was again possessed, a relative of hers, at her own home some miles off, had gone to the temple to beat the drum and offer incense on her behalf, and had sent that morning to find out if she was better. Upon hearing this Dang returned, being assured by the fact both families would do nothing further idolatrous, and again in the Name of Jesus he commanded the demon to leave her, and again she was restored. From that time forward—then about three months—she had no more trouble from the demon, and both families are now attending church and are being instructed in the Christian faith.

WESTERN CHINA.

The Missionary Handy-Man.—A missionary needs to be a man of many parts when he is placed in charge of a station. He should have a good knowledge of medicine. As a matter of course, he must be his own builder and mason, not necessarily in all cases to do the work, but to superintend it. In out-of-the-way places, especially in Africa, he must be able to mend his own boots. (On this page we give a reproduction from a photograph showing the Rev. A. North Wood, of Ijuma, in German East Africa, engaged in very necessary occupation.) If he is a good photographer, he will be able to send home material for pictures to interest home friends in his work. But however many characters a missionary may be called upon to assume, the chief and most blessed is that of an ambassador of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in this connexion the Rev. J. A. Hickman, of the Si-Chuan Mission, says:

'It is this representing Jesus to the Heathen that brings greatest joy to one's own heart. We do long and pray for the time when these dear people, whom we have learned to love, no longer put their trust in gods made by their own hands out of mud, wood, and stone, but in Jesus the Saviour. The other day I gave a magic-lantern exhibition, and preached to 2,000 men and women from the stage of the temple of the city god. Think of that! The idols all looking at the pictures of the life of our Lord, the people all listening to His Gospel. Deo gratias!'

JAPAN.

From the non-Christian View-Point.—To enable English readers to form some idea of the thoughts of non-Christians in Japan, the Rev. G. C. Niven, of Gifu, gives the following questions which have been put to him by different men in the course of the last five or six months:

A student of the Agricultural College here asked me one day, 'Is God the same as the one of the shrines?' and again, 'Is Christ's teaching the same as morality?' This latter query led me to quote our Saviour's words, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' which suggested to the student to ask, 'Then He puts Truth second, does He? What does He mean by the Way, which comes first?'

A few days later a clerk from the County Offices near came in for a talk, and his question was, 'My friend who was recently killed in the war heard Christian teaching from the Y.M.C.A., and he often urged me to become a Christian. He assured me that if I did, I should certainly see God before my eyes. How about it?' Here was a mixture of spiritual and material which needed carefully sorting out.

Another time, being asked by me that he might come to School—brought up the natural and familiar inquiry, 'If there is forgiveness of sins to be had for the asking, then what about sins committed afterwards?'—while a school teacher had the following difficulties to submit: 'What about prayers offered up in ignorance before idols or otherwise—would the true God hear or know; what will happen to them?' His last question represented the attitude of a great many Japanese who will not step over the line, when he asked, 'Is it not just as good to be a Christian in heart without open profession?' Petty persecutions and fear of superiors often keep inquirers from confessing Christ.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

15

HOME GLEANINGS.

We are accustomed to remind one another that the Church as a whole urgently needs the creation of a better missionary spirit. But let us remind ourselves that the Church will only be lifted to a higher level of giving in proportion as we, her individual members, realize our responsibilities towards the larger interests of the Kingdom of God. How many Gleaners readers, for instance, would be prepared, if necessary, to do what one of them has done, viz., move into a smaller house in order to be able to support her own missionary representative who sailed this autumn?

Among recent gifts to the Society have been two donations drawn forth by the story of the Youngest Life Member, appearing in the November Gleaner. An Honorary District Secretary sent ten guineas to the Lay Secretary to make his daughter, aged three, a Life Member of the beloved C.M.S., after the example set in the Gleaner; and another warm supporter, having read in the Gleaner the account of Archbishop Temple's and Bishop Bickersteth's infant membership of the C.M.S., sent a like amount in order to make her 'first godchild' a Life Member of the Society, 'hoping that many others will be inspired to copy the excellent examples of the parents mentioned.'

Of a very different character, but just as precious, we believe, in the sight of the Lord of the Harvest-field, was a torn scrap of paper tuck ed into an envelope, together with a postal order for five shillings, which reached the treasury about the same date. In a trembling hand the anonymous donor had written:

'A Widow's might
In thankfulness for
Mercies countless as the
Sand with earnest
prayer for those who sit
in the Shadow of Death that
they may be brought to the Light
Of the World Our Jesus
May God's Everlasting
Love be with all in
that Great House doing
His Work.'

Gleaners and others in parishes where Thankoffering Week will not be observed should obtain Thankoffering Envelopes for their own personal use, no matter how small may be the extra sum that they are able to give or collect.

Readers of the Gleaner for the first time may be led to ask, 'Who are the "Gleaners"?' They are members of the Church Missionary Gleaners' Union—a band of men and women over sixteen years of age who are thus pledged to definite prayer and effort on behalf of Foreign Missions. Thousands of members in all parts of the world, of all classes of society have been enrolled. Two pence annually is the fee for membership. An application form will be gladly sent to any inquirer by the G.U. Secretary at the Church Missionary House, who will heartily welcome new members.

JAN. 1, 1907.
We earnestly hope that at every centre where a C.M.S. Depot is established the Gleaners are conspicuous, not only for their patronage of C.M.S. literature and whatever other goods may be on sale, but that they support the local committee of management with their prayerful sympathy and practical suggestions. The Depots may well become popular rendezvous of workers for Christ at home and abroad. A Sowers' Band Secretary from the antipodes, who recently visited Salisbury Square, told us of the great success at one Australian Depot of a combined Tea-room and Book-room, open from 12 to 6 daily, and staffed entirely by voluntary lady helpers. By the profits of the Tea-room the rent of the Depot was covered; and through its agency a new circle was constantly being brought into touch with the Society's publications, movements, and workers.

It is hoped that friends in the north of England will rally round the Newcastle workers who from March 6 to 16 will hold a C.M.S. Medical Missionary Exhibition. Would-be helpers are asked to communicate with Mr. W. Watson, Hon. Lay Sec., C.M. Office, 5, Ridley Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

As in the case of an evangelistic mission much depends upon the following up of impressions made, so it is with the Missionary Loan Exhibition. We trust that not only in Newcastle, but wherever such exhibitions are held, the Gleaners and other C.M.S. workers will be quick to seize opportunities of extending and strengthening their Branches and Bands by personal invitations to the newly-impressed to join, and by setting them to work. Otherwise one great object of such movements will be unattained.

For the benefit of new readers of the Gleaner among our metropolitan friends, we draw attention to the Preparation Classes held every Wednesday evening at the Church Missionary House. There are three lecturers at those to which men only are invited, of whom Mr. Eugene Stock is one. Biblical topics are being discussed 'conversationally' by him. The Classes for Women only are addressed by Mrs. F. Austin, late of the Annie Walsh Memorial School, Sierra Leone. All these classes are held not only for missionary candidates, but for others also who have a desire in that direction. The Secretaries of the Home Preparation Union will gladly supply all particulars to any applicant if a stamped envelope be sent.

SECRETARIES of Gleaners' Union Branches should find their work strengthened by the establishment of a Laymen's Union Branch at their side. For men Gleaners will increase in number, and in presence of this phalanx of 'men of understanding' there should be no difficulty in securing speakers at their meetings, readers of papers, chairmen, counsellors, and champions! Dr. Jays, late of the Niger, as Secretary of the Laymen's Union, will gladly help any organizer of movements to secure the co-operation of godly laymen in the cause of Foreign Missions and the C.M.S.

Every worker for the Society should possess themselves as speedily as possible of the Bournemouth Summer School Report (price 1s., 4d. post free). To Sunday-school teachers Canon Garrod's excellent address should prove invaluable. But that paper is only one among many others, written by experts and full of practical suggestions.

In view of the rapid growth in the number of branches of the Young People's Union, we hope that the time is not far distant when every Gleaners' Union Branch will have its junior section in the form of a Sowers' Band. The distinction that has been made between ordinary members of the Y.P.U. and the Sowers is that the latter undertake definitely to work with their hands. We would also earnestly press upon secretaries of any and all such movements that each one should select and train a colleague, who in time may become a leader. A common and fatal mistake is that of allowing all the work of a G.U. or Y.P.U. Branch or a Sowers' Band to hang on one peg. When the peg is removed the burden falls either on already over-weighted shoulders or on the ground.

Gleaners should keep by them for reference the latest Catalogue of the Society's Publications. They will then be able to give full information of the special terms, prices and character of Books, Leaflets, Magazines, etc., if appealed to on the subject. Doctor Alec, a story written to interest young people of all ages—particularly boys—in C.M.S. Medical Missions, is selling quickly. It is a book that, on account of the fiction element, will find its way into non-missionary-hearted households, and with God's blessing break up new ground.

The Church Missionary Gleaner may be ordered through local booksellers, or local C.M.S. Depots, or direct from the C.M.S. House, Salisbury Square. Price One Penny (1½d. post free). Annual subscriptions, including postage: One copy, 1s. 6d.; two copies, 3s.; three, 4s.; six, 7s.; twelve, 12s.; twenty-five, 24s. The Gleaner is localized in Bedfordshire, Berks, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Devon and Exeter, Durham and Northumberland, Wilt and Dorset, Gloucestershire, Hat­cham, Herts, Ireland, Isle of Wight, Islington, Jersey, E., and W. Kent, W. Yorkshire, Liverpool, Louth, Manchester, Norfolk, Nottingham, Onslow Square, Pentonville, Ripon, Sheffield, Somerset, Sussex, Surrey, Warwickshire, Woodbridge, Wood Green, and Winchester. Friends in these districts should take the Localized in preference to the general Gleaner.

Contributions to the Church Missionary Society are received at the Society's House, Salisbury Square, London; or at the Society's Bankers, Williams's Bank, Limited. Cheques and Post Office Orders payable to the Lay Secretary, Mr. David Marshall Lang. Telephone: No. 1,906, Holborn. Form of Bequest for a Legacy:--

Five and bequest to the Treasurer for the time being of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East the sum of --- Pounds free of duty [if so intended] for the general purposes of the said Society, such sum and the duty thereon to be paid within --- calendar months next after my death. And I declare that the receipt of the Treasurer for the time being of the said Society shall be an effectual discharge for the said Legacy.
and duty that are opening before him in the world. In spite of the example and appeal of Him Who said, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." Whom the zeal of His father's house ate up, no fire burns in our souls; we do not know what it is to be eaten up by the zeal of our Father's house, or to do His works while the day lasts, knowing that the night is coming when no man shall work any more. You remember the passage in Professor Huxley's letter to his friend, Sir John Donnelly, after the death of Chinese Gordon. He speaks of his admiration of Gordon, and then goes on to say: "I imagine that the manner of his death was not unwelcome to himself. Better wear out than rust out, and better break than wear out." Well, that is an exaggerated way of putting it, but few of us are likely to be led astray by such counsel resulting in a life that breaks for Christ. Our fires are not hot enough to burn us out.

This is one peril. But we are saved from negligence at the risk of falling into the contrary error. We bus ourselves about our Master's business and we forget our Master's children. We are impatient if they impede us as we see us. We have no time for friendship, nor any time for prayer. We escape on one side only to fall into another peril on the other. A man told me a little while ago of having called, in Washington, on one of the well-known cabinet ministers there, one of the most busy and influential men in the cabinet. After finishing his business, my friend arose to go, and the man said: "No, please don't go. Sit down and talk awhile. I am always ahead of my work. I am glad to have the chance to talk with a friend." So my friend sat down and talked with this man who was always ahead of his work. After all, the only work is the giving out of life. Running the wheels is not work; dealing with the routine of our business is not work; dictating thousands of letters a year is not work. The only work a man does is in the giving out of his life upon other lives. We may live more true life in an hour than in six months. Let us pray to be saved on the one side from sloth, and on the other side from not having time to live and love.

2. In the second place there are the perils of pride and self-contempt. On the one hand there is the pride of achievement that turns into conceit. There is the pride in one's own success that fills one with jealous envy of the success of others. Is there one of us who has not felt it? Yet what matter, if the work is done? It is very foolish, but very natural and easy, for us to fall into the folly and sin of pride. It may be that it takes no other form than that we have been thinking of ourselves, of how well we are doing, how well we have done. Or we escape this peril by swinging to the other extreme and poison our lives with the sin of self-contempt. We cringe and dissemble our Master and our Gospel. We do not feel in its real greatness what has been given to us. We fail to see the glory and dignity of one individual character. Each of us is a man. A man is bigger than a world. It is good to recall Dickens' declaration that no man is able to accomplish anything in this world who does not believe that the work he has been given to do is the greatest work to be done in the world. But our sense of proportion is too good. We fail to estimate as we should the immense significance of our life and work. There never has been or will be a greater than ours. If we can but that without pride, we can work omnipotently, for we shall work with Him Who died for each of us alone, as worth each by himself that great sacrifice.

3. In the third place, there are the perils of unbelief and over-belief, so to speak. On the one hand we are fearful of doing anything because we cannot achieve results. How weak and helpless we come to be in the presence of God. After all, no man does anything. All any man does is just to make it possible for God to do something. We will not speak to the man by our side in the car. What can a word of ours do? Nothing; but God can take that word of ours and send it to the transforming power of His life into the other soul.

But on the other hand, we are saved from the peril of distrust by simply laying it all on God. There is a sense in which God has to do it all. There is a sense in which I am to do it all. There is a sense in which I can rely on Christ to bear the burden, and there is a sense in which I have got to bear it after Him. With no agony I may quietly leave it all to Christ, and I must leave it all to Him in any case, but He can do it as He would, only when I fill up the measure of His sufferings and know in my longing for other souls the meaning of the fellowship of His Cross.

4. In the fourth place, there are the perils of reticence and self-concealment. This is one of the great dangers of modern men. We hide ourselves, we will not let ourselves go, we suppress our emotions. In one of our large cities not long ago, one of the leading ministers said, "The saddest thing about the religious life of this city is that there is not a minister in it who can shed a tear when he preaches or prays." He did not mean to approve gushing sentiment. He simply meant to recall the fact that when Jesus Christ drew near the city He wept, and that St. Paul tells us that his eyes were again and again stained with tears, and that there is no power where there is no such sympathy. Many a man shuts himself in simply because he is anxious to preserve his own personality. He is too proud to expose it. He does not propose to make a fool of himself. We are subject all of us, to this peril of reticence, of being afraid; and we never shall have power until we conquer and escape from it seems to be free workers of God.

And yet there is the contrary peril, of a man's pouring out his soul as a fool, when it is like spreading out pearls before swine. That is just as much a peril as the one on the other side. There are men who have no power over us because they are too common and cheap. We feel no deeps in them. We want to know that the man who is offering himself to us in sympathy, has more in him that he can offer to us. We want to feel the mystery of reserve knowledge and power in him. St. Paul was what we want our teachers to be. There was no reticence about him, but there were all the time the great depths that no man had plumbed, the great shadows through which no man flung light. Probably we have never heard any man speak to our souls who did not at the same time, lay open his life to us and make us feel that there were depths of life there that we had not sounded and could never sound. It will require God's grace to save us alike from the peril of selfish reticence and from the peril of the shameful exposure of our souls.

5. Last of all, there are the perils of introspection and blindness — One of the difficulties with earnest men is the digging down to the roots of their own souls. Now
The own misery by such self-regard, by soul-questionings, "Think about yourself," says Kingsley, "about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and then to you nothing will be clean, you will spoil everything you touch, you will make pain and misery for yourself and of everything God sends you. You will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either." Hundreds of good men create their own misery by such self-regard, by soul-questionings which end where they began, by a self-consciousness which results in an inbreeding of the soul to sterility.

And yet, if we neglect all self-judgment, we fall into the peril of foolish shallowness, the vain superficiality which springs from being blind to what we really are and how unlike Christ we are. If a man does not again and again check himself against Christ, he cannot know what his life is, detect its insincerities and shortcomings, and become a man of reality. We need to be saved alike from not seeing ourselves at all, and from seeing nothing but ourselves. It is right to look upon our own life long enough to see how shameful it is, and it is wrong then not to look thence and thereafter to the perfect life and the ready help of the strong Son of God.

There are other helps and there are other dangers, but this will suffice. There are things that hinder and hurt the spiritual life which each knows for himself, habits, indulgences, tastes, which cumber and impede in the race that we run. All these must be stripped off by earnest and honest men. The hireling and the hypocrite will keep them. But the true men who would be prophets of God in the new day will purge their lives relentlessly of everything that might obscure their vision of God, or impair their message to their generation.

But the last word is not a word about our activity in the shaping of our lives. There is a greater word than this. There is One Who loves us more than we love ourselves, and Who understands us more perfectly than we understand ourselves. Whose men we are, Who when we have found our perils and done our best to vanquish them, when we have learned the conditions of growth and set earnestly about fulfilling them, takes upon Himself the cleansing and perfecting of our life. He will complete that which He has begun. He is at work in us, and He will give us by His grace that for which we long. He is the father's ideal for all His sons, and thither even now we may come; even as sometimes in one of the gospel hymns we sing:—

"Out of my bondage sorrow and night,
Jesus I come, Jesus, I come;
Into thy freedom, gladness and light,
Jesus I come to Thee:
Out of my sickness into Thy health,
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
Out of my sin and into Thyself,
Jesus I come to Thee.
Out of my shameful failure and loss,
Jesus I come, Jesus, I come;
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,
Jesus I come to Thee."

And that, I suppose, is the deeper word, the true word, not our struggling, but Christ's saving, not our battle, but Christ's keeping. Out of ourselves, our shameful failure, our folly, our sin, we may pass into Him, pure perfect, secure—out of our best and most successful experiences, into the perfect and complete activities of God. For herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins, and the Saviour of the world,—Life within our life.

Village Schools.

Certain clauses of an old Ordinance, known as the Village Communities' Ordinance, No. 24 of 1889, are being brought into operation in one district after another, and rules framed by the local Committees are from time to time gazetted as having been approved by H. E. the Governor. These rules make education compulsory within the areas prescribed, and it behoves those who are interested in Mission Schools to inform themselves as to the position which such schools occupy under the conditions thus created. The rules framed by the various local Committees are not always alike in every detail, but those recently passed for several districts in the neighbourhood of Vavonia give a good idea of the rest. The two clauses which specially refer to Schools are the following, namely:—

1. If the committee shall decide on the establishment of a school on application being made by not less than twenty-five parents or guardians of male or female children, the school house shall be built and repaired at the expense of the villagers residing within a radius of three miles from the site of the school house. Any person who shall fail to contribute labour towards building such schools or towards the repair of the Government schools in existence after due notice thereof being given shall be liable to be punished under section 31 of Ordinance No. 24 of 1889.

2. All children between the ages of seven and thirteen both male and female, living within a radius of three miles of such schools that shall be established hereafter or of any other school the rules of which satisfy the Government Agent, shall be sent to such schools by their parents or guardians. Any parent or guardian who shall fail to send any male or female child of proper age to school without a reasonable cause for at least fourteen days in a month shall be liable to be punished under section 31 of Ordinance No. 24 of 1889 for each offence, unless he shall have provided other satisfactory means for the proper education of his child.

Presumably, Mission Schools would fall either within the category of those "rules of which satisfy the Government Agent" or else of places where "other satisfactory means for the proper education of" children of school age are provided, so that their position may fairly be considered as safeguarded. And, as a matter of fact, in districts where these rules have been in operation, efficient Mission Schools have generally been thus recognised, and in many cases the result has been highly beneficial in the way of securing increased attendance.

The Advent Ordination.

An Ordination was held in the Cathedral on St. Thomas' Day, December 21st, at 8 a.m., when the following
were presented for the Diaconate:—

Mr. G. M. Arulanandan of the Colombo Tamil
Hultsdorf Congregation.

Mr. A. Pakkianathan of the Northern Division
Kandy T. C. Congregation.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. A. E. Dibben.

From Madulsima to Morawak-Korale. (Conld.)

The next week our party divided and left picturesque
Rakwana with its happy memories and kind and
hospitalable friends behind, Bishop and Mrs. Copleston
making for Ratnapura, while Mrs. Johnson and I after
spending a night on Madampe Estate with its energetic
and busy P. D. followed in their wake. We stopped for
some time at Pelmadulla which stands just where the
road from Colombo branches off, one part going to
Balangoda and the other in the direction we had just
come.

This is rapidly becoming an important centre with
rubber trees springing up on all sides. We have just
completed the building of a school and Catechist's
house here, and we spent a profitable hour or so
examining the steadily increasing number of children.
There we continued our journey to Ratnapura calling on
an English Planter and his wife on the way. Our
chain gave way just as we reached Ratnapura but we
were ready by starting time next morning, and after we had
spent a most pleasant night at the P. W. D. Bungalow.
Next day we travelled to Hanella and spent the night
on the banks of the Kelani in the commodious
and picturesque Rest-house there. After this we ran into
Colombo where in addition to business matters we had
the great pleasure of joining for a day and a half in
the mission being conducted by the Rev. Pakenham
Walsh and his colleague. Saturday saw us back again
in the Kelani Valley and we had a thorough soaking
climbing up to Degalleasa Bungalow from Yatiyantota.
However a welcome which was warm in every way
prevented any ill effects, and on the Sunday we had
a small English service and a larger Tamil one in the
near little Church. The village was on fete, an
Agricultural show being the attraction and consequent­
ly many animals and vegetables were evident including
elephants and a huge python which a Sinhalese man
had just caught. The following week was a memorable
one for Ceylon, and we had our share of experiences.
Mrs. Johnson stayed at Degalessa while I ran down to
Avisawela and visited some of the Estates there, but
the rain which could be described well by a new word
which I have just heard applied
suspended in mid-air, the soil from beneath having
fallen &c. a height of 15 or 20 feet, and
we proceeded in it to Nanu-Oya. Between this station and Nanu-Oya
(some 10 miles) something like 40 slips had taken place
and the next morning we set out again along the line
making for Ratnapura while Mrs. Johnson and I after
some time at Pelmadulla which stands just where the
road from Colombo branches off, one part going to
Balangoda and the other in the direction we had just
come.

We passed up the hill comparatively dry and
enjoyed the magnificent sight of the rushing roaring
raging river amid the indescribable scenery of jungle
which covers its banks. The picture was an ever
changing one as the clouds rose and fell, gathered
dispersed and gathered again. One feature of the
landscape was a huge waterfall with the spray rising
from its foot like clouds of steam and at one time when
the clouds shut out the surrounding foliage it appeared
as if it were suspended in the sky.

When we were about 6 miles from Hatton some
Tamil people we met told us it was impossible to get
to that place. However we said if we couldn't go on
we would go as far as we could and continued our
journey for about 4 miles. There a Tamil man rushed
out of a caddy and waving his hands shouted "you
can't go on, you can't go on." So we went on a little
further and found a considerable slip of soil lying in
the roadway. But we shouted to the aforesaid frantic
gentleman to bring a mamotti and with the help of 2
or 3 coolies in a few minutes cleared a way to get
through. While we were accomplishing this the man
first mentioned informed us that there had been a
terrible accident on the line and some 60 people killed
and injured.

And sure enough a few yards further on as we looked
across the valley we could see the fatal spot. A long
yellow streak of soft mud stretched down from the line
to the main road and below. The engine was lying
underneath the carriages one or two of which had
been telescoped on top of it while one carriage remained
practically on the level. We had to make a detour of
2 miles so as to avoid that part of the main road which
was impassable, and at last reached Hatton safely in
time for a late lunch.

Here of course we heard all the details of the cata­
sropic and later on in the day walked down the line to
the scene. Many were gathered from the surrounding
neighbourhood to see the extent of the damage done.
It was a gruesome sight. The dead were lying by the
side of the line awaiting burial and their graves were
even then being prepared amid the tea. A painful
thought at once came to mind—more souls gone out into
the darkness, more Christless hopeless graves!! We
found on returning to the Hotel that the road also was
completely blocked near Talawakele and heard all sorts
of wild stories as to the Nuwera Eliya road—some say­
ing that it was gone altogether between that place and
Nanu-oya. However on Tuesday morning we were able
to proceed to Talawakele in the Inspectors' train and
at one place had to get out while a dangerous spot was
tested. Arrived at Talawakele we found hospitable
friends who very kindly took us in for two more nights
after which our buggy cart which had been following
us round with luggage was with difficulty got past the
slip on the road and we proceeded in it to Nanu-Oya.
Here we met with very great kindness from a Planter,
previously a stranger to us. He took us in for the
night and in the morning provided a carrying chair for
Mrs. Johnson with coolies to carry it and all our baggage,
and the next morning we set out again along the line
to Pattipola. Between this station and Nanu-Oya
(some 10 miles) something like 40 slips had taken place
two of which were serious. In one cutting we had to
climb over fallen soil &c. a height of 15 or 20 feet, and
in another place we found the rails for 30 or 40 yards
suspected in mid-air, the soil from beneath having
completely disappeared. At Pattipola we obtained a
capital breakfast at one of the best furnished Rest- 
houses (for its size) I should think in Ceylon. Later on 
we caught a ballast train and completed our journey in 
that. Here again was a novel experience, sitting in 
the brake-van and looking straight ahead over the 
flat ballast trucks watching the engine disappear into 
the numerous tunnels and being able to see the end of 
many of them from the entrance. This journey over 
we walked the 2 miles from the station to our house, 
not at all sorry to be home again—thankful for many 
journeying mercies, and none the worse for the varied 
experiences of the past month. Our bullock buggy 
arrived 2 days afterwards, having gone round via 
Nuwara Eliya and Badulla and a little later the car, 
suffering only from a punctured tyre.

T. S. J.

Extracts from a China Missionary's Journal.

KUEI-LIN.

July 21st 1906. We are in our very hottest month 
now—what the Chinese call Fu-Tien—a word which 
Mr. Li looked up evidently in his English dictionary 
and solemnly announced to Harry "the dog-days now 
begin!" Even China takes it easy, the Colleges close, 
the soldiers are not drilled, and the officials do as little 
as possible. Only the missionary (and the poor China-
man) grinds on and he does not seem to accomplish 
much.

"Our street"—otherwise known as North Gate 
Street—has had its little excitement this week in the 
form of a ghost, a fire and the disappearance of a baby, 
mild little excitements, all of them, except the baby-
incident, which made my blood boil. The postman 
came in the day before yesterday and said that a 
woman was weeping and wailing in the street that her 
baby had been stolen. It made us rather anxious, 
because many people would at once attribute the theft 
to us. They always believe the old stories of mission-
aries stealing children, so much so that six years ago 
at the time of the troubles, when the Byrdes went 
down to the coast, the crowds rushed into the house as 
soon as they had gone to search for the bones of babies.
But in this case the true story came out. It 
was the father himself who had sold his month-old 
baby without telling the poor, poor mother what he 
had done. I know he is very poor and would find it 
hard work to rear the child, but it was a cruel thing to 
donely to him; every time he had no money to bring him up himself.

"I think there would be less rubbish talked about 
awful struggle for existence thousands and thousands 
of Chinese have got to go through here to say nothing 
of the real slavery they are under to their officials, who 
will often squeeze their last cent out of them before 
lifting a finger to help them. The more I see of the 
Chinese the more I feel what extraordinary people 
they are. Mr. Mah, the child's teacher always stops to 
dinner with us on Wednesday evenings, as his home 
is a long way off and if he stops to the prayer-meeting, 
he has to starve unless he has his meal with us; and as 
we have Chinese meals, rice and chopsticks etc. he 
feels quite at home. You would lose the ordinary idea 
of a "heathen Chinese" if you could see him, neatly 
plaited queue, a long linen coat, spotlessly clean hands 
and nails and such pretty hands too. He is a thorough 
gentleman in manners. It is these real gentlemen who 
are astonished when they come to the ports and are 
treated like coolies by the Europeans and spoken to as 
"John". No wonder they begin to think that the 
Foreigners are a race of barbarians.

Aug. 5th. Sometimes we are very much bothered with 
patients, who want a full and minute description of what 
the matter with them and what will be the effect of 
each separate ingredient of the medicine. A mother whose 
daughter is being treated for malaria was greatly 
grieved that Harry did not use the stethoscope, she 
had heard that he had used it when he went to see the 
Governor, why did he not use it on her daughter. If 
he could hear the disease in the lungs of a consump-
tive patient, could he not perhaps hear the parasites 
squeaking in her daughter's veins? I spent most of 
my morning with the good lady, but I fear she went 
away only half convinced.

Aug. 28th. The woman who thought Harry ought 
not to hear fever parasites squeaking in her daughter's 
veins came for more medicine and had to wait awhile 
in the women's room. When I went in she asked me 
to explain what was the meaning of some very strange 
words she had noticed on the wall "i will arise and go 
unto my Father and will say unto Him, Father I have 
sinned against heaven and before thee and I am no 
more worthy to be called Thy son" Cannot you 
remember what a thrill it gives you to get a chance like 
that to talk to a woman who wants to hear. It was 
lovely to tell her the story of the Prodigal Son, I think 
she quite took in the meaning.

Sept. 4th. This is a time of crisis in China and I 
think there is a special opening for University men to 
work among the students. The Principal of Kuei-lin 
College for instance, is a man who has read Spencer 
and has the deepest admiration for him, puts him 
before the Bible in fact and likes to talk about his 
"wonderful teaching." It is dreadfully sad if China is 
waking up to be led off in a wrong direction and if the 
thousands of new students are to be reached it must be 
now or never. I feel jealous for China, I cannot 
understand people saying they feel a repulsion for the 
Chinese and cannot love them; the more we see of 
them the more we are bound to admire them though, 
and understand people saying they feel a repulsion for 
the Chinese and cannot love them; the more we see of 
them the more we are bound to admire them though, 
of course, they are just as full of faults as any other 
heathen nation, and I think too they lack the romantic 
element you find in India. They have not got the soft 
liquid dark eyes and the picturesque dress, but there 
is a "grip" about them. I do not know what other 
word to use, which "tell" when they are turned "from 
darkness to light and from the power of Satan to God 
receive forgiveness and justification by faith."
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