Vol. XXXIV. No. 404  AUGUST, 1907.

THE CEYLON
CHURCH
MISSIONARY
GLEANER

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The Colombo Apothecaries Co. Ltd.
THE CEYLON CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

AUGUST, 1907.

Empire Day at St. John's, Jaffna.

by Rev. Jacob Thompson, M.A.

The 24th of May was celebrated with unusual eclat at St. John's College. Being a Government holiday the committee of the O. B. A. chose it to be Old Boys' day. Quite a large number of former students gathered together from all parts of the peninsula, some came from Anuradhapura and one at least from Colombo. A few minutes before 8, the College boys were assembled near the lofty flag staff. Then the girls from the High School with their Principal Miss Page marched on to the ground with a splendid Union Jack borne in front. At eight o'clock the College flag was hoisted amid loud cheers. Then followed the singing of the "Flag of Britain" which the pupils of both schools had committed to memory. This was followed by the National Anthem. Never before in Ceylon have I heard it sung so hearty and well together. The girls then marched back to their grounds while the boys ran off to the cricket ground to witness the match between Past and Present. The Old Boys won the toss and sent the College team in to bat, who ran up a total of 99 runs. Then the Old Boys went in; but alas! their defence was weak and they were all out for 22. The cricketers then adjourned for breakfast in the College Dining Hall and to this the two teams did equal justice. About 2 p.m. the match was resumed. The present boys decided to give their 2nd innings—a somewhat sporting decision as it did not seem at all impossible for the Old Boys to make the 78 runs by which they would have won the match. However they were all out for 45, leaving the present boys victorious by an innings and 32 runs. The captain of our football team then gave a very clever exhibition of his skill on the horizontal and parallel bars. Another boy had a lily flute with which he accompanied the singing of the Tamil authorised version of the National Anthem composed by Mudalir Kailasapillai, a vice-president of our Colombo Branch. By this time quite a large number of visitors were on the ground, there was Mr. Pickford who sixteen years ago gave the College its present name and has since been the God-father of St. John's. Mr. and Mrs. Hanan fresh from Ireland and looking strong and well after their voyage were there, and quite a large number of the mothers of the present boys whose brilliant dresses gave the grounds quite a festive appearance.

Mrs. Thompson was said to be "at home" in our dining hall where Mrs. Spittel, the wife of our good Doctor, helped her to dispense tea and cake to all comers. A tent was erected outside and there Proctor Casippillai and other good friends presided over the fruit and lemonade department. The College boys had provided for themselves an abundant supply of mangoes, plantains, sweets and jack. The Infant School was turned into a temporary fortress for the protection of the commissariat but the attacking party was finally victorious and very little was left at the finish.

Our cricket captain is an amateur photographer and so the two elevens were duly taken. And then a group of representative old boys gathered together and the captain proceeded to take them also. This impromptu act has resulted in our illustration. For the sake of strangers let me tell you who they all are.

Mr. Mutuvelu sitting on the extreme left is the father of no less than six boys who followed their father's steps to St. John's. One of them is our energetic Colombo Secretary. Beside him is Mr. Santiagopillai, the veteran Proctor of Jaffna, then comes Mr. Thilakamalai, the retired clerk of the Kachcheri. Old Mr. Philips Mudaliar, the nestor of the company, whose grandsons now occupy the place in the school he once held, is in the centre. Mr. Simon Olegasagrem still hale and hearty in spite of his three score years and ten comes next, and beside him Mr. James Arudpragasam, now registrar of marriages, but for 32 years the village school master.

A Group of Old Boys.

"I knew him well, and every truant knew well had the border-tremlers learned to trace the day's disasters in his morning face, and well that need the lily and the counterfeited glee to fill well the need of the school."

Next to him is Mr. Martin Luther (not the reformer) who in spite of 34 years' service is still a vigorous and successful teacher. At the top of the class sits Mr. Proctor Casippillai as he used to do forty years ago. Perhaps he knows that our headmaster is standing behind him. Next to Mr. Handy is our kind hearted village doctor—Dr. Benjamin. On his right there is Mr. Wm. Wadsworth, the son of him to whose father's steps to St. John's.
who after a run of good fortune has now retired from his public duties to supervise his own property. In the centre of the group stands Mr. Tissavosangthoe, the stalwart treasurer of our Tamil Church. The tallest figure in the group is Mr. E. Chelliah, the learned author of the useful series of books of Tamil translation. Then calm and contemplative stands Mr. Arulanantham our eloquent advocate, and beside him 'his learned friend,' Mr. Isaac Tambiah, whose recent books on 'Ceylon Law,' and 'Revisions of the Bible' have made him equally famous in law and theology. Between Mr. Tambiah and me stands Mr. Ramapilliai who after making his fortune in the Straits has returned to Jaffna and is devoting his energies and experience in the service of his Alma Mater.

At about half past five we adjourned to the hall where the annual meeting took place. The speeches of the Old Boys and the solos sung by Mr. de Niese and Mr. Claud Leembruggen were greatly appreciated by all. One of the most effective items in the programme was the singing by all the boys in chorus of the recessional hymn of Rudyard Kipling, which they had committed to memory. I don't think I can conclude this sketch better than by quoting the first verse.

St. John's College Magazine.

Bible Readings in St. John's First Epistle V.

Dwelling in the Land of Promise.

We have come to the last of our series of Bible Readings in St. John's First Epistle, and our study this time tells us that the normal position of the Christian in the enjoyment of the fellowship of God means a present dwelling in the promised land. Nature has its spiritual counterpart. So also has the history of the World and especially the history of God's chosen people Israel. We have seen that Fellowship with God entails living a life of Sincerity, Continuance, Holiness and Love. Dwelling in the land of Promise is equivalent to living the life of faith. Let us consider then Faith its definition and progress.

I. The Definition of Faith.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us that faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen—But this is too technical for the majority of us and we look for something simpler. There is a story told of an orphan child who was a Christian. A little friend asked her what she did with all her little troubles seeing that she had no parents to whom she might carry them. "Oh," she said "I tell God all about them." "But God is up in heaven" was the reply, "how do you know He cares about all your little troubles and hears you when you pray?"—"Well, He says He will, and that is enough for me"—said the little maid. And in that child's reply we have perhaps as good a definition of faith as we can wish. Faith is taking God at His word.

II. The Progress of Faith.

Faith however has its stages. It concerns the whole passage of the pilgrim from the bondage of Egypt to the promised land itself. Let us see what some of those stages are. The first one we will call,

Conviction.—In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews and the 26th and following verses we are given a glimpse into the secret of Moses' wonderful life. Before him lay all the treasures of Egypt to be had for the choosing. As an alternative the reproach of Christ confronted him. And Moses had a conviction. He had respect unto the recompense of the reward and grasped the fact that all this world can give is just trash when compared with the lasting joys of eternity. So he made his choice and took the first step on the pilgrimage of faith. It is the step that all must take who wish to reach the land of promise. The choice of one of two Masters—God or the Devil. Through the wicket gate lies safety. All other ways however near to the gates of heaven they may lead only end in destruction. So let us see that our convictions are deep and that our choice is definite. "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." This choice made the next step is already reached—viz:— that of conversion—i John v. 1. A conviction of the truth of God's word is good, and is indeed the first step on the upward path. A realization of the fleeting nature of the things of time in contrast to the lasting value of spiritual things is essential. To stop at a conviction is fatal. The choice must be made and is made very often unconsciously, for the failure to take a step forward means in fact to take a backward one. Conversion means a definite "right about face" movement—an abandonment of one's own efforts to earn salvation and a ready acceptance of a free salvation already purchased by the sufferings and death of Christ. A soldier in France was once chosen to go to war. A friend volunteered to go as his substitute and was killed. The soldier was again called upon to go and serve in the army. But, "no" said he, "I died in the person of my substitute and can never be called upon to serve again," and the Emperor allowed his claim. Just so the sinner who accepts the death of Christ as the atonement for his own sins, will never be called upon to pay their penalty in his own person.

III. Conflict. Many people having thus by conviction and choice taken their stand for Christ are surprised to find their path a hard one. Not easy however is the pilgrimage of faith, and the next step will assuredly be one of conflict. The devil will not let his captives go without a struggle but conflict means strength, and opposition resisted makes faith grow even as swimming against the stream develops the man.

There is a story told of Martin Luther which illustrates the devil's methods. He dreamed that the devil came to him with a roll upon which a list of Luther's sins were written. Truly it was a formidable list, but after a moment of hesitation Luther said "It is all quite true, but you may write across it, If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" and the devil fled. This story will bring us to the next step which is that of conquest.
The Ceylon Church Missionary Gleaner.

IV. Conquest. The Christian life is one of conflict, but it is meant to be a victorious one. "This is the victory" says the Apostle "which overcometh the world; even our faith." 1 John v. 4. That was the victory which overcame at Jericho, and it is the secret of spiritual success to-day. There is no doubt says St. John about our faith. We know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true.

An old woman lay dying in a workhouse and a visitor commiserated her on her hard lot and uncomfortable surroundings. But the old lady denied that her lot was hard. "My Lord is with me" said she "and I would not exchange my hard couch with the knowledge of His presence" for the throne of England. Hers was the faith that overcomes.

There is however a negative side of the life of faith which we do well to remind ourselves of. In the Hebrew Epistle (Heb. iii. 19.) one verse stands out as one of the saddest it seems to me, in the whole Bible. The children of Israel had been delivered from the bondage of Egypt and leè through the Red Sea. Yet of the vast multitude which set out, we only read of two who reached the promised land. "So we see" says the Epistle, "that they could not enter in because of unbelief."—In the words of the same Epistle, "Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."

Kandy Branch of the Gleaner's Union.

At a meeting held on July 24th at Trinity College, it was decided to revive the Gleaners' Union in Kandy. The Principal was appointed President of the Union, Mrs. A. M. Wallasey, Secretary, and Mr. G. R. Mulgrue, Treasurer. The next meeting will be held on Friday August 16th, at the College.

Revival Showers round Kandy.

One felt very despondent after the Convention for Tamil workers held by Messrs. Walker and Eddy in Aug. 1906. One felt with the Missionaries that there had been no "break" no deep conviction of sin which is such a necessary preparation for the true lessons of a Convention. Events proved afterwards, that even if no general blessing had been received a few among the workers there had been helped. A catechist and a prominent member of a congregation south of Kandy went back to their district and started prayer-meetings not only on Sundays but during the week. That was the first step. At these prayer-meetings prayers were offered with great fervour for themselves and the non-Christians around them. One present told me with tears running down his face that they felt as if the Lord was actually and really in their midst. The next step was action and the unusual sight was witnessed of a whole congregation going down to "lines" and bazaars "compelling" men "to come in." With such a preparation the inevitable result followed. Many flocked to the Church of whom a goodly number gave in their names as genuine enquirers. Among these was a Kangani who years ago had learnt in the Mission School on the Estate. For a long time he had read the New Testament side by side with the Puranas. Convinced that the Christian "way" was the right one he became an enquirer and on March 10th, was baptized with his wife and children; with him were 10 other coolies. After his baptism one of his first acts was to make a bonfire of his Hindu books except a copy of the Mahabharatha which I now have, as an interesting memento of the occasion. One planter asked me one day "What's up with the Coolies?" Numbers have been to me for "Selavoo" to go and get properly married," referring to those who had been married according to Hindu rites, or more frequently no rites at all!

At the same time a quiet movement has been going on, on the Dolsebage side of Nawalapitiya where 10 or 12 coolies have been baptized and when they meet for worship in a small schoolroom built by themselves.

With such manifest blessing upon it who can say where the Tamil Church in the planting districts will stop? Advancing by leaps and bounds as many congregations are in numbers, wealth, and influence, one may well look ahead and behold God using this vigorous vitality for making known His Message in the low country districts both among Tamil and Sinhalese.

By the end of the year we shall have our third Tamil pastor and also by that time the majority of the 62 or more schools will be run by the Tamils alone.

R. P. B.

Cotta Notes.

Gleaned at the annual meeting of the Colombo Church Association.

The Rev. R. W. Ryde commenced by thanking the Colombo Association for the amount of help received in the Cotta and Colombo Districts. He noticed he said that most of the subscriptions came from the Colombo District, and that therefore it was natural that the bulk of the money should be spent on work in the vicinity of Colombo—at the same time it was not wise to narrow down one's sympathies. He was
afraid however that, as nothing seemed to be heard of the Kandy Association, the people in the hill capital must be suffering from inertia, anaemia or locomotor ataxia. The C. M. S. Orants to the work in Colombo and Cotta districts were palpably inadequate so that the monthly cheque for Rs. 200/ from the Colombo Association was thoroughly appreciated, and the speaker took the opportunity of expressing his gratitude. Mr. Ryde then went on to tell of the determined opposition to be encountered in his districts at the hands of the Buddhists, characterizing it in words borrowed from the Ephesian Epistle as the wiles of the Devil, the forces of evil being marshalled not in irregular fits of skirmishing but in definite organized plans of attack under a powerful leader. “One continually meets with men who simply do not want to know and do what is right, which after all is human nature all the world over”—“the Devil has blinded their eyes.” In Colombo the work is allowed to go on in comparative quiet but in Cotta District after 80 years of Gospel preaching opposition is determined and vigorous, while here and there a notorious bully wields iniquitous sway over the people. There is no sense of sin and nowhere is the truth more clearly illustrated that only the Spirit of God can awaken that sense, “through the word of salvation which we preach.” Another terrible bar in the way of enlightenment and spiritual teaching is the appalling ignorance of the people no less than 65 per cent of males and 94 per cent of females being unable even to read. What can such know about even their own religion? Their books are written too in high language only readable by a very few. Truly their minds are blinded!! An incident happened recently in a Gansabhawa where preaching was going on. An objector shewed a book written against Christianity and said “Answer this and I’ll become a Christian”—The Catechist took the book and read it. A specimen of the objections found therein was as follows. In Jeremiah xliv. 17 the sin of “burning incense to the queen of heaven” is referred to, and the writer of the book in question seized upon this as a proof that the Bible teaches that there are not only many Gods but a goddess also in heaven! Of course it was easy to answer such objections as this. But to counteract the pernicious influence of these books the work of the colporteur is invaluable, and incidentally the speaker mentioned the great value of the new Sinhalese paper the Rivikirana. There are however said Mr. Ryde many notes of encouragement, among them he mentioned that of a young man whose father was the trustee of a temple. He persevered in his seeking after truth in spite of the fact that his father threatened to break his legs if he went to see the Catechist.

The Annual Pastoral-aid meeting was held on Saturday the 29th of June at 3 p.m. The Rev R. W. Ryde presided and the proceedings began with the singing of a hymn, after which a portion of Scripture was read by Mr. G. T. Munasinghe and prayers were offered by Mr. J. Wijesinghe. The Rev. G. B. Perera then read a short report of the work done throughout the year, in which he mentioned six adult and four infant baptisms and four deaths. He specially spoke at length on the good qualities of one of the deceased, Mrs. A. S. Perera, whose bright Christian life he held out as an example to be copied. The treasurer, Mr. A. S. Perera then having submitted the accounts of the year, very interesting addresses were given by the Rev. D. L. Welikala of Talangama and Mr. M. J. Cary of the Colombo Commercial Company. The former dwelt on the duty of the parishioners of supporting their Pastors willingly and cheerfully and the latter on each Christian’s duty to one’s own self—seeking and obtaining the salvation of one’s own soul—to one’s household—the salvation of one’s relations and friends—and to the state—the salvation of the heathen in God’s world. A collection was made as the last Hymn “Giver of All,” was being sung, and after the benediction was pronounced, all present adjourned to the side-verandah which was very nicely arranged with different articles for sale, the following being the stall-holders:—

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<th>Refreshment Stall</th>
<th>Mrs. G. B. Perera.</th>
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<td>Needlework Stall</td>
<td>L. R. Jayasinghe.</td>
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<td>(1) Mrs. W. R. A. Perera.</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>(2) Miss Grace Perera.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vegetable Stall</td>
<td>R. E. Perera.</td>
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Vegetables, fruits etc. were put up in auction, Mr. R. E. Perera, making a splendid amateur auctioneer. The proceeds were a great success in a financial point of view, a sum of over Rs. 250 being realised.

The Monthly Meeting of the Cotta-Mirihane Gleaner’s Union was held on Thursday the 18th inst. at 4 p.m. Miss M. Gedge, who had kindly come over from Colombo to give an address at it, kept the audience greatly interested with accounts of Mission Work done and witnessed by her during 8½ years of her stay in Freretown and Mombassa in Africa. She sang, “There is a green hill far away,” “A Rock in a weary land” and some other Hymns in Swahili to the delight of all present and she encouraged everyone by giving vivid accounts of successful work, all of which was the result of each one’s doing what one could do for the Master and she impressed on the minds of the hearers the duty of asking oneself, “What am I doing for Jesus?” There were over 50 present, Mirihane too being well represented.

A. M. P.

Mampe.

The 28th Anniversary Festival of the Sunday Schools connected with the Mampe Pastorate was held on Saturday the 27th July at the Boys’ School, Mampe. The school room was filled to its utmost capacity, and several were standing outside as several friends from Moratuwa had graced the occasion with their presence. Mr. Bastian Pieris occupied the chair. The proceedings began with the singing of a hymn; Psalm 145 was then read by the Rev. C. E. P. Wijesinghe of the W. M. S. Moratuwulla; after which prayer was offered by the Rev. John De Silva of the W. M. S. Rawatawatta. Mr. J. A. Kulatunge, the Secretary of the Sunday School Committee read a report of the work during the year which showed steady progress. The Rev. John De Silva spoke of the four kinds of lakes, and he addressed the children to endeavour to be like the lakes which take in, and give out water.
Mr. E. Dias Wamigedera of the C. M. S. Colombo spoke of the importance of Sunday School work. The chairman then addressed the gathering. He encouraged the children by mentioning that he himself was a Sunday School pupil and then a teacher. He promised to give a prize to the best all round boy in the schools. The Rev. R. W. Ryde spoke of the influence of a good life, making mention of the influence the late Miss Jayasinghe of Colombo had over her pupils.

Mr. R. S. Wijsereka, Mudaliar delivered a humorous and practical address. He proposed the erection of a spacious and substantial Sunday School Hall, and very kindly promised to help in contributing towards the cost. Recitations were given by the children at intervals, and prizes were kindly distributed by Mrs. R. S. Wijsereka and Mrs. Mendis, widow of the late Rev. B. A. Mendis.

The benediction pronounced by the Rev. R. W. Ryde brought the proceedings to a close. The Rev. J. H. Wikramanayake proposed a vote of thanks. Light refreshments were served to all.

The late Mr. D. C. G. de Alwis Mohandiram.

Don Charles Gerard De Alwis was born on the 18th March 1828 at a small village in Bentara Walallavita-Korale in the Southern Province. When he was a small boy he was sent to the Cotta Institution by his uncle the late Rev. Cornelius De Alwis. The Cotta Institution was then in its fame only as the best educational centre in the island but as a Missionary Institution where the lives of many Christians were moulded in Christian character. Charles was one of the many noble Christians that the Institution can praise the Lord for and look upon with pleasure. In school he was liked both by his teachers and schoolmates. He was a painstaking boy and he obtained a good knowledge of the Vernacular and English. He decided to devote his life to the Lord's service.

He was sent to Kurunegalle as school master and catechist under the S. P. G. in which Society his uncle served. There he was attacked with malarial fever and then he was transferred to Timbirigasyaya near Bambalapitiya. He married a daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Abeyeratne Mohandiram of Madapata. His father-in-law had then finished erecting a school room at Mampe to be presented to the W. M. S. He promised to present this building and its site to the C. M. S. on condition his son-in-law the late Mr. Alwis be employed by the C. M. S. The then Missionaries at Cotta arranged with the S.P.G. authorities, employed him as the first catechist and school master at Mampe exchanging Mampe with Pebeliyana with the Wesleyans. The present Mampe Church is the original building twice renovated. He served the Society faithfully for several years and his work was much blessed of the Lord.

He was ordered by the doctors to resign his catechistship owing to ill-health. But his love and devotion to the Lord never diminished. He was appointed Registrar of marriages, births and deaths through the recommendation of his superior Missionary at Cotta. His services were recognised by Government who conferred on him the rank of Mohandiram. He was the Inquirer into crime in Salpiti Korale.

He built a small chapel at Madapata. When that was dilapidated and rotten he took much pains in collecting subscriptions for building the present small and beautiful chapel. He used to visit the Christians when they were ill and had prayers with them. He very often preached to the people who visited him.

His was a very noble character. He had a commanding appearance. He was honest and straightforward. He was faithful to the evangelical principles under which he was trained. He was loyal to the Prayer Book, abhorred to see ritualism introduced into the church. He was not rich, but he helped the poor. He was loved and respected by the Buddhist villagers. He never missed attending church at Divine Service except when he was sick. He was hospitable, the minister who went to conduct services at Madapata never lacked refreshments as long as brother Alwis was there. He was never so happy than when in the Society of Christian workers.

He was laid up for about ten days. He knew that his end was come. He advised his wife and children to fear the Lord. On Friday the 28th June he passed away very peacefully surrounded by his wife, children, and grand children. His remains were interred the following day at the presence of a very large gathering the Revs. G. S. Amarashekara and J.H. Wikramanayake officiating.

Dr. Lloyd's Journal. April 1907.

Tuesday, April 2. Yesterday I went to Gwala for stores. I found the big house very much the worse for these high winds. The thatch has been blown off in lumps. I was surprised to find a considerable number of people up there. On the way back I met quite forty women carrying water in. Some of it came from the river, the poor things making the journey of twenty miles there and back every pot full. None however they dipped out of holes dug in the sand in the place where the deepest water is in the rains. There are three or four feet of sand resting on the clay and a certain amount of very evil water can be obtained by digging down to the clay. On my return I found a note waiting for me to the effect that Wilmot had another and worse attack of fever so I went over to Shokah's to do what I could for him. He is so weak that he is down by very frequent attacks of fever, especially as there will be no chance of employing labour on the house for some months, I have advised him to go down to Khartoum next week. The Mudir's boat is taking Capt. Bramley down and we are asking him to take Wilmot. The iron for the foundations of the house only arrived four days ago, and not a single brick is baked yet, so it is very disappointing. However there is no point in his completely ruining his health in a place where there is nothing for him to do of a Missionary nature. All the Gwala boys were turned off yesterday owing to the Government steamer not having been able to bring us our dhurra to feed them with. They were getting quite a respectable lot, clothed (at any rate on state occasions) and joining in a short prayer every morning. Now they are scattered all along the river and are doubtless smearing themselves with ashes at the cattle kraals. We had a sharp shower last night to the intense discomfort of all parties. It gave us some warning at Shokah's but Hadow here was deluged. A fine state of affairs for sick nursing! A very little goat's milk too was all we could get for poor Wilmot although he needed it very much.
Sunday, April 7th. Hadow and I went over to Shokah's yesterday to get the iron foundations stacked before Wilmot goes. Twelve pieces, each weighing seven hundredweight had to be moved up from the landing place on rollers. It doesn't sound much for four men, but things were pretty damp by the time we had finished. There is a lot of deadness about a great iron girder that makes it a peculiarly unpleasant thing to move. The Dinkas had enough of them unloading them from the steamer. Twenty boys "sugared" to such an extent that they nearly broke one boy's arm besides knocking their toes about. They have a genius for letting go at the wrong moment. From Wilmot we got full instructions for going on with the house, but the work consists mainly in lumber hauling, pit-sawing and brick moulding, none of them quite the thing for this climate. But we hope to jog along without trying to rush matters. I met another rhino two days ago. He was not nearly so big as the last, much more the sort of beast you see at the zoo. Unfortunately we were walking down wind which made it rather interesting. He crossed our path at a gentle walk of six miles an hour or so, snorting like a horse. We began to feel like moving too, when he stopped and looked up wind at us. However he was disturbed by sounds of a Dinka hunt so he couldn't stay. The system of a Dinka hunt is excellent. They walk out and surround a large area and then close in, but there are not enough Dinkas to prevent most of the game escaping and they are extremely clumsy with their spears. They seldom kill anything bigger than bush-buck. My old lady of the elephant is doing splendidly. Yesterday all the boys had to go out to try and hunt a large bull elephant in order to get a skin for a coverlet. The boys found a key some days ago, and a third has a large hole in the roof. The two mud houses are so far a great success though mine is a grand lot of work to do here. The wood gets damp and what an amazing lot of smoke it makes. All the birds are singing now, and you can see the difference in the grass from hour to hour. But it doesn't feel very springlike because it is as hot as ever and damp as well. The 95° now-a-days feels hotter than the 105° of January with a daily strong dry wind.

April 11. Wilmot has gone and the rains have come; he got out just in time. He had only just got the weather house at Shokah's and would have fared badly. We have had a big storm at sunset the last three evenings half an inch, half an inch and an inch respectively. As we have had no dhura to pay for repairing huts the result has been wonderful: two store rooms have melted away and a third has a large hole in the roof. The two mud houses are so far a great success though mine is so well ventilated that in the windy part of the storm it wasfortlornly in the middle of it in pitch darkness wrapped in a macintosh.

All the Gwalla boys have gone and Hadow and I might be stranded on a desert island for all the missionary work we do; except for two chronic patients in the village I see nothing of anybody. However there is one improvement on last year; a kind friend sent Hadow a pair of Sunday trousers and a pair of bellows. The latter are a treasure! It's extraordinary how soon the wood gets damp and what an amazing lot of smoke it makes. All the birds are singing now, and you can see the difference in the grass from hour to hour. But it doesn't feel very springlike because it is as hot as ever and damp as well. The 95° now-a-days feels hotter than the 105° of January with a daily strong dry wind.

April 16. We had a trifle of two inches of rain on Sunday evening; we are rather afraid it will have been too much for the Dinkas! Once the ground gets flooded they can get no more dhura sown. Alas, there is no dhura here with which to pay porters so I can't go and see. Poor old Shaw is in bed with fever; awfully slow game. He'll find himself home on furlough whether he likes it or not soon.

Two portentous events occurred yesterday; we had the first storm of rain (1½ in. since April 1) and we turned off all our boys. It was a great blessing that the rain came in the daytime; it showed for letting go at the wrong moment. From Wilmot we were walking down wind which made it rather interesting. He crossed our path at a gentle walk of six miles an hour or so, snorting like a horse. We began to feel like moving too, when he stopped and looked up wind at us. However he was disturbed by sounds of a Dinka hunt so he couldn't stay. The system of a Dinka hunt is excellent. They walk out and surround a large area and then close in, but there are not enough Dinkas to prevent most of the game escaping and they are extremely clumsy with their spears. They seldom kill anything bigger than bush-buck. My old lady of the elephant is doing splendidly. Yesterday all the boys had to go out to try and hunt a large bull elephant in order to get a skin for a coverlet. The boys found a key some days ago, and a third has a large hole in the roof. The two mud houses are so far a great success though mine is a grand lot of work to do here. The wood gets damp and what an amazing lot of smoke it makes. All the birds are singing now, and you can see the difference in the grass from hour to hour. But it doesn't feel very springlike because it is as hot as ever and damp as well. The 95° now-a-days feels hotter than the 105° of January with a daily strong dry wind.

Malwa. April 9. Two portentous events occurred yesterday; we had the first storm of rain (½ in. since October 31) and we turned off all our boys. It was a great blessing that the rain came in the daytime; it showed for letting go at the wrong moment. From Wilmot we were walking down wind which made it rather interesting. He crossed our path at a gentle walk of six miles an hour or so, snorting like a horse. We began to feel like moving too, when he stopped and looked up wind at us. However he was disturbed by sounds of a Dinka hunt so he couldn't stay. The system of a Dinka hunt is excellent. They walk out and surround a large area and then close in, but there are not enough Dinkas to prevent most of the game escaping and they are extremely clumsy with their spears. They seldom kill anything bigger than bush-buck. My old lady of the elephant is doing splendidly. Yesterday all the boys had to go out to try and hunt a large bull elephant in order to get a skin for a coverlet. The boys found a key some days ago, and a third has a large hole in the roof. The two mud houses are so far a great success though mine is a grand lot of work to do here. The wood gets damp and what an amazing lot of smoke it makes. All the birds are singing now, and you can see the difference in the grass from hour to hour. But it doesn't feel very springlike because it is as hot as ever and damp as well. The 95° now-a-days feels hotter than the 105° of January with a daily strong dry wind.

April 17. Shokah's. I came over here this morning primarily to look after Shaw who, poor beggar is still sickly, not really uncomfortable, mostly needing cheering up. Even from my limited personal experience I know that however little fever you have on you it makes life seem as a "wale" of an unusually depressing character. I have camped in Wilmot's old quarters. Apart from the usual empty feeling of missing a man in his old rooms, the spot is not rendered more cheerful by the white ants, which are unusually active even for Bor, and by the scorpions. Wilmot's tent had blown down, the grass was springing up in the camp and a number of old tins and empty packing cases made the place look a habitation of jackals fit to please Mark Tapley himself. But secondarily I came over because I have got a job. The house is divided on the question of building ourselves what we can on the iron foundations, or of asking for a ready made one. I am all for the first alternative and I am trying to work out what sort of a place we can make out of our
very abundant supply of good wood from Khartoum. Further 3 or 4 Gwalla boys are back again here. It shows how curiously local these storms are that though they had just the right quantity of rain the people 2 or 3 miles further north have not had enough. They say all the pools are flooded round the big house.

Friday, April 19 Shakab. Things are looking up. Shaw is fairly well though not yet rid of his fever. Comely and I— to give them their due the two oxen have hauled all the iron work up to the proposed site behind Shaw’s present house, and laid it out in order. The whole place teams with Gwalla boys. Something like a dozen, having finished their sawing, have come back seeking what they may devour. We have taken on a few or half rations of haricot beans. There is something about a tinned haricot bean that makes it useless for European consumption. You can keep them in the stock pot for a week but they never seem to get soft. The Dinkas seem to manage them all right.

Sunday, April 21. Yesterday I went over to Malwal for provisions, and settled in here. Shaw is still sickly. Hadow was found with two Gwallas working for him, and here I’ve picked up two more boys and one local product. It is a great treat to have a few boys about once more. As to instructing them, we are modest in our aims just at present. A morning prayer combined with the simplest form of teaching seems to be sufficient. If one went any further it might become a horrible farce. They will pray like parrots and then as soon as one’s back is turned take half the food out of the saucepan as it stands on the fire.

April 22. We have got two sections of the iron work in position. The game is to get three pedestals level and lift the girders on to them. The lifting is done by some pulley blocks which are supposed to make a man able to lift a ton. knowing however what an exertion it is to lift the tail end of a cow, girder, I should be profoundly sorry to be that man. You think it wonderfully easy the first time, but long before the middle of the morning you are glad when it is somebody else’s turn for the job. We see very little of the Dinkas these days except our own boys. Mine are a useful lot, but not much beyond the stage when they want you to take prunes with your soup.

April 23. We hope to finish the iron work to-morrow if it doesn’t rain again. We had a tremendous storm yesterday morning, since which life has been rather a mud struggle. My camp was so hopelessly flooded that I had to take refuge with Shaw and Comely. There was no dry spot on which to make a fire. The rains certainly are rather impossible here. One leads such an open-air life during the dry weather that one is lost in the rains. It is like a wet day in the summer holidays only worse. The mud and the mosquitoes are far more the thing than the drizzling househeat, which doesn’t worry any of us, perhaps because it varies so little all the year round. For some of the still days in the rains are really more uncomfortably hot with the thermometer not much over 90 degrees than the wintry days with the thermometer well over 100 degrees in a grass shed. We have been overrun by brown ants lately. Any cooked food you hang up becomes covered with ants. When you are doing the housekeeping there never seems anything fit to eat, but somehow we still put away a wonderful lot at mealtimes.

Malwal, April 28. Yesterday we got the ironwork finished, and I came back here. Another heavy storm on the 26th didn’t assist matters much. A boat on the 28th brought us a few letters and much dhurra which we badly needed. Tinned haricot beans by no means agree with the Dinkas, and the supply of split peas was almost exhausted. It was really quite springlike marching back yesterday, with pools of water and fresh green grass. Even the elephants were putting out most beautifully fresh leaves though the stems are so constituted that a little fire will start them burning when they will burn till they fall down and the stem will burn right away.

Monday, April 29. A gunboat with Archdeacon Gwynne on board arrived yesterday afternoon. He brought here a British officer who is going to stay here and shoot, so we are seeing life. All our tents are pitched again and this old camp scarcely knows itself. We have already got through a prodigious amount of talking on the proposed changes. It’s weary work and a long way off missionary work, but it’s all got to be done, and at last it teaches you to make up your mind and then proceed to action when that one looks thick and thin. The post-boat is some 30 hrs. overdue.

Friday, May 3. On board s. g. s. “Amarit” between Bor and Kanisa the post-boat brought us orders to arrange furloughs for this summer, and at the same time we had to discuss the whole mission policy. In view of the possibility of Hadow or Comely or both being moved, it was decided to leave them to carry on while Shaw and I took a short furlough getting back as soon as possible. Shaw, at his own request is going to stay in Alexandria for some time, whilst I am going straight through to England hoping to arrive in time for the Committee meeting which will decide how the Dinkas are to be worked. The boat ought to have reached Bor yesterday afternoon instead of which she didn’t turn up till 4 a.m. Starting a month’s journey at that hour is not conducive to excitement, so both Shaw and I feel sadly commonplace. This boat is specially fitted for the tourist season, and as it is the close time for trippers we are very comfortable. Shaw is taking his two Dinka boys down to open their eyes so they cook for us between whiles. There are four British officials from Uganda or thereabouts on board. It is a heavenly sensation to be moving once more. Already our little job has begun to assume its proper share of insignificance. But I want to be back at it already.

Saturday, May 6. We had a most interesting halt for wood at Kanisa yesterday. Shaw and I went across to the little Dinka village in two dug-outs. It took a little while to convince the Dinkas we were not talking Arabic, but then we got on famously. Their dialect is identical with our own, and here too there are a few fishing Dinkas on the river and more cattle-breeding Dinkas away inland. It is inconceivable that the Government can much longer prevent our going there. We reached Shambe at midnight and stayed till 7.30 a.m. in order to take on board some dozens of donkeys and another bargeful of roadmakers from the Bahr-el-Gazal. These men have done a lot of work on a road which is to bring this place in touch with Wau via Tombe and Lau—all Dinka country if we might only go there. The only Dinkas at the official Shambe pools are flooded round the big house. These men have done a lot of work on a road which is to bring this place in touch with Wau via Tombe and Lau—all Dinka country if we might only go there. The only Dinkas at the official Shambe were 11 Acout prisoners. These are a sub-tribe of Dinkas who had sufficient pluck to give the Government trouble, so they had to be suppressed.
they are very harmless and frequently come through Malwal to buy cows from the Bor Dinkas. At first sight it looks rather brutal to see two men with loaded rifles making 11 naked savages carry loads. As a matter of fact though the work may bore them Dinka prisoners are always supremely contented, as being well and regularly fed is an experience as pleasing as it is novel. At the end of their time they are turned out with an idea of work sufficient to make them quite useful members of the community. Shambe was a wonderfully Kiplingesque spectacle. A certain number of rather seedy-looking British officers doing really good work in an entirely unromantic way and making believe, presumably that the only thing they cared about was to save enough pay to leave the country. Yet in a place which, at any rate in these parts has the reputation of being the “worst place in the world” they appeared to think it worth while to keep a gang of men to tidy the river bank. By way of a treat, as I am on a holiday I have two real patients on board going down on leave. Poor beggars, I don’t envy them! We have a bargeful of by no means inodorous humanity on each side of the steamer, not to mention goats and donkeys. It is by no means cool, and in addition we either catch on a sandbank or touch on a sharp turn of the bank as soon as the unfortunate men have begun to dos. This throws the barges against the steamer and upsetting all the poor donkeys and starts a pandemonium of shouts and kicking and banging about. But the mosquitoes have ceased from troubling. They apparently don’t find it worth while to fly out on to a moving steamer. We sleep on the top deck under the stars, which would be perfect if there was just a little less ash from the wood fires.

**Monday, May 6.** All the sick have cheered up immensely, and at last we are this morning clear of that hateful sudd. It is a real treat to see an occasional little hill and broad open plains. The density of the Shilluk population is a source of amusement to the Dinka boys. We passed the first Roman Catholic mission this morning, which one must admit looks far more prosperous than ours. They certainly have hit on the right spot for a mission.

**May 7th.** We stopped at the American mission on the Sobat to take on board Mrs. Carson. They are most blessedly free from white ants and their soil makes fair bricks. The Shillouks are certainly a cut above the Dinkas in every way. But still the Shillouk men don’t look easy or promising material to work with. Both Tewfilia and Kodok have grown immensely since we passed last. The Government have done a great deal in the building way and have a large number of soldiers and imported workmen here. The Shillouks are not much in evidence.

**May 8.** As a pleasure excursion one could scarcely recommend this trip. Nothing except space is provided on the steamer and uncommonly little of that. The top decks of the barges are on a level with ours, and the 500 soldiers and 30 donkeys are neither quiet nor inodorous. Also it is distinctly warm. It’s all right for the healthy and unattached bachelors, but the invalids must be pretty uncomfortable, though it doesn’t seem to be “de rigueur” to mention the fact. There is a crowing cock some four feet from us on the barge, and one of the passengers looks at times as if its blood would be cheap at half a sovereign, but he never says so.

**May 10.** El Duem. We have got into regular Khartoum scenery. The river is very wide and the low sandy banks look a tremendous way off. A strong north wind raises quite a sea every morning. The river loses so much of its volume hereabouts but that any water at all escapes evaporation. We expect to get to Khartoum tonight when this, the last batch of journal for some time to come will go to the post.

**A Septuagenarian Missionary.**

Though late we would like in these pages to offer our congratulations and good wishes to Miss Gedge who on the eighth of last month attained to the honourable estate signified by our title. On the day mentioned those missionaries who were still in Colombo after the half-yearly Conference, together with a few Colombo friends, children and grandchildren of missionaries accompanied Miss Gedge to Mount Lavinia where after tea was partaken of on the beach congratulations unitedly offered, a pleasant time of relaxation and recreation spent and the party returned to Colombo tired and happy.

As we go to press we hear the good news and have to offer sincere congratulations to a niece of the above. Miss K. Deering hopes to be married to the Rev. W. G. Shorten shortly and we are sure that all our readers will unite with us in wishing the happy pair a future of ever increasing happiness and usefulness in the service to which they have devoted their lives.

**The Tamil Boarding Schools, Borella.**

During the Conference week last month a very pleasant function at the above schools took place and was attended by several of the missionaries and other sympathizing friends. It was the School Prize-Giving and was presided over by the Rev. H. P. Napier-Clavering. The children under the leadership of the Rev. G. T. Weston sang three or four Tamil Lyrics and English hymns at intervals. The Rev. W. Booth gave a brief résumé of the work done in the schools which showed that a satisfactory progress had been made all round, and that spiritual results were by no means wanting. A good deal of blessing had been vouchsafed to the efforts of missionaries who had come to the schools before, and the speaker asked for special sympathy and prayer in connection with a visit during the ensuing few weeks when two missioners from India who were hoping again to hold a mission in the schools. The Rev. H. P. Napier-Clavering recalled his previous experiences in connection with the schools and referred in eulogistic terms to the work of the Rev. and Mrs. J.W. Thomas in connection therewith. He said also that he thought that people who visited him in England heard more about the Borella Schools than about any other part of the Ceylon mission. And why was that? The reason caused some little amusement among those present. It is not perhaps generally known that the girls make excellent curry stuff. Mr. Napier-Clavering being very fond of Ceylon curry would always have this dish when friends visited him, and upon their enquiring about it, were informed about the work in the Colombo Tamil Boarding School. Mr. Napier-Clavering afterwards distributed the prizes to the winners who were evidently much pleased with them. Just before the gathering the Rev. and Mrs. Booth were at home to the friends who came to hear and see what was going on in the schools, and we hope that the interest thus aroused will be the means of increasing sympathy and prayer for this very important branch of the work.

A VISITOR.
Editorial Notes.

Upon another page will be found a sketch of the two Summer Schools held this year by the Society; one on the north coast of Ireland—the first on Irish soil—and the other a week later on the east coast of England. Here we would only express our thankfulness for the high tone and practical spirituality of the proceedings, for the spirit of prayer, of liberality, and of desire for missionary education that were prevailing characteristics, and that indicated, we trust, a deepened sense of personal responsibility. At Cromer a delightful and remarkable feature was the presence of so many members of honoured Norfolk families, who have so long and warmly espoused the cause of the Society, e.g., the Buxtons, the Gurneys, and the Hoares. At the reception given by Mrs. Gurney in the old home of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton (first baronet), occasion was taken by Bishop Ingham and Prebendary Fox to refer to the yeoman service to the cause of the African slave rendered by that distinguished servant of God. The Dowager Lady Buxton, in her 94th year, still President of the Ladies' Union for Norfolk, sent on more than one occasion her greetings to the School; and many of the members enjoyed the opportunity of intercourse with Miss Katherine Buxton, who, in her pony chair, accompanied them along that woodland walk at Northrepps Hall, which, long ago, was hallowed by the prayers and meditations of her grandfather.

A plan which has been formed for restoring the Society's
Capital Fund has reached the stage when it should be made widely known amongst C.M.S. friends. An Important Scheme. As is well known, the Society requires, in order to carry on its work without incessant financial strain, a Capital Fund of about £120,000. The need is urgent, and comes at a time when every effort should be devoted towards raising the annual income to a higher level. The Society's Trust Association has therefore been authorized by the Committee to issue debenture stock for sums of £10 and multiples of £10, to bear interest at three per cent. under certain conditions. Loans are assured for from those who, while unable to give large sums, will gladly at some personal inconvenience and loss lend to the Society if assured that their capital will be secure for those dependent upon them after their death. From the Lay Secretary full particulars of the scheme may be obtained.

The forthcoming retirement of Mr. Marshall Lang from the office of Lay Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, which he has held and discharged with much devotion for twelve years and a half, brings a sense of loss and regret to all who know him and his services at the C.M. House. The responsibility, inseparable from the position of a manager of the finances of world-wide organization with an annual expenditure of nearly £400,000, is sufficient to tax the strongest constitution. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Marshall Lang intimated to the Committee in June his desire, in view of advancing years, to be relieved from the heavy burden of office. Every supporter of the Society, and especially those who have individually experienced the Lay Secretary's unfailing courtesy and consideration, and have been encouraged by his cheerful faith, will unite in prayer that the evening time of life may be irradiated by the Light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. They will also recognize the importance of the vacancy created at a critical moment in the Society's history, and will pray that God may raise up a worthy successor.

At the opening of the Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, entitled Palestine in London, organized by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Bishop of London expressed the hope that the impressions made upon those who visited it might be the beginning of a revival in true religion in the great metropolis. If, and we have reason to believe it was so in numbers of instances, the realistic scenes and confirmation of Bible truths were used of God not only to inform and interest believers, but also to convince the sceptic and even to convert the opponent, the Exhibition proved to be one of inestimable value. A remarkable feature was the presence day after day of Jewish gentlemen intensely interested and apparently deeply impressed. A very large number of Bibles were sold, and the stall-holders found abundant opportunities for evangelistic effort among the sightseers, both Jews and Gentiles, of whom it was estimated some 300,000 passed the turnstile between June 11 and July 2.

As friends of the Society are aware, the large missionary loan exhibitions that have been of late years such a marked and successful feature of the forward movement in emphasizing the claims of Christ and of the foreign field have had very close relations with the organization known as The Missionary Leaves Association. Thirty-six years ago this agency was started with the object of meeting the many pressing needs of C.M.S. missionaries in the field, such as church and school furniture, communion vessels, bales of clothing, and prizes, etc., besides supporting orphans, Bible-women and catechists, and giving financial aid to those suffering special distress from fire, earthquake, floods, and pestilence. In the past year the Association received more than £4,400 for the help of C.M.S. missionaries, and dispatched cases, bales, and parcels of goods to the value of £1,700 and upwards. Of late, the Association has become more closely connected with the Society, to which it is an indispensable handmaid. The M.L.A. Secretary, Mr. Baxter, has undertaken the management of all the large and ever-increasing number of C.M.S. Missionary Exhibitions throughout the kingdom. Those who appreciate the educational results of these object-lessons should be among the first to recognize the claim which the M.L.A. work has upon their practical sympathies. The working expenses amount to only £1,350, a third of which sum is incurred through freight charges; many donors of gifts in kind being unable to contribute also money for the carriage of them to their destinations. Yet small as this sum is, the income is not sufficient to meet it. We warmly commend the Association to our friends. By supporting it they will help to maintain a source of untold succour to our workers in the foreign field.

We are thankful to recognize that the importance of studying Foreign Missionary work is assuming a new status, and new proportions in the minds of our friends all over the country. As evidenced by the keen interest exhibited by workers old and young who discussed methods and problems connected with missionary education generally and missionary Study Bands in particular at the Summer Schools, there is a widespread desire to assimilate information and thereby to become equipped as teachers and leaders of the missionary forward movement. The popular handbook, entitled The Uplift of China, prepared by Dr. A. H. Smith (the gifted author of Chinese Characteristics, etc.) especially for the use of missionary students in Great Britain and America, and edited as regards the English edition by the Rev. G. T. Manley, who also contributed a chapter dealing with the work of the C.M.S. in China, is receiving a warm welcome. This book, The Uplift of China, with the outline programmes for Study Classes, curios, pictures, and miniature reference library, prepared by the Study Department as helps for Missionary Bands, ought to lead to the concentration of much prayer and effort this winter on behalf of 'great, dark, hungry China.' Mrs. A. Carus-Wilson, author of Clews to Holy Writ, etc., has again rendered invaluable help to the study movement by a new handbook, entitled Redemptor Mundi, which cannot fail to stimulate intellectual and devotional study of the life of Christ.

Again the Annual Report and the Story of the Year are in turn the need and the paucity of labourers. There are stories that sadden and that gladden. Each one is but a fresh endorsement of the inspired truth 'the King's business requireth haste,' or a reiteration of the divine inquiry, 'Who will go for Us?' The Story of the Year because of its illustrations, its anecdotal and portable form, and its cheapness, is eminently suitable for reading aloud at a working party, and for lending or giving to younger workers for the Society.
This is the brief record of a missionary holiday in the extremest north corner of India, a fortnight's journey from Kashmir, and within a few days of the Russian outposts on the Pamirs.

Twenty years ago, when a guest of the Rajah of Astor on a journey with the half hope of getting to Kaffiristan, I made my first Hunza acquaintance. He was an amusing little man, and a first-class boaster. To hear him, one might think that his relative, the Rajah of Hunza, was a Napoleon. At that time the country was usually called 'Kanjut,' with the dire significance 'brigand' to all Central Asian travellers. The Kirghiz of the Pamirs paid the Rajah toll in sheep and horses. Caravans going to Yarkand went well armed and were sometimes plundered, and on the Gilgit frontier many a fierce fight taught the Dogra generals and Kashmir troops to respect the prowess of the wasps of the Hindu Kush. In far-off peaceful hamlets, sturdy Kashmir porters lay awake at night, terror-stricken at the prospect of toiling heavy laden and ill-clad across the Himalayan passes to supply the commissariat of the Gilgit garrison. The successful winter campaign of 1892 ended all this.

The brave levies from Hunza fought for us a few years later under Kelly, in the relief of Chitral; the garrison of Gilgit has long been reduced to a quarter of its former numbers, and the contented, peaceful people of Hunza, no longer the scourge of Turkestan or the serfs of a vicious chief like Safdar Ali, dwell in freedom under the mild home-rule of their own Rajah, guided by the benevolent advice of the British Agent at Gilgit.

I had long wanted to visit the country, and last year by permission of the Indian Foreign Office took a holiday trip there, accompanied by Dr. Gaster. In one sense it was not a missionary visit, as I was under a promise not to preach; a promise that lay light upon me, as the languages of Gilgit and Hunza are unknown to me, and with over 500 miles to be covered on foot in six weeks, there could be little opportunity for more than occasional talks with any Urdu-speaking gentry, or travellers. Our Sunday halts were usually arranged at some transport centre, or telegraph office, where lonely British officials were met, glad to join with us in the familiar liturgy; several were Roman Catholics, these also came, and at Gilgit, where we were most hospitably entertained, all the English community attended. There I had the sad task of reading the service at the funeral of Lady Mary Taggart, who died when on a shooting expedition with her husband. There are other English graves on this spot; one of a young officer who had fallen over a cliff while after the wild goat; another, shot in a petty affair with tribesmen; another, the gallant explorer Hayward, treacherously seized and killed by the Chief of Yassin many years ago on his way to the Pamirs.

At Nilt, the titular Rajah showed us the ruins of the fort where Aylmer and Boisragon won their V.C.'s. We could picture the scene as Aylmer blew in the gates, and the confused hand-to-hand struggle in that rabbit-warren of rubble-built huts; then the flight of the tribesmen across the deep ravine to the almost impregnable line of Sangars which defended the cliffs beyond. No wonder that for many days our small force was held up, confronted by such tremendous obstacles; on one side a deep swift river, on another the precipitous ice slopes and glaciers of Dumani, rising to 18,000 feet, and in front the narrow gorge and conglomerate bluff up which Manners, Smith, and Taylor in the
dark frozen dawn led a valiant band, sharing the honours with the Dogra soldier who had explored the almost incredible ascent. Our Rajah guide was himself among those who hastily fled when the upper forts were thus captured and their flank turned. Had these mountain fighters been united and determined, fifty places might have been defended, the long line of transport attacked and our little force worn out; but many were glad to escape from the tyranny of a chief as cowardly as he was dissolute, and willingly threw open their forts and left unbroken paths and bridges for the invader. Dr. Gaster and I slept one night in the fort of Thol, overlooking the old battle-field, the guests, unarmed and unguarded, of those who once fought against us, but who are now loyal and contented.

Among the Alpine countries of the world surely this rich valley may claim the pre-eminence for combined grandeur and beauty. Peaks of gigantic size, even for the Himalayas, girdle the fields and orchards which are watered from and almost overhung by glaciers. Two marches up the valley we approached Baltit Castle, the residence of Mir Nazim Khan; for some miles our path led along terraced slopes clad with golden harvests, under the boughs of orchard trees drooping with ruddy apples, and trellised with grape vines, and by the side of rippling rivulets, a network of irrigation drawn from the foot of the glaciers. From this eagle's eyrie we looked across the fertile fields of Nagar, and on all sides up to the silent snowy sentinels of these northern ramparts of India. Our audience chamber was a bright, many-windowed room on the roof of the castle, with rich Persian carpets on the floor, and a curious assortment of portraits of English and Russian royalty and generals upon the walls, including one conspicuous advertisement of an English patent food! Tea and cigarettes were brought, and many subjects discussed freely. The chief himself is very frank and affable, and by his side was Wazir Humayun, an old warrior and statesman who led the Hunza levies, our allies in the Chitral campaign, a notable figure with his great hooked nose, black beard, and strong but pleasant face.

Peace has followed the Union Jack, but not plenty, for the population is outgrowing its age-long limits. Sheep can no longer be raised from the Pamirs. For three months the pantry lives upon grain, but for the rest of the year chiefly on fruits and vegetables.

Grain has to be imported from Gilgit, and the levies receive a small monthly allowance which is a real help to them. But other resources will have to be opened up, and possibly mineral wealth may be discovered.

Meanwhile, fresh problems press upon our Indian administrators. The frontier officials realize that for this people-civilization must mean something more than Manchester cottons and Brummagem trinkets; that it means also an unfolding of the parchments of knowledge, so

It is true that from time to time some of the chiefs come to Kashmir; as on the occasion of the Viceroy's visit last October, when the retainers of the Gilgit Agency Rajahs were the most conspicuously picturesque feature of the gathering. One young fellow, brother of the Yassin chief, was injured at polo, and carried senseless to the hospital, escorted by several rajahs of the Hindu Kush tribes. I went with them, and the opportunity of service and rapid recovery of the patient helped to cement a friendship. I presented some of them with New Testaments in Persian and showed them the Gilgit bed, suppliant for many years by officers of the Gilgit garrison, a much appreciated token of their goodwill.

An International Convention.

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was held this year in Japan, and I had the great privilege of being engaged as official reporter to it. I think it is quite possible that I should have been admitted in any case, as I am a teacher who believes in Christ; but it was a great treat to be allowed to work for them.

We left Kanazawa on March 27. The Convention was to begin on the morning of April 3, but we wanted to visit the Exhibition now open in the capital. We stayed at the house of my old friend Mr. Coates, a missionary who arrived in Japan just one month after I did, nearly seventeen years ago. On the 3rd we went to the Y.M.C.A. Hall, where the convention was to be held, and found the place crowded, though it was well known that no outsiders could be admitted and that hundreds had been refused tickets. But it was really like a second Pentecost. Below us, as we sat at the reporters' table in the great hall, were people of many nations. There were delegates (natives) from twenty-five different countries, white, brown, yellow and black, many dressed in their picturesque native costumes, amongst whom I might mention the Chinese, Indians, and Koreans. We were all supplied with hymn books specially printed for the occasion, with hymns in about six different languages. The president of the Federation is Dr. Karl Fries, of Stockholm University, a man whom one can see at a glance is a Christian gentleman. He gave out the first hymn in English, for the official languages to be used were English and Japanese. There was a piano, an organ, and a cornet to lead the singing. When the people all stood up I heard such singing that I could hardly keep the tears from my eyes for joy. It was not perhaps the finest music I have ever heard, but it was an immense volume of music from the soul, each singing in his own language, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.'

When I say that each was singing in his own language, you will perhaps think that there must have been some confusion, but it was not so in the least. Only in the case of a few people near me could I distinguish Japanese, German, and Chinese. But there we were: so many people come together from the four corners of the earth to honour our Lord, and it was a grand sight.

After the hymn there was a season of silent prayer, and then any one was at liberty to pray aloud. There were prayers in many languages, many of them unintelligible to me—English, Japanese, Chinese, Korean, French, German, Hindustani, Marathi, Tamil, Siamese, Russian, Italian, Hawaiian, etc., but all equally intelligible to the Lord Who was present with us. After that came the regular programme.

Speeches were made by many people from different countries, and all were interpreted into Japanese. Among the speakers from England were Dr. Macalister, of Cambridge University, Sir Alexander Simpson, of Edinburgh University—a dear old gentleman, by the way, whose speech, so simple and yet so full of truth, I would have travelled a thousand miles to hear; Dr. Bois, Professor of theology in Montauban, France; Baron von Werthern, of Berlin; Baron Nikolai, of St. Petersburg; Archbishop Nikolai, of the Greek Church in Japan; Professor Ch'eng, of Peking University; Dr. Bosworth, the noted Bible exponent of the United States; the Hon. Mr. Ho, former minister of Foreign Affairs in Korea, and many others.

We received telegrams of good wishes from the King of England, the King of Norway, President Roosevelt, Prince Bernadotte of Sweden, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs and of Education, Marquis Ito, and others. When the telegrams from King Edward were read, the whole audience rose with one accord and sang the British national anthem. It was most impressive.

One ought not to praise his own country, but in spite of the number of mistakes we have made, and in spite of the number of godless and immoral Englishmen that have come out here, I think the Japanese appreciate the fact that England has been a true friend to them.

After the first meeting poles were affixed to the seats with the names of the countries written on boards to show what countries the delegates sitting there represented. After each meeting I went over to 'France,' or 'Norway,' or 'The Celebes,' or 'Korea,' and shook hands with the several delegates. The coloured delegates from Calcutta, Madras, Bombay and Ceylon were a particularly genial race of men, and I enjoyed their company very much. There were twenty-one delegates from India, I believe, and about ten from far-away England. I felt then, and I feel now, that I was in the company of the best of humanity; the best because they aim at the best, and because they set the Best—that is Jesus—before them as their Example.

A Kashmiri House-boat.
In Immanuel's Land.

'LET ALL THE EARTH KEEP SILENCE BEFORE HIM.'

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. RIDLEY, late Bishop of Caledonia, B.C.

(Continued from page 100.)

On approaching the Holy City, pilgrims in every age and from all peoples must have experienced the same kind of deep emotion that stirs the heart to-day.

To be alone was my strong desire, because talk would be intolerable when in communion with the spirits of a wonderful past. That desire was obtained, and the greatness of the privilege left the mind open to the impressions which remain still unblurred because then undisturbed.

Familiar Sites and Scenes.

In this state of exaltation it appeared natural for the sun to stand still over the valley of Jehoshaphat or Kedron, and flood with glory all the present buildings that cover as with a mask the site of ancient Jerusalem, until the mask melts away. Then rises above it the splendour that Solomon left for Babylonian fire to consume, and, succeeding that, the sumptuous Herodian palaces and temple as Jesus saw them from foundation-stone to pinnacle, through His tears! Then floated past the great cloud of witnesses. Such sentiments have their uses, and among them the tidings over of the sadness that broods too often over memories of dread events, or shrouds the present condition of Zion to those who would comfort her. In the Jews' Wailing Place, red eyed mourners, as they chant their litanies, wave like reeds shaken by the wind, and flood the marble with their tears as they caress the kiss - polished stones. Had the Redeemer's tears been spared by the repentance of those who were proud of their grand palaces their children would still possess the land as their own.

It shall be theirs, but after great tribulation, and many more tears, through the last of which they shall look upon Him Whom they pierced and see in Him their King in all His beauty. Then will they be His heralds to the Gentiles and exchange their cup of trembling for the same measure of joy.

Towards this miraculous transformation all things tend, and we Christians have the privilege of hastening that glad time by our earnest prayers and obedient services. 'Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord . . . for out of Zion shall go forth instruction and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.'

'As far as to Bethany.'

At the earliest moment I went out as far as to Bethany, not looking back until I knew the shoulder of the Mount of Olives shut out the Holy City from view; then, turning back, walked on and saw it as He saw it through tears. It is a moving sight indeed. There is the deep valley of bones between, and beyond it the city, beautiful for situation, behind the grey battlemented walls. Where the temple and its courts rose stands the Moslem Dome of the Rock. Up that steep, but it was steeper then, there is reason for believing Abraham and Isaac climbed, bearing fire and wood and sheep. There on the rock the willing son lay bound till the voice of God forbade human sacrifices after testing the father's faith. He knew the locality, for hereby Melchizedek met and blessed him. It is a breezy place, as Araunah knew when winnowing grain, and David when he built an altar there, and Solomon when he reared the temple on the same living rock. It is now under the guardianship of Islam as a holy place second only to the Caaba in Arabia. A mighty gust will hurl the usurper from his seat when the breath of God comes from the four winds to wake the dead and loosen Israel from the graves of unbelief. Then will the Golden Gates be open and the righteous nation that keepeth the truth will enter in; each citizen of the New
Jerusalem with his mind stayed on the Lord and rejoicing in perfect peace.
Nothing can be reckoned beneath attention that leads on to such a definite consummation.

A True Bethel.

The greatness of the aim is the measure of the difficulties to be overcome. Those that to us are insuperable God's right hand will remove, and those consigned to us we do not meet in one solid phalanx, but one by one, day by day; each, when under foot, a place of vantage for rising above the next. Missionaries in Syria are familiar with this Scals Santa illustrated by the terraced hillside that from the valley of Bass like steps ending in the infinite blue of heaven, with a waiting God watching to help them over each rough step, a Bethel every one. Who would not be His angels in this struggle upwards for soul-winning; and after anticipating God's 'well done' step from the ladder's top into His arms to hear it spoken?

It is a commonplace of history that the corruptions which had disgraced the Church of the 7th century in Arabia gave some colour of justification for Mohammed's caricature of it in the Koran. The description how our missionaries find the spiritual atmosphere of Jerusalem unhealthy to live and work in, Jews hate Christians more than they do Moslems, and no wonder, for badly as both have persecuted God's chosen people the Church has been the more persistent, even to the present time; and large funds, hard earned in distant commerce to attend personally, and there pay their proxies 'to worship in Jerusalem on their behalf. Another cause of the increase is the great longing of the more truly devout Jews to die in the Holy City and to be buried on the slopes of Olivet. One can honour the loving regard for this desire to rest beside the tombs of their great ancestors. This unquenchable love predicts the return of so many that at last a nation will be born in a day. Already they are so many that they vainly imagine they are almost strong enough to claim their ancient heritage; but the time is not yet.

In undertones they say that as rulers of their own land they will save it from the pollutions of Christians. Revenge is in their hearts. Perhaps they know that powerful Churches are equally resolved that those who crucified Christ shall never bear rule again in Jerusalem.

'An Unhealthy Atmosphere.'

It is easy to understand under the conditions described our missionaries find the spiritual atmosphere of Jerusalem unhealthy to live and work in. Jews hate Christians more than they do Moslems, and no wonder, for badly as both have persecuted God's chosen people the Church has been the more persistent, even to the present time; and the more cruel. Though we Anglicans have ceased to persecute we share among the ignorant the common odium. We are supposed to balance our toleration of other religions by striving to propagate what we believe to be conformable to the Holy Scriptures, and are therefore rejected alike by Jews and Moslems, and all those Christians bitted and bridled by the hated Turk. It is well known that the Jews are much more severe to a Jewish convert to Christ than to a Moslem convert, because with the latter they have more in common. It is also notorious that the Christian who never try to win Jew or Turk for Christ does not extend sympathy to those who do. These considerations show how necessary it is for us to do our duty to all alike, and to be specially sympathetic towards our missionaries, their converts and adherents in Moslem lands.

A Street in Jerusalem.
The Two Summer Schools.

BY ONE OF THE INNER CIRCLE.

PORTRUSH and Cromer—what memories are recalled by those two names! Not memories merely, thank God. We believe that to hundreds of C.M.S. scholars opportunities of sitting at the feet of the Great Master and of listening to those who might truly be called His pupil teachers, to whom He had undoubtedly committed many a heart-searching message, were times of revelation and of revolution. The effect will be felt far and wide.

First came the Irish week—May 31 to June 7. The stormy weather at Portrush in no way spoilt the happy and holy time of devotional and business conference and social intercourse. Mr. Hubert Brooke's Bible-readings were among the most valued and appreciated of all the lessons, but the discussion of missionary problems in general and C.M.S. questions in particular were fruitful in result. The Meaning of Retrenchment, for instance, a topic dealt with by three missionaries representing respectively India, China, and West Africa, was grasped by the audience very fully, as evidenced by the fact that some at least of the C.M.S. work in Behar—and there are boundless opportunities in that vast area—will not be allowed to suffer, support being promised on the spot for some of Mr. Cullen's native evangelists.

The Portrush School, welcomed by the Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, by Sir Algernon Coote, President of the Hibernian C.M.S., and by the Rector of the parish, the Rev. A. E. Ross, B.D., had the privilege also of such teachers as the Bishops of Clogher and of Derry and Raphoe, the Dean of Waterford, and Archdeacon Madden, in addition to prominent clerical workers for the C.M.S. in Ireland, such as Canon Moore of Holywood, the Rev. W. Dowse of Belfast, the Revs. A. J. Pike and T. B. Brown (indefatigable Organizing Secretaries of the Hibernian C.M.S.), and others, together with members of the C.M.S. staff. Bishop Ingham, Mr.

Eugene Stock, and Dr. Lankester guided the discussions into useful channels by trenchant addresses on such topics as the Society's Responsibilities Abroad, The Sinews of War, Missionary Literature, etc. One of the most helpful evenings was that on which The Missionary Call was dealt with under three divisions:—How to state it, How to face it personally, and How to live it. The addresses were very solemn, and the prayer-meeting which followed was fitly closed with the hymn 'When I survey the wondrous cross.'

The attendances and financial results of the Portrush School were also a cause for thanksgiving. The Tent was often crowded out, and in addition to covering the entire cost of the school the Irish 'Scholars' contributed more than £200 to the funds of the Society—thereby setting a noble example to their schoolfellows belonging to the more affluent Church of England. One incident must be recorded in this connexion. Two little girls obtained their pocket money (3d a week) in advance for a year from their parents and brought it as an offering to the C.M.S. Their godmothers, hearing of their self-denial, made them Life Members on the spot by each handing in ten guineas for that purpose.

The proverbial hospitality of the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle was abundantly demonstrated throughout the School. The happiest of excursions and re-unions took place, and spots of local interest were visited under the genial guidance of Irish clerical and lay friends, the Rev. R. P. Meredith, curate of Portrush, conducting the recreation arrangements. A photographic group of the members posed at the Giant's Causeway (see page 113) will be cherished by many as a memento of an intensely inspiring and happy week. Lessons were taken away to be carried out faithfully and fruitfully all over the Isle of Saints—foremost in by-gone years, be it ever remembered, in this holy work of evangelization. We were not surprised when it was settled at the business meeting that an Irish C.M.S. Summer School must be held next year.

A week's interval and the Cromer School began. About one hundred resident scholars, reinforced by nearly five hundred visitor-pupils, filled the spacious and handsome Parish Hall twice daily. Two conspicuous mottoes were displayed, 'I will draw all men unto Me,' and 'Ye shall receive power.' The keynote thus struck reverberated day after day. Vision and Prophecy; a fresh view of Christ and realization of the exceeding great love of our Master and only Saviour, leading to the practical expression of our gratitude in setting ourselves to carry out His Great Command.

A wealth of warm welcome was extended to us by the Bishop of the Diocese, by the Vicar of the parish, the Rev. W. F. T. Hamilton, and by the members of those families whose names have long made Cromer fragrant with memories of holy living, generous giving, and missionary enthusiasm, viz., the Buxtons, Garnerys, and Hoares. A seaside Summer School could hardly have been held under more ideal conditions. The names of Sheringham, The Garden of Sleep, Runton, and Northrepps will conjure up to our memories not only
Reception at Cromer Hall.

happy hours of social intercourse over things touching our service for the King, but parables of nature that were around us in the glories of rhododendron and roses, evergreen glades and woodland paths. Who that walked within it could forget that wonderful beech avenue we trod with reverent interest, recalling the noble owner, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, who, fifty years ago, sought its solitude and shade for communion with God and thanksgiving for answered prayer in the liberty of the African slave?

But although the Cromer scholars were alive to every such sentiment and appreciated to the full the hospitality showered upon them day by day, they showed unmistakably that they were practical people who had met for business. Witness the ubiquitous notebook, inseparable companion of the Bible and red hymnbook carried by earnest faced men and women who hurried in hundreds to the early morning service in church, who thronged the hall morning and evening, and who eagerly welcomed the additional ‘model classes’ and smaller gatherings for discussion that came as addenda to the programme.

Again, as at Portrush, the Bible-reading with which the morning session opened was highly valued. Canon Girdlestone by his deliberate delivery and incisive exposition made Paul the Missionary, the Traveller, the Pioneer, the Preacher, the Pastor, the Teacher, live before us. More highly and reverently than ever shall we prize that ‘precious bundle of letters’ which Paul ‘found time’ to write in his prison!

Where all alike was good, high in tone and eminently practical in character, it is invidious to single out any one address or lecture. But in our limited space we can dwell on one or two only. The opening address of hearty welcome and affectionate exhortation from the Bishop of Norwich on Friday, June 14, was deeply appreciated. It was news to some, perhaps, to learn how much missionary work

Bishop Ingham speaking at Northrepps Hall.

Dr. Sheepshanks had himself witnessed during his many adventurous travels in the North and on the West coast of America, among the Pacific Islands, in Australia, in China and Siberia. The fact lent force to his earnest words on ‘the primary and dominant motive of all missionary work, at home and abroad, viz., love to the Lord Jesus Christ.’ ‘We cannot love immortal souls as we should unless we have the love of Christ in our hearts.’ ‘If a person has no love to Christ,’ declared the Bishop, ‘I know of no very convincing reason why he should care for Foreign Missions. But if he does love Christ he must care for that which will give joy to the Heart that broke on Calvary for us.’

Saturday was devoted to consideration of the Worker’s Equipment and Methods, such as Knowledge, Discipline, Prayer, Character, Convictions, and Grace. The topic ‘Prayer’ (introduced by the Rev. Barclay Buxton, late C.M.S. missionary in Japan) brought us all very near to God at His Footstool. Again and again the prominence that must be given to prayer if our labour is to be successful was insisted upon day after day in our gatherings. The thought of Fellowship with God was dominant on the Sunday morning and evening, the preachers, Prebendary Fox and Bishop Ingham, by coincidence, not collusion, expounding respectively the two passages ‘Workers together with God’ and ‘Jesus and His disciples’.

On Monday we learnt how to present the Foreign Missionary Cause to Possible Candidates, to the Clergy, to Business Men, to Cultured Classes, and to Village People; and that evening, when the Commission, the Claim, and the Call were dealt with, was one of the most solemn and heart-searching seasons.

On subsequent days resolutions regarding C.M.S. Membership, Gleaners’ Union, Financial Position, Medical
Missions, Educational Missions, and Work among Young People were discussed with keenest interest and enthusiasm, the culminating point being reached when Mr. Fraser (son of the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal,) sometime of Uganda and now Principal of Trinity College, Kandy, Ceylon, delivered a statesman-like address upon the urgency of developing mission schools and colleges in the East. An amendment to the printed Resolution was adopted nem. con. to the effect that the Summer School recognized the present moment to be one in which a forward movement with regard to Educational Missions should be made. On the following day, Prebendary Fox announced that a letter addressed to him, delayed in receipt for some twenty-four hours, contained a promise of £1,000 from an anonymous donor who desired that it should be devoted to education in India, as he believed that Christian education alone would check rebellion and promote true loyalty among India's sons. The coincidence was one that impressed the School greatly.

The importance of Missionary Study and of enlisting Young People in the foreign missionary enterprise, bulked very largely in the speeches from the platform, in the discussions, and in the social intercourse from day to day. Nothing could have deepened these impressions more successfully than the moving account given by Mr. G. Hodder Williams, on the last morning of the School, of the recent Students' Conference at Tokyo, Japan. Our hearts went out in prayer and resolve towards the thousands of young believers, Chinese and Japanese, who had professed their faith in Christ and are now un-shepherded, amid dire and manifold temptations.

Again the Summer School paid its way and contributed some £250 to the funds of the Society. But the members who met for that memorable thanksgiving service in Cromer Parish Church on Friday evening, June 21, realized that the Spirit of God had brooded over and breathed upon the assemblies, and eternity alone will show the world-wide results.

The pictures on pages 120 and 121 are reproductions of snapshots taken by the Rev. F. W. Cobb, Rector of Holy Trinity, Chesterfield, who kindly placed them at our disposal.

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Some of our Home Leaders.

BY EUGENE STOCK.

VIII.—FIVE ANGLO-INDIAN LAY SECRETARIES.

I t is commonly said that the British officer who has served in India does not believe in Missions. In point of fact, the British officer in India, when he is an earnest Christian, is the most ardent and generous promoter of Missions. He induces the Missionary Societies to open new stations. He sometimes pays the cost of doing so.

He subscribes on a scale far higher than most home friends do, for his subscription of ten or twenty rupees is paid, not yearly, but monthly. He befriends and helps the missionaries. When he comes home, he joins a Missionary Committee, and gives his leisure time to its service. The C.M.S. has had very many such officers at its committee table; and I now introduce five of them who actually became Secretaries.

1. The first was Major Hector Straith. In his earlier years in India he led a gay life, and lost his fortune in horse-racing and the accompanying betting. He was converted to God by the instrumentality of a brother officer, Major Sherer, who had himself been influenced by Daniel Corrie, the godly chaplain who began C.M.S. work in India, and who was afterwards the first Bishop of Madras. When Major Straith came home, he was appointed Professor of Fortification and Artillery at the East India Company's College at Addiscombe. During his twenty years' tenure of that office he sought constantly the spiritual welfare of the cadets, and several officers in after years attributed their conversion to his words and example. One of those who attended his Bible-class was afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala, the famous general who commanded the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867. In 1846 Straith became Lay Secretary of the C.M.S., and rendered important service for many years. His counsel was always valued as that of a man of prayer and of loyalty to the word of God. He died in 1871.

2. His successor, Colonel Michael Dawes, R.A., was still more distinguished as an officer. In the first Afghan War (1839) and in the two Sikh Wars (1846 and 1849) he won very honourable mention; especially at the disastrous battle of Chilliamwallah, where the British army narrowly escaped defeat, and where Dawes's battery saved his brigade from total destruction. In the Mutiny of 1857 he commanded the artillery accompanying John Nicholson's flying column sent by John Lawrence to the siege of Delhi; and when that city at last fell, he was President of the Military Commission which sat to try the rebel Moghul king. On returning to England, he became Lay Secretary of the C.M.S., which office he held with much acceptance for seven years to 1866. He died in 1871, a few weeks before Major Straith.

3. General Charles A. Browne was converted to Christ about 1826, while serving as a young officer in India. He afterwards rose to the high and responsible post of Military Secretary to the Madras Government; and for thirty years he was a leading member of the Madras Corresponding Committee of the C.M.S. His house afforded a home to young officers and missionaries on their first arrival in India; and the Bible-readings frequently held there proved of great spiritual help to many who attended.

He too, on returning to England, took a C.M.S. Secretaryship, in his case without salary; not, indeed, the regular ' Lay Secretarship,' for he succeeded to the post vacated by the Rev. R. Long (now Archdeacon of Auckland in Durham Diocese). Mr. Venn wrote: ' His spirit, united with a first-rate intellect and the pen of a very ready writer, fills me with hope, and almost forces me to sing Nunc Dimittis.' But he only served five months. He fell down suddenly in the street and died, to the deep sorrow of all who knew him. It was said of him that he always lived in the presence of God, and therefore that it was only natural for him to be ushered in a moment into the Presence-Chamber.

4. The three Secretaries already mentioned I never met personally. But the next one I knew well, and shall always gratefully recall his many kindesses to me when I first went to Salisbury Square. This was General Edward Lake, R.E., C.S.I. He had been one of the most distinguished officers in India, both in war and in political offices. Again and again his name appears in the records of Sikh Wars and the Mutiny, and always as one of the bravest and most trustworthy of men. He closed his Indian career as Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, the highest post in the Province next to the Lieutenant-Governor. Lord Lawrence said of him: ' He was one of the soldier-civilians of India who was an honour to his Government, and a tower of strength to the administration'; and Sir Robert Montgomery, Lawrence's successor in the Punjab, said: ' The Government had in him an eminent public servant of
the highest type.' And all the while his Christian influence was of the brightest kind. In 1869 he became a Secretary of the Society, and proved especially useful in preparing minutes and resolutions, drafting important dispatches, and writing articles. He edited the *C.M. Record*, then one of the periodicals, for three years; and the volumes for those years, 1871–73, are a mine of valuable information. He prepared a new and enlarged edition of the *C.M. Atlas*, which has since been further enlarged on the lines he laid down. He was specially interested in Missions to Mohammedans, and the expansion of the C.M.S. work towards God.' And another wrote, 'His natural gifts, his happy home, his official position, his money—he looked upon all as God's good gifts to him, to be laid out for His glory.' To all this I can personally testify; and a sad day it was in 1876 when ill-health compelled his retirement. He died in 1877.*

5. One more must be mentioned—General George Hutchinson. He also had served with distinction in India. He was in Lucknow throughout the famous siege in 1857, and it was his business as a young engineer officer to see to the defences of the Residency in which the British were cooped up, and particularly to the mines and countermines that had to be constructed. After the beleaguered garrison had been rescued, and when Sir Colin Campbell at last returned to take the city from the mutineers, Hutchinson was the first to climb the wall of the Great Imambara or mosque. In after years he was Commissioner of Police in the Punjab. He became Lay Secretary of the Society in 1881, and did splendid service for eight years. He then resumed the place he had previously held as a member of the Committee, and no one was more highly valued as a counsellor, trusted as a whole-hearted servant of the Lord, and loved as a personal friend. At the close of 1899 he and I, almost simultaneously, became seriously ill with influenza. He was 'taken' and I was 'left.'

Thus, for more than half a century, with two brief intervals, one of the C.M.S. Secretaries was a distinguished Anglo-Indian soldier. Truly we have cause to thank God for raising up such men.

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**From the Harvest Field.**

**W EST AFRICA: SOUTHERN NIGERIA.**

**A Motor Ride in the Bush.—**Early this year Miss F. M. Dennis completed a journey which has several features of interest. She left Lagos on February 6, and going via Abeokuta, Ibadan, and Oshogbo, reached Ugboko, her former station in the Asaba district of the Niger, on March 13. From Lagos the first 160 miles was by railway—the first railway journey Miss Dennis had ever made in West Africa. This carried her to Iwo beyond Ibadan. Thence to rail-head (twenty-one miles farther on), the line not being thoroughly complete, she rode on a construction truck. She writes: 'I sat in my deck-chair in state in an empty truck with my loads all around me, and after a good deal of jerking and jumping reached the rail-head, eleven miles from Oshogbo.' From rail-head to Ugboko, a distance of two hundred and fifty-six miles, the journey was continued in the old way of travelling, Miss Dennis walking two-fifths of the way and riding the rest in a hammock. Before leaving Ibadan, Miss Dennis paid a visit to Oyo, going and returning by motor-car. She wrote in her journal:—

*February 8.—I am in Oyo to-night. This town is thirty-two miles from Ibadan and we got here in less than three hours by motor car. We left Ibadan Railway Station at 7.30 and reached Oyo at 10.8. I only wish you had seen the strange things that happened on the road. Until now this journey has taken two days by hammock, and now we do not even want a meal on the road. The fare was very cheap for this country—only five shillings each. There was no fear of running over people—they got into the gutter by the side of the road long before we reached them, but they often left their loads in the track of the motor-car. And the animals! Goats, sheep, donkeys, fowls, and dogs ran into the middle of the road and stood there watching us come. No hoisting of the horn did any good, and several times we had to stop until they were driven away. The people to whom they belonged were too anxious on their own account to care about their animals. How strange it was to be flying through African bush! The worry of getting carriers and spending days in African travel will soon be a forgotten thing in this colony.*

**WEST AFRICA: NORTHERN NIGERIA.**

**First Moslem Converts in Hausaland.—**On April 16 Bishop Tugwell had the joy of baptizing at Zaria, in Hausaland, by immersion in an affluent of the Kaduna River, two converts from Islam. A missionary wrote from Zaria on April 22:—

*Last Tuesday, before the Bishop left, two of the converts were baptized. These were house servants, but we were not told their names, and the converts were 지원 men who would have told one that such a thing was impossible, but here were two men, both people of position—one a mallam of very high reputation for learning—willing to sacrifice their position and reputation for the sake of Christ. The service was very simple and very impressive. We all went out, outside the town, to a little stream about two miles off and there the Mohammedans were arranged on one side of the stream whilst the baptized Christians—just two English and two house boys—were on the other side. The Bishop read the service and it was interpreted to the people. Then the two candidates were called upon to repeat the Creed, and then they stood up from the side of their friends, and came through the stream towards the Christian side. They were dipped under the water by the Bishop and signed with the Cross in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and then they joined us on the bank. The symbolism seemed complete. It meant a great deal to these two men, and it must have impressed...*
the onlookers much, but to us it seemed a glorious foretaste of the time when there will be not only two, but possibly hundreds of men and women released from the bondage of Mohammedanism, and made free servants of Jesus Christ.

Both these men can read, and the mullah has in the twenty months he has been with Dr. Miller gained a wonderful knowledge of the Bible, which he can read in Arabic. The fact that we have only got two gospels and an epistle in Hausa, handicaps them very much. Both these men now are of course monogamists, and the mullah has given up his clergy, a good deal of his gain to himself, and he now does a good deal of the work they used to do for him.

You can help these men greatly, if you will, by praying for them. They are so new to much that is familiar to us, and their temptations must be many.

Will you pray for us English too, that God will help us in our strenuous efforts to learn the language? There are so many distractions, and the climate is against concentrated study. One only hopes that perhaps He may use our silence now where He will use our speech afterwards.

CENTRAL AFRICA: UGANDA.

An Industrial Exhibition.—In order to encourage the people of Toro to practice and improve their native handicrafts, there has been held at Kabarole for the past few years an annual Industrial Exhibition. Last year, held on March 14, which was opened by King Daudi Kasagama, the Rev. G. R. Blockledge writes in Uganda Notes:

The number of exhibits totalled 246. Four tables were filled with the many useful garments and articles sewn by the women and girls the last few months. This work reached a very high degree of excellence, comprising as it did all sorts and conditions of sewing work. Two other tables were set aside for the basket and fancy grass work, an industry at which the people are really clever. Another table contained exhibits of rope and small grass mats. Another table showed the sewing work done by men, consisting of articles of attire and the little round caps which, small as they are, represent such an amount of close, tedious work. Then another table contained the earthenware work representing the domestic utensils of the Batoro homes; work of such a quality that even the most casual observer could see that there was ample room for improvement. Along the walls various large mats were hung. There was also a certain amount of joinery, and a little metal work. In both these things, however, the Batoro have much to learn and the work is very crude.

The sewing work was judged by the English ladies of the Mission, while all the other exhibits were judged by the King, the Katikiri, and the Kimbugwe.

Two little side-shows commandeered a great deal of interest, namely the lace-making, and the spinning by small hand-cranked wheel-loom wheels. The women engaged in these industries were eagerly watched. Both exhibits had been introduced by Miss Pike and Mr. H. E. Maddox, and with infinite patience they have been able to teach some of the women only to make the thread from the cotton grown in the country, but also to make lace of such a quality that H.M.'s Commissioner, who was here lately, gave an order for a supply of some of it as soon as it could be made.

NORTH INDIA: UNITED PROVINCES.

In the 'Holy City' of Benares.

—Of a visit to Benares the Rev. Norman H. Tubbs, of the Oxford and Cambridge Hostel, Allahabad (Summer School ‘Own Missionary’) writes:

I shall not soon forget the weird, mystic feeling I had, as with Mr. Holland I rode over the Ganges River in the moonlight just after midnight. Benares is ten miles off the main line, and there was no train until morning, and we preferred 'hiking' rather than spending a disturbed night in the noisy station. The great silent river swept beneath our feet, and there, rising up from the river's banks tier upon tier, were the great baking-ghats or steps crowned by all kinds of temples dedicated to one and another of the thirty-three million gods in the Hindu Pantheon.

As you know, Benares is to the Hindu what Jerusalem was to the Jews and Mecca is to the Moslems—the Holy City, which I need hardly say is not our idea of a holy city. The foul iniquities of Benares baffle description—I simply had to turn away in loathing and disgust.

Cycling was not over easy, because in the deep shadows of the houses the sacred cows, with which Benares abounds, would be sleeping, and our movements were often brought to an abrupt—not to say exciting end. These cows are as sacred as the great fane. Being sacred, no one must ill-treat them or drive them away, and you never saw such sleek, well-fed beasts.

The Golden Temple is a sight well worthy of a visit. Some of the other temples were so gross and obscene, that one is amazed to think that the English Government allows their maintenance. The Kumbh Mela (at Allahabad) last year gave me some idea of the degradations of the Hindu religion, and here in Benares I found permanently recorded in stone and marble the shame of those whose foolish hearts were darkened, and who 'changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things'. Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts' (Rom. 1:21-24).

NORTH INDIA: PUNJAB.

Baptism of a Leading Mohammedan and his Family.—At Narowal on Whit Sunday (May 19), Rahmat Ali (the brother of the Rev. Ihsan Ullah, who visited England at the C.M.S. Oceana in 1904, and four children, publicly confessed Christ by baptism, and were received into the Church. The Rev. W. P. Hares writes:

For twenty-two years he has been studying the Bible, but during the last two years his convictions have become stronger and stronger until at last he has definitely broken away from Islam. He has had practically no teacher, coming only occasionally to the missionary with difficult questions which he wished to have explained.

His character for honesty, uprightness, and integrity of purpose is unimpeachable. He was one of Narowal's leading men, and vice-president of the Anjumans [assembly].

A famous moulvi was called from a distance to try and win him back to Islam, but the moulvi on arrival refused to have a public disputation—he was willing to talk with him if no third person were present!

Messengers have been sent to all the villages round to order all Mohammedans to have nothing to do with Rahmat Ali, and now for Christ's sake he and his family are cut off from all old friends and associates, and in place of honour and respect they are now treated with scorn and derision.

The Rev. Ihsan Ullah baptized his brother, who took the name Rahmat Ullah (i.e. 'the servant of God'), and the whole service was quiet and impressive. We are full of hope that other Mohammedans in Narowal who are reading the Bible will soon make a like public confession.

NORTH INDIA: NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.

A Wonderful Frontier City.—The Secretary of the Society's Missions in the United Provinces (the Rev. J. W. Hall) was in the Punjab in February. Of his visit to Peshawar, in the North-West Frontier Province, he wrote on February 23:

I have never seen anything like it. Not a single European was to be seen anywhere and one was not conscious of the city after dark. The thick crowds of frontier men, looking wild and inquisitive, were most interesting.

At 8.30 I went with Carpenter to the beautiful C.M.S. church, built by Hughes. It is quite Eastern, with its domes and minarets, and the interior is exquisite. The east end and arches of carved lattice work, and the walls of the ambulatory at the back there are tablets to the memory of missionaries and laymen. We had a very nice Urdu service for all the council delegates and the sermon was
preached by Dr. Barton from Bannu. The women sat on the right side facing the east and were curtained off from the men. The transoms are screened off by beautiful carved lattices. Behind one of these, non-Christian women sit and listen to the preaching and prayers.

Dr. Barton walked back with me through the city in the dark and told me stories of murders on the frontier in Bannu. I felt quite queer as we passed the dense crowds of these frontier men in the darkness. Dr. Barton says he loves them and that they are the men of Bible times—wild, fearers, and yet in most cases having a sense of justice and right. Many of them only think of loot and make free use of their guns. Their punishment of gross offences is swift and cruel. They take an ax and chop off the toes for some offence. Then, to stop the bleeding, plunge the feet into boiling ghee (butter). This morning we went to the church in the city. The singing was so thoroughly harmonized and the people responded well. There was a baptism in the middle of the service. A beautiful baptistery has been built in one of the transepts. After the child had been baptized it was brought through the screen into the middle of the church, and received ' into the congregation of Christ's flock.'

Hoare took us round the city after the service. It was crowded with Musulmans, but the few Hindus had shut their shops for fear of fanatics. Hoare also took us round the Circular Road, where we saw the arrangements for checking the night raids of the border men. Before each guard-house there were wire entanglements, and broken glass strewn over the ground. In the waste ground in front of the guard-rooms we saw clods of earth in the shape of helmets. So many of the guards have been shot at night by these wild men, who leap in and steal the rifle of the dead man and disappear in the darkness. Powerful lights are lit every night and the reflectors cast a strong light into the ditches, so that the men on guard can see any who may try to conceal themselves.

**Patients from Afghanistan.**—Dr. S. Page Barton, of Bannu, on the N.-W. Frontier, writes of Afghanistan:

It is no small matter for praise that the gate of that land opens from the inside by year it is shoved wider and wider open as men, women, and children from the capital of that land, from Ghazni, and the borders of Turkestan, find their way to the Padri Sahib's hospital in Bannu. . . . In patience let us possess our souls, following in the footsteps of our Master. India is for Him and not for us.

**SOUTH CHINA.**

The Importance of Training Chinese Agents.—The Rev. C. I. Blanchett, of Pakhoi, wrote in April:

I have, from the beginning of my work here, always impressed upon the Christians the importance of training native agents. There is no economy in not training men. It is the best investment of the Lord's money. The Chinese begin to see the wisdom of it, and it was brought home to them the other day by this fact, which Dr. Gordon Thompson put to them in this way—

'Suppose there were not even one Christian in the world? Not one? And than this year one came into the world, and next year that one made one more, and the year following those two brought one each to Jesus, and again in the third year these four made disciples of four more, and so on. How long would it be at that rate before the world were Christian?'

Several guesses were made, but all quite wrong. When the doctor said, 'Thirty-one years,' they were astounded. 'Truly, the Church has been lazy!' The statement of this proposition made the people think. And we need to think about it: it is humbling and yet inspiring. The hostile critic of Missions is answered in a word. He scornfully points out the average 'cost' of each convert, and asks, 'Is it worth it?' Yes; a thousand times, and the above proposition helped our Christians to see that point as they never saw it before.

**SOUTH CHINA: FUH-KIEN.**

Chinese Government and Opium.—The Society's Secretary at Fuh-chow (the Rev. Li. Lloyd) wrote to us at the end of May:

As the ban on the Chinese Government re the prohibition of opium smoking has been talked in question both in China and in England, it is interesting and instructive to note that the officials here have carried out their published determination and have peremptorily closed every opium den both in Fuh-chow city and its suburbs, and for this all who wish for China's welfare will devoutly give thanks. The drug can, of course, still be obtained for private consumption at shops which sell it, but the closing of the places set apart for its public consumption is a tremendous step in advance.
training home for Bible-women, where six are being trained under Miss Burnside. There have been some alterations in Nagoya since my last visit in 1903; a plot of ground has been bought near Mr. Hamilton’s house on which a church building has been erected. The upper storey is the church and the lower one is for class-rooms and the pastor's house.

In the evening we went down to the preaching-place in one of the principal streets of the town, and a very good situation, as plenty of people are always passing. The audience was good and included several soldiers. These caused a little commotion at times as they rose to salute non-commissioned officers who came in.

Wednesday morning we went to see the kindergarten; this has increased since my last visit, more teachers and children being present.

In the evening we took train and went to Ichinomiya, a town of some 15,000 people about half an hour distant by train. On the way Mr. Hamilton gave some tracts to people in the carriage, who received them politely and read them. One man explained that for some years he had lived next to a preaching-place and attended it regularly—he quite approved of Christianity but was not himself a Christian. His attitude is that of hundreds of Japanese, and makes us feel more and more that the power of the Spirit of God is needed to lay hold of them and change their attitudes of approval and patronage into one of acceptance and surrender. At Ichinomiya there are only a handful of Christians. To shepherd them and to carry on evangelistic work a catechist is stationed there. We had gone over for a night-school to which some of the young men of the town come, some of them sons of leading men of the place. Before going to the school we had a walk through the town and noticed among other things a sign of the influence which Christianity has had on Buddhism in the shape of an advertisement of some Buddhist catechista, teachers in the kindergarten and those training for Bible-women, pastors, Bible-women, catechists, teachers in the kindergarten and those training for Bible-

By the Banks of the Ganges at Benares. (See p. 126.)

An Indian Father’s Consolation.—The only daughter of an Indian catechist at Split Lake, in the diocese of Keewatin, recently died from consumption. The missionary called on the family and sympathized with them. The father listened, then baring his head, and sitting upright for a few moments, a glad light shining from his dark eyes, he spoke as follows:—

I thank you for your kind and comforting words, but, my friends, I am not disheartened, far from it. I know this is the will of the Great Spirit. Many years ago, when the Big Bishop [the late Bishop Horace, of Moosee] gave me a call to go as a catechist to Fort Hope and preach the good news to my brethren, while on my way there my canoe upset in a rapid. Then myself and my wife and my two small children were washed afloat. I was able to find bottom, so I stood up and grasped my canoe with one hand and my wife with the other. My two children were washed afloat and saved. Had I left them then, their bodies would have been lying in the wild woods. I saw them grow up, be

At Christmas time, to little Oto’s great joy, she wished to be prepared for baptism, and I must be baptized with her,” said he. I admitted Mrs. Oto as a catechumén on March 10 and have long hopes to baptize her and her bright little son.

NORTH-WEST CANADA.
confirmed, partake of the Holy Communion, and tell of their faith in the Saviour, and manifest their desire to go from earth to be with Him. They have gone. I am more happy to think they have, than to see them living—perhaps sinning. They have gone before and [looking at his wife] they have made our going easier, and now we are waiting for our call.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.
First Church at Prince Rupert.—Prince Rupert, on Kaien Island, a few miles from Metlakatla, is the western terminus of the new Grand Trunk line in process of construction across Canada. On Easter Day, 1906, the present site of Prince Rupert was primeval forest, and Kaien Island was uninhabited. On May 20, 1906, Bishop DuVernet held the first religious service on the island, and on June 17 the first religious service at Prince Rupert, the latter being held in the dining-room tent of the Grand Trunk Pacific survey camp. On Easter Day, 1907, the Bishop opened a new church hall at Prince Rupert, when a congregation of one hundred and thirty-five assembled for morning service, twenty-five of whom remained for the service. We are still enrolling Prayer Colleagues in connexion with our Prayer Link Scheme. It will interest many of them to know that at his own request the Bishop of Victoria, Aug. 4. For the first Moslem converts in Hausaland. 123

For the Moslem converts in Hausaland. 123

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.

THE Intercession Services at both the Summer Schools this year were full of uplift and inspiration. Very few needs of the Church at home and abroad were not touched upon, and some of the requests sent in to the leaders of the early morning service in church or expressed in one-sentence prayers in the tent or hall at night were moving in their simplicity, directness, and individuality. To many a worker, we believe, the School week became a fresh starting-point, and the power of and necessity for prayer was felt with a force unknown before. We trust that an abiding impetus has been given to ‘the life upward in prayer and the life outward in work’ by those solemn seasons of waiting on God.

We are still enrolling Prayer Colleagues in connexion with our Prayer Link Scheme. It will interest many of them to know that at his own request the Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, has been ‘linked’ to the members of the Thursday prayer-meeting held at the C.M.S. Depot, 23, Hardman Street, Liverpool.

AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.
‘Let us come boldly unto the Throne of Grace.’—Heb. iv. 16.

NEW MISSIONARIES.

Home Gleanings.

At the Cromer Summer School, the Rev. D. H. D. Wilkinson was careful to explain that the present financial difficulties would not prevent the Committee from accepting suitable candidates for the foreign field; although at present they do not see their way to send out more than a very few recruits this year. Ten new missionaries were accepted in June—nine women and one man. These are:—the Misses Elizabeth Harriet Batchelor, Edith Mary Cole, Edith Beatrice Downer, Florence Elizabeth Gardener (honorary), Dorothy Mabel Annie Leathers, Emily Dora Stansfield (B.A. Lond.), Dorothy Stubbs, (B.A. Lond.), Catherine Eliza Tatchell, Louise Wood, and Dr. Reginald John Hands Cox (M.B., B.S., Lond.). Three of the above are closely related to missionaries. Miss Cole is a daughter of the Rev. Canon Cole of Santalia, and has a brother and sister at work in the Mid China and Bengal Missions respectively. Miss Wood is a sister of Miss C. E. Wood of our Japan Mission. Dr. Cox, son of a member of the Committee, is a brother of Miss A. M. Cox of Agra and of the late Rev. W. S. Cox, formerly of the Sierra Leone Mission. He took his medical course at St. Thomas's Hospital, where he has also been house surgeon.

SPECIAL

With the anonymous gift of eleven shillings and six pence towards the deficit (obtained by giving lessons in shorthand to two private pupils) a correspondent wrote to the Lay Secretary as follows:—‘What readiness there is to obey the last wishes of a loved one, and yet the One Who loved, and is still loving beyond the love of a mother, cannot have His last wish, may, command, obeyed, and is still yearning over those who have not heard about His wonderful love. Oh, that every Christian would not only let Jesus take full possession of his heart, but also of his pocket!’ A lady journalist in response to Mr. Watts-Ditchfield’s suggestion that every Gleaner should give £2 10s. to remove the deficit, sent postal orders for that amount partly out of her earnings—the largest donation I have achieved so far, but I always hope for better things.’ Other gifts of a similar sum are still being received, as outcome of the same suggestion, made at the Royal Albert Hall meeting. An anonymous donor sent the whole of a legacy (£10) hoping it might be ‘the means of bringing one soul into the Kingdom’; and ‘only a labouring man,’ sending a postal order to the value of ten shillings, wrote, ‘I have much pleasure in sending you a few shillings for the work of saving the lost. I am sure if all the professing Christians had got the Saviour I have you would have a good balance. They have not received Him; so they don’t give.’ Three friends who sent anonymous gifts especially desire acknowledgment in the Gleaner, although the Gazette is the channel through which all contributions to the Society are now acknowledged. ‘M.Y.T.’ a working man’s wife, sent 10s.; on June 11, £3 was received from B.Q. for the East Africa Mission; and eleven shillings came in as ‘Proceeds of a Missionary Lecture on work in the South Sea Islands from E.M.’

This great C.M.S. gathering for children in the grounds of the Islington College in June is one that never loses its charm and interest. This year 1,119 boys and girls and 390 adult friends, teachers, and others assembled to hear open-air addresses from four missionaries and five students; five of the speakers being in representative costumes. Talks and the curios
which illustrated them, 2nd included the tooth of a lion killed by the Rev. A. N. Wood in Ussagara, E. Africa, held the small hearers spellbound. The children of the Islington Deanery contributed £705 last year to the C.M.S. Might not many other deaneries be stimulated by such an example, and could not similar Saturday afternoon gatherings of young people be organized in other large centres!

The C.M.S. Exhibition at Tenby held a few weeks ago was the first large effort of this kind in South Wales. In spite of a torrential downpour on several days, a small and scattered population, communication bad and C.M.S. centres few—some visitors having bravely to encounter a five hours' journey each way—success beyond all expectation was vouchsafed. "Our correspondent, who was responsible for much of the organization, attributes the result to "much thought and prayer beforehand." These are the true secrets of success. One of the happy features of the Exhibition was the cordial and unstinted help given by clergy and workers from parishes supporting other societies. The Sherborne Exhibition held a week later was opened by the Bishop of Salisbury, and visitors to it had also the privilege of forcible addresses delivered by Professor Soraht of Allahabad on "Missions from an Indian's point of view." We hope that the Gleaners and others in both Tenby and Sherborne will endeavour to follow up newly-aroused interest in their neighbourhoods.

Canon Denton Thompson, speaking at Cromer, reminded us that "our work is not over when it is ended. When we have done our work, our work has not done with us."

The Cromer Summer School was unanimous in approving a resolution regarding the Gleaners' Union, the substance of which was as follows:

In view of the many and great openings abroad, and of the critical position of the Society at home, the present is an eminently fitting time to develop it on such lines as may render it more helpful to its members, both individually and generally, and more effective as a missionary agency. We thankfully welcome the formation of the following new branches. Etruria, Stoke-on-Trent: Sec., Miss L. Barrett, The Vicarage, Etruria, Stoke-on-Trent. High Beech: Sec., Miss Norton, High Beech Vicarage, Loughton, Essex. Ooctborne: Sec., Mrs. Saunderson, Pembroke House, Withernsea, East Riding, Yorks. Templecarne: Sec., Mrs. Dagg, Templecarne Rectory, Pettigo, Co. Donegal. The Rev. J. C. Duncan, at the C.M. House will gladly correspond with any friend who is desirous of forming a branch.

A new following upon the suggestion made in last month's Gleaner, the Secretary of a G.U. Branch has written, enclosing 8s. 8d. as an extra twopence per week for a year in advance towards extinguishing the deficit, and praying that others may be moved to do likewise. Another
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