INDIAN HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES

GLIMPSES OF WORK AMONGST HINDUS & MAHOMMEDANS.
"I WILL NOT FAIL THEE."

THE

S. Arcot Highways & Hedges Mission.

And the Lord said unto the servant, "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."


FIFTH REPORT.

DECEMBER 1889.
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TRUSTEES AND MISSION COUNCIL.

John Gorham Clarkson, Esq., of Coonoor.
Anthony Norris Groves, Esq., of do.
Frank Groves, Esq., of do.
John Mackenzie, Esq., of do.
Miss F. M. Reade, Managing Trustee.
Miss C. M. S. Lowe, Honorary Secretary in England.

MISSION STAFF

MISSIONARIES.

Miss F. M. Reade.
Miss Frankland.

Qadu Bi Sahiba—Trained Nurse and Bible-woman to the Mahommedans.
Mary Pakiam Ammal, Bible-woman, took leave and has not returned.
Aruli Ammal, Day-School-Mistress, for six months—since left.
Yovann, Helper.

MISSION AGENTS.

Lately joined

MISSION SERVANTS.

Amos, Maistry, or responsible head servant in charge of Mission property.
Muthian, Bandy-man.
Daniel, Gardener Asst.
The following friends are kindly willing to receive contributions to the work, namely:

Miss Hornbuckle,
3, Alexandra Villas,
Brighton;

Mrs. James G. Craig Herklots,
Pension Guinand,
1, Longeraie,
Lausanne,
Switzerland;

and

The Editor of "Word and Work,"
48, Paternoster Row, E. C.

Miss C. M. S. Lowe's address is as usual,
12, Dafforne Road,
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The Mission address is,
S. Arcot H. & H. Mission,
Thiruvithi,
Via Panruti,
Madras Presidency—India.
REPORT

CHAPTER I.

HAVING in the last Report given such a detailed account of the various branches of work and of individual members of the Mission, I propose this year to confine myself more to an account of such part of the work as will give some idea of the extent and need of the field desired to be occupied, and present a few pictures of heathenism, as seen in the towns and villages scattered along the South Arcot Highways and Hedges.

But first I must record my thankfulness to God for answer to five years' prayer and Arrival of a colleague. waiting in having put it into the heart of Miss Eliza Frankland of Kendal to join me in the work. Humanly speaking, it was the result of prayer offered at a class-held weekly by a dear friend at Coonoor on the Nilgiri Hills. I had asked prayer for a helper, and at the close of the meeting a married sister of Miss Frankland's came up to me and said, she had a sister in England, who, she thought, might feel inclined to come, and suggested I should write to her direct. This I did, but at first there seemed so many obstacles in the way of her coming, that I had all but given up hope, when, to my no small relief, late in January, came a letter, saying that all was settled, and Miss Frankland would start at the end of the month. On the 1st March I had the long-looked for pleasure of meeting her at the Panrúti Railway station, and welcoming her to the Mission.
The coming of a lady quite new to the work, country and language—together with a very severe and long-continued outbreak of cholera in and around Trivady and Panrúti, naturally hindered the prosecution of my project to be much at Ulundurpett and work in the more distant and unreached villages; but God's servants can no more choose their work than man's servants can. It proved just as well that service lay nearer home, as the way had lately been opened to begin the Mahommedan Girls' School, which, of course, brought with it the necessity of regular visitation of their families. The school came to an untimely end through a Fatwa, from Headquarters to the Qazi of Panrúti, forbidding all Mahommedans, on pain of excommunication, to send their children to a Mission school. It had not been easy to maintain it during the nine months of its existence. The idea of any need for the education of girls to extend beyond the reading of the Qurán, and this almost only in the family or amongst the descendants of a Qazi, had hardly dawned on the Mahommedans of Panrúti, and that of sending their children to a Mission school was, of course, quite a new one. Most amusing (had they not been trying) were some of the excuses made for keeping children away, and what, with the impossibility of securing regular attendance, and the many disadvantages of being obliged to employ the services of a non-christian teacher (there being no Mahommedan converts in the south of India), we found it very difficult to accomplish anything satisfactory. In one village the parents had all been struck with a panic, because the little girls in their play began saying, "One, two, three, four"—and going to sleep, one little girl had hummed a little
hymn-tune. In another they got up a story that we inserted some drug in the plantains we had given the children to make them Christians. At one house the mother of one of the most promising girls was almost tiger-like in her wrath at the idea of continuing to send her to a school where the Qurán was not taught. Rival home education classes immediately began to spring up, so that they could say their children were learning at home. In every case the cry was for Arabic to be taught,—a cry we yielded to, it seeming harmless enough to study a language; but we found it a useless concession, unless made a stepping-stone to the Qurán. Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, Miss Frankland hopes, some little time having elapsed since the issue of the Fatwa, to recommence the school soon, and as she gains facility in the language, to undertake the regular visiting of the Mahommedans in and around Trivady and Panrúti, and the general supervision of work amongst them. This being a distinct branch of work, its being undertaken by another will relieve me greatly and set me free for the villages and work affecting more particularly the permanent carrying on of the Mission.

I have referred to the cholera. Through God's great goodness all in the Mission were preserved, and the majority, i.e., 80 per cent. of the cases I was called to, proved successful, but, generally speaking, until the authorities took it in hand, and vigorous sanitary measures were set on foot, the mortality in many places was terrible, whole families being swept off—10 and 12 a day dying in a small village. Almost daily one was appalled by the news of some fearfully sudden death. One would speak to a man or woman
or have some business transaction with them one day, expecting their return the next, and on sending to inquire cause of delay, find them dead and buried or cremated. It gave one just the feeling of some mysterious unseen being passing through and silently beckoning men to arise and come away, and they were gone. We have had all manner of inconveniences to put up with through want of a tinker ever since that time. The poor man, who, for some years had driven a thriving business in Panrūti, and who looked as if he had an iron frame that would work onto old age, had just been up to the Mission House and entered on a contract for some pressing work to be fulfilled in four or five days. Not appearing, I sent for him, but not only was he dead, but the house shut up and not a trace of the family left. An old woman who, for 18 months, had sat just outside the Mission compound selling vegetables and sweetmeats, went one day on the occasion of a festival to "see God" as they say and present her offerings; the next morning her place was vacant, and we learnt that on her return the same evening she had been seized with the dire disease, and ere morning dawned was gone. The cook returned without mutton one day; the poor butcher, from whose very hand he had received it the day before, having meantime passed away. No words could convey an idea to English minds of the horrible filth, squalor and wretched poverty of the poor Pariahs in some quarters when the visitation came upon them, nor could any one conceive the revolting and degrading remedies they had recourse to in some instances in the hope of saving life. Such, too, are the terror and aversion inspired by cholera, that even in the cases of respectable caste
families, one would find the poor sufferer turned out of the house into a miserable shed adjoining. In nearly every case the great need above medicine is proper nourishment, and careful watchful nursing, and the great difficulty in treatment is the long time the poor things are left without food and water, before you can reach them. Two most painful contrasts were strikingly brought out by the cholera—one, as proverbial in India, the different value in which the lives of sons and daughters are held, and the other, the different place given to God in sickness and in health. During the panic and distress of immediate danger, no name was heard but that of "Allah" amongst the Mahommedans, not a mention hardly of their Prophet; but the moment the hand was lifted, and they could breathe freely, it was all Mahomet again. But perhaps the reader will accompany me to a few of the sorrow-stricken houses, in some of which human help proved vain. It was about 11 or 12 o'clock at night when the too-familiar sounds of calling for help were heard, and on responding two or three Mahommedans appeared, having brought a tiny one-bullock-cart with the entreaty to come and see a little brother. Armed with the various necessaries, which always included an etna and saucepan to cook on where permitted, Qádu Bí and I started. We jogged on at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, and at last reaching the place, found it was the usual story—the child, a fine little boy of five years, had been taken ill several hours before, and not a morsel of food or drop of water had passed its lips since, though it lay in its father's arms, crying piteously, 'Páni, páni'—Water, water; and its little pulse beat very low. In a space fit to hold about three
persons, 6 or 7 were gathered, waiting and lamenting instead of working, while the sister of the little patient, a young girl about ten years old, ran backwards and forwards in attendance. We besought the parents to let her go to rest, and not to let her come into the sick quarters, and after long expostulation they yielded. The next day, on going, we found, as we had forewarned them, this poor child stricken down, and looking most pitifully frightened, the mother and sister dividing not quite equally even then their attention between her and the boy. The next day, however, what was the scene presented—the little boy had died, and on one side of the quadrangular inner verandah were father, mother, brothers, sisters and relations of every degree assembled round the dead body wailing at the tops of their voices—now and again new arrivals rushing in with dishevelled hair and throwing themselves on the body, adding fresh volume to the chorus: while, on the other side, in full sight and sound of all this, lay the poor young daughter writhing in all the agonies of the disease, calling repeatedly, but in vain, for water. All alone—not a soul attending to her wants or trying to cheer her—and the poor terrified eyes turning constantly with the quickened sensitiveness of fear to the scene being enacted but a little way from her, each new sound increasing her distress. Humanly speaking, could that child have had proper attention she might have rallied, for so strong was life within her, that she lingered seven days, life literally battling with death. Poor child, even in such a crisis she shrank from the helping hand of a Christian, and her own people seemed quite indifferent. When I expostulated with her mother for treating her so
inhumanly, all the reply I received was, "The boy is gone, what does it matter about a girl." Come with me to another house and witness the power of healing to soften hard hearts. Many a time had I sought to enter that dwelling—to get one word with its inmates, but in vain, and astonished indeed I was when the old father and elder brother appeared to summons me. This time it was a cherished son and brother—though a younger one, the stay and support of the family, every member of which seemed to dote on him. It was a case of life and death, and through the whole night I watched beside him, and to see how those dear women with the men hung on my every word, being as docile as little children, was most touching. It is not often so, but quite the reverse! At last the signs of returning life became apparent, but it was such a touch and go and so complicated a case, that it was two or three days before he was out of danger. The gratitude and delight of that family knew no bounds, and from that day I have been a warmly welcomed visitor; and though I cannot say the Word has been received, it has, at least, been listened to with respectful attention, and they now know the way of salvation. Many are the scenes of interest I would fain introduce the reader to, but I fear to weary. One, however, was so strange an experience that I cannot pass it by. From a rather distant village some men came, begging me to visit two patients,—a woman and man. On these occasions, as also when I go out touring, since Miss Frankland came out, I have the rest of mind of knowing that the Fort is being well-kept in my absence. On this occasion she accompanied me as far as the cross road leading to the village, in the hope which, how-
ever, proved impossible of fulfilment of my returning for the night. At this cross road they had brought a cart to meet me—a most primitive conveyance—without any cover, rickety boards and only a little straw in the centre to sit on. Mounted on this with the usual goods and chattels packed on either side, a good jolt over a half-ploughed road brought us just as it grew dark to the village, a large and very prettily situated one. The woman we found had died meanwhile, so I was taken to the man. He, poor fellow, lay stretched on the bare ground of a low narrow leaf verandah, which afforded no room to move about at his side, and all one could do, was to sit at the corner of the mud door-step at his feet and stretch over every time one wanted to give him anything. Fortunately one can generally get hold of a sort of bowl-shaped iron spoon with a very long handle, or failing this, one can have recourse to the "agapé," a cooking spoon made of a half-cocoonut shell, through which a long thin piece of bamboo is passed. These are treasures on such occasions, for sometimes one is presented with a deep large cooking pot capable of holding one or two quarts, to administer a tablespoonful of medicine. I need hardly say that experience has taught one to go supplied with the necessary little conveniences. But to return to the story. The man was bad enough, but I had great hopes of his recovery could I only turn his attention from the sound proceeding from the house on the opposite side of the courtyard where the poor woman had died. To these he was distressingly sensitive. However, at last he fell into a quiet natural sleep, and my heart began to rejoice,—when lo! tom-toms with their deafening noise and the death-horn with its awesome
sound broke in full force upon the ear, and the poor man woke up with a terrified look, exclaiming, "She's dead then! I shall die too," and from that moment he began again to sink. Then followed such a scene as I shall never forget. Presently amidst this discordant noise long torches were brought and stuck at intervals in the ground in a circle, and in the midst of this two blocks of wood or large earthen chatties (I forget which), one high and the other low, were placed, with a plank resting slantways on them—the while some others of the party brought several pots of water and placed them on either side. Three or four of these half-naked men then crawled back into the house and dragged out the body of the young woman which they laid on the plank: the mother and sister followed, and after embracing it from head to foot, put a cloth all over, which they fastened at the toes, and then the women retiring the men took up the pots of water and poured one after another over the corpse, literally drenching it. This done, the women returned with a new thin red muslin cloth, which they most ingeniously adjusted while removing the wet ones—the men meanwhile employing themselves on one side in improvising a bier of branches just torn off for the occasion. On to this they lifted the poor body, and then five or six shouldering it in most business-like fashion, and the rest taking up the torches, they started off at post haste for the burial ground, disappearing into a thick tope or mass of brushwood, and leaving us to the star-light,—the women wringing their hands, beating their breasts, and indulging in the usual Eastern signs of mourning. After about an hour the funeral party returned, and then again striking their
torches in the ground, they stood round where the body had lain, and three women came out with large pots of hot water, which they poured over them one by one. The whole scene, as I watched it sitting alone on that doorstep—the half-naked dark forms moving about in the torch-light, the poor dead body stretched out on the plank and drenched to the skin—the rough bier—the sudden disappearance into the dark of the whole party—was most weird. As soon as morning dawned they brought the cart to take me home, but before going I crept into the house of mourning and sought to bring a ray of Gospel light and consolation into those densely dark hearts. On a subsequent visit to that village I met with a most cordial and encouraging reception from the Monegar and leading men of the village. They conducted me to the best house and seat that could be procured, and for more than an hour plied me with most interesting questions about God, and Sin and Salvation, begging me to come again. One thing that was deeply impressed on me through this visitation, was that sickness and the dying hour are not the most fitting or by any means most opportune times for seeking souls. "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day—the night cometh when no man can work." In the night of bodily agony, the faculties of the soul are well-nigh paralysed. My eyes too were opened through the cholera to the extreme evil of a vice, of the prevalence of which, especially amongst some castes, I had no idea. I refer to opium-eating in its various forms. Almost every case of confirmed opium-eaters proved fatal—medicines have no effect, and so well-known is this, that a Government practitioner re-
marked to me one day,—"It is no use going to that case, he is an opium-eater."

But I must pass on, and now I would ask my readers to accompany me on a tour, taking one to the farthest western borders of the District, and embracing towns and villages within a round of 225 miles. In this tour I had the great pleasure of being accompanied by Samuel Subba Rao, the young Cuddalore Brahmin convert who came out in 1884, and in whom many friends have taken great interest. He proved a most efficient helper—in fact, the most efficient I have ever had—all his service being truly a service of love, and possessing natural gifts and influence not easily found amongst those of a lower position in the social scale.

CHAPTER II.

Having had much encouragement at a place called Kurunjipádi on a former tour, we determined to make that our first halting place. It is over the river 16 miles to the S. W. of Panrúti, and the road is a very lonely and rough one through a jungle and groves of the very pretty cashu-nut tree—only one village of any size lying on the roadside between. At this village we were most politely offered the use of one side of the Police-quarters during the heat of the day by the Inspector, whose wife had been a patient of mine at Panrúti, but we preferred to stay in the chuttrum an unusually clean one. Soon after arrival I was summoned to the Police Lines to see some sick ones, the relief afforded the Inspector's wife having raised their hopes on hearing of my arrival. After doing-
what I could, Samuel meanwhile having gathered a very animated company round him in the little village shop, I came out, and turning round a corner spoke to some women going for water; and while engaged thus a Brahmini came up, and standing at a distance safe from fear of pollution, asked, "You have been healing the bodies of people—now have you any medicine to change the heart of a bad son?" and then went on to tell me of the sore troubles she endured at the hands of her son, a youth of 18. It was a delightful text to open out the glory and excellence of Christ and His Védam, and many joined the audience. While I was pressing the Gospel remedy on her own acceptance, and shewing her how, accepting it herself, she might claim it for him, the young man himself appeared, and began speaking to his mother very improperly. After much difficulty Samuel and I succeeded in getting him to come to the coach and listen, while we strove to bring him to consider his ways, but with what result we yet know not. Samuel pleaded with him very earnestly as a son with a son and in his own language—Canarese. We reached Kurinji-pádi late in the evening, having hoped the first night to enjoy the shelter of a little Local Engineer bungalow; but finding it under repair, we had to put up as best we could in a neighbouring tope or wood. Just in front of us was a Kannia Kovil, or sacred Grove, devoted to the Goddess Kannia, one of the Ammans, with the colossal figures of the goddess and her husband, with various minor deities and attendants, and their not very ethereal steeds of brick and chunam in different stages of dilapidation—broken noses, legs, and, so forth—ranged in solemn line and looking very uncanny in the moonlight. But we will return to this Grove
further on. Heathen servants do not half like encamping near these shrines, and it is interesting to observe how they seem to cling to the evening prayer with a relieved sense of protection for the night. Kurinjipádi itself is quite a small hamlet, the more really important town being a comparatively modern one sprung up at its side called Kuppam. Here during the five days of our stay we preached almost daily, visiting the surrounding villages in the mornings. Fair day fortunately fell during our stay, and we had crowds gathered to hear the Gospel message, but during some parts of the day such a wild rough class of people (unlike any I have hitherto come across) seemed to be assembled, that we could hardly keep our feet amongst them, much less speak, and we were obliged to desist. One woman, however, out of the crowd came up to me and said, "Come with me, I and some others want to hear these words, I will take you to a quiet place." I went with her, and she took me down a street into a little courtyard where several were gathered together, and bringing me a little board to sit on, she requested me to sing and speak to them. They listened with deep attention and assented to the truth of all I said, deploring the folly of idolatry. Towards evening we found a party of gipsies gathered together, one of their number crying bitterly for the loss of her only child, and the rest appealing to fate only by way of comforting her. I walked some little distance with them on their homeward path, and rejoiced in being able to tell the poor mother of the safety and bliss of her little one through Him, who is not the propitiation for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world. I had the satisfaction of seeing the poor thing dry her tears before we parted as a
little light seemed to break in upon her. In the evening the Chetti in whose tope we were encamping came to see us. We had conversed with him several times before, and found him a simple sort of man, but our present conversation brought out the thickness of idol-darkness and superstition that enveloped his mind. We asked if the Kannia Kovil was a deserted one, as nothing seemed to be going on. "No," he replied, "but on moonlight nights we do not light the lamps." I must mention that besides the colossal figures, there was a little temple which appeared to be kept locked. We remarked on this, saying it seemed rather trying for a god to be always kept locked up. "Yes!" he said, "and besides in the hot weather, the heat inside is unbearable for the goddess, but we are obliged to keep her locked up, as one day she was stolen away,—however, in the great heat we open the place for a little time and bring her out into the side room, which is more airy." "Indeed," we exclaimed, "and does it not seem very inconsistent to you that a goddess, on whose protection you rely for yourselves, cannot protect her own person even." He only laughed. "And how," we continued, "did you recover her?" "Oh," he said, "she came to me in the night and communicated the fact, and the next morning, very early, I got up and went after the thieves and brought her back, and so we have kept her locked up ever since." We endeavoured to convince him of the folly of all this, and to point his poor darkened eyes upward to the Living and True God as revealed in Him, who came to seek and to save the lost, and bring deliverance to the captives. We were rather, however, disconcerted to find that our suggestion about the Kovil being a "deserted" one had apparently
hurt his feelings as being a reflection on his piety, for, from that day, he and his friends came regularly at 7 p.m. and lighted the lamps. Through the civility of some of the principal inhabitants, we secured the use of a house to shew the Magic Lantern, and a good number gathered, not the least interesting feature of the proceeding being that while Samuel and I were shewing it inside to, what may have been considered, a more select company, our heathen cartman was busily engaged in explaining the Parable of the Prodigal Son in his own rough and original style to a highly animated audience outside. We stayed five days at Kurinjipádi, visiting the surrounding towns and villages in the mornings and preaching in Cooppam and Kurinjipádi in the evenings. Many most interesting experiences had we in these villages, but time forbids me to do more than give an account of our visit to the Memorial Temple and "Sannithánum" or "Presence," as the place of self-interrment is called, of the far-famed Gúrú Ráma Linga Swámiyar. It was the fulfilment of a long-cherished desire, and we felt quite repaid for the labour and fatigue it entailed. The temple which we had mistakenly thought was built over the place into which he retired, is at Vadavalúr; and is quite different in shape and style to Hindu temples in general. It is round and dome-shaped, and has a great deal of most beautifully and elaborately carved iron-work about it—iron gates, railings and screens, &c. The Pusári or officiating priest of the temple is a Sudra, though the authorities of the temple are Brahmins. It is dedicated to the same deity as the great Chellumbrum Pagoda Sabapathi, and Samuel rather excited the ire and curiosity of the man, by exclaiming, "Oh yes! Nondai Sabapathi"
(the lame Sabapathi)—"Yes! you may call him so, but we do not, and how do you know about his lameness?"
"Oh," replied Samuel, "I was at the festival that year, and quite close to the idol, when he fell off the car, and got his leg broken." It was just the year before Samuel became a Christian, and was probably one of the links in the chain of awakening him to the folly of idolatry and the need of something higher and more satisfying. Not being able to elicit much information from this Pusâri, we asked where we could find any disciples of the Guru; to which the man replied that he would go and ask if we could have an interview with the Brahmin trustees of the temple. Our request being acceded to, we went over to a sort of reception-house a little distance off. On being ushered in, they offered us seats—mine at a table where a portly Brahmin was seated with very red-tape looking books and writing materials before him. It was a good sized oblong room arranged with benches and having a general business aspect about it, though with native incongruity a Brahmin widow was passing in and out most of the time with the usual brass vessels for water. After surveying me well, the aforesaid gentleman asked my name, parentage and nationality, which, to my astonishment, he forthwith entered in a book, and then proceeded to inquire my age; but on this point I refused to satisfy his curiosity, on the ground, to use their own phraseology, that "it was not our custom to reveal our age to outsiders." This seemed a great puzzle: however he went on, "And for what object have you come here?" I replied, "It is many years since I first heard of your Guru, and I have long desired to see the place in which he is said to have buried himself
alive, and to converse with some of his personal followers and disciples living on the spot." "You say you have heard of him, pray from whom," asked the Brahmin. "Have you heard? and what have you heard?" "I have heard," I said, "from some of his disciples whom I have met," briefly summarizing the chief facts, and adding that I had seen the code of moral precepts he had given them, and was much interested in it as being very similar to one contained in our Bible. In reply to this my interrogator said in a very supercilious tone, "Part of what you have heard is true, but the greater part false; pray what disciples have you met?" "Oh," I said, "I do not remember their names now, but they were men of respectable position and reliable character." "If you cannot give their names and any particulars about them," he retorted, "we cannot recognize them as disciples." "Well," I replied, "if I have been incorrectly informed, I shall be glad to be set right by you, and for this object I have come." To this he answered in the same haughty supercilious manner. "Before I can accede to your request, you must give me a reply to three questions, in order to decide whether you are worthy to have the information you seek communicated to you, so, first I will ask, 'Do you eat animal food?'" Now, as this is just the bone of contention between this sect and Christians, I saw through the craftiness of the man, and not feeling it suitable as a messenger of Christ to expose myself and the holy religion I profess to unnecessary scorn and contempt, I replied, "If you came to my house to inquire about my Guru, I should seek to satisfy you on every point; when therefore I come to inquire about yours, I expect to be met in the same
way;—in coming here, I come as questioner—enquirer—and I did not expect, nor do I think it reasonable, that the positions should be reversed. If, therefore, you are willing to tell me what I want to know, well and good,—if not, I must decline to reply to your questions.” “Unless,” he answered, “you reply, we cannot know you are worthy: and therefore cannot tell you anything about our Guru.” With this I rose, and with mutual salutations we left, not, however, without obtaining from other sources the information we wanted as to the place, distance and practicability of getting to the "Sannithanam." The next day we determined to make the attempt and started about 4-30 A. M. Mottakuppam, the name of the place which has the distinction of containing the sacred building, is a quiet village in the heart of the jungle: there is no road to it, so the bullocks had to pick their way over rough that it was impossible to keep our seats; we were simply pitched from one side to the other, sometimes so violently as to bruise our bones. About 8 miles of this mode of progression brought us to the spot. On entering the village we felt at once we were in something different to an ordinary Indian village, a certain aspect of cultivation, cleanliness and quiet lending a peculiar air to it. The people bore the same appearance; the streets seemed well-kept; and both men and women, young and old, were remarkably orderly and neat to view; and going about their daily avocations without the noisy talking and joking so characteristic of the country. They conducted us without any demur to the "Sannithanam," or "Presence," and answered all our queries in a very friendly manner, volunteering a good deal of information. The Sannithanam... themselves. The "Sannithanam,"
is a building of the humblest description, being no-
thing more than a good sized thatched and white-
washed native house, one side presenting a bare wall
to the road, and the other side having the usual
raised verandah, with house door. The only peculi-
arities in the structure are that it has a porch at one end;
protected by an external gate and having a door
within leading inside but padlocked; also that the
spaces between the posts of the verandah on the one
side are filled up with brick and mortar, the door on
that side too being padlocked. In the porch was a
large glass vessel on a stand shaped like a hanging-
lamp, and decorated with garlands, and we were told
that once a week a Brahmin priest comes over from
Vadavatur to perform puja before it, which consists
simply of burning incense, breaking cocoanuts and
offering mantrams. The story we gathered in reply
to our questions was as follows. The Guru, who was
an aged man, after going about proclaiming his doc-
trines and gathering a band of devoted disciples
around him, had at last, as he felt the decrepitude of
old age steal on him, settled down in their midst, and
finally, now about 20 years ago, he had built this place,
and then calling them together delivered his last in-
structions to them. Having done this, he told them
that now his time had come to retire from the world,
and that entering this building they were so to lock
him in that there could be no suspicion of his being
able to come out—that after a little while he would
come again and reward those who had been faithful
and waited patiently for him. Thus addressing them,
he went in, in the presence of a large number of
spectators, and locking the door himself on the inside,
threw out the key, commanding his followers to lock it
on the outside also, which they did, and threw both keys away. We asked, “And what were the precepts he gave you—what the sum of his teaching?” “He told us,” they replied, “to abstain from animal food, and from drink and all uncleanness, to be holy in thought and deed, and to live in daily expectation of his reappearance.” “And have you fulfilled his precepts?” we inquired. “We have tried to,” they replied, “but I fear we cannot say so much.” “And are you still expecting him?” we continued. “Well,” they said, “he told us he would come soon, but so long a time has elapsed, that our faith has begun to wane.” A goodly number had gathered under the shadow of the sacred “Presence,” and Samuel and I therewith began and preached to them Christ, the true and only Gurn—of His free and full salvation, not merely commanding us to be holy, but communicating the power to be so, and of His promise to come again and the sure fulfilment of it. Samuel put the truth most clearly and persuasively before them, and never did either of us so enjoy speaking. It was very different to a crowd of ordinary ignorant idolaters; the one little ray of light, dim as it was, and obscured by self exaltation, which this poor deluded man had brought them, seemed to have had a wonderful raising power: one met with an intelligent response to the truth, and a sense of sin and need of salvation, such as I have met with amongst no other class of people. We would fain have acceded to their request to spend the day with them, but it was impossible, so with reluctance we left, reaching our tope about 12-30 P. M., thoroughly tired out and exhausted, but feeling amply repaid. I cherish the hope of making a little stay in this village one of these days, and trust the prayers.
of Christian friends will rise for these dear people that they may turn from the false to the true Guru, and that some fruit may be reaped amongst them.

Chapter III.

From Kurinjipádi we went on to Virdachellam, a distance of 19 miles, but to us 22 miles, as we had to encamp three miles beyond the town, not a single spot being available in the town owing to a great heathen festival going on at the temple,—a large and locally peculiarly sacred one, situated on the banks of a river. On a former tour we had been cordially received by the elderly Mahommedan Inámdar of a beautiful tope on the borders of an artificial tank, but on this occasion he was precluded from accommodating us, as on such festivals the Government take the tank under their protection, not permitting any travellers to encamp near it, with a view to preserving the water from pollution. Arriving, therefore, about 7 A. M., after a wearisome journey of ten hours, we had to wander about in search of a resting-place—the only spot we could light upon being a little lonely idol grove about two miles outside the town, where we were comforted by passers-by telling us that we should surely be beaten by thieves when night came, or be bitten by the snakes abounding there. As our poor bullocks could not possibly go further, we had no alternative but to brave the threatened dangers, which I confess did not alarm Samuel or myself very much, though the servants were so panic-stricken, that for a long time they sat up making watchfires instead of going to rest. Through God's mercy we encountered neither robbers nor snakes, being
only visited by large troops of monkeys with their infants and little ones of all sizes—(a source of no small amusement) and by some jackals, whose howlings close round us were not, I acknowledge, of the pleasantest description. We were too worn-out to do much in the way of preaching, but we had a nice talk in the porch of the temple with some of the Police, who had assembled in extra numbers for the purpose of guarding the Temple Treasury during the festival. In our previous visit two months before, being pitched amongst Mahommedans, I had very interesting work amongst them, being invited eagerly from one house to another to recount the Gospel Story. The hearts of some of the women seemed really open to the truth, and it was very pleasing to see how warmly they bore Qádu Bî in remembrance. She was stationed there as the Local Fund Hospital nurse, for about a year, before entering the Madras Hospital, where later she received her diploma, and during that time she earned an excellent report from the District Surgeon, and won her way most successfully amongst her own people. My chief object of interest in Virdachellam was a little girl named Qúlsám Bî, who for four years was left by her mother under Qádu Bî’s care, and accompanied her and her children to Bangalore, enjoying with them the teaching of the kind friends of the C. E. Z. M. there, and for some time had taken her share in the children’s Saturday prayer-meeting with us. On the occasion of the Ramzán last year, her father came and took her away, promising to bring her back at the end of the fast, though stating distinctly that his reason for taking her away was that the other Mahommedans were so angry with him that he could not get his
other daughters married. As we expected neither appeared again, and this was the first opportunity I had of seeing her since. On my visiting at her father’s house the child was so reserved that I could get nothing out of her; however, the next day the father was induced to bring her to see me in the tope, and while he went into the town on business, she got into the coach and sat and talked with me for about an hour, when we ended with a little prayer together. She said, after I had left the day before they beat her for coming close to me and kissing me. It seems that her parents and sisters would be willing for her to read the Gospel and sing our hymns, but that a brother-in-law is the great and bitter opposer, and that at his instigation her books had been taken from her, and she was made to learn the Qurán. I felt rather discouraged, for it did not appear as if the Love of Christ had taken any root in her heart; but the seed of the Word is there, and we must pray in faith that one who was so strangely brought under the shadow of the Tree of Life, may yet find its fruit too sweet to her taste to abide elsewhere. It was one day during that visit to Virdachellam, that I had a very interesting interview with a number of Brahmans in the town. As I was passing down a street, distributing hand-bills, they asked me to come and solve some of the questions they were discussing, offering me a seat in their midst in a sort of half-enclosed verandah. They requested me to give them a brief view of the way of salvation according to the Christian faith—asked particularly about the forgiveness of sins—on what ground God can forgive sin, &c.,—in what way Christian baptism differed from their bathings—also as to the necessity of baptism,
could not a man be a follower of Christ and yet remain unbaptized. Every question was sensible to the point, and evinced a spirit of genuine enquiry. And this reminds one of the deeply interesting conversation I had at Kurinjipádi with a Brahmin youth—a student of the Madras University. Amongst other things he said, "They talk about God forgiving, but He cannot really forgive sin; there would be no justice in the universe if sin went unpunished, God must punish sin, it seems to me. "It was delightful to unfold to such a mind God's plan of redemption by substitution, and he seemed so intensely interested, that he went away assuring me that he should not rest till he had searched the matter for himself to the bottom; he took away a Bible and begged me to send him a Sanscrit copy when I could.

But not to digress further, the next 48 miles of our journey took us over a road that was like the waves of the sea, and really very dangerous in some parts, each turn of the wheel took the coach staggering up some narrow ascent, and then brought it down with such a crash and bump that we thought every moment it would come to pieces. We could not stay more than a day or two in the villages along the line of route, as we wished to push on to the larger towns, and our time was limited. Moreover I had no idea what large and interesting villages there were in that direction. As the people came little in contact with Europeans, one found them in their native simplicity, and very interesting were the episodes that occurred in one and another, and the intelligent ear given to the message and eagerness to receive books where they could read, for in some villages there was hardly a man or boy who could
read, which made a perceptible difference in the attention, giving them a vacant look when one spoke of God or spiritual things. One thing was a great encouragement to me—namely, the warm reception I invariably met with from Mahommedans, both men and women, to the furthest corner of the District and in the most out-of-the-way places: from a passing cart or a toll-gate or a party of travellers, or from some most unexpected place suddenly one would hear a hearty greeting, and they were always ready to help one to the utmost of their ability. Of course this does not satisfy one, but as a means to an end, one is thankful—for "faith cometh by hearing."

**Chapter IV.**

The next place of interest was Chinnasalem, the last important town on the western boundary of the District. Crossing this one enters the Salem District, the chief town of which Salem or Big Salem, as the natives call it, was the point, where, in former years, one used to meet the Madras train to the Hills. The scenery of this part is quite different to that around Cuddalore and Trivady, the landscape being relieved by ranges of rocky hills of various heights, and the whole country being wild and jungly, and sprinkled over large tracts with huge granite boulders, single and en masse. Elephants, cheetahs, deer and other wild animals inhabit these hills and the jungly at the foot, but I have never come across anything more formidable than monkeys, jackals and snakes. The chief hindrance in the way of organizing Mission stations at these places would be the great difficulty of procuring food and water, the inhabitants them-
selves, suffering much inconvenience in connection with the latter. At Chinnasalem, there is apparently but one source of supply, a small artificial tank, so deep and with so little water in it, that one quite pitied the poor women and girls having to climb time after time up and down the steep declivity to fetch it for their daily needs. Though a comparatively small place, it abounds in temples, and we had several very large gatherings near them; going again in one or two cases by invitation, and the people seemed much interested and stirred, the truths of the Gospel appearing to be perfectly new ideas to them, unheard of by any before, and they begged us to come and settle among them and teach them. One whole morning was occupied with enquirers following upon these open-air gatherings;—one lad appeared then and there to accept the truth, and a woman from a distant village in the heart of the jungle seemed also to have her heart opened like Lydia. Fine dress and jewellery were evidently her heart-idols, and it was curious how, without my making a single reference to them, she appeared to feel conscience-stricken about them as the Mammon that stood between her and salvation. And this I have observed on several occasions in speaking to souls in this country, that in setting forth Gospel truth it has worked conviction on a different point to that aimed at by the speaker, e. g., I was once speaking to a party of ignorant villagers, in the most elementary way, endeavouring to lead their thoughts up from the grovelling idols to the true God, and to shew them the freeness of His salvation, when a woman exclaimed, "Oh, dear, what a holy religion—who could endure such holiness!" But it may interest readers to hear
how we set to, to reach the people, and introduce our message as we went from town to town. Our usual mode of procedure on entering a new town was to march through the principal streets, Samuel playing the accordion in vigorous style, and then when our arrival was well-announced and a good crowd had gathered after us, we would take up our station at the chief place of concourse, or if for any reason it seemed advisable, enquire for the head-man of the village, seek him out; and securing his good-will and help, preach to the people from his verandah. This method would often secure the admixture of a higher class of hearers than one would otherwise obtain. Often when thus preaching, we would receive a message requesting us to repeat the words, or to enter into conversation with some seeking soul, or I would be called to treat some case of sickness. One day we were followed by a party of men from a neighbouring village, who went into raptures at Samuel’s playing, and begged us to come to their village and exhibit this wonder to their people. They were so importunate and seemed such simple, artless souls, that we promised to do so, provided they got a cart for us: Sure enough they came at the appointed hour and accompanied us, being joined en-route by wives and children, brothers and sons, from the fields, and it would have amused any one as it did us to see the motley company running after the cart talking and grinning with delight, overflowing into downright laughter sometimes. To this village too there was no road, and we could not find that a European had ever penetrated its recesses before. So cordial was the reception given us and so eager were the people
to hear, that on their agreeing to put a verandah at our disposal, we determined on coming again in the evening and shewing the Magic Lantern. The verandah, however, proved useless, so necessity being the mother of invention, we got the loan of a cart top, which we set up in the middle of the road, and spreading a sheet across the front, crept in at the back, and exhibited as best we could, Samuel doing most of the explaining. On coming away the people most cheerfully supplied us with a good load of straw (a rare commodity in those parts), refusing any payment.

From Chinnasalem we went on to Kullakurichi, a large, populous and busy town, the chief of the taluq that bears its name, and having the usual Government establishment with a good Dispensary and in-patient Hospital. Here Samuel had quite a Field Day. On the way to preach in the morning he met numbers of Brahmins of his own caste (Madhava), and amongst them kinsmen and old friends. They followed us to the Travellers’ Bungalow, where in this town we felt it expedient for the work’s sake to stay, and when I returned in the afternoon from visiting a number of Mahommedan families, I found Samuel seated in the verandah with a group of Brahmins—officials and others—seated around him, and quite a crowd of Brahmin lads and others standing above and below, while he was most earnestly and faithfully pointing out to them the errors of their system, and the excellence of Christ. He spoke as only a Brahmin could to Brahmins, exposing their shams and deceptions in such a way that they were compelled to confess to them. For between two and three hours he conversed with them, and to see the earnest faces of
those men as time went on, still pressing forward, eager to catch every word—asking mental questions, and then pleading for Scriptures to be sent them, was a picture not readily to be forgotten. Both on this occasion and several similar ones, the value of a high-caste convert was pressed home upon me very forcibly. All souls are, of course, equally precious in themselves, but the sphere and power of influence—spiritual gifts being on a par—are so much greater in the case of one of higher birth than in one of lower. Throughout this one tour, more Brahmins were reached than I have ever been able to get access to before, and little did I know how many especially of the young men amongst them are craving after something more satisfying than the Hindu religion. Only in such a state of mind could they have borne Samuel’s plain speaking, and it was quite touching how sometimes one would steal round to my side while he was speaking and say, “Yes, all he says is very true—he has chosen the good part, I wish I had courage to do so also! Yes! he is on the right side—the side of wisdom—ours is foolishness.” Not that it was by any means always thus, for sometimes he had extremely bitter and contemptuous things said to him, and amongst a number there would, of course, arise now and again a dissentient voice. I must not pass Kullakurichi without referring to the generous hospitality shown us by Mr. S. V. Gnanamutthu, a Local Fund Engineer, the only Christian Hindu in the place. As soon as he heard of our arrival he came to see us, and finding from our servants that our supplies had come very short, ministered bountifully to our necessities. Think, dear readers in Christian England or America, to whom the deprivation of a favourite or accustomed minister
seems a calamity, and to whom the regular means of grace seem a necessity of the spiritual life—think what it must be to live month after month and year after year—alone—the only Christian in the midst of heathen— with not a soul to sympathize with one’s highest thoughts and feelings, and suffering many difficulties in petty ways from heathen pride of caste which looks upon a Christian as an unclean thing. Surely these lonely ones call for special remembrance on the Lord’s day by their more favoured brethren. The Tahsildar of the Taluq also was very kind as on a former occasion, and I had the pleasure of being introduced to his daughters,—such superior, well-educated and well-bred girls, notwithstanding their few advantages. They were delighted to receive books and papers, and seemed very pleased at my visit, for belonging to a caste in which the women are kept almost as secluded as Mahommedan females, they evidently seldom had any communication with the outer world.

Our next halting place was Thiagar Droog—also a busy, populous town, with a large Mahommedan community. It was here I much wished to establish myself some years ago, but circumstances forbade. On close enquiry, we found that not a messenger of the Gospel had visited the place since I was there eight years ago,—a place too which seemed such prepared ground. Is it not heart-aching to think of souls living and dying and having an opportunity only once at most in eight years of hearing the Word of Life? Is not this a call? Here through the opposition of a Brahmin inflamed with the teachings of a lately arrived messenger of the Hindu Tract Society, the scene at the Open-air preaching was almost a counterpart of that at Ephesus, when they all with one accord cried out,
“Great is Diana of the Ephesians.” However, we stood our ground; Samuel shaming them at last into silence by encoring. But time fails, so I must confine myself to an account of some of our experiences at a large Taluq Town named Trinomali, and to a rather amusing and characteristic adventure on the road thither.

Chapter V.

It was Saturday, and our way to Trinomali lay through Manalurpett, a large village on the banks of the Punniar—19 miles from Thiagur Droog—Trinomali being 17 miles further on. As time was precious, and we heard there was a nice bungalow at Manalurpett, where arriving about 4 a.m., we could rest over Sunday without unpacking our carts, we set forth in good spirits, looking forward to another new village to work in. We arrived in excellent time at the journey’s end, but here came the tug of war. The coach stuck fast in the sand, and nothing would induce the bullocks to move. Samuel and I crossed over to the other side to seek help, but not a human being or dwelling was in sight. Our carts had not come up, and every moment the wheels were sinking deeper. We strained our ears to catch the faintest sound of life from either bank of the river that might indicate the whereabouts of a village, but for long in vain. At last we heard in the distance the barking of dogs, so while Samuel remained with the coach and bullocks, as the only one having presence of mind and courage on an emergency, I went with a servant in the direction of the barking. Through sand and water, bushes and mud, we plodded, till after more than once losing
our way, we came upon a little village almost buried from view in a wilderness of reeds and shrubs, and closely surrounded by a thorn hedge through which we could find no opening. We shouted and shouted till at last a man appeared, whose only response was that we were not wanted there, and that there was no means of entering. However, meanwhile the boy had effected a breach and was standing at the houses, pleading for help. In vain he went from one to another and we began to be in despair, so I thought I would make an effort, and pathetically appealed to the women to have pity on my bad headache and hungry condition, and to let their men come to our help. But my appearance on the scene finished the matter altogether for a time;—evidently taking us for burglars, they shut to the house-door holding it fast, and calling out in a terrified angry tone, “We have nothing here but clay pots and pans.” We could not help laughing heartily at the ludicrousness of the situation, though feeling utterly at a loss what to do. At last I went aside and prayed most earnestly that God would turn their hearts, and He did, and we finally succeeded in mustering a band of six or seven men, by whose help we got safe through the river. The evident fear with which they accompanied us was most amusing! They great strong men 6 and 7 in number, and we—a tired woman and youth. Every now and again we would hear such deprecatory ejaculations as “We are in your hands,” “At your mercy,” “We know not where you will take us, perhaps we shall never see our families again,” and so on. The relief to their feelings when we handed them a rupee and told them they could go, manifested itself in vociferations of delight, crowding round us they assured me
they would always trust white people in future, so I hope some one may benefit from our experience in time to come. By the time we reached Manalurpet it was sunrise, and what was our despair to hear there was no Travellers' Bungalow, it having been demolished a year ago. We were directed to a chuttram, which proved to be a Brahmin's chuttram, and here Samuel's Christianity shone forth, for when by simply being silent on the subject, he might have secured an hour or two's good rest and shelter, he said boldly out before accepting it, "We are Christians you must know." This was as a match to gunpowder, and as usual it was a case of "No quarter." Where to go we knew not—caste confronting us at every turn; but at last we found refuge in a little tope near the late bungalow, where a solitary wall left standing afforded us a little shade. After partaking of some food and having a rest, we had prayers together, and a little public service by the roadside, and in the evening worked in the town, preaching and distributing tracts in every street. But before I go on I must turn aside to tell of the curious sight that greeted our eyes on the road to this village. The road was too lonely and too rough to think of doing aught but sit up and talk, when suddenly we saw an object in the distance so strange and weird-looking in the waning moonlight, that we could not imagine what it was, but thought it must be some unexpected wild animal. On coming up to it we found it was a jungle thorn-tree, about 10---12 feet high, covered from top to bottom with rags of every colour and description, the votive offerings of travellers to Kandaswami, the "Rag God," whose favour and protection from robbers they seek, by tearing off pieces from the cloths they are wearing
and tying them on to this tree. We learnt also that
towls are sacrificed and the usual pujah of incense
burning and coconuts breaking performed on the spot
to this respectable deity!

Trinomali, which we reached about 4 A. M. on
Monday, is a place which makes one feel like St. Paul
at Athens. "Stirred in spirit to see the people so
wholly given to idolatry." The town lies at the
foot of the rocky mountain that rises in solitary
grandeur about 1,000 to 1,200 feet out of the
surrounding plain, and is presided over by a
temple or Devasthānam, the external walls of which
50—60 feet high, of solid masonry, remind one of the
walls of Jericho, and are a fit emblem of the hearts
of the people. The mountain is held in great vener-
ation and most sacred as the abode of the goddess
Unomali, to whom also the temple is dedicated, and
once a year in November a feast is held in conjunc-
tion with a bullock fair, which is attended by thousands
of pilgrims from all parts of the country, and as a
rule several of the chief European officials of the Dis-
trict are present in the interests of order. At this
festival new cloths are burnt on the top of the
mountain, sometimes to the value of half a lakh of
rupees, the fire being supposed to descend from hea-
ven, but in reality being secretly taken up by one of
the priests of the temple. This fire is visible for
miles round, and the first eagerly-looked-for glimpse
of it is the beacon to all the temples within range of
vision to light up. Besides this temple, there are
smaller temples and shrines, sacred groves and soli-
tary images, innumerable all round the mountain and
along the roads leading to the town. Christianity is
most feebly represented at present by two or three weak
Christians, who told us it was useless to attempt to speak to the people—they would not listen. Our experience proved quite different, for we found a ready ear from all classes. The day after our arrival (Tuesday) our attention was attracted very early in the morning before it began to dawn by the numbers of passers-by. On enquiry we found that every Tuesday all the inhabitants of the town,—men, women and children—compass the mountain on foot, a distance of 7 miles, bathing in every one of the 108 tanks around it. Many do so by rolling on the ground and others by prostrations. One of the latter devotees passed our encampment; he prostrated himself full length three times, rose up, turned round muttering some mantra, measured a certain number of paces with his feet and then repeated the prostrations. He had already been two days at it, and yet had not accomplished more than half the circuit. Both Samuel and I did all we could to gain his attention to the Gospel message, but in vain, so we just gave it and left it. The poor people, especially women and girls, looked very weary as they returned, but fully satisfied that they had acquired a stock of merit, and might feel quite easy about their sins for the present. All day nearly Samuel and I stood by the side of the road distributing tracts and speaking to the various groups as they passed. Pitched as we were at the foot of the mountain, and a white woman engaged thus being a novelty, some of the women, I think, imagined I must be the goddess of the place, come forth to reward their devotion, for after listening to me with great respect, they proceeded to my horror to offer me worship. It is hardly possible to conceive the superstition and darkness of these poor benighted
idolaters, and it was with heavy heart we left the place, feeling there was not one efficient witness for Christ there, while Satan reigns in all his glory in undisturbed possession. Samuel was called to go through a great deal of mental trial in connection with meeting several of his old Brahman friends and own relations here, and many were the allurements tried to draw him back, but, through God's grace, he stood firm equally before love and anger. On our way home we passed through Trivalore, the headquarters of the Danish Mission, where we were very kindly received by both Missionaries and Mission Agents, two native Pastors inviting us to afternoon tea at their houses; but the only other object of interest as regards the heathen was a school-master in an obscure village, the last we halted in, and that humanly speaking, accidentally. This man was present at the preaching morning and evening, and after the latter he entered into conversation with us, asking us to reply to four questions as fully as we could. 1. What is God? 2. What is sin? 3. How can we be made righteous? 4. What is the state of the soul after death? He really seemed to accept the truth on the spot, and I long for the opportunity of meeting him again.

And now having brought my account of this tour to an end, I must hasten to a close, and I can hardly finish better than by telling of the baptism in February of this year of Qádu Bí's daughter, a young Mahomedan girl between 16 and 17 years of age, and my own little adopted Rokia Bí, whom many kind friends in England will remember. The baptism of the former is the fruition of long years of alternate hope and fear sustained only by prayer and faith in
Him who can open the prison doors, and it is a matter for much thanksgiving, as another soul rescued from the bonds of the false Prophet. Two years and a half ago the name of Jesus only elicited a very contemptuous laugh from her, and she is, of course, still but a very babe in knowledge and faith; however it is our hope and prayer, that she may eventually be used by God amongst her own people.

POSTSCRIPT.

For the information of friends it may be well to mention that by the name “Highways and Hedges,” the two-fold work of the Mission is intended to be described. “Highways” denoting the open-air work, and “Hedges” that amongst the Mahommedans whose houses are closely surrounded by hedges.
APPENDIX.
<table>
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<td>Balance on account of new Mission House according to last account ...0-12-11</td>
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| RECEIPTS for Mahomedan Girls' School at Trivady. |   |       |     |       |
| Balance as per last account ... | 537 | 9 2 |     |       |
| For Day School and Aruli ... | 100 | 13 10 |     |       |
| **Carried over...** | 6,003 | 13 6 |     |       |

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<td>E Training and education of young men...</td>
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<td>G Keep of bullocks and pony</td>
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## Statement of Receipts and Expenditure, &c.—(Continued.)

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<th>Rs.</th>
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<td>Help in cases of urgent need</td>
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Balance available for Miss Dora Crichton's adopted child | 146 0 7 |
Do do. for painting Mission House | 60 3 10 |
Do do. for all other purposes | 1,051 11 9 |

| Total Rupees | ... | ... | 6,297 8 11 |
| Total Rupees | ... | ... | 6,297 8 11 |

I hereby certify that I have examined the accounts of the "Highways and Hedges Mission" for the twenty months ending 31st March 1890, and that the above statement of Receipts and Disbursements is correct.

Coonoor, 20th May, 1890.

A. N. Groves.
Statement of Receipts through and from Miss C. M. S. Lowe, for the 20 months, Aug. 1888 to March 1890.

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Carried over... 89 11 0
Statement of Receipts, &c.—(Continued.)

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<th>s</th>
<th>d</th>
<th>Rs</th>
<th>As</th>
<th>P</th>
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Statement of Donations for Special Purposes.

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<th>d</th>
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<td>0</td>
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5
Statement of Donations for Special Purposes—(Cont.)

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<th>Rs</th>
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Statement of Receipts by myself during the 20 months, August 1888 to 31st March 1890.

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<th>Date</th>
<th>Donor</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s</th>
<th>d</th>
<th>Rs</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>P</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1888.</td>
<td>In gratitude for Cadu Bi's services at Bangalore</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 25</td>
<td>Proceeds of sale of socks knitted by Miss M. M. B. through Miss T. &amp; Miss S.</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>Mrs. F. W. Crast</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 10</td>
<td>Friends in England</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>71</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>T. D., Esq., through C. G. Clarkson, Esq.</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>Mrs. O.</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; &quot;</td>
<td>J. A. H., Esq.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>9</td>
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</table>

Carried over... | ... | ... | ... | 306 | 14 | 9   |
## Statement of Receipts, &c.—(Continued.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Donor</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s</th>
<th>d</th>
<th>Rs.</th>
<th>A.</th>
<th>P.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td>Brought over...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>306</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct. 23</td>
<td>Through Mrs. Herklots.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. B. M., 122 fr.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. B. J.  6 fr. 30c.—Rs.21.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>86</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 27</td>
<td>H. C., Esq., of Launceston, Tasmania</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>214</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. C.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>10</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1889</td>
<td>B. B. ...</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 5</td>
<td>A tenth from a Christian Mussulman widow</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. O.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>50</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 12</td>
<td>Collection in Coonoor School-room through Thos. Stanes, Esq.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>11</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 18</td>
<td>Wedding Fees returned by Dr. J. S.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 29</td>
<td>Collected by Kendal Falls-side S. School through Mr. Jas. Rhodes</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 1</td>
<td>Mrs. H.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. C.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>21</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oct. 17</td>
<td>Miss S.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 28</td>
<td>&quot;A Friend&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
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<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td>Bethesada Missionary Working Party through Miss Annie Butler</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>41</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feb. 16</td>
<td>Mrs. T. of Bridgewater</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mrs. A. of Kendal</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Both through Miss Frankland)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>By sale of garden produce on three occasions</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>9</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wedding Fees returned by the Rev. C. S.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>13 months' share of Godchild's School Fees by Mary Pakism, Bible-woman</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>13</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Total</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1,241</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
S. ARCOT HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES MISSION.

1. This Mission is connected with no Society—is undenominational and Evangelical.

2. With regard to Baptism and the Lord's Supper:—as to the former, that of Believers only is thought and practised, and the latter is held, as far as practicable, every Lord's Day, and according to the principles of the Body known as the "Open Brethren."

3. Meetings, whether in-door or out-of-door, are conducted or taken part in equally by men and women.

4. With regard to finances:—

The mission has no stated sources of income, but depends for support on voluntary contributions.

No Subscription book is kept and contributions are never asked.

The need of the work is sufficiently made known by the Annual Report and such occasional notices as appear in various Christian papers, but anything of the nature of asking, begging, or appealing for funds, is particularly deprecated. If an undertaking in connection with the work be according to the mind of God, it is felt He can provide.

5. Three classes of labourers would be gladly welcomed to work in the Mission:—

a. Honorary Missionaries having their own means of support or supported by their own friends or churches.

b. Missionaries or assistants willing to accept board and a private allowance ranging between Rs. 7 and Rs. 20 per month.

c. Missionaries willing to trust God for the supply of their need without any such allowance being guaranteed.
6. With regard to Class b only a very limited number can be received, unless board and allowance be guaranteed to the Mission by personal or Mission friends.

7. The Mission does not undertake any responsibility with regard to providing passages to Europe: all it can undertake to do is to grant travelling expenses to the nearest Presidency Town or to friends residing in India.

8. Workers are required to give due notice of their leaving in case of forming such intention.

Four gentlemen have kindly joined me as legally constituted Trustees and Committee of Council for the Mission. In their hands all property is placed and all matters of importance are referred to them, but they in no wise hold themselves responsible in any degree pecuniarily.

F. M. READE,
Missionary and Managing Trustee,
S. Arcot Highways & Hedges Mission.

27th May 1890.