



THE  CHURCH · MISSIONARY
CLEANER



HE · THAT · REAPETH
RECEIVETH · WAGES
AND
GATHERETH · FRUIT
UNTO · LIFE · ETERNAL

VOLUME
VIII.

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"And they took up of the
fragments that remained twelve
baskets full."—St. Matt. xiv. 20.

*And Ruth said, Let me now go to the field, and glean.
And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field.*

RUTH ii. 2, 3.

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THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JANUARY, 1881.

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY THE REV. CANON RICHARDSON.

I. THE MISSIONARY PRINCIPLES.



HERE is power in a principle. It is an anchorage at which expediency may swing, but by which it must be limited and stayed; and it is a fulcrum on which the responsibilities of work and the energies of action must rest and turn. The Word of God is full of principles, wise rules, deep motives, authoritative truths, which explain and justify the service which the servant of God renders before his Lord, his Father, his God.

The missionary service has an underlying missionary principle. It is this: "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God" (1 Pet. iv. 10). It is a Divine command, and a heavenly commission. From the hand of God it is grace (*charis*), sovereign, free, manifold, variegated with all the rayings down of goodness and wisdom and love. In the hand of man it is a gift (*charisma*), something to enrich and ennoble, and encourage the recipient, who looks in wonder on the gift, and then turns in surprised gratitude to the Giver. But out of the hand of the receiver it passes as a ministration (*diaconia*, *economia*), meant for the family, administered for the Master's honour. If you grind all the corn for food, what about the harvest time after seed not sown? "I have commanded you" (Matt. xxviii. 20). "Go ye therefore" (ver. 19). "I am with you always" (ver. 20). When a man goes out to his work or his warfare, this principle becomes his attachment, his line of communication with home and heaven. When a man stands in the presence of his disappointments, failures, weaknesses, this principle is found to be an answer and an appeal when faith has forgotten all other arguments. "God is able to make all grace abound towards you; that ye, always having all sufficiently in all things, may abound to every good work" (2 Cor. ix. 8).

The principle of obedience is the missionary principle; and it operates always, everywhere, in all. "Freely ye have received, freely give." The home missionary, the city missionary, the foreign missionary, draw their authority and derive their power from the same source. "Now He that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness; being enriched in everything to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God" (2 Cor. ix. 10, 11).

THE GOSPEL IN THE ISLAND OF YEZO.

I.



AFTER the many pages devoted to Japan in our last year's volume, we thought of leaving that interesting country alone for a time, and giving more space to some other missions. But a book has lately appeared, which is one of the most popular on Mudie's list, and which leads us to take our readers back again to the Land of the Rising Sun. This book is Miss Isabella Bird's *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*. It contains many allusions to the missions and missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and speaks of them very kindly and appreciatively. But the part to which we would draw particular attention is the extremely interesting account of Miss Bird's travels in Yezo; for while in that remote island she was the guest for some time of our missionary at Hakodate, the Rev. W. Dening, and when she went into its wild recesses, she was on the track of some of

his missionary journeys, and saw very much what he has told the readers of C.M.S. publications, particularly the *Intelligencer*. The GLEANER has said very little about Yezo; its accounts last year were of the more civilised parts of Japan; and as no doubt many of our readers will be reading Miss Bird's book, they will at the same time be interested to hear something of our missionary work in the island of which she gives so graphic a description.

A word or two to introduce this little-known corner of the world. The island of Yezo is larger than Ireland; but its population is only about 123,000, or much the same as the County of Waterford. It consists mainly of impenetrable jungles, inaccessible mountains, and impassable swamps, and its climate is almost Siberian in its severity, although its northern part is really, in latitude, south of the Land's End. In the interior are found a remarkable people, the Ainos, quite a distinct race from the Japanese, with very strange customs. We give likenesses of two Aino men and a woman; but if our readers can turn back to the GLEANER of May, 1877, they will find some most curious pictures of them, drawn by Japanese artists, with a detailed account of their "bear-worship."

At Hakodate, a port at the south end of the island, are stationed the two C.M.S. missionaries, the Rev. Walter Dening and Mr. J. Batchelor. Miss Bird says (vol. ii., p. 15)—"Mr. Dening has a singular aptitude for languages, and has acquired not only a wonderful command of the colloquial Japanese spoken by the lower classes, but what is even more, the tones in which they speak. He gives his time, strength, and heart to his work, with a vigour, energy, and enthusiasm which could not be surpassed, and which are unchilled by opposition and disappointment." She gives an amusing account of a noisy evangelistic service she attended with him at the village of Ono; but we shall let him take our readers further into the interior.

The nearest way from Hakodate to the heart of the island is across a deep arm of the sea called Volcano Bay. Miss Bird's account of the "wretched steamer" in which she made this twenty-five mile voyage is well matched by Mr. Dening's narrative of one of his crossings, in September, 1879, with his wife and four children, not in a steamer at all, but in a sailing-vessel:—

Crossing Volcano Bay.

Early the next morning the captain of the small vessel that was to take us across the bay came to ask us to get ready as soon as possible, as the anchorage was bad and the waves were beginning to get up, so we bustled about and managed to reach the embarking place at a little after seven. It commenced to rain, and the waves were tossing the small boat that was to take us to the vessel up and down, so that it was most difficult to get all the little folk into the boat, and the big folk gave us still greater trouble, but at last all were safely in, and we were glad to get away from the pier, against which the boat kept knocking so as to be in serious danger of being tipped over.

When we got on board the vessel we found that there was no place large enough to receive such a large party but the hold, and as we were bound to seek shelter from the rain, which was pouring down, somewhere, *nolemis volens*, Mr. Evington excepted, all descended a precipitous ladder and found ourselves in the midst of a few native fellow-sufferers, who were already commencing to be seriously affected by the rolling of the ship, with a large heap of stones to serve instead of chairs, bed, table, &c. The vessel started at once. She gave us no time to get our sea legs or anything else, but commenced rolling from side to side. One after another of our party succumbed. Our chief nurse soon became like a dead thing, and never stirred till the ship anchored. Mrs. Dening took our large baby in her arms soon after we got on board, and actually kept him in her arms till twelve o'clock at night, and then only gave him up for a short time. Our elder girls were very sick. I was worse than any of them, but could not keep still, for there was milk to warm and a hundred little things to be done. Mr. Evington and I were both wet to the skin the whole day, and as for eating or drinking, no one thought of



WAYSIDE INN IN JAPAN.

Smith & Co. and

it. The vessel was leaking a great deal, and the water kept rising higher and higher close to Mrs. Dening's feet. The pump for a long time would not work, and the few hands that were on board were busy with the sails, for the wind was contrary. By the afternoon we ought to have been at our destination, but all the surrounding landmarks were invisible, and the captain told us as night was coming on that he did not know where he was. As Mr. Evington and I knew that running a ship on shore is a most common occurrence in these waters, we began to feel concerned, and I went to the captain and begged him not to run any risk, but keep out till the morning if he could not make out the land before dark, which he promised to do.

Mr. Evington, despite the rain throughout the whole day, was not tempted down into the hold. He sat perfectly still in one position, as though he were sitting for his likeness, and he described this Buddha-like stillness as "his only chance." At sunset, wet and wearied and anxious, we all took up our quarters in the hold; by this time the air there had become most impure. Almost every one there had been ill, and the difficulty of ascent to the upper deck being so great, and the weather being so inclement, all gave way to the exigencies of the occasion, and the state of the hold can better be imagined than described. Our goats were with us in the hold, and leaped about over stretched-out bodies as though they were on their native mountain rocks.

Late on in the evening news came that our position was made clear by the appearance of the Usu Mountains, and at 2 A.M. we anchored outside the Usu Bay.

As light gradually broke over the surrounding mountains a lovely scene of quiet, calm beauty seemed to repay one for all the troubles of the voyage. It was one of those beautiful bright mornings described in the Bible as the "clear shining after the rain." The land-locked bay, the towering mountains, the luxuriant verdure all around, with the scattered Aino huts nestling under the shelter of the hill at the back, all seemed to point out the place as suitable for rest and quiet thought, such as after all the hurry and bustle of the past few months we felt very much in need of.

We are now going to present Mr. Dening's journal of a tour made by him in May and June last. His head-quarters were at Satsuporo, a town in the interior of the island where the Japanese Government have established an agricultural colony for the purpose of developing the resources of the country and of training young men to agricultural pursuits. There is a College there, where fifty students are instructed by American professors in the English language, and in science, engineering, &c. The remarkable thing is that eighteen of these young Japanese are Christians, most of them brought to a knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of Mr. Clark, an American gentleman who was Principal of the College for a time. One, however, named Ito, first learned of Christ from an English lady who was there four or five years ago, Miss Dennis; and he was baptized by Mr. Dening in 1876.



AINOS, ABORIGINES OF JAPAN.

native Christians obtained for us. As there were few that knew of the service we only had about thirty. The students are not allowed out of the College after 8 P.M., so they were not able to be present.

Thursday, May 27th.—Visited Tsuishi Kari, the Aino settlement, distant about fourteen miles from Satsuporo. A new hotel has been erected since I was there in 1878. The hotel-keeper was very glad to see us, and gave us all the assistance he could in the way of supplying us with information.

I saw most of the Ainos with whom I conversed in 1878, and introduced Mr. Batchelor to them, and asked them to help him in learning the language. The invalid of whom I wrote in my journal of 1878 died last year. I practised my Aino, and found it came back to me better than I anticipated it would. Since the first of last year I have done nothing in the study of Aino.

In the afternoon Arato [another of the Christian students] turned up. His native village, Tobetsu, is about seven miles distant. The loneliness of his position, the total absence of all Christian intercourse, has tried him very much. He deprecates the faithlessness of his parents and surrounding relatives. But he knows of one young man who very lately has shown signs of being impressed. He hopes to come to Hakodate at the end of the year, and looks forward to getting Government employ as a schoolmaster in Hakodate, which will enable him to attend our classes and services, and yet not be the cause of extra expense to the Mission. He said that he felt the need of further instruction very much indeed, that he often had to encounter Atheists and Materialists, and he was at a loss sometimes for a reply to their various arguments. We had prayer together, and I endeavoured to do for him what Jonathan did for David when under similar circumstances, viz., to strengthen his hands in God.

Friday, May 28th.—Mr. Eusden (the British Consul) from Hakodate, and his wife, have arrived at Satsuporo. Preparing for afternoon class, and walking around the town telling people about the evening preaching. Students here from 4 to 5.45. "Paley's Evidences" and "The Difficulties of Gen. i." formed the subject of discussion.



AINO WOMAN.

These are the students mentioned in the following journal.

Monday, May 24th.—Reached Satsuporo at 1 P.M. Ito came out on horseback to meet us; previously he had been telegraphing constantly to learn on what day and at what hour we were to start. We learnt he has succeeded in hiring a house for us, at which we shall be able to receive visitors and carry on our Christian work. Several of the Christian students had prepared a tea for us, which was brought cooked to the house. The foreign residents were all most kind in sending articles of furniture, so that we were able to settle in at once.

Tuesday, May 25th.—Visitors coming in all day. The Christians here are so long without seeing a missionary, that when one does arrive they come with numerous hard questions. With a view to the discussion of some of these questions I have arranged to have an afternoon class between 4 and 6 P.M.

Wednesday, May 26th.—Commenced the afternoon class. Subjects discussed: "The First Temptation" (Matt. iv.), "The Variations in the Genealogies of Matthew and Luke," "The Sin against the Holy Ghost." Held a service in the evening in a rather out-of-the-way place which the

(To be continued.)

GOSPEL TROPHIES.

"Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—*Rev. v. 9.*

I.—Naomi Sukhli, or, "I will never worship a Crucified God."

BY THE REV. C. B. LEUPOLT.



HE was the wife of one of our catechists, a most earnest convert, by name of Ram Ruttan. He had received his first impressions of Divine truth from a tract which had been put into his hands on the immortality of the soul. He was for some time in the same condition as the treasurer of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia: he wished to understand the things which he read, but no Philip came to instruct him. As no one came to him, he left his house in search of the truth, and in his travels came to Allahabad, at which place our Society had then a catechist. Ram Ruttan heard him preach, and began to argue with him; but the catechist, David Batavia, finding himself unable to cope with him, gave him a letter of introduction, and sent him to Benares, to the Rev. W. Smith, my fellow-labourer, with whom he stayed for some time. Mr. Smith spoke and argued with him daily, and took him likewise to the city to attend the preaching at the different chapels or preaching places. Ram Ruttan visited me also now and then, and I found him an honest, clever, and intelligent man, possessed of a considerable share of good sense, but he was too proud to humble himself and believe in a crucified Saviour. After having stayed some time with Mr. Smith he left him, and joined the enemies of the Lord in the city of Benares; but after a short absence he returned, stating that he could no longer resist his conviction, and desired baptism. Mr. Smith, being convinced of his sincerity, baptized him by the name of Nathaniel. He manifested from the beginning the most genuine signs of conversion.

Having tasted how gracious the Lord is, Ram Ruttan was anxious that his wife should share in the blessing, and went therefore to fetch her. She came with three fine little boys, who were at once, at their father's request, baptized by the names of Abel, Noah, and Moses.

Sukhli was a fine, tall, good-looking woman, with a great deal of common sense and powers of mind. She was like all other women of India at that time, quite uneducated; she could neither read nor write, and therefore went daily to the Orphan Girls' School to be instructed. Her husband was very anxious for her conversion, and prayed much for her. She listened to his instructions and attended Divine service; but when her husband urged her one day to accept the love of Christ crucified, she said to him, "Do you really believe that God sent His Son from heaven to die for sinners? I shall never believe it. If we were good people I could believe that He might have sent His Son to instruct us; but for such as we are, who do not act according to that we know to be right, for such He could never send His Son to die." When he spoke to her of baptism she said, "Do I not live in Benares? And if I die I will die in the Panch Kôs [that is, within ten miles of Benares], and I shall be sure of going to heaven. I will not be a Christian, I will not be baptized"—and then told her husband plainly she would never believe on a crucified God, and that if Christ had been God He would never have been crucified. In this state of mind she remained for some months. Her husband came to me and told me of his wife's state of mind, saying, "What shall I or can I do?" "Do as we did, Ram Ruttan," I said, "when you joined the enemies in the city, we prayed for you."

About that time typhus fever was raging in Benares; numbers died, and Ram Ruttan was also attacked. Sukhli was with him day and night, but he became daily worse. He spoke to her much about the love of Christ, told her of his prospect and

happiness. When he felt his end approaching he called for his children, laid his hands on each and blessed them. He told his wife he was happy in Jesus, and he expired in her arms.

It was a mournful funeral. Sukhli did not attend, but herself up. After a few days two of our Christian women came to her. They sympathised with her, but she wished to know nothing about Jesus. About two months expired, when her eldest boy, Abel, was attacked with the same complaint and died. We felt deeply for the poor widow. She attended the funeral, and as I pronounced the words, "earth to earth, to ashes," I saw a tear steal down her brown cheek. She went home and locked herself up again. Two other of our women tried to comfort her, but she would not listen, but repeated several times, "I will never bow to a crucified God!"

A short respite was granted her, when her youngest child was taken ill. I was standing one day at the door of our room, which adjoins my house. A person came across the premises, and, as she came near, I saw it was Sukhli with something in her arms. She brought her youngest child to me, saying, "Oh, look at my child, he is dying! Let him not die, give him some medicine, make him well, or he will die also." I looked at the poor child. The features of death were depicted on his countenance, and I said to her, "Good woman, here is human aid of no avail, no one can help your poor child but the Good Physician above. When He was on earth He raised the dead; He can do so now, apply therefore to Him." She was in deep distress, and after I had given the child some medicine, she took up her precious burden and went to her house. I followed her in order to see what more I could do. She laid the child on her own bed, and as she did so, she gave a convulsive gasp and the little spirit had left the home of earth. Never shall I forget the bitter anguish depicted on her countenance. She knelt before the bed, clasped her hands, looked to heaven and exclaimed in agony, "It is enough, Lord, enough! I will humble myself, I will bow to the foot of the cross." And she did bow.

Soon after she asked for baptism, and when asked what she wished to have, she mournfully replied, "Call me by the name of the Lord has dealt with me as he did with her. I will bow to you when I came; what am I now?"

But her trials were not yet over. Her second and only son was also laid on a sick bed; we did all we could for the child, but he was taken also. When he was gone, she went to Mr. Smith, and afterwards came to me, and all she said was, "The widow's dove has fled to the bosom of his Saviour."

Sukhli is a humble, earnest, Christian woman, a true servant of Christ; and for upwards of thirty-four years she was a labourer in our Mission. During the greater part of that time she was the matron of the Orphan Girls' Institution, and was in 1872 in charge of the same. But she is now, I am glad to say, pensioned, and so has been relieved of those labours in which the Lord has richly blessed her.

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

IX.—Having and Giving.

"Such as I have, give I thee."

Acts iii. 1—16.



TWO words in this text which should always come together, never be separated: *Have* and *Give*. Who uses these words? Where? When?

Temple Gate—"Beautiful"—Corinthian brass. [Many will remember how one is represented in the picture of prayer, 3 P.M. Crowds going up steps. Beggars

Hunt's great picture, "The Finding of Christ in the Temple."] them we might well pity—what the matter with him?—how long

Peter and John going up—old friends—together as fishermen disciples—in sorrow on that sad night (John xviii. 15)—in perplexity

that Easter morning (John xx. 3)—and now still together as leaders of infant Church. Why "fastened eyes" on lame man? Perhaps saw he "had faith to be healed" (as in Acts xiv. 9). At all events, not to give money—why not? Had none! So—

1. Peter could not give what he had not.
2. What he had, he felt he ought to give.
3. And that he gave gladly.

And what came of it? Not only lame man healed; not only admiration of people (ver. 10, 11); not only opportunity to preach to crowd of people in Temple; but many converts (chap. iv. 4).

HAVE—GIVE. Let these be our words too.

What is the very best thing for us to have, and then to give? Surely the Gospel!—glad tidings of forgiveness and grace through Jesus. All the world *lame*, cripples, cannot walk in God's ways. But He can heal them. What good news to have, and to give! Now, see—

1. *You cannot give what you have not.* Cannot tell others about Jesus if know Him not yourself. Therefore, first get!

2. *What you have, be sure and give.* Don't keep Gospel to yourself. Tell it out! And the heathen far away—what can you do for them? Say, Opportunity to speak to them I have none: but such as I have give I them—sympathy, prayer, money to send them the Gospel.

3. *What you have to give, give gladly.* Don't say, Oh, if I could go to India, I would preach, but at home I can do nothing. Don't say, If I were rich I would give money; but I am poor, so I cannot. "*Such as I have, give I.*"

And remember, it is blessed indeed to receive the Gospel; but "it is more blessed to give than to receive!"

SOME NEW MISSIONARY PUBLICATIONS.



I would ask all the readers of the GLEANER to take the yellow bill they will find dropped into this number, read it through, and keep it carefully. It is a list of the Society's publications. We must not mention them all here, but we wish to draw attention to two or three.

First, remember that our monthly periodicals are bound up at the end of the year, and the GLEANER Volume and the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR Volume are very handsome and attractive presents or prizes. The latter, in its new shape, is particularly pretty; entirely green inside, and red (or green) and gold (or black) outside.

Then, every one of our readers should have the Society's sheet ALMANACK to put up in their rooms. Its pictures this year are large and interesting, and represent different kinds of worship—idolatry in India, sacrifice of blood in Africa, Buddhist ceremonial in Japan, Mohammedan prayer in Afghanistan, and the Christians of Metlakahla assembling for church on Sunday morning.

We have also a new CHURCH MISSIONARY KALENDAR OF POCKET-BOOK, containing not only the usual pocket-book information, but the most complete information about the C.M.S. yet issued in a convenient form, viz., a short account of the Society, and of every one of its Missions; a list of all the Missionaries, and of the Native clergy; the statistical returns; the income and expenditure, &c., &c. It should be the inseparable companion of every friend of the Society.

Then there are two new series of Tracts and Leaflets, very suitable for distribution at meetings, &c. One gives a brief account of the Society; another, a collection of independent testimonies concerning missionary work; another, answers to common objections; another, a collection of missionary Scripture texts, classified under heads, and so on.

There are larger books and pamphlets, too, on Africa ("The Lost Continent"), on the Chekiang Mission in China, on Japan and the Japan Mission, on Metlakahla, &c. And the CHURCH MISSIONARY ATLAS gathers all up together in a complete form, with its thirty-one missionary maps.

We want all our friends to know more about the Church Missionary Society, and to see that others know more about it. It is those who know most who pray most, and who give most, and therefore we ask them to look at this yellow bill.

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

"The day is Thine, the night also is Thine."—Ps. lxxiv. 16.



ALL of the YEAR is Thine;
Yet lent to me,
To use each quickly passing hour
Entirely for Thee:—
And all my happiest moments
Are the moments spent with Thee.

All of each DAY is Thine;
The light and shade
Are by Thy Everlasting Love
And perfect Wisdom made;
And while Thy hand is guiding me
I will not be afraid.

All of each HOUR is Thine;
Oh! passing sweet
Are those that find me sitting down
And listening at Thy feet
To words of loving-kindness
For my varied need made meet.

Each MOMENT spent with Thee—
Thy Love my stay—
Thy Faithfulness and Truth my Guide
Through all Life's varied way,
Until the last short step I take
Into Thy glorious day.

All of the NIGHT is Thine,
And through the gloom
Thou pointest to the fair Day-break
That cometh soon;
And "Time shall be no longer"
In Thy Everlasting Home.

"Be thou in the fear of the Lord *all the Day long.*"—Prov. xxiii. 17.

"On Thee do I wait *all the Day.*"—Ps. xxv. 5.

"I remember Thee . . . in the *Night Watches.*"—Ps. lxxiii. 6.

A. T.

[We are requested by the contributor of these lines to say that they can be had in leaflet form of J. Taylor, 31, Castle Street, Edinburgh.]

From Eight Shillings and Sevenpence to One Hundred and Six Pounds.

SUCH is the advance in the funds raised for the Church Missionary Society in one parish within seven years. From 8s. 7d. to £106 8s. 10d.

This parish is St. Luke's, Bedminster, Bristol. The Vicar is the Rev. D. A. Doudney, D.D., who is well known to many Christian people as the editor for forty years of an excellent periodical called *Old Jonathan*.

In 1872, the Rev. J. H. Gray, C.M.S. Association Secretary for Gloucestershire and North Wilts, attended a meeting at Bedminster, and was surprised to find that the whole amount collected for the Society in St. Luke's parish was 8s. 7d. We suppose his address must have stirred up the people to a livelier sympathy with the work of God in heathen lands, for from that day their contributions began to increase. Slowly, however, at first. In 1876 they had risen to £19 18s. 6d. In 1877 this was almost doubled, the amount being £38 8s. 7d. In 1878 that sum more than doubled itself, the total being £91 13s. 3d. And in 1879 it was £106 8s. 10d.

"And yet," writes Mr. Gray, "it is a poor parish." This is confirmed by the last printed Report, for 1879, from which we find that the collections in church were £11; that eleven annual subscriptions brought in £9; that special gifts in connection with an annual tea-meeting produced £25; that weekly and monthly contributions paid through collectors amounted to £29; that the Sunday-schools raised £14; that missionary-boxes and missionary-bags produced £18. The money is made up by the *aggregate of littles*.

"If thousands of our clergy," says Mr. Gray, "were awake, as dear 'Old Jonathan' is, to the importance of the work and the blessing our labour for it confers on our home population, and if our poor throughout the land were as earnest in pleading with and working for the Lord of the Harvest, as St. Luke's poor are, what a blessing should we not have at home, and what an income to use for our Master in foreign fields!"



CANOE ON MOOSE RIVER, OFF MOOSE FACTORY.



LOG HUT IN A MOOSENEE FOREST.



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 NOW that Bishop
 GLEANER will
 little map shows wh
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HORDEN.



ESQUIMAUX ICE-HOUSES, AND TRAIN OF DOGS.



OF MOOSONEE.

In England, the readers of the
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 called Hudson's Bay, and of
 the limits of the map) to the



AN ESQUIMAUX KAYAK (CANOE).

borders of Canada. "Rupert's Land" is the old name of the whole of the vast "North-West Territories" of British America; and the diocese which formerly comprised them all was so named. But when the division into four dioceses took place in 1872, the Bishop of Rupert's Land only retained a small part of those territories, Moosonee, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan being all much larger. Our map includes, in its south-west corner, a piece of the present Diocese of Rupert's Land, namely, Lake Winnipeg and its environs.

The "capital" of Moosonee, where Bishop Horden resides, is Moose Fort or Factory, at the southernmost end of the Bay. It is a great centre of the Hudson's Bay Company's fur trade. The other places on the coast are also posts of the Company; at most of these there are Indian congregations which are visited from time to time by the Bishop and his helpers. At Moose itself is the Rev. J. H. Keen; at Matawakumme, an inland station below the edge of the map, the Rev. John Sanders; at Little Whale River, on the east side of the Bay, the Rev. E. J. Peck; at Albany, on the west side, the Rev. T. Vincent; at York, further north (where Mr. Kirkby was for some years), the Rev. G. S. Winter. Four languages have to be used, besides English—Cree, Ojibbeway, Chipewyan, and Eskimo: in the three former of which there are large portions of the Bible and Prayer Book, Hymn Books, Catechisms, &c. The whole population is about 6,000, the large majority of whom are now Christian. Most of the Eskimos, however, who are found on both sides of the Bay, at Churchill and Little Whale River, are still heathen.

Travelling is very difficult in the Diocese of Moosonee. Walking on snow-shoes, and driving in a carriage sledge drawn by dogs, are the only alternatives for the greater part of the year. For three or four months in summer, canoes are available along the coast and up the rivers. Once a year the "annual ships" from England arrive at Moose and at York; but there are two or three "overland mails" at other times, *viâ* Canada. The time occupied in journeys may be judged from an instance or two. When Mr. Horden, in 1872, received the letter inviting him to come to England to be consecrated Bishop, he had just returned to Moose from what he called "a five months' walk in his parish." When Mr. Peck first went to Little Whale River in 1876, it took him seven weeks to get thither from Moose in a sailing-boat—which was nearly swamped three times (see GLEANER, June, 1877). From York to Churchill is ten days' hard tramp over the snow.

We gave a sketch of Bishop Horden's life in the GLEANER of June, 1874, and need only now say that he was born in Exeter in 1828; that he went out as a lay missionary of the C.M.S. in 1851; that he was ordained by Bishop Anderson (the first Bishop of Rupert's Land), at Moose, in the following year; that for twenty years he preached the Gospel among the Cree and Ojibbeway Indians, travelling on foot sometimes 2,000 miles in a year; that in 1872 he was consecrated at Westminster Abbey, the first Bishop of the territories in which he had been the first missionary; and that during the last eight years he has continued to labour most assiduously for the good of the people committed to his charge.

The Society has received an interesting journal of the Bishop's, describing a visit to Churchill last year, which we hope to publish in the GLEANER. Meanwhile, the following contribution is kindly sent to us by himself:—

An Interesting Day at York Factory.

BY BISHOP HORDEN.

York Factory will long be remembered in connection with the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, who for many years laboured here in the service of the Church Missionary Society. He returned to England in the autumn of 1879, and was succeeded by the Rev. G. S. Winter. Some days after the departure of Mr. Kirkby, I arrived at York, and took up my residence with Mr. Winter.

The yearly ship, by which I was hoping also to return to England,

generally reaches York towards the end of August, and as Mr. Winter had as yet received only deacons' orders, I determined to ordain him priest before any excitement about the ship should arise; for it must be remembered that from the time the ship is expected, until she has arrived discharged her cargo, and again taken her departure, she is the absorbing thought and subject of conversation for the whole community of York Factory; and the words, "Have you heard the guns?" "Has the ship been seen?" are constantly heard, until she is descried in the distance followed by, "Is the wind fair?" "Can she come into the river to-day?" and that again by, "How is the unloading going on?" "When does she sail?" "Did you see her go out?" until her white sails are lost in the distance, and her hull has sunk below the horizon.

August 8th had been an interesting day, for I had confirmed ninety-seven Indians, who all appeared deeply impressed with the solemnity of the service in which they then engaged. But the following Sunday was much more so, for we had the first ordination which has ever taken place at York Factory.


The day broke beautifully, and before seven o'clock the church contained a very good Indian congregation, to whom I preached from Luke xxii. 19, 20, on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. At eleven o'clock our English service commenced; the fore-part of the church was occupied by the English-speaking portion of the community, the remainder of it was filled by Indian worshippers, who were anxious to witness the dedication of their minister to his holy service. I preached from St. John ix. 4, "must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." During the Ordination service all seemed much solemnised, and I doubt not that in those few minutes set apart for private prayer many earnest intercessions were offered up for the young missionary. Then the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. At three o'clock the afternoon Indian service was held; the responses and singing were most heartily rendered, while the attention to and evident interest in the discourse, which was from St. John xiii. 35, and was a caution to communicants not to presume to partake of the cup of the Lord unworthily, could scarcely have been surpassed anywhere. Fifty communicants then knelt at the Lord's Table, and thus terminated the services of perhaps the most interesting day York Factory has ever witnessed. The day was closed with the holding Sunday-school, which was conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Winter, assisted by a few willing teachers.

It should not be forgotten to be mentioned that the musical part of the service was under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue, the latter of whom presided at the harmonium.—[Mr. Fortescue is the chief officer of the Hudson's Bay Company at York.]

The work in these remote North-West American dioceses is on a very small scale, if we count heads. There are hundreds of towns in China and India which contain more souls than all that are found in those vast territories put together. But let us remember what Henry Venn once said of the Red Indians—"They are now only the *remains* of nations; but they are *living* remains; and if it has been justly esteemed an enterprise worth much sacrifice of treasure and life to search through those very regions for the unburied bones of Franklin and his brave companions, surely the Church of Christ cannot refuse to send forth its messengers to search out and to bring to life everlasting remnants of tribes, dead in trespasses and sins, yet inviting us by a living voice to go over and help them."

A LETTER FROM KASHMIR.

To the Editor of the GLEANER.

 your issue for April, 1880, I see some account of an orphanage which Mrs. Downes commenced, and is still managing. I may remind your readers that we have just passed through a very trying time. In 1878, famine visited the country, and can only just be said to have passed away. The people, already reduced to most abject poverty by bad government, were utterly helpless, and died by hundreds and thousands around us. The country is in a most wretched state, and wants more than ever the helping hand of Christian charity. Friends in India and at home have given liberally, and for two years about a thousand people have been employed by us on famine works, which have been superintended by my brother missionary, the Rev. T. R. Wade.

In the year 1876 (the year before I took charge of the Mission Hospital), Mr. Wade, our clerical missionary, was in charge of the hospital, and issued a report. He wrote: "The Kashmir Medical Mission has now been doing its work of mercy since 1865, and only one season since that time has it been entirely suspended. During the remaining ten years we may fairly estimate that more than 100,000 visits have been paid to its dispensary by at least 80,000 patients." If we add the number of patients whom we have attended since I took charge of the hospital in 1877, we should find that some 140,000 visits have been paid by about 80,000 patients from the year 1865 to 1880. There are a great many operations performed in our hospital, and I have no doubt it is appreciated as a charitable institution. I only wish I could see signs of Christianity taking root; the people are sadly degraded, ignorant, and superstitious, but they believe us to be their friends, and a time may not be very far off when they will be as anxious to be spiritually cured as at present they are to receive physical relief.

At present we have seventy in-patients; the wards are rather crowded, I must confess, but we do very fairly. You will see how the hospital has developed: in Dr. Elmslie's time there was no permanent hospital; he usually saw his patients in a tent, and only received one or two in-patients after very serious operations. Dr. Maxwell's application for a permanent hospital was granted in 1874. One has been actually built at the Maharajah's expense. We do not often have so many as seventy in-patients; but our average during this year must have been over fifty.

I see in looking over old reports that the missionaries met with various kinds of opposition at first; this has long ago become a thing of the past. Dr. Maxwell in 1874 writes thus: "No opposition was raised by the authorities to my medical work; indeed a considerable number of Sepoys came as patients." I am glad to say that this pleasant state of affairs continues: I have received nothing but the greatest kindness from H. H. the Maharajah and his officials; he has built me a house to live in, and has enlarged and improved the hospital in every way that we have suggested.

I hear that it has been lately suggested that the Kashmir Mission should be given up; I sincerely trust that it may not. It is true that we have made few if any converts, and there are no signs to lead us to hope that any great success is likely to attend our work at present; but it is a great point to have gained the friendship of the people, and especially an oppressed people; and that we have done. Political changes may take place, and then perhaps in a freer atmosphere our influence may manifest itself. In any case, surely it is a grand part of Christianity to help the helpless and relieve distress; and I cannot help thinking that natives in India have often seriously thought about the action of our Mission towards poor oppressed Kashmir. We should never forget the words, "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick." Their very degradation makes it more necessary for us to endeavour to help the poor Kashmiris.

If only good Native assistants could be found for our Mission and our hospital I should have much more hope of success. I hope that in course of time the Punjab Missions may be able to assist us in this most important particular.

EDMUND DOWNES, M.D.,
Medical Missionary, C.M.S.

[Interesting accounts of the Kashmir Medical Mission have appeared in former numbers of the GLEANER. A notice of Dr. Maxwell's work, with a picture of his dispensary tent, appeared in Nov., 1874; a biographical sketch and portrait of Dr. Elmslie, in May, 1875; a full report from Dr. Maxwell, with a picture of the new hospital, in March, 1876; and (as mentioned above) an article on the famine relief work, with an engraving of the orphans learning to sew, in April, 1880.]

OCCASIONAL TALKS.

I.

About a Mission Steamer for East Africa.

["Editor," starting on his daily walk to his office, falls in with his friend "Inquirer." The following dialogue ensues.]



INQUIRER.—Do you remember the last day we met?

Editor.—I do indeed. It was the 13th of August—a sad, sad day, never to be forgotten.

Inq.—Ah yes, I recollect. Had you not just heard of Mr. Wright's death?

Ed.—Yes. Henry Wright rose up that morning full of life and vigour; and long before noon his body lay a hundred feet under water. But one would rather think of the bright and noble spirit—at rest. It seems as if the word had gone forth as the sun rose that day, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Inq.—Is there not going to be a memorial? I have heard nothing of the kind mentioned.

Ed.—Well, his own congregation at Hampstead did make a special collection in memory of him—nearly £600—which they gave to the Society to send out an additional missionary. But I hope there will be another now, to which all can contribute.

Inq.—Rather late in the day, I'm afraid.

Ed.—Yes, late for some who might perhaps have joined under the impulse of the sudden excitement; but not too late for those who loved the man—and who love the work he loved.

Inq.—Well, what is it to be?

Ed.—A steamer for East Africa.

Inq.—A steamer! That's a novel kind of memorial.

Ed.—You know we have the *Henry Venn* on the West Coast. Is it not a happy thought to put a *Henry Wright* on the East Coast? It is known that Mr. Wright himself was anxious to have a good sea-boat there. It was he and his family that gave the Mission the *Highland Lassie*, but—

Inq.—To be sure. I thought I remembered something about a steamer going out before. Was not that the one Shergold Smith went in? I have a sort of a recollection of some pictures in the GLEANER about her voyage.

Ed.—Come, you ought to have more than "a sort of a recollection" about that.

Inq.—Well, you know, business men—

Ed.—Business men make time fast enough to read what they're really interested in. But never mind; if they all did as well as you, we would not complain.

Inq.—I do remember now. There was one picture of the little craft coming out of Teignmouth Harbour, and a Devonshire man could not forget that. Besides, Shergold Smith was a Devonshire man too. But what has become of the *Highland Lassie*? Is she done for?

Ed.—She has done good work in her way; but she was never big enough for the place. When the monsoon blows, she has not steam power enough to make head against it. Practically she is no use now.

Inq.—And so you would put a *Henry Wright* in her place, as a memorial to him. That's a not a bad idea. But if she's as large as you want, will she not be expensive to work? And do you really want such a vessel?

Ed.—Of course she would cost something yearly to keep going. But the Committee believe she would save the Society as much in other ways. If a good boat, with a good man in command, had been there all along, much expense might have been avoided.

Inq.—That I can well believe. I suppose she would go up some of the rivers, and take the men inland, would she not? Did not Smith go up one in the *Highland Lassie*—the Wami, was it not, or some such name?

Ed.—Your memory is reviving! But it was not the *Highland Lassie* that went up the Wami. She could never have done it. It was the little *Daisy*, the steam-launch, and it was as much as even she could manage. No, the river route to the interior came to nothing. The *Henry Venn* steams up the Niger for hundreds of miles; but the *Henry Wright* will have to live on the sea.

Inq.—Then would she merely go backwards and forwards between Zanzibar and Frere Town? Why, she would be merely a ferry-boat!

Ed.—Do you know that Frere Town is a hundred and fifty miles from Zanzibar, and that the voyage, when against the monsoon, takes sometimes four days? Besides, you forget that Zanzibar is an island—or, rather, a town on an island of the same name—and therefore the steamer would be very useful to the Mpwapwa and Nyanza missionaries in the interior, conveying them and their mails to and from the coast.

Inq.—Stop a moment. That's rather beyond me. To the coast—where from?

Ed.—From Zanzibar, which, you know, is the great centre of trade in East Africa, and where the mail steamers stop. You go by mail packet from Aden to Zanzibar, and then you get, the best way you can, either to

Frere Town—that is, Mombasa—which you have already passed, or else to Saadani or Bagamoyo, which are on the mainland just opposite Zanzibar, and which are the starting-points for the interior.

Inq.—How far is it across from Zanzibar to these starting-points?

Ed.—Thirty miles, I think.

Inq.—How do they go over now?

Ed.—By Arab dhows. Unwieldy and uncomfortable things they seem, too. Mr. Mackay has given amusing accounts of them, though in the reality they must be anything but amusing. A voyage in a dhow all the way from Zanzibar to Mombasa is a serious matter. On one occasion two of the missionaries, and the wife of one of them, had to endure hardness indeed on such a voyage. Listen to this: "They were boxed up with forty native passengers and a confused heap of miscellaneous cargo in a small and very dirty dhow, a sort of floating Black Hole. They slept, or rather coiled themselves up, in the poop cabin, a damp little den about four feet high, full of unsavoury odours, and reached with difficult scrambling on hands and knees. In this dhow they spent four miserable days and nights." (GLEANER, Dec., 1875.)

Inq.—Why that sounds like fifty years ago.

Ed.—It was only five years ago. And it is only a few months since

the Handfords lost their baby in one of these dhows. The poor little bairn was born at Zanzibar in May last, and when it was five weeks old they started in a dhow to return to Frere Town. There was no shelter in it at all. The sun blazed down upon them by day, and the rain drenched them at night. Fever struck the child, and in a few hours God took it. When all hope was gone, and Mr. Handford saw it could not reach Frere Town alive, he baptized it himself, giving it the name Leslie Samuel. I think there are few more touching incidents in our missionary history than that baptism in that miserable dhow. The little body was carried ashore and buried, and the weeping parents found themselves childless mourners for the second time.

Inq.—Well, certainly, if the steamer would prevent sufferings like these, it really would be a good memorial to Mr. Wright.

Ed.—By God's mercy, it would. And when I remember his peculiar interest in those East African Missions, and the large sums he gave for their support, it seems to me that if he could choose his own memorial it would be something like this.

Inq.—How much money do you want?

Ed.—Five thousand pounds, and I don't think there ought to be any difficulty in raising that. We only hope that all who valued Mr.



ARAB DHOWS ON THE EAST AFRICAN COAST.

(In which the Missionaries with wives and children have to cross the open sea for want of a Mission Steamer.)

Wright's work will help, young as well as old, poor as well as rich. If they do we shall soon have the steamer.

Inq.—I fancy I used to hear of missionary ships when I was a boy, but I forgot their names.

Ed.—Oh, yes; there is the Moravian *Harmony*, and the *John Williams* in the Pacific; and Bishop Patteson's *Southern Cross*; and the *Allen Gardiner*, belonging to the South American Society; and the *Ellangowan*, the London Missionary vessel for New Guinea; and now our own *Henry Venn* on the Niger, as I said before.

Inq.—Yes, I have heard of some of these. And while we are on boats, what about the little *Daisy*, which you said went up the Wami?

Ed.—Why, she was carried in pieces across country to the Victoria Nyanza, and there put together and launched on the Lake. Don't you remember that Smith and Wilson crossed in her to Uganda?

Inq.—Oh, yes, I do. What has become of her now?

Ed.—Wrecked a year and a half ago. She had been wrecked twice before, but had been patched up again, but this time she went to pieces.

Inq.—And what do they do on the Lake now?

Ed.—They are entirely dependent on canoes, and these they cannot always get. Last August Mackay was at Kagei—that is the southern

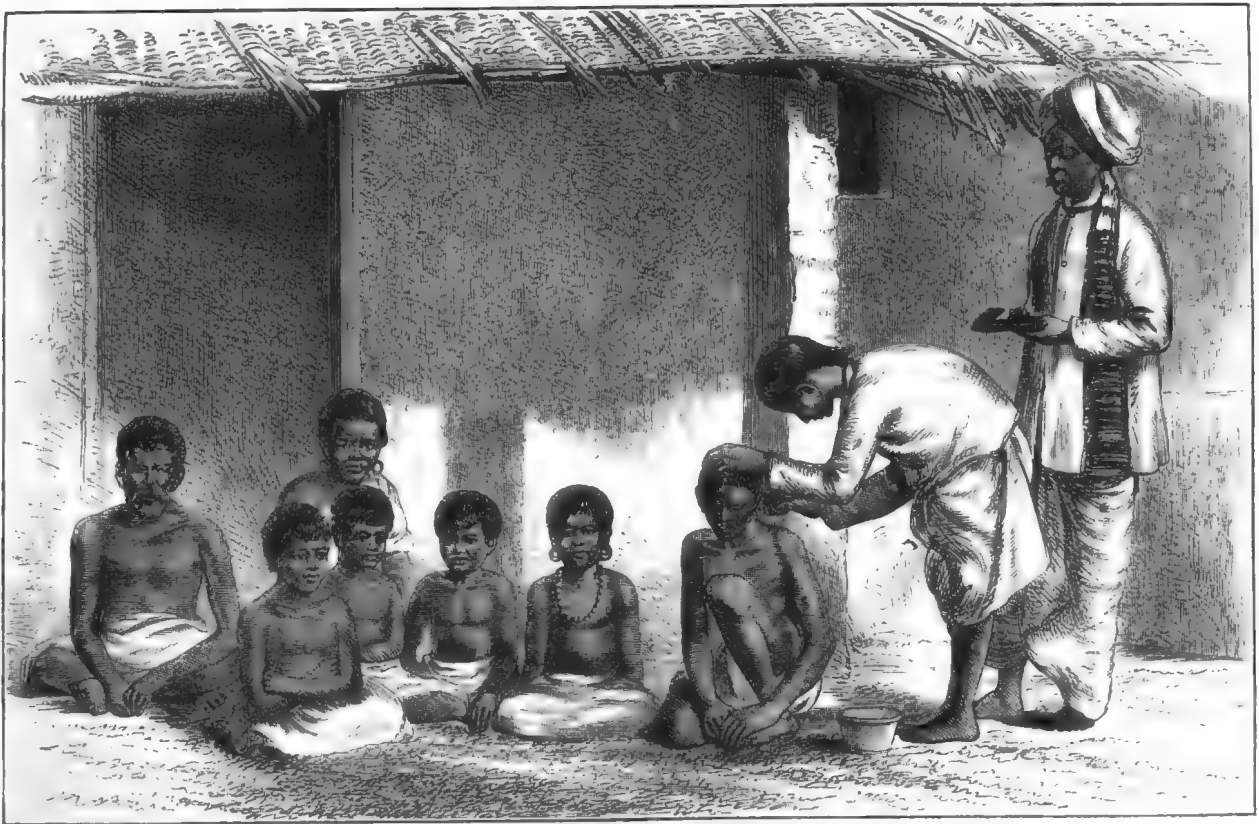
end of the Lake, you know—waiting and longing to cross to Uganda where Pearson had been left alone for some months; but when he would secure canoes he did not know. There is a big dhow on the Lake now built by an Arab slave-trader, but Mackay wants to keep clear of him. He says it will never do for the missionaries to be seen on board a slave-boat. King Mtesa wanted them to build a boat for him, and it would help their influence if they did so; but then, what would he do with it? Suppose he used it to make war on his neighbours.

Inq.—Like our ironclads and Woolwich Infants.

Ed.—Well, I confess we English Christians can hardly presume to cast the first stone at an ignorant heathen like Mtesa. Our navy has never always been retained for defensive warfare. Still, Mackay did not like the prospect at all, though he did at first agree to the king's request.

Inq.—But what are they to do? How are they to get about?

Ed.—Exactly. How? One thing is open to them, and that they must look to God for guidance at every step. He has guided them in the past, has He not? and wonderfully protected them. Perhaps one day we may have a little steam-launch on the Nyanza. Meanwhile, we want the larger sea-going boat for the coast; so please do what you can to help us in raising money for the *Henry Wright*.



AT SACHIAPURAM, NORTH TINNEVELLY: HOSPITAL, PATIENTS, DRESSER, AND ATTENDANT.

TINNEVELLY PICTURES.

FEW of our readers will have forgotten the interesting Recollections contributed to the GLEANER in 1879 by the Rev. R. E. Meadows, under the title of "Our Home in the Wilderness." They will be glad to hear that we have some more of these Recollections in hand, which will appear shortly. Meanwhile we give engravings from two photographs sent us by Mr. Meadows. Of the upper one he writes:—"The building is our little hospital at Sachiapuram. The man on the right with his pocket case of instruments is the dresser, Selvanayagam Pakkianadhan, the brother of the Rev. David Pakkianadhan. The youth stooping down is applying the sponge, or otherwise preparing the place for some operation. The children and others are waiting to be doctored. In my day we used to have some thirty patients daily. We assembled them together, read the Scripture, explained it, and had prayer, and then attended to their complaints. Our efforts in this way gave us

entrance into places where we should otherwise have been excluded entirely."

Of the lower picture Mr. Meadows says:—"The woman on the right, grinding at the mill, is making *keppei* flour. The one next to her is preparing the curry powder. The woman standing up is pounding rice, i.e., separating the husk (bran) from the grain, and the other on the left is winnowing it for her. It ought to be known that the majority of the population in North Tinnevely and in many parts of India do not live on rice. They hardly taste it from one end of the year to the other. The grains they use are dry grains, that is, not grown in water, like rice, but depending upon the rain from heaven, or irrigation from wells. The grains in common use are kamba, &c., which the dictionary calls in all cases a kind of millet. These contain less of starch and more of nitrogenous principle, and are therefore more nourishing. Those who feed on these have more muscle. Rice is more respectable, as being used by the classes who have not to work, and is used at marriage feasts by all."



AT SACHIAPURAM, NORTH TINNEVELLY: CHRISTIAN WOMEN PREPARING FOOD.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

The Texts for every day in this year's Almanack are chosen on the same general plan as last year. A word is chosen for each month, and all the texts in that month contain that word. But while six of the months, January, March, May, July, September, November, have different words, viz., "First," "Now," "Ever," "Many," "One," "Before," the alternate six months have the same word throughout, "All."
The Rev. A. E. Moule will contribute each month a stanza suggested by the word in the texts for the month.

JANUARY—"FIRST."

First from the dead to rise!
First on the waiting eyes
Of Jew and Greek to pour the day!
To thee, th' Eternal King,
Our first, our last we bring;
Our all before Thy feet we lay.

First Cr. . . 7d. 8h. 9m. a.m. Last Cr. . . 23d. 6h. 47m. a.m.
Full Moon 1st. 11h. 34m. a.m. JANUARY, New Moon. 30d. 9h. 45m. p.m.

- 1 S Circum. The first day of the first month began he to go up from [Babylon. Ezra 7, 9.
- 2 S 2nd aft. Chr. The first day of the week...came Jesus. Jo. 20, 19.
- 3 M Learn first to show pity at home. 1 Ti. 5, 4.
- 4 T W. Smith killed at Eating, 1875. The dead in Christ shall rise
- 5 W Repent, and do the first works. Rev. 2, 5. [first. 1 Th. 4, 16.
- 6 T Epiphany. To the Jew first, and also to the Gentile. Ro. 2, 10.
- 7 F Which of us shall go up first to the battle? Judg. 20, 18.
- 8 S First the blade, then the ear, then the fall corn. Mk. 4, 28.
- 9 S 1st aft. Epiph. The first day of the week, when the disciples came
- 10 M Jesus Christ... the first begotten of the dead. Rev. 1, 5. [15, 20.
- 11 T Risen from the dead... the first-fruits of them that slept. 1 Co.
- 12 W Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's. 1 Co. 15, 23.
- 13 T H. Venn died, 1878. Blessed is he that hath part in the first re-
- 14 F He first findeth his own brother. Jo. 1, 41. [urrection. Rev. 20, 6.
- 15 S 1st Arrian baptisms, 1852. First-fruits unto Christ. Ro. 16, 5.
- 16 S 2nd aft. Epiph. Upon the first day of the week...lay by...as God
- 17 M The first shall be last, and the last first. Mat. 19, 30.
- 18 T First of all... Christ died for our sins. 1 Co. 15, 8.
- 19 W First cast out the beam out of thine own eye. Mat. 7, 5.
- 20 T Tinnevely Centenary, 1880. First a willing mind. 2 Co. 8, 12.
- 21 F Called Christians first in Antioch. Ac. 11, 26. [night. Jo. 19, 39.
- 22 S 1st C.M.S. Miss. in Japan, 1869. At the first, came to Jesus by
- 23 S 3rd aft. Epiph. 'Henry Venn' launched, 1878. Ships of Tarshish
- 24 M The husbandman... first partaker of the fruits. 2 Ti. 2, 6.
- 25 T Conv. St. Paul. That in me first Jesus Christ might show all long-
- 26 W First pure, then peaceable. Jas. 3, 17. [suffering. 1 Ti. 1, 16.
- 27 T Bp. Speechly arr. Cottaayam, 1880. He first loved us. 1 Jo. 4, 19.
- 28 F Seek ye first the kingdom of God. Matt. 6, 33.
- 29 S Nyanza reached, 1877. The Gospel must first be published
- 30 S 4th aft. Epiph. J. Devanagayam d., 1864. I am the First and the
- 31 M Islington College op., 1825. First gave their own selves to the

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- T. H. T.—The names and dates of the Bishops of Sierra Leone are as follows :—
Dr. Vidal, 1852-54; Dr. Weeks, 1854-57; Dr. Bowen, 1857-59; Dr. Beckles, 1860-69; Dr. Cheetham, 1870, still Bishop.
- A. F.—The best books on Travancore, the Mission, and the Syrian Church, are Collins's *Missionary Enterprise in the East* (H. S. King & Co.), and Whitehouse's *Lingerings of Light in a Dark Land* (W. Brown & Co.). A good deal of information in a condensed form will be found in the *Gleaner* of Oct., 1879; in the *C.M. Intelligencer* of Sept., 1879; and in the *Church Missionary Atlas*.
- A YOUNG READER.—You will not find Uyui marked on any ordinary maps. It is in Unyamuezi, a little north-east of Unyanzembe or Kazeh, a place marked in all recent maps, and familiar to all readers of Stanley or Cameron's Travels, or our own publications. Uyui is now a C.M.S. station, occupied by the Rev. G. Litchfield and Mr. A. J. Coplestone.
- J. S.—*Amritsar* is now accepted as the correct spelling, not *Umritsar*; but both the first and last syllables are pronounced very short. You should not say "Am" as you say "I am," but as you say "amend" or "amidst." So "sar" is not like "far" or "jar," but like the last syllable of "particular" or "regular."
- M. M.—Any back numbers or volumes of the *Gleaner* or *Juvenile Instructor* can be obtained at the Church Missionary House.

[* * We shall be happy to answer other questions, month by month, as far as we are able; but if received after the 10th of the month, they cannot be answered in the next number.]

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

It is proposed to build a mission steamer for East Africa, as a memorial to the late Rev. Henry Wright. £5,000 is required, towards which contributions are invited. The need of this steamer, and its peculiar appropriateness as a memorial to Mr. Wright, are explained on page 10.

On Nov. 30th, St. Andrew's Day, Bishop Moule held his first ordination at St. Mary's, Islington. The Rev. F. Glanville, who is to sail shortly to join the Tamil Cooly Mission in Ceylon, and the Rev. I. J. Taylor, who is going to Japan as agent of the Bible Society, received priests' orders. Both are C.M.S. Islington men who were ordained deacons by the Bishop of London on June 11th. The sermon was preached by the Bishop's brother, the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the Lambeth degree of D.D. on the Rev. W. Mason, Vicar of Long Horsley, Northumberland, for his services as a missionary in North-West America, and particularly for his translation of the Bible into the Cree language. Mr. Mason went out in 1840, under the Wesleyan Missionary Society, but subsequently joined the C.M.S., and was ordained by the Bishop of Rupert's Land in 1854.

The Rev. T. K. Weatherhead, S.C.L., who was for many years a C.M.S. Missionary at Bombay, has been appointed for the present Director of the Missionaries' Children's Home, in succession to the Rev. J. Rooker.

The Rev. T. C. Wilson (brother of Mr. Wilson, of the Nyanza Mission) who was ordained in 1879, but kept back for want of funds, and who was designated last summer to East Africa, has now been appointed to the Yoruba Mission instead, and will be the additional missionary sent out in virtue of the special offerings from the late Rev. H. Wright's congregation at Hampstead, the congregation of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, and some friends of the late Rev. W. H. Barlow, referred to in our last.

The Rev. C. H. Merk, one of the Islington students ordained in June, but kept back for lack of funds, has been appointed to the Punjab Mission. He is a son of the late Rev. J. N. Merk, for many years C.M.S. Missionary at Kangra.

We regret to hear that Mrs. Crowther, wife of the Bishop, who had been long ill, died at Lagos on Oct. 19th. Adjai, afterwards Samuel Crowther, and Asano, afterwards Susanna Crowther, were children of the same tribe, kidnapped, re-ued, and landed at Sierra Leone about the same time, and scholars at the same C.M.S. school. They were married in 1829, fifty-one years ago. Much sympathy will be felt for the Bishop by his many friends in England.

The Waganda Envoys, with the Rev. P. O'Flaherty and Mr. C. Stokes left Mpwapwa for Uyui, en route for Uganda, on Oct. 21st. Some delay had occurred owing to the illness of Mr. O'Flaherty and the difficulty of obtaining porters.

Our Nyanza missionary, the Rev. G. Litchfield, now at Uyui, paid a visit in September to the capital of Mirambo, the powerful African chief-tain, where the London Missionary Society has a station, and heard of a new and safe road to the Victoria Nyanza through his dominions.

Bishop Crowther has visited Onitsha, the turbulent town on the Niger, which was destroyed by a British gunboat in October last year, as mentioned in the February GLEANER. He was well received by the chiefs and people, and made preliminary arrangements for the resumption of the Mission.

On August 11th, the Maharajah of Travancore, who has lately succeeded to the throne, visited Cottaayam, the central C.M.S. station in his kingdom, and inspected the College, the Cambridge Nicholson Institution, the school of the venerable Mrs. Baker, sen., the Mission Press, &c., and received addresses from the English and Native clergy and the lay representatives of the Native Church. In his reply to one of these, his highness said, "Your labours have, year by year, been increasing the number of a loyal, law-abiding, and civilised population—the very foundation of good government." He is a Fellow of Madras University, and before his accession was well known in India for his attainments and enlightened views—though not a Christian. This is the first royal visit to Cottaayam since 1836, when the late Rev. B. Bailey presented his Malayalam Dictionary to the then reigning Maharajah.

From the 24th Annual Report of the Syndicate of the Madras University it appears that out of 1,094 successful candidates in the Matriculation Examination, 80 were Native Christians; and out of 85 in the B.A. Examination, 11 were Native Christians. This is far in excess of their natural proportion relatively to their place in the population of South India. Of the intermediate F.A. Examination we have not particulars. The Brahmins supply the largest number of candidates and the Moham-medans the smallest. One Mohammedan who gained his B.A. degree is the third since the foundation of the University. Of the 86 who took the B.A., no less than 22 came from the Madras Christian College, two of whom were in the first class.

GLEANER EXAMINATION.—We hope to give an account of this competition, and its result, in our February number.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY THE REV. CANON RICHARDSON, M.A.

II. THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.



HE missionary spirit is not the spirit of adventure, under which a man prompted by curiosity longs to see more of our large world. It is not the spirit of ambition, as when a man seeks to carry civilisation and higher knowledge among other nations, and thereby gain influence and importance for himself. No such purpose will bear the loneliness, and the weariness, and the disappointments which attach to missionary work and teaching. However brave it may seem at home, it is a coward spirit in the dark places of the earth, and in the danger periods when the presence of our spiritual enemy becomes little short of a sensible thing.

The missionary spirit is love, a consecration of heart which follows a man and upholds a man in any and every field to which the providence of God may call him. And this love is a personal affection for the living Saviour. No man is fit to be a missionary who cannot say, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." A man may say, "Lord, I believe;" and if his speech represent his thought, the man is "alive unto God, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." But for active work, work in the fore-front of the host of God, work in the presence and within the entrenchments of the great enemy, there must be the warm, strong, felt consciousness of absorbing, unaltering love.

The missionary spirit is love for the truth as it is in Jesus—a burning zeal rising out of a deep conviction that the Gospel of the grace of God is the truth and the very power of God. The true missionary binds the message of salvation to his heart, bears it openly as the standard he carries forward against every foe. He explains his position and his urgency on one plain principle, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." No man is fit to be a missionary who has not so made the truth of the Word of God his own, as to be able to say, "We have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God, which things also we speak."

The missionary spirit is love for the souls of men. No man is fit to be a missionary who has not an intense interest in the spiritual history of his fellow-creatures. His love must be such that many waters of drenching contempt, opposition, and densest ignorance cannot quench it. The missionary heart has felt the value of a man for whom Christ died, the capabilities of a man on whom the Holy Spirit acts, the sublime history of a man who is to sparkle as a jewel in the Redeemer's crown.

Breathing in every effort, eloquent in every look, a fire within and a glow without, the missionary spirit is Love.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

BY THE LATE MRS. ROBERT CUST.



HAD been toiling hard all day; mind and body were weary, for my affairs required anxious thought, and necessitated no little bodily exertion; and now that the shades of night had silenced all the busy haunts of men, I longed for rest, and was soon calmly reposing in deep sleep.

It was thus, as I lay in the stillness of the night, that a wondrous vision came before me. So clearly did I see it all, and so vividly was the dream pictured to my brain, that I felt as if all sleep had fled, and that I was a living actor in the wondrous scenes. I heard a voice, clear as a silver bell, saying to me,

"Arise, and come." And at the same time there was a gentle hand laid lightly on my arm, and I felt myself floating in the air, carried up and up, through the clear blue atmosphere, towards those regions that lie beyond the region of man's sight. I glanced below me. The earth I had so lately quitted was but as a speck to my view, and I turned from the sight, feeling it was a thing already numbered with the past, and looked again upwards. What a flood of light came pouring down! Some glorious vision was near at hand, the radiance of which was already reaching me.

The hand of the invisible spirit, who still accompanied me, again touched me, and instantly I was robed in a garment of glittering whiteness, which I can only compare to the appearance of the sparkling new-fallen snow, when the rays of a bright December sun shine brightly on it. At this moment the flight was over, and I stood before a glorious city. I passed through gates of glistening pearl, and trod on a pavement of purest gold. No light of sun, or moon, or stars appeared, yet all was filled with one glorious flood of radiance. Then I remembered those words, "The glory of the Lord is there, and the Lamb is the Light thereof." Heaven was open to my view, and I knew that I was entering into rest.

Sounds of the sweetest music floated on the air, bright angels were passing to and fro. Saints in white robes, with crowns on their heads, were there, gathered from every nation on earth; and some of those I had known and loved in life were numbered with those blessed ones. They sang of the glory of the Lamb, and shouted "Praise and victory!"

But surpassing every other glory, for all was but the reflection of that one great Light, I saw the face of my Saviour, my beloved Redeemer, and as I gazed on Him in awe and reverencing love, He deigned to smile graciously on me, and I bowed my head in gratitude too deep for utterance, that at last, through the merit of His blood, I was permitted to enter into His Kingdom, and count all the trials of earth as passed and gone for ever.

But whilst I was still dwelling in thought on the exceeding great reward, He spoke, and in awe I listened.

"Where," He asked, in a grave, though loving tone, "is the bright diadem that should be on your forehead? I know that you believe on Me, and by your faith in Me, eternal life is given you; but look at yonder glorious company of apostles, saints, and martyrs, and see the host of stars that glitter in their crowns. For every soul they led to Me, I placed a jewel in their diadem, and you might have claimed the same reward, had you lived less to yourself, had you but sought to tell of My love to your fellow-men, and helped to lead some wandering feet into My way of peace. The light which I gave to you should have guided others whose faith was less strong, whose feet were more weary. Freely you had received, freely should you have given."

My eyes fell beneath that gently reproving glance, my spirit was overwhelmed with shame at the tenderly reproachful tone, and whilst I feared to lift my eyes, or speak, the vision passed away. I was lying in my own chamber, and the faint glimmer of early dawn was throwing its dusky arrows on the floor.

I rose, and fell on my knees, weeping tears of sorrow mingled with joy. I had sinned, yet time was given for repentance. Still could I tell to my fellow-men of the exceeding love of Christ. Still there was time to seek after a wandering soul, and show it what had been related to me. Still time to renounce the indulgent ease of living only to myself. Still time to treasure and make good those words written in the book of Daniel, "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD ACCORDING TO RELIGIONS.



MISSIONARY maps of the world, coloured according to religions, are very interesting, but very deceptive. We have an immense expanse of Protestantism in Australia and British America, where the area is large and the population thin, while the dense masses of heathenism in India and China look insignificant because their geographical area is comparatively small. These maps can only show extent of area, not density of population. A much truer idea of the reality is conveyed by the accompanying diagram, which contains exactly 1,424 squares, and represents the population of the world, each square standing for one million of souls. The figures are those prepared for the *Church Missionary Atlas* three years ago by the late Mr. Keith Johnston, the eminent geographer, who died last year in Africa.

This diagram is also published by the Society in bright colours, as a pattern for working it in wool or silk. It is called "A Plea for Missions," and is printed on a large square envelope, which contains six cards, each with the figures, &c., printed, but with the space for the diagram itself cut out in the centre, which is to be filled up by the wool work. The price of the envelope and cards is oneshilling; and if the six cards, after being worked, are sold at 6d. each at missionary sales, there will be a profit of two shillings for the Society.

OCCASIONAL TALKS.

II.

About Slavery in East Africa.

[*Editor* meets two friends this time, "Inquirer A," with whom the previous conversation took place, and "Inquirer B."]]

INQUIRER B.—Last night I was at a village missionary meeting, and the deputation had some diagrams about Africa, one of which represented some miserable negro slaves being driven down to the sea-shore, while the ship that was to carry them away lay in the offing. Is not such a picture rather out of date? Surely Wilberforce and Buxton put a stop to all that.

Editor.—Did the deputation speak about West Africa or East Africa?

Inq. B.—Well, I think he spoke of both; but I'm not very clear about it. He mentioned Sierra Leone and Zanzibar, certainly.

Inq. A.—And which side of the Dark Continent are they, friend B.? Are you clear about that? But anyhow, he could only have meant to refer to past times. There is no slave-trade on either coast now, is there, Mr. Editor? I have got from Mudie's a book just published, *The Personal Life of David Livingstone*, and the author says that what the great traveller called "the open sore of the world" has been put an end to since his death, even in East Africa.

Ed.—I am glad you are reading that delightful book. Dr. Blaikie gives us a picture of the man as he really was. We all admired Livingstone before: now we shall love him. But about the slave-trade. It is quite true that the Sultan of Zanzibar did agree to a treaty with England about it a few years ago, and did afterwards prohibit the export of slaves. And it is quite true that this has gone a long way to stop it. But the land

traffic is not stopped; and even by sea attempts are made, even now, get cargoes off. Only the other day, the boats of the British squadron on the coast caught a dhow and released ninety-five slaves.

Inq. B.—Caught a dhow? what is that?

Inq. A.—Ah, if you had been with us the other day, you would have heard what a dhow is. Look in the January GLEANER, and you'll know all about it, and a picture too. It's a great Arab boat, an unwieldy kind of a thing. But really, it's a grand thing that so soon after Livingstone's death slavery should be nearly dead too.

Ed.—No, no: not slavery, but the slave-trade. That's quite another matter.

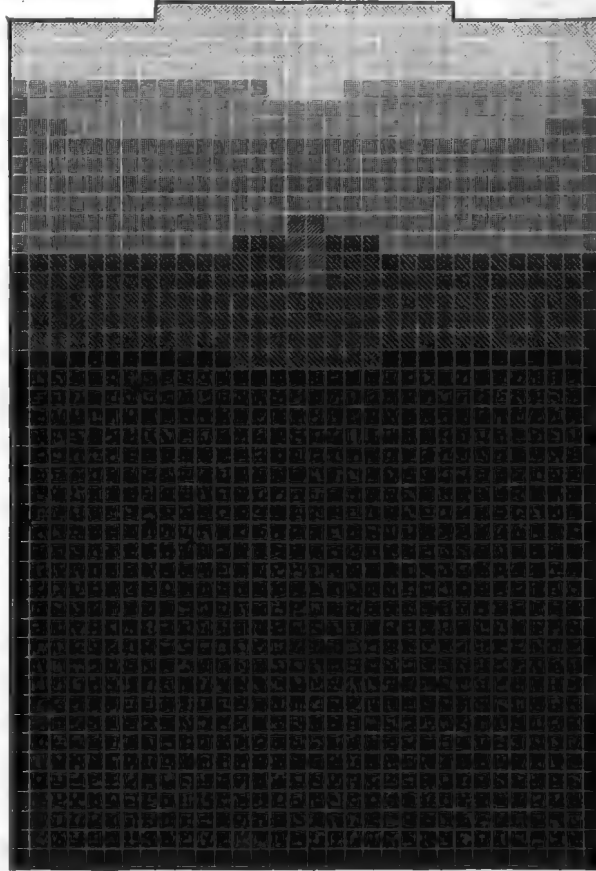
Inq. B.—What's the difference?

Ed.—You spoke just now of Wilberforce and Buxton. They are often

A Plea for Missions.

THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

Each Square represents One Million of Souls.



HEATHEN	MOHAMMEDANS	JEWS	ROMAN CATHOLICS	GREEKS	PROTESTANTS
856	170	8	190	84	116
MILLIONS.	MILLIONS.	MILLIONS.	MILLIONS.	MILLIONS.	MILLIONS.

TOTAL POPULATION OF THE WORLD, 1,424 MILLIONS.

mentioned together, but their work was quite different. Wilberforce attacked the slave-trade. Thirty years later, Buxton attacked slavery, that is to say in the British dominions. He had slaves in the West Indies all the time, after the traffic on the African coast became illegal. And so now the Sultan of Zanzibar has abolished the slave-trade, but the holding of slaves in his own dominions is quite lawful, and it is the prevailing custom.

Inq. A.—Well, who are the slaves we hear of at Frere Town?

Ed.—They are slaves rescued on the high seas by the British ships, and handed over to the Church Missionary Society by the Consul at Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk.

Inq. B.—Are they Christians?

Ed.—Of course they were heathen when they came, utterly ignorant and degraded; but they have been patiently taught and cared for, first by Mr. Mrs. Price, then by Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, and now by Mr. and Mrs. Stretcher, and the child by Mr. Handford; and God has touched some of their hearts. Several have been baptized, and are now leading quiet Christian lives. Even the others are living in an industrious and comfortable way, with their own little houses and their own little shambas.

Inq. B.—Shambas—what are the fields or plantations, on produce of which they live.

Inq. B.—You said that domestic slavery still prevailed in the country. Do any of the real slaves see the happy folk at Frere Town? I would think they would be jealous.

Inq. A.—I don't see that. I do say they're happy enough too in their way; and very likely they would rather be without the religious teaching.

Inq. B.—But suppose their masters treat them badly?

Ed.—Exactly so. Many are crucified; and then they cast long eyes at Frere Town, and at the C.M.S. station, Kisulutini (or Bal) where they can see in the evening the freed slaves sitting with wives and children outside their huts with

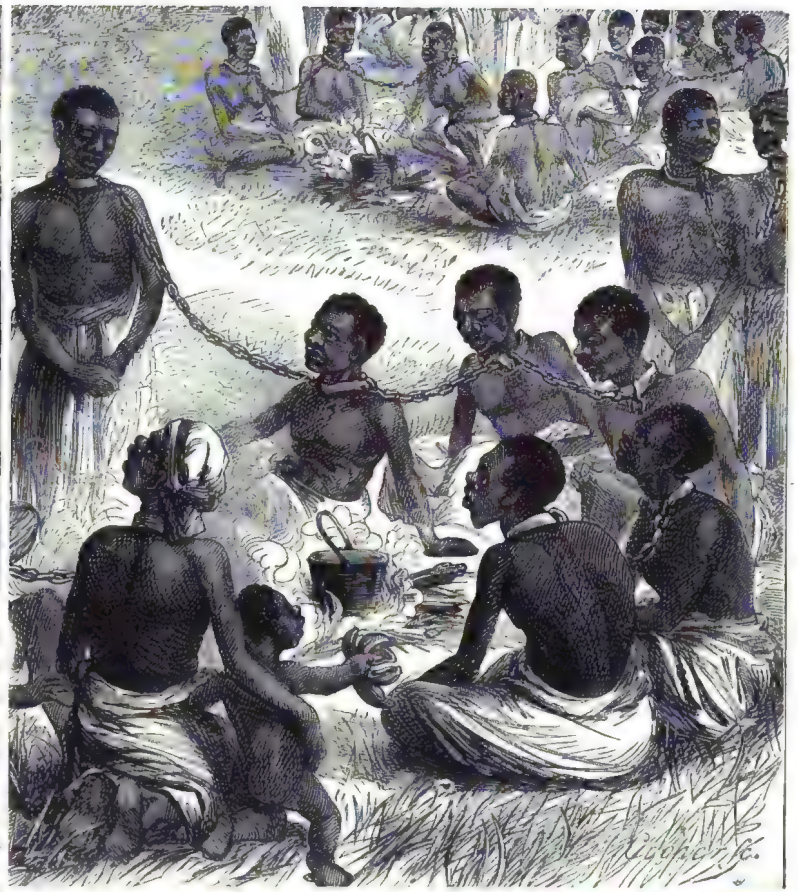
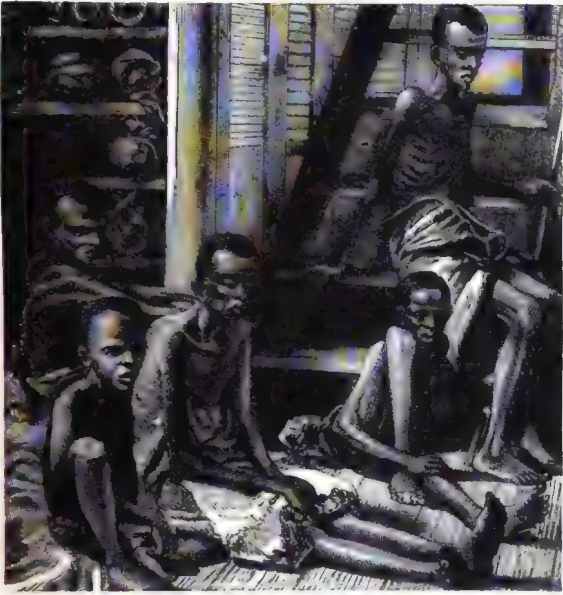
thing to trouble them. We cannot wonder if some of the poor creatures run away and seek refuge at the Mission.

Inq. A.—How do they get in? Of course you can't keep them.

Ed.—Remember that Frere Town is not a town with walls and gates but an open village, and the high-road runs through it.

Inq. B.—But why should they not run away? And why should you not keep them? Surely they are free the moment they are British soil.

Ed.—Ah, but it is not British soil, any more than your house in Perth would be, if you bought one there. And as the law of Zanzibar allows all slavery, we can't help ourselves. But the missionaries have now then protected some poor creatures who fled from downright cruelty and bore the marks of it on their bodies. They could not bring themselves to turn these away, though strictly they ought to have done so



SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE IN EAST AFRICA.

- 1. SLAVES RESCUED FROM AN ARAB DHOW.
- 2. SLAVE BOY WITH THE STICK HE HAS TO CARRY (photographed from life by Mr. Price at Frere Town).
- 3. SLAVE CARAVAN ENCAMPED.
- 4. DOMESTIC SLAVES AT MOMBASA WEAVING MATS.
- 5. FREED SLAVE CHILDREN AT THE SCHOOL AT FRERE TOWN.
- 6. MORNING MUSTER OF FREED SLAVES AT FRERE TOWN.

Ing. A.—I should say the masters could hardly love Frere Town under the circumstances. They must be as envious as their slaves, in another way.

Ed.—They do not love Frere Town. They avow that they would like to see it swept away altogether. And lately they actually tried.

Ing. B.—Did they? Dr. Kirk and the British squadron would prevent that, of course.

Ing. A.—Why? What has our Government to do with a Missionary Society? They had much better not interfere. The Mission should fight its own battles, and trust in the God of battles. I don't believe in the arm of flesh.

Ing. B.—And I should like to see a few shells sent in among the hostile slave-owners, to show them what England thinks of them.

Ed.—That would hardly do! No: the Church Missionary Society has a mightier Arm to lean upon than the arm of flesh. We should be sorry indeed to enforce either freedom or Christianity at the point of the bayonet. But on the other hand, friend A. must remember that the Society undertook the Mission on purpose to take charge of the liberated slaves whom the Queen's officers rescued, and that they were all handed over to our care by them; and therefore Frere Town is not an ordinary Mission, and may fairly claim the assistance and protection of the Consul. His influence would be quite sufficient, without firing a shot.

Ing. B.—Well, what happened when the slave-owners threatened the Mission?

Ed.—For some days and nights the danger seemed imminent, and anxious watch was kept. Then came Sunday—the second Sunday in September—and Mr. Menzies said, "To-day we will try and rest on the Lord, and think nothing of our troubles." Church and Sunday-school went on as usual, and at dinner-time suddenly there was a cry, "A man-of-war!" And there, coming up into the harbour, was a British gun-boat, the very sight of which was quite enough for the slave-owners.

Ing. A.—Ah, then it was the arm of flesh after all.

Ed.—Not so, for the ship was not sent for the purpose. She came in "accidentally"—if we may call it so—not to frighten the enemies of the Mission, but to bring an invalid officer for change of air. Surely it was another Arm that brought her there just at that moment.

Ing. B.—Then did the Consul do nothing?

Ed.—Three or four weeks afterwards he came himself. There was no danger then; but he settled the fugitive slave question. The Mission is to receive no more; and about a hundred, who had settled down round about our station up the country, Rabai, have had to be sent away.

Ing. B.—And what has become of them?

Ed.—By the last accounts they were scattered in the forests, and being hunted down by armed bands of men.

Ing. B.—Are we going to stand that?

Ed.—What can we do? Dr. Kirk could not help himself. Why, before this, when a poor woman who fled to Frere Town was claimed and had to be surrendered, she was dead within a fortnight. How we don't know; but we do know that another was knocked down and a bed thrown over her, and then was trampled on by five or six men; that one was hung up by his heels, and another had his toes burnt off by a slow fire.

Ing. B.—What! in the year 1880, in a country where we have a Consul? The sooner Great Britain takes this matter up the better. Livingstone's "open sore" is not healed yet, after all.

Ed.—We hope something may be done presently. Meanwhile, be instant in prayer for these poor victims of human wickedness, and for the Mission that seeks to befriended them as far as it can. It was praying men who won the victory in West Africa. It is praying men who have been the real movers in the struggle in East Africa. And, please God, praying men will yet win the victory there also.

THE GOSPEL IN THE ISLAND OF YEZO.

II.

REFERRING to the account given in our last number of Yezo and its people, and of the Mission there, we now continue Mr. Dentng's journal. It will be remembered that he is at Satsuporo, the Japanese agricultural colony in the interior of the island. In the section of the journal now given we do not come across the Ainos. The work described is among Japanese.

Saturday, May 29th.—Visited by Nakamura, who with his family are very much interested in Christianity; he is a great friend of Ogawa's. He wishes his mother, wife, and son baptized. Ito has been instructing them, but I think it best to defer the baptism, at any rate till the autumn, in order to give them an opportunity of receiving further instruction, and to judge, as far as we are able, whether they are sincere believers in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ or not. Ito thinks this by far the

best plan we could adopt. On that occasion his brothers, who have asked for baptism, it is probable will be admitted into the visible Church.

The English Consul, Mr. Eusden, visited us in the morning, and among us much with an account of a conference he had held with the Satsuporo Government officers in reference to his holding an English service in a house that they had previously granted him the use of. They asked whether it was to be held in English or Japanese, and when he replied in English, they asked whether any Japanese would be present, and when the Consul told them that no doubt the Christian students of the College who understood English would attend, they said that would be a difficulty, and immediately consulted together as to whether the difficulty could be got over, and in a few minutes informed the Consul that of course there was no objection to the students coming to the house at the time of the service if they did not arrive in a body, simply dropped in by twos and threes as if paying him a visit; in fact no signs of what was going on were visible to outsiders there would be no harm in it, but that no crowd of any kind was to be allowed to assemble to witness what was taking place.

Sunday, May 30th.—A very busy day. One of the students arrived soon after breakfast to talk over difficulties. We discussed together certain theories in connection with the doctrine of original sin.

At 11 A.M. we had an English service in a large drawing-room in a house which Miss Dennis (as she was then, now Mrs. Farnham) usually occupies. In this house Ito, the first Christian convert of Satsuporo, heard from her lips of the Saviour of the world. Little did she think as she taught the few that gathered together beneath that roof, some five or six years later a congregation consisting of twenty Japanese Christians would meet for the worship of God under the same roof. Eusden played the harmonium; we had the usual chants, and the hymns were most heartily sung. The foreign teachers at the Agricultural College were most of them present, and afterwards expressed their gratification at being able to attend a Christian service in such an out-of-the-way place as Satsuporo. My text was 2 Tim. iii. 16, "The Inspiration of Holy Scripture." As the students are beset on all sides by conventionalists I think it well to fortify them as much as possible in evidences of the truth and supernatural origin of our Christian faith.

At 2.30 P.M. went to Ito's house. His father and mother and brothers and sisters all came up to Satsuporo from Tokio last year, and expect to spend the rest of their lives in Yezo. I taught the class which has been in the habit of meeting there Sunday by Sunday. It consisted of young men and three or four young girls, Ito's mother and grandmother and the mother of Nakamura—in fact it was more like a small congregation than a class. I dwelt especially on the fundamental truths of Christianity, endeavouring to make it clear to them that our salvation consisted of two parts, the one being the removal of the penalty which our sins have incurred, the other our sanctification; illustrating in the usual way, by means of what takes place when an attempt is made to punish a criminal, the penalty of the law is paid and measures are taken to re-educate the heart of the unfortunate man who has committed the crime. Ito has hitherto been taking them through Luke's Gospel. I suggested to him that for beginners it was perhaps better to take a subject and passages out of the Bible bearing on it, and illustrate it in various ways, thus they would gradually obtain a thorough hold on certain doctrines of our creed, which plan he intends to adopt in future. I thought that the minds of the Japanese need a great deal of previous instruction and training before they become ready for a regular exposition of the Word.

At 4.30 P.M. we had a Japanese service in our house. The situation it prevents our using it for preaching to the heathen, but we find it very convenient for other Christian work. The students were all present and some of their friends, making in all a congregation of about thirty-five. I preached on Faith, Hope, and Charity, their nature and their power. (1 Cor. xiii. 13.)

At 8 P.M. we had preaching at the hotel at which I stayed in Tokio. This is in the main street, and hence is much preferable to the house which we have hitherto used. We got about seventy people. Few knew of the service. The houses in Satsuporo are so scattered that it is difficult to let all the people know that we are going to have a service, as we are not allowed to put out a notice here, though we do so in Hakodate. Ito's mother has asked for baptism, and Ito thinks her to be a real believer. Ogasamara, a girl of fifteen, he also thinks to be a sincere convert. She has been under instruction a long time.

Tuesday, June 1st.—Started for Otaru at 9.15, reached it at 11 before 2. In the evening Ito's father arrived long before the time of preaching had come, and we had a long chat together. He said that he had recognised God's hand in many of the events of his life during the past year or two. Whilst coming up in the ship from Tokio the weather grew very rough, and he became alarmed. Hitherto, under similar circumstances, he had prayed to the Buddhist divinities for help, but he addressed his petition to the Creator of the world, and He answered the prayer and brought him safely to shore. Then, after leaving Tokio he had a great desire to settle in Hakodate, instead of coming to

Satsuporo as Ito wished; "but now," said he, "I see that if I had followed my own inclination, and settled in Hakodate, my house, and perhaps all my belongings, would have been burnt in the fire of last year. This also was of God's ordering."

About 200 assembled in the evening. Before the preaching we had a slight disturbance. Whilst most of the congregation were either chatting or looking over the various books I had brought for sale, a young man, three parts tipsy, came forward and said he had a very difficult question on morality to put to me, which was this: "Suppose my mother's eyes grow bad, and after a while gradually get worse, so that she stands in danger of becoming totally blind; a person of my acquaintance has eye medicine that is a certain cure for my mother's eyes, but he will neither sell it nor give it. May I steal it?" The next question was: "Suppose my mother has the cholera, and she is the only one with it, and there is danger of its spreading and becoming the means of the destruction of hundreds of valuable lives, would it be right for me to put my mother on a raft and send her adrift, for the sake of saving the lives of my fellow-men?" These questions, of course, were not difficult to answer from a Christian standpoint; the one course of conduct could be denounced as theft and the other as manslaughter. The man was satisfied with the answers I gave him, but continued interrupting my preaching for some time, till at last, after purchasing a book, he swaggered off in a most consequential manner.

Subject this evening, "The Great Salvation." About the middle of the sermon another tipsy man arrived, and insisted on coming upon the mats with his boots on, which is considered most improper. The hotel-keeper remonstrated with him, but he replied, "What difference does it make? I have come to hear the preaching; if I listen well, it is all the same whether my boots are on or off." Then he pointed to a pair of thin indoor slippers I had on, and said, "Look at that; the foreigner has shoes on!" The landlord explained that these were never worn out of doors, and there was nothing on the soles to hurt the mats, &c., &c.; but the man still persisted, and I was afraid it would end in a scuffle, so I went out and remonstrated with him, and begged him if he could not comply with the custom of his fellow-countrymen to leave altogether, which he did. These disturbances break the thread of a discourse, and often rudely interrupt that tranquillity of mind which it is so desirable to possess when preaching the Gospel. Happily such experience is rare in this part of Japan; we seldom meet with any interruption whatever. I sold most of the books I had brought. The hotel-keeper and one or two more in the town seem very favourably impressed towards Christianity. After the service I heard the landlord arguing with another man against Buddhism, and in favour of the Christian faith. He afterwards came into my room and chatted till very late at night.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING BAPTISMS AT CALCUTTA.



ON Sunday afternoon, October 31st, four converts were baptized by immersion in the Church Mission Compound, Amherst Street, Calcutta, by the Rev. C. Baumann, Ph.D. Three were educated Mussulmans, one having been a teacher of languages in this city, another a learned Moulvie in the same place, the third a medical practitioner, who had studied at the Medical College Hospital. The fourth was an intelligent and well-instructed young Brahmin, who had already gone through much trial from the opposition of friends.

A service having been previously held in Trinity Church, the candidates and congregation adjourned to the west side of the tank, on the sides of which numerous visitors had already taken their seats. The earlier part of the baptismal service was read by Dr. Baumann; the Rev. Raj Kristo Bose preached, after which the remaining part of the service was taken by Dr. Baumann, who stood upon the steps leading down into the tank, with the catechumens and their god-parents standing beside him, closely pressed by the eager throng behind. The answers were made distinctly and reverently, and then one by one the newly-professing disciples walked with calm resolution down into the water, bade good-bye, as it were, to their old life and its associations, and after disappearing for a moment from view, rose to that new course of life to which they were henceforth pledged.

The young Brahmin received the name of John; Khoḍda Baksh, the teacher, who for thirty years has been an inquirer after truth, that of Stephanus. The Moulvie has been a reader of the Scriptures for six years, latterly from an English Bible, his vernacular copies being destroyed. He and his companion have sacrificed positions of respect and competence at the masjid (mosque), to take up the Master's cross. His new names are Failbus (Philip) Sumner.

While the four retired to change their dress, two Bengali hymns were sung by the Native Christians, and the names of the newly enlisted soldiers of the cross were recorded, with those of their witnesses, in the Trinity Church Baptismal Register, and Bibles were given them by their sponsors. A lady of the Zenana Mission also gave to each an illuminated Bengali text, in remembrance of the day.—(From the Calcutta Localised Edition of the Gleaner.)

"THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON."

Judges vii. 20.

TWELVE thousand on Gilboa stand;*
Yea, twice twelve thousand say!
They flocked at silver trumpet's call,
All men of Israel they.
But faithful Gideon cried aloud,
"If craven heart there be,
Return, faint-hearted, to your tents,
Not yours the victory!"

Ten thousand on Gilboa stand!
No craven hearts are these;
But will they speed at duty's call,
Or love they slothful ease?
In weariness, in watchings oft,
The soldier's lot must stand:
Can these ten thousand hardness bear,
And march at God's command?

See! Harod's sparkling waters
Flow flashing thro' the plain!
The Lord will try his warriors
Again and yet again.
Down to the margin of the stream
The thirsting soldiers press,
Their parched lips approach the stream,
The leaping torrent kiss.

Some yield to weariness and thirst,
And, kneeling on the sod,
Forget awhile the trumpet's call,
Their country and their God!
Some only bend in manly grace
With hand dipped in the ford,
And martial stand, the sword in hand,
To hearken Gideon's word.

"By these, by these," cried Gideon,
"The Lord shall Israel save;
By proven men and chosen,
Three hundred warriors brave;
Lest Israel's host should vaunt itself,
And dream that power and might,
Or prudence of the wise and skilled,
Had conquered in the fight."

Three hundred on Gilboa stand,
Obedient men—but lo!
More than a hundred thousand
In Midian's tents below!
What weapons for the warfare?
A Trumpet and a Light!
The shout of a king among them
Ringing thro' Midian's night!

O Lord, arise! Thy warriors choose,
As erst at Harod's well;
And prove them at the waters
Thy faithful Israel!
Swift as the eagle may they bear
Love's embassy abroad!
Send out Thy sons of valour
To war, the wars of God!

They will not pause, those eager souls,
Where pleasure's waves glide by,
Nor, heedless of the Master's call,
In careless languor lie.
They hear the call of nations,
The Master's high command,
And pure resolve and zeal inspire
The Missionary Band!

O flash the Torch of Truth athwart
The gloom of heathen night!
And cheer ye with a song of faith,
And trumpet sound of might!
The battle is not yours, but God's;
Ring out the battle cry!
The sword of God and Gideon's sword
Shall bring the victory!

CLARA THWAITES.

* The Authorised Version has "Gilead," but there can be no doubt that Gilboa is the correct reading.



NINGPO FROM THE WEST GATE. *From a Photograph by Major Watson.*
(The church belongs to one of the American Missions.)



DISTANT VIEW OF HANG-CHOW. *From a Sketch by the Rev. A. E. Moule.*
(The Ts'ien-t'ang, or Che-kiang River, which gives its name to the Province, is just seen in the far distance, on the left.)

BISHOP



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D MID-CHINA.

sailed for China, the readers of have a glimpse of him and of must not say "of his diocese," is no such thing as a diocese outside the British dominions ; which Missionary Bishops can l the territory assigned to Dr. China, has been happily named ld not have done, as that would nces, in which the new Bishop's sell's jurisdiction extended over f latitude, but that vast area is ns the S.P.G. Mission at Chefoo taking up the work at Peking,

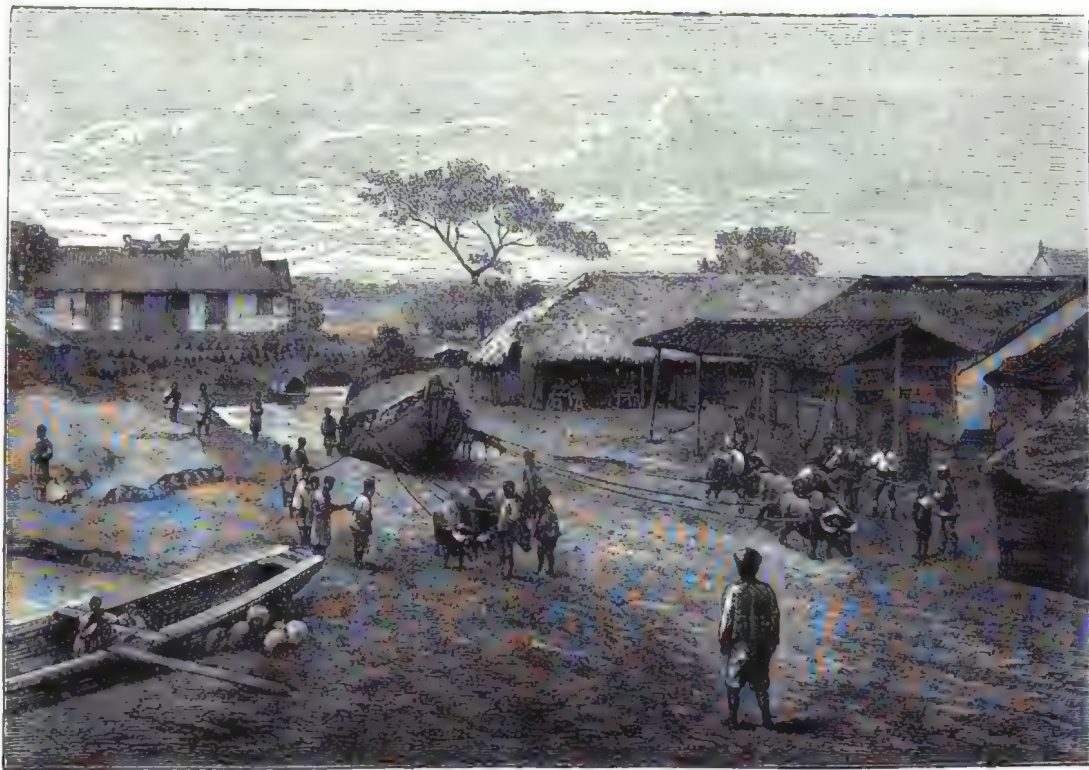


E, D.D.,
Mid-China.

awn ; and for this division the P. Scott, has been appointed e C.M.S. Missions at Shanghai how (1865), and Shaou-hing e province of Che-kiang. he late and the present Bishops one of the original missionaries Dr. Moule was only ten years vans Moule, and his younger it out in 1861), both of whose the C.M.S. China Mission, are Fordington, Dorset, one of the s friends. Both laboured for equently moved to Hang-chow. e latter city in 1865 ; A. E.



TONG-WU, THE EASTERN LAKE, CHE-KIANG PROVINCE. *From a Sketch by the Rev. A. E. Moule.*
(The village on the left is Dao-kong-san, where the first converts of this district reside.)



A PA, OR PORTAGE, ON THE TSAOU-NGO RIVER, CHE-KIANG PROVINCE.
(The Chinese canals have no locks ; and when a boat has to pass from one level to another, it is hauled over the pa, or portage, by buffaloes, or by a capstan.)

Moule took up the work there when his brother left for England in 1876.

Che-kiang is the smallest of the eighteen provinces of China, being about as large as England with the six northern counties cut off; but it is one of the most populous, containing some twenty-six millions of souls, or as many as England, Wales, and Scotland put together (by the last census).

The C.M.S. missionaries in Che-kiang are—at Ningpo, the Rev. F. F. Gough, who went out in 1849; Rev. J. Bates, 1866; Rev. J. C. Hoare, 1875; Rev. R. Shann, 1879; the two latter being engaged in a college for Chinese students. At Shaou-hing, the Rev. J. D. Valentine, 1863, and Rev. J. B. Ost, 1879. At Hang-chow, the Rev. A. Elwin, 1870, and Rev. J. H. Sedgwick, 1874. In addition to these, the Rev. A. E. Moule and Miss M. Laurence are at home. There are four Native clergymen, the Revs. Sing Eng-teh, O Kwong-yiao, Wong Yiu-kwong, and Dzing Ts-sing. At Shanghai, in the province of Kiang-Su, which is also under Bishop Moule's jurisdiction, we have the Rev. T. McClatchie, who was one of the first two missionaries of the Church of England to China in 1844; and Mr. G. Lanning, 1875.

THE GLEANER COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.



It is now our pleasant duty to report the result of the GLEANER Examination on December 14th. The number of candidates at one time promised to be very satisfactory for a first experiment, as about one hundred Question Papers were applied for; but from various causes half of them

failed to sit, and the number of papers actually sent in proved to be only forty-eight. Several of our clerical correspondents, however, write in full expectation of a large number of competitors next December, if another Examination is held. We hope next month to be able to announce definitely that it will be; and meanwhile we should be glad to know if the time is a convenient one. One correspondent urges that it is not; but it seems to us the best that we should be able to fix.

The following were the Questions:—

1. Mention illustrations in this year's GLEANER of any four of the following texts:—

- "Without God in the world."
- "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving."
- "It is more blessed to give than to receive."
- "Give ye them to eat."
- "From the power of Satan unto God."
- "One soweth and another reapeth."
- "Thou shalt find it after many days."
- "Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

2. In what heathen country has the Gospel been preached for just one hundred years? State what you know of the progress of the Mission there.

3. Two visits to Her Majesty Queen Victoria are mentioned in this year's GLEANER. Who were the visitors? What countries did they come from? Why did the Queen receive them?

4. We have heard much about Japan this year. Draw a rough map of the country, and mark on it the Church Missionary Society's five stations. Write what you know of (a) its two heathen religions, (b) its chief ruler, (c) the Roman Catholic and Protestant Missions.

5. What do you know of any two of the following? The late Bishop Gobat, the late Rev. G. M. Gordon, Bishop Moule, Archdeacon Crowther, and the Rev. Sia Seu Ong.

6. Where are A-chia, Batala, Masulipatam, Onitsha, Kioto, Chintadrepettah, and Little Whale River?

7. Give an account of any one person converted to Christ of whom you have read in this year's GLEANER.

8. Mention any good ways of collecting money for the missionary cause which you have met with, and any good examples of self-denying and cheerful giving.

9. Mention any missionary lesson you would learn from the life of St. Peter. 10. After all the reading you have had for this Examination, what things do you think the friends of the Church Missionary Society should especially pray for at the present time? And for what should they give thanks?

Out of the forty-eight candidates, twenty-two have been "classed." Some of those who are not classed have done creditably considering their age and education; and if another Examination is held this year, we must consider whether it is possible to have two grades or standards, giving candidates the option of entering for either. This time working lads were pitted against the daughters of well-known clerical friends of the

Society, and of course stood no chance. The places of the first class have been determined, and the prizes awarded, by the final Examiners, the Rev. Henry Sutton and Henry Morris, Esq.

List of Successful Candidates.

FIRST CLASS. (In order of merit.)

1. Mary Jane Bartley, 292, Coventry Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
2. Rachel J. Buxton, Colne House, Cromer.
3. Emily Beatrice Green, Friezland Vicarage, Greenfield, Manchester.
4. Lucy E. Sharpley, Park House, Louth, Lincolnshire.
5. Adeline Longueville Cook, Stevington Vicarage, Bedford.
6. Alice M. Harding, Ulverstone House, Uckfield.
7. Frances McArthur, Burlingham Rectory, Norfolk.
8. Ellen R. Stokes, 7, Queen's Parade, Bath.
9. Henrietta McArthur, Burlingham Rectory, Norfolk.
- 10, 11. { Emma R. Hooper, Tiverton.
S. E. Jukes, Tiverton.

SECOND CLASS. (In alphabetical order.)

- Elizabeth Batt, 9, Newark Street, Bath.
- Harriet Overton Botterill, 10, Cheyne Street, Boston.
- Margaret Elizabeth Burn, 1, Camden Crescent, Bath.
- Kathleen Caparn, Cashel, Ireland.
- E. Darnill, 81, James Street, Louth, Lincolnshire.
- Edith A. Disbrowe, Bennington Rectory, Boston.
- Charlotte Harrison, Trinity Terrace, Louth, Lincolnshire.
- M. Higgins, Turvey, Bedfordshire.
- Lizzie Hollyman, 13, Aberdeen Park, Highbury, N.
- E. Kellett, 1, Camden Crescent, Bath.
- Charlotte E. Lloyd, Wrekin Cottage, Bellevue, Shrewsbury.
- "Louisa," Turvey, Bedfordshire.
- Ellen Russell, Cashel, Ireland.
- Eliza Smith, Trinity Terrace, Louth, Lincolnshire.
- Mary E. Storr, 87, Main Ridge, Boston.
- Charles William Witte, Paganhill, Stroud.

The following, though not classed, deserve honourable mention for their painstaking papers:—Ellen Madeley, Shrewsbury; Kate Dover, Newport Pagnell; Albert Edward Cleave, Bath; Robert Stephen Cleave, Bath; George Parsons, Bath; Mark Hall, Stroud; Samuel Ford, Stroud; James Braddock, Bristol; W. T. French, Salisbury; Gerard Dow, Huddersfield; Frances Wilkinson, Harrogate.

The first two on the list obtained just over three-fourths of the maximum marks; the next two, above two-thirds; the rest of the 1st class, above three-fifths. Those in the 2nd class obtained between one-third and three-fifths. If the candidates had answered all the questions they attempted as well as they answered some, their positions would have been very different. For instance, the very best answer to Question 10 was by a candidate in the 2nd class, Charlotte E. Lloyd. Most of those in the 1st class obtained the maximum marks in at least one subject, but, curiously enough, the winner of the first prize did not. She owes her position to the high average excellence of her answers.

All the 1st class, as it happens, receive prizes. Ten were offered, but an additional one has been given in consequence of this class containing eleven names, and the last two being equal.

Some notes on the papers sent in will doubtless interest all our readers.

Q. 1.—The following illustrations were given:—

"Without God in the World":—The devil-worshippers in Ceylon (in twelve papers); the Buddhists (in four); the Dahomians (in two).

"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving":—The thanksgiving service at Bonny (in seven papers); the Tinnevely Centenary (in two); Christmas at Metlakahla; opening of Mr. Peck's church for the Esquimaux; Jadu Bindu Ghose.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive":—(Here the illustrations are much the same as those in the answers to Question 8).

"Give ye them to eat":—Famine relief in Kashmir (in three papers); the Lagos C.M.S. auxiliary; Breadfruit Church raising £3,000; Native S.S. teachers at Lagos; the C.M.S. missionaries in Uganda supplying the needs of the Jesuits. (Only the first is really a correct answer.)

"From the power of Satan unto God":—The Ceylon devil-dancer whose story appeared under this text (in twenty-seven papers); the Maori at the Communion Service; Jadu Bindu Ghose; Appuhamy of Baddegama; the Brahmin convert at the Robert Money School; the Chinese convert Lebbeus.

"One soweth and another reapeth":—Miss Foster's story under that title (in ten papers); Robert Noble and H. W. Fox (in five); Japan; Sierra Leone; Schwartz in Tinnevely; the three widows; and one or two others.

"Thou shalt find it after many days":—Mr. Dowbiggin's "Nine Years After" (in eleven papers); the Japanese policeman; Yahiyah; Venkayya; the devil-priest; Sia Seu Ong; New Zealand; Fuh-ken.

"Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ":—The Barber of Batala (in eight papers); the persecuted converts in China (in nine); ditto at Bonny (in four); the Japanese policeman; Mr. and Mrs. Ost; Rev. G. M. Gordon; the Uganda missionaries; the Madura Brahmin; Mr. Bateman's fakir; the Jesuits in Japan.

Q. 2.—The right answer, Tinnevely, is given by twenty-eight candidates, with more or less further information. Four say Sierra Leone, where the Mission did not begin till 1816. One says Japan!—and another writes, "Telugu, in south of India, where they have held a Centenary. It was founded by Bishop Russell 100 years ago!"

Q. 3.—Thirty-eight candidates mention the visit of the Waganda chiefs to the Queen, and twenty-three rightly give as the other case that of Victoria Davies, Her Majesty's African god-daughter. One gives the visit of Iwakura, the Japanese Envoy, in 1872. This was not intended by the Question, but as the GLEANER of October did mention that visit, the answer is of course allowed. Others mention King George Pepple, the Sultan of Zanzibar, and the Chinese Ambassadors, none of whom certainly are mentioned in the GLEANER of 1880 as visiting the Queen.

Q. 4.—This is the most important of all the Questions. The maps are many of them very fair indeed, and two or three obtain full marks. The rest of the Question is generally well answered, and even where the answers are meagre and incomplete, there are hardly any distinct errors. One candidate confounds Shintoism with the Shin sect of Buddhism; but it is really creditable that only one does so.

Q. 5.—Of the five persons here proposed for biographical sketches, Bishop Gobat is selected by twenty-three candidates, Bishop Moule by twelve, Mr. Gordon by twenty-nine, Archdeacon Crowther by seven, and Sia Seu Ong by fifteen. Some of the sketches are really admirable. Odd mistakes occur in others: for instance, one paper says Mr. Gordon was a son of Colonel Gordon (though this is not surprising, for his father was a Captain Gordon), and another that Bishop Gobat was formerly in Mauritius. Hardly any one has confused Bishop Moule (George E. Moule) with his brother Arthur; but one who does so gives, as all she knows of the Bishop, the remarkable fact that he wrote most of the poetry in the GLEANER last year! We should have thought that not one of our readers could be ignorant who Archdeacon Crowther is; but one competitor thinks he is Bishop of Sierra Leone; another, that he was born in India, "but subsequently preferred Africa to labour on the Niger"; a third that he is "a great helper in the Krishna and Godavery Mission"; and a fourth that he "was one day seized with cramp while bathing at Hudson's Bay, and was drowned at that place"!

Q. 6.—No reader of the GLEANER during 1880 ought to have had any difficulty with these simple geographical tests. Yet A-chia is said to be in Japan, in Palestine, in Asia Minor (was Achaia in our young friends' mind, or Antioch?); Onitsha is placed in Japan, Uganda, and East Africa, and is described by one writer as the chief station in the Telugu Mission; Kioto is said in one paper to be "the sacred capital of the heathen idolaters in Southern India"; Masulipatam is put in Bengal, in Travancore, and on the western side of Africa; and Chintadrepettah in Ceylon, in China, and in Japan.

Q. 7.—The converts whose stories are sketched are:—

The three young widows of Agarpara; the devil-priest of Ceylon; Sia Seu Ong; King Ockiya; the Bonny converts, Isaiah Bara and Jonathan Apiapie; the woman who understood the freeness of the Gospel when told it was "God's backsheesh"; the Barber of Batala (by nineteen candidates); Yahiyah, the Christian convert from Cabul; the Japanese policeman; the man spoken of by Mr. Dowbiggin in "Nine Years After"; Sinhaley Appuhamy of Baddegama; a character in Mr. Sampson's "Talks"; Mr. Ensor's first convert, Titus of Nagasaki.

Q. 8.—The following instances from the GLEANER of the year are cited:—

(1) Examples of collecting:—The "Birkin Feast"; the two cherry-trees for C.M.S.; a penny a week for a year; the lady's Penny Fund for Bishop Ridley's Steamer; the Tamil school children's collections for same; the missionary box labelled "Thanksgivings for safe travelling"; the grocer's shopman who demanded a penny for his box every time his steps were borrowed. (2) Examples of self-denial and cheerful giving:—The servant who, unable to attend the meeting, sent 10s.; the gift of 10,000 bricks from the two Bonny men; the church built at Raghapuram by a Native Christian at cost of £100; Mission school children selling part of their meals; Mr. Bickersteth's gift for the Bheel Mission; the £5 saved through giving up smoking; the tailor who gave up snuff; the unexpected payment of £3, made up to £5, and sent by "a poor widow"; the contributions from missionaries in East Africa; the working men's boxes.

Q. 9.—Fewer candidates (twenty) have answered this Question than any other, but some of the answers are very good. Two or three can only have been written by those who, anticipating such a question, learned one of the "lessons" in the GLEANER by heart and just wrote it down.

One competitor thinks the chief lesson from St. Peter's life is that "he first found his own brother Andrew."

Q. 10.—We have been much encouraged by the answers to this Question. It, like Questions 1 and 8, was put on purpose to draw the minds of the candidates to the spiritual and practical aspects of the contents of the GLEANER. Some have answered only in a vague manner, expressing their thoughts about missionary prayer and thanksgiving nicely, but not mentioning definite topics. But a great many definite topics are suggested, among them the following:—

(1) For Prayer:—That Mtesa may not believe the Jesuits; for the Bheel Mission; that Gbebe may not be closed again; for the devil-worshippers in Ceylon; that the Waganda chiefs may take back a good report; that Mr. Wigram may prove a worthy successor to Mr. Wright and Mr. Venn; for "plenty of money"; that the men waiting may go forth; that persecution in Great Valley may cease; "that this Examination may be the means of many of the competitors to see what a great work is carried on by the C.M.S., and do all they can to forward it." (2) For Thanksgiving:—That Dr. Koelle's translations have been returned and Ahmed Effendi spared; for the safe journey of Mr. Felkin and others up the Nile; for the £25,000; for the safe voyage of Bp. Crowther up the Niger; for the preservation of the missionaries in Uganda; for grace given to the late Revs. H. Wright, J. Welland, and G. M. Gordon; for Bp. Moule's past labours and recent consecration; for the appointment of the Rev. F. E. Wigram as Hon. Clerical Secretary of the C.M.S.; "for putting it into the hearts of the people to think of the poor missionaries, which were very likely starving."

In some cases, candidates have done more than they were asked to do. Thus, two of them answer Question 6 as though we had said, "State what you know of these places," instead of merely, "Where are they?" A few have answered more than four sections of Question 1, or more than two of Question 5. In justice to the rest, no additional marks have been awarded to these superfluous answers.

A CANDIDATE'S EXPERIENCES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I think you ought to be told what great pleasure your excellent plan of examining our knowledge of missionary information has caused in our neighbourhood.

At first it seemed as if, in so small a place as this—for we are only a "country village in the Midlands"—no "centre" was at all likely to be fixed within our reach. To our delight, however, we heard not long ago that an attempt was going to be made, and a "centre" was fixed. Forthwith our names were forwarded. Great was the excitement of preparation. Great the interest aroused in comparing notes as to the progress we had made. Then came visits to the privileged holder of the "new Atlas," to see the latest maps. "Do you think we shall be asked to draw a map of Japan?" "Whereabouts in Japan is Fusi-yama?" "How do you spell 'Jinrikisha'?" "What is the name of the capital of Uganda?" Such questions as these we asked of one another whenever we met. At last the day came. And now what followed? Some of us had a long way to go; some had even to go the day before so as to be ready in time. Several of the party were quite strangers to each other, having never seen one another before. But all were alike in this, that they loved the Church Missionary Society with a true love, and wished, with all their hearts, to help it on, and loved nothing better than to read about it, as they had been doing busily of late, with what result was now to be seen. After our welcome from the "heads of the department," we all were set down to our places and our work. Pens and paper were produced. Hints were given us. "Let your answer be as short as you can make it, so that it be complete." "It is not a merit to say a great deal, but that everything you do say be to the point." "Think well over the question; be sure you fully understand it before you begin to write the answer." Such was the sort of advice we received; the questions were given out to us, and then we began. Alas! how soon we found how ignorant we were! As to this part of my description I had better be as brief as possible! However, we wrote, and wrote pretty well all the best part of the time. And then, how pleasant the conclusion was! How enjoyable it was as we talked over the answers we had given, and wondered whether the Examiners would be very severe on our mistakes! In one thing, whether we had answered more or fewer questions, we all agreed; and this was what great benefit we had gained from reading for the Examination. "I never knew half so much of 'foreign parts' before." "My knowledge of geography has increased tenfold." "Ah! but what I think of most—my heart has grown ever so much larger this year." "What interesting people the Chinese must be!" "I have learned quite to love those Red Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains." These were the things that we said to one another as we sat round the fire when it was over. And in this too we all agreed, that we would read the GLEANER regularly, month by month, another year, so as to "do better next time."

X Y Z.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S AFRICAN PROTÉGÉE.

TO THE EDITOR.



DEAR SIR,—Having read your account of the late Mrs. Davies in the December number of the GLEANER, and having had the pleasure of a very intimate personal knowledge of her in her younger days, I thought perhaps a few more particulars concerning her might be interesting to your readers.

Sarah Forbes Bonetta (Mrs. Davies) was brought to England by Captain Forbes about 1850, and subsequently sent out to Sierra Leone, and placed in the C.M.S. Female Institution there for three or four years. In 1855 she was brought to England again, at the direction of the Queen, and placed under the care of my parents, the Rev. J. F. and Mrs. Schön, at Chatham. It then became my privilege and pleasant duty to be her daily teacher in her English and French studies, while she learned German from my father. She was very bright and clever, fond of study, and had a great talent for music, and soon became as accomplished as any English girl of her age. Her disposition was extremely lively. On her first coming to us she was so full of fun and mischief that one was almost reminded of "Topsy," by which name, indeed, she sometimes called herself. She was very affectionate and warm-hearted, and seemed to quite feel herself to be one of our family, calling my parents "papa" and "mamma."

During the whole time that S. F. Bonetta resided with us the Queen gave constant proofs of her kindly interest in her. At the Midsummer and Christmas seasons she often went either to Windsor or Osborne to stay in the family of one of the officers of Her Majesty's Household, and was frequently sent for by the Queen to see her privately. She generally returned to us with very pleasant remembrances of these visits, and nearly always with some handsome present from the Queen. On one occasion it was a beautiful gold watch, at another time a handsome turquoise ring. One beautiful gold bracelet she had was engraved with the words, "From Queen Victoria to Sarah Forbes Bonetta."

Besides these pleasant vacation visits, the Queen most kindly remembered her on one or two special occasions. When Her Majesty received the Guards on their public entry into London, when returning from the Crimea, she sent for her to be present. Again when H.R.H. the Princess Royal was married, tickets of admission to one of the Palace galleries were sent, and my mother was directed to take S. F. Bonetta up to London to see all the bridal processions. With her usual thoughtfulness the Queen sent her a handsome dress, mantle, and bonnet to wear on the occasion, and also gave her portraits of the royal bride and bridegroom.

Mrs. Davies worked a pair of hand-screens for the Princess as a bridal present, which were graciously accepted, as were also at another time some slippers which she worked for the Queen and Prince Consort.

At my marriage, in 1858, she and another African girl were two of my bridesmaids, and as I left soon after with my husband for Ceylon, I did not see her again for ten years, when, on our visit to England in 1868, she was among the first to welcome us, being then herself also on a visit to England and staying with my parents. Soon after that she returned to Africa, and I never saw her again, but I look forward to the time when, amidst "the great multitude, whom no man can number, from all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," I may meet her before the throne, and join with her in singing the everlasting song of praise unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

S, *Alexandra Road, Bedford.*

ANNIE C. HIGGINS.

EPISCOPAL TRAVELLING IN ATHABASCA.



NOT having room this month to begin Bishop Horden's narrative of his journey across the moor from York to Churchill, we present instead a picture of another of our North-West America Bishops, Dr. Bompas of Athabasca, on another journey of another kind.

It shows what summer travelling is in that "wild north land," and represents an actual journey taken in 1877 (some account of which appeared in the GLEANER of August, 1878), when Bishop Bompas travelled a thousand miles up one stream, the Peace River, to get to the Rocky Mountains, and occupied several weeks in accomplishing that distance. He tells us that to form an idea of what his episcopal life is, we must imagine frequent voyages similar to one from London to Constantinople in a canal barge.

Athabasca is a country of rivers and lakes. There is the great Mackenzie River, one of the largest and longest in the



BISHOP BOMPAS, OF ATHABASCA, ASCENDING PEACE RIVER, TOWARDS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

world, into which flow the Athabasca, Peace, Hay, Liard and Peel's Rivers; also the upper waters of the great Youcon River, which flows through Alaska to Behring's Straits, and its affluent the Porcupine; also the Coppermine River, the Yellow Knife River, the Great Fish River. Then there are the three immense sheets of water (more often ice!), Great Bear Lake, Great Slave Lake, and Athabasca Lake.

In this vast territory the C.M.S. has five missionaries besides the Bishop, and six or seven schoolmasters and catechists besides in the country. The Indians, of the various tribes, Beaver Dog-rib, Slave, Tukudh, &c., 10,000 in number, now nearly all profess Christianity, the larger half being Roman Catholics and the rest connected with the C.M.S.

"GOD'S PORTION."—At Bonhugli, in Bengal, the Christian matrons, before they prepare each meal, cast one handful of rice into a *kaishee*. This is called God's portion, and every Sunday one or two of these *kaishees* are brought to the church and placed before the communion table. The rice is afterwards sold, and the proceeds made over to the Church Fund.

GOSPEL TROPHIES.

"Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—*Rev. v. 9.*

II.—Nunda Sirdar, the "Eliezer" of Umritsur.

BY MRS. ROBERT CLARK.



VERY one who for years past came to the Mission House at Umritsur knew Nunda Sirdar, the Rev. R. Clark's old and valued servant. His handsome face and noble bearing attracted notice, but still more his kindly, courteous, respectful manner, the ready welcome he ever gave to all who visited us, and, above all, his deep devotion to us personally, and to our children.

He was a native of Jeypore; he did not know his age, but used to say he was born the year of the taking of Bhurtpore; he was of the lower Zemindar caste, a Hindu, the second of three brothers, who still dwell on their own land in the neighbourhood of Jeypore. His elder brother, a very old man, in early days was a camp follower, and Nunda had with him gone through the first Afghan war. He had witnessed the disasters of the British army, and, as servant to Dr. Dempster, had learnt many useful rough-and-ready camp ways, cooking, tent-pitching, &c., and was admirable on a march, and most attentive in sickness or trouble of any kind.

He came to us at Peshawur in 1858, and died in our service in August, 1880. From the first he was a kind of Eliezer, a steward of the household, much trusted and faithful in the least; but the children were his special and favourite charge. He was most careful, not only that they took no harm in body, but that no evil should come nigh them through the conversation of other Native servants, and in this was a great help to the overworked and anxious mother, who felt that, though a heathen, "he eschewed lying, and no deceit was on his lips."

Nunda could read Hindi and write fairly. He often read aloud his own books to an admiring audience; but, though often spoken to and instructed in Christian truths, no impression seemed to be made on his heart. He argued that his own religion was best for him, that he was better, "cleaner," more faithful than many Native Christians, that Jesus Christ was no doubt a good "guru" (teacher), and so was Nanak (the Prophet of the Sikhs), but that Christians and Sikhs alike only did the things that pleased them, and that to change one's religion was unnecessary, and that those who came as inquirers had only interested motives, and took the missionaries in.

He performed his own *puja* (worship, devotions) strictly, and once, when two of our elder children recovered from smallpox without injury to their sight, he had made and presented to the temple two pair of gold eyes as a thank-offering according to Native custom. He accompanied Mr. Clark to England, and was most helpful and interested in all the sights and wonders of a voyage over the "*kala pani*" (black water, *i.e.*, the ocean). From that time he so far gave up caste as to eat food with Christians, and relinquished the headship of his own class, who frequently even afterwards called him to preside at "punchayats" (native assemblies), and made him arbitrate in disputes, for by nature he was peaceable, and easy to be entreated.

After all the *babalog*, "his children," went home to England, his affection for them never flagged; he was always sending them little presents, and talking of the time when they would come back; their letters and photos were his great treasures, and he was proud of showing the latter round the walls of his scrupulously clean little house. The children wrote to him, prayed for him, and never failed to tell him they hoped he would be a Christian soon. He had the great joy of welcoming back one of the boys he had nursed and loved so dearly, whose affection and teachings no doubt led him to the knowledge of the better things which accompany salvation.

After the death of his old wife he failed greatly, and had several attacks of the painful malady which ended his days. As head of the household he was always conscientiously present at the Bible instruction given daily after breakfast to the servants and their families, which, though not compulsory, was always well attended, and proved a means of blessing to many. He was most friendly with all the Native Christians of the Mission, who had a great respect for him, and spared no trouble in recommending the Dispensary and Medical Mission to the attention of the people in the city, and in distributing the "Sunday alms" after the preaching to the lame and halt and blind. Still, while his knowledge and understanding of the Word increased, his heart seemed untouched. When pressed he would say, "Shall I be baptized to please the Mem-sahib [lady]? Am I not a Christian in everything now?"

But the day of grace for Nunda Sirdar was nigh at hand. After the departure of the "Chota Sahib" [young master], who left to continue his medical studies in 1878, and whom he sadly said that he should never see again, he read his Bible oftener and went to church every Sunday. One morning, after hearing the exposition on Matthew xxi. 28 (about the rebellious son, who "afterwards repented and went"), he was greatly moved, and said to Mr. Clark, "I am that son. I said I would not be a Christian, but now I repent; I will be baptized." The old man was made willing in the day of God's power, and on Christmas Day, 1878, he was baptized in the Mission Church by



NUNDA SIRDAR.

Mr. Clark, firmly and gladly answering for himself the questions of the solemn service he had often witnessed before.

And now he grew visibly in the knowledge and love of Christ his Saviour. One great trial was in store for him; his dear Mem-sahib was taken dangerously ill, and carried away from the City Mission House in April, 1879, on her way home. Seated on the doorstep, Nunda broke down utterly, and cried out, "Mem-sahib, my life for yours, if God will spare you." Was the offering of the faithful, loving heart accepted? I did recover, and Nunda was taken, full of years, and at peace with God and man. The immediate cause of his death was a fall he had during my illness in hastening to carry out some needed service. He never quite got over this, but it was a time of quiet ripening for the glory prepared for him. The Christians faithfully ministered to him, and mourned for him as a father in Israel, while to those he so diligently served and so truly loved his memory is blessed.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

FEBRUARY—"ALL,"

All the whole world is Thine,
Far as the sunbeams shine,
And all the distant orbs of light :
To Thee all tribes shall bow ;
And on Thy glorious brow
Place all the crowns of kingly right.

A. E. M.

First Cr. . . 6d. 6h. 34m. a.m. FEBRUARY, Last Cr. . . 31d. 7h. 59m. p.m.
Full Moon . 14d. 6h. 34m. a.m. New Moon 28d. 11h. 37m. a.m.

1	T	Christ is all, and in all. Col. 3. 11. [her heart. Lu. 2. 19.
2	W	Purif. V. M. Mary kept all these things and pondered them in
3	T	All the world guilty before God. Rom. 3. 19.
4	F	Go ye into all the world, and pr. the Gosp. to every cr. Mar. 16. 15.
5	S	1st bapt. Abeokuta, 1848. Received the word with all readiness [of mind. Ac. 17. 11.
6	S	5th aft. Epiph. All with one accord in one place. Ac. 2. 1. M. Prov. 1. Mat. 21. 1-23. E. Prov. 3 or 8. Ac. 31. 37. to 22. 23.
7	M	1st Telugu clergy ord., 1864. That with all boldness they may [speak Thy word. Ac. 4. 29.
8	T	Great grace was upon them all. Ac. 4. 33.
9	W	Bp. W. Williams d., 1878. All live unto Him. Lu. 20. 38.
10	T	This Gospel shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto [all nations. Matt. 24. 14.
11	F	That repentance and remission of sins should be preached among [all nations. Lu. 24. 47.
12	S	Lo, a great multitude...of all nations...stood before the throne. [Rev. 7. 9.
13	S	Septuagesima. Schwartz d., 1798. Thou hast made heaven...and [earth...the seas, and all that is therein. Neh. 9. 6. M. Ge. 1 & 2 to v. 4. Rev. 31. 1-9. E. Ge. 2. 4. or Job 38. Rev. 31. 9 to 22. 6.
14	M	1st Nile party reached Uganda, 1879. Thou preservest them all.
15	T	In wisdom hast Thou made them all. Ps. 104. 24. [Neh. 9. 6.
16	W	He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things. Ac. 17. 25.
17	T	The Lord is good to all. Ps. 145. 9.
18	F	His tender mercies are over all His works. Ps. 145. 9.
19	S	All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord. Ps. 145. 10. [sinned. Rom. 5. 12.
20	S	Sexagesima. Death passed upon all men, for that all have M. Ge. 3. Mat. 27. 47-57. E. Ge. 6 or 8. Ro. 4.
21	M	1st C.M.S. Miss. sailed for India, 1814. Go, speak, all the words
22	T	Saviour of all men. 1 Tim. 4. 10. [of this life. Ac. 5. 20.
23	W	Jesus in Uganda, 1879. Prove all things. 1 Th. 5. 21.
24	T	St. Matthias. We are witnesses of all things which He did.
25	F	They did all eat, and were filled. Matt. 14. 20. [Ac. 10. 39.
26	S	There went virtue out of Him, and healed them all. Lu. 6. 19. [hopeth all things, endureth all things. 1 Co. 13. 7.
27	S	Quinquagesima. Abp.'s advice on Ceylon question, 1880. Charity M. Ge. 9. 1-30. Mk. 3. 15. E. Ge. 12 or 13. Ro. 9. 19.
28	M	Though I have all faith, and have not charity, I am nothing. [1 Cor. 13. 2.

Three Hundred Pounds Weight of Copper for the C.M.S.

A RECENT number of the St. James's (Bermondsey) Localised Edition of the GLEANER, thus refers to the missionary boxes at work in that parish:—

"Over £60 of the year's receipts for the Church Missionary Society has been raised in collecting-boxes, and as almost the whole of that sum has consisted of pence, halfpence, and farthings, it is equivalent to 300 lbs. weight of copper, calculating three penny pieces to an ounce. Of the whole sum of £71, £48 5s. 2d. has been given by the scholars in the Bible-classes and Sunday-schools, two classes alone having contributed £18 16s. 5d. Indeed these two classes have given so much trouble by their commendable liberality, that it has been necessary to apply to the Parent Society to construct special boxes for their use, inasmuch as, although opened every quarter, no existing boxes were capacious enough to answer the purpose. A dozen mammoth boxes were accordingly manufactured, specially to order, and any one in a similar embarrassment can now be readily accommodated."

This is a populous working-class parish. If every similar parish did likewise, what an income the Society would have! How many more missionaries could be sent forth!

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the good work accomplished by the Freed Slave Settlement at Frere Town. Prayer for its preservation and prosperity, and that slavery in East Africa may soon be abolished (see p. 14).

Thanksgiving for the baptisms at Calcutta (p. 17).

Prayer for Bishop Moule and the Che-Kiang Mission (p. 18).

Prayer for the Japanese and Ainos of Yezo (p. 16).

Prayer that our "crowns" may not be "starless crowns" (p. 13).

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

Within a few days of the proposed Memorial to Mr. Wright being announced, subscriptions were promised amounting to about £1,000, and many more are coming in as we go to press.

An account of the recent difficulties at Frere Town in connection with fugitive slaves is given on another page, in the "Occasional Talks."

News is to hand from Uganda to July 3rd last. Mr. Pearson, who is still alone there, reports that Mtesa was in very bad health, and was friendly either with him or with the French priests, four of whom were in the country. In consequence of a dream Mtesa had had, he had proclaimed himself a Mohammedan again. Mr. Mackay was still Kagei, whence his letters are dated September 27th. He was waiting for canoes to cross the Lake to Uganda. Mr. Litchfield, who we are to hear, had been very ill at Uyui, and some alarm was felt there on account of the reported expedition of the Sultan of Zanzibar against the chief Mirambo, which it was feared might lead to a desolating war. The C.M.S. and the London Missionary Society have presented a joint memorial to Lord Granville with a view to British influence being brought to preserve peace. There is no further news of the Wazari envoys, Mr. Stokes having taken them by a way lying apart from the usual trade routes.

On November 10th the Viceroy of India, the Marquis of Ripon, visited the C.M.S. Alexandra Christian Girls' School at Umritsur. An address was presented to him from the Native Christians of the Punjab, delegates from whom had assembled from all parts of the province. In his reply Lord Ripon said, amid loud applause, "I have always held and maintained at home—and my views upon that subject have undergone no change though I have come many miles across the sea—that no education can be complete and thorough if it does not combine religious and secular education. If it should please God to aid you in advancing the great work of education in India, you will by your efforts be doing a great service to the people of this country, and you will be carrying out the object which I know Her Majesty the Queen-Empress has closely at heart."

The Duke of Buckingham, late Governor of Madras, was in Tinnevely in November last, and visited the C.M.S. Mission at Palamcotta. He inspected the church, the Boarding Schools, the Training Institution, and the Sarah Tucker Institution, expressing great pleasure at all he saw.

Many of our friends will be glad to hear that the Rev. R. Clark safely arrived at Umritsur, and is in better health in India than he was in Europe.

In October last the Bishop of Colombo made a tour through the Baddegama district of Ceylon in company with the C.M.S. missionaries in charge, the Rev. J. Allcock. They travelled 178 miles by boat and on foot, visiting twenty schools and delivering thirty Gospel addresses and forty-eight converts were confirmed.

The Rev. Trevor Bomford, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, who was accepted by the Society in 1875, but who was prevented from going out by the sudden failure of his health, has again offered himself and has been sent to Multan.

ERRATUM.—By an unfortunate slip of the pen in our last Epitome of News, the Rev. W. H. Barlow is referred to as "the late." We sincerely hope that none of our readers in remote parts of the world will have been alarmed by this mistake. Mr. Barlow is in good health and will, we trust, long be spared in his important work as Principal of the C.M. College.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. YOUNG CARPENTER.—There is nothing to pay to enter the Church Missionary College; but candidates are only admitted after careful inquiry respecting their physical, intellectual, and spiritual qualifications. Write to the Rev. F. E. Wigram, Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

L. B.—We do not know any easily accessible books on Tinnevely, except *Life of Ragland* (Seeleys), which only refers to one section of the Mission and *Sowing and Reaping* (Nisbet & Co.), which relates Mr. J. T. Tucker's labours. Pettitt's *Tinnevely Mission*, Hough's *Christianity in India*, and Miss Tucker's *South Indian Sketches*, which give the early history, are many clerical and parochial libraries, but we doubt if they can now be readily purchased. The most recent account is in the *Report of the Bangalore Missionary Conference*, copies of which can be ordered of J. Snow & Co., Ivy Lane, E.C.

S.S. TEACHER.—Copies of the Society's *Hints on Juvenile and Sunday School Church Missionary Associations* can be obtained gratis from the Church Missionary House.

INQUIRER.—"Lake Victoria Nyanza" is wrong. You should write "Lake Victoria," or "the Victoria Nyanza," as *Nyanza* means lake.

A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.—Thank-offering of five shillings gratefully acknowledged.

[*] We shall be happy to answer other questions, month by month, as far as we are able; but if received after the 10th of the month, they cannot be answered in the next number.]

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MARCH, 1881.

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY THE REV. CANON RICHARDSON.

III.—THE MISSIONARY SUBJECT.



MISSIONARY work lies among very different peoples. Some are altogether savage, and others are almost civilised. Yet the great missionary subject must be the same in every case. The great purpose is, not to evolve something thought to be good in heathen religions, but to introduce the only thing which has any real saving power—as revealed in the message which has come down from heaven. The Christian missionary represents and recommends Christ. He enters in the Lord's name with a direct and distinct message about salvation, needful, suitable, and sufficient for sinners of mankind in all ages and over all areas of their home and history. Among many accounts of the missionary subject, one may describe it here: "The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Above all objects of worship, the Lord God Almighty is to be always and everywhere set forth. Against all notions about vengeance or delight in human suffering, the great fact is to be made known, that "God is love." We can never place this love too high, never set it forth too plainly. On the forefront of our mission it must be seen that we are the servants of a God of infinite compassion. "He said, I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory. And He said, I will make all My goodness pass before thee." Breathing love, telling about love, the missionary may look for a welcome where misery and hopelessness abide.

Yet it is not the love of God in the general, but that which is "in Christ Jesus our Lord," which the Gospel messenger proclaims. How God's love has provided for the sinner, to make him safe, and holy, and happy, is the story ever old and yet ever new. What the sinner deserved, and what the Lord Jesus endured for his sin, cannot be too strongly stated or too vividly pictured. And what the glorified Jesus is, and how He gives all that the soul needs, and how He sympathises in all that the human heart knows and feels, must be stated in every variety of expression to suit every grade and condition of man. The full Gospel of the grace of God, the whole work of the life and death and resurrection of the only begotten Son of God, are things which must be told with all truth to all people. The missionary who has winnowed out all the chaff, and has scattered the pure seed in faith and faithfulness, may turn to the Lord of the harvest, and wait for the sunshine and the shower. The Holy Ghost accompanies the Word. The power of Christ seconds the Christian's effort. The old promise is still preciously true about God's Word: "It shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." "We preach Christ." "We glory in the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ." The necessary subject must be,

"THE LOVE OF GOD WHICH IS IN CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD."

JERSEY BREEZES.

No. I.—Our Missionary Box.



THINK one of our fresh sea-breezes would feel very much at home if it might nestle among the leaves of the GLEANER, for we dearly love that welcome monthly messenger. And then gleaners and breezes have so much in common, both being suggestive of

free gladsome nature at her busiest and best. At the close of the year it is pleasant to look back and count up the mercies,

for truly our cup runneth over with blessings in this pretty island-gem "set in the silver sea."

And now, as to our Church Missionary work. We "juveniles" have been an organised body about one year, and our hearts thrill with gratitude in thinking of what we have been enabled to do in this short time. Mr. West was the Deputation in 1879, and his persuasive words so impressed us, that we felt as if the Lord Himself were bidding us at once to enter, heart and soul, into this new field of effort. We scattered Boxes throughout town and country; pupils and friends rallied round, and the result is upwards of £75 gathered for the beloved Society. Our own Box stands on a small clock in the schoolroom, and above it we place the match-box, emblematic of the flying moments, and the call to shine brightly and act promptly. Every Thursday morning at Bible-class we speak of the great work, and try to extend our sympathies far and wide throughout the world, in which so few know the grand old Book which we love. On the first Thursday in each month we give in our pence. How heavy our Box grows then, and what a vigorous shake our little collector delights to give it! Of course we try to get all the help we can besides, by means of Collecting Cards, Annual Subscriptions of one shilling, and so on. Where there is a will there is always a way, and the Lord makes His workers ingenious. Six of our children have carried off Boxes for the holidays, and great will be the excitement to see who has been most successful when we meet again at the end of January.

It was said of Martin Luther, "There goes a man who can get from God whatever he wishes;" and truly the wings of success are prayer and system. They must not be parted. Subscriptions must be regularly taken; Boxes regularly opened and neatly re-labelled every quarter; interesting facts collected and commented on; "Tokens" distributed. And there must be a strong, calm reliance on the omnipotence of God, and on the approving smile with which all true missionary work, at home or abroad, is regarded by Him.

Nothing calls for brighter faith than an empty Missionary Box; nothing calls for greater gratitude than a full one. He can gather the pence and the pounds from the ends of the earth, and make the zeal of a single "little one" as efficacious as that of "a thousand." And in all our labour for this dear cause, what is our sole aim? Is it not to send the Bible to those whose lives must be a dark desert without its heavenly light; to give peace and hope and submission for discord and despair and self-will? Who would not labour for this, and feel every hour spent in furthering such a glorious object a very Sabbath of the soul? The call to come up higher may very soon be addressed to us. Let us then work as if we could do all things, while praying as if we could do nothing; let us hold firmly together in our common interest, strengthening one another's faith, confirming one another's love.

Dec., 1880.

A. M. V.

GOSPEL TROPHIES.

"Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—*Rev. v. 9.*

III.—Bao Yuoh-Yi, the "Learner of Righteousness."

BY THE REV. ARTHUR E. MOULE.



MAY 1st, 1851, is a memorable day in the modern History of Western Nations. On that day the Great Exhibition was opened in London, the first of a series, which seems destined to be perpetual. The grand and noble idea of him,

"Far sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of Peace,"

still holds on its way, amidst the din of war, and the murmur of war's rumours; and international exhibitions all date their birth from that May morning when the sun shone on the first palace of glass.

On that same day, far away in the remote East, our missionaries dated letters containing joyful tidings of the first baptisms connected with the C.M.S. Mission at Ningpo; and these formed the first links in one amongst the many chains which bind the Church to her Lord, and which shall not be broken, we trust, till, through war and tumult (it may be) clearing His victorious way, the Prince of Peace Himself shall have come, claiming China, as well as all lands, for His own.

Mr. Russell (the late Bishop) wrote thus of Bao Yüeh-yi, the elder of the two men baptized on that memorable occasion:—

He is a tailor, who, for the last two years has been employed by us, giving much satisfaction by his industry and good behaviour. His views of the great truths of Christianity seem clearer, and his general acquaintance with Scripture, larger than those of his companion; but this may be only from his natural superiority of intellect, he being a very clear-headed and sharp-sighted fellow. He is, I trust, equally sincere in his acknowledgment of Jesus alone as his only and all-sufficient Saviour. Yüeh-yi, "a learner of righteousness," was the name chosen by the tailor himself as his baptismal name. May his future life testify to the reality and sincerity of his profession!

Bao's family history was related once by himself in the course of an open-air address. Mr. Russell was preaching with Bao in the streets of Sing-kô, when he observed, he writes, "an odd-looking character, with a very arch expression of countenance, in appearance and manner not at all unlike one of my own countrymen in Ireland, pushing his way through the crowd, until he came within a few feet of where we were standing, when he commenced as follows:—'You have come to exhort us all to be good. Well, that is a very good thing. But what is the use? Just look round upon them all, you see they are all opium smokers. What's the use of exhorting opium smokers to be good?'" The sly slap at foreigners, hinting at their inconsistency in vitiating the Chinese with opium, and yet exhorting them to be good, was appreciated by the crowd, and raised a loud laugh. Then Bao, "taking our funny friend familiarly by the hand"—a very characteristic action, by the way, of Bao when speaking earnestly—"proceeded to give him his family history":—

"My grandfather," he said, "was a man of independent fortune, with every kind of comfort and luxury about him. One day he met a foreigner in the streets of Ningpo selling opium, and hearing from him loud praises of the drug as a soother and quieter of the feelings, and a renovator of the springs of animal life, he purchased a small quantity, and ere long became the victim of a vice from which he could not extricate himself, squandering both his life and fortune on the awful delusion. When he died he left but a moiety of the property to my father, yet sufficient to maintain him in comparative ease and comfort. But alas! my father, imitating like a dutiful son my grandfather's virtues, must

needs imitate his vices also, and soon became a wretched victim to the opium pipe, dying at last in poverty and disgrace.

"Then I appeared on the scene, penniless and friendless. I got myself apprenticed to a tailor, and in process of time, by my own exertion scraped together sufficient to purchase a wife, and set myself going in the world. Alas! one day I found several of my fellow-traders reclining in an opium den. They invited me to have a pipe. 'No, no,' said I, 'opium ruined my grandfather and my father, and I am not going to involve myself in the same fate.' 'Oh,' they replied, 'habitual smoking is of course bad, but an occasional whiff does not signify.' Will you believe me, in another minute I was reclining by my companions, &c." Here the catechist put his hands to his mouth in imitation of an opium smoker to the great amusement of the hearers. "Now," he continued, "my grandfather might have been deceived by the persuasion of an unprincipled foreigner, but what excuse was there for me, after the warnings of two generations?"



BAO YÜEH-YI, THE FIRST-FRUITS OF NINGPO.

Whether this narrative be authentic, or coloured somewhat to point the moral, I cannot feel certain. It gives at any rate a good idea of Bao's ready tact with cavilling opponents. He appears to have escaped soon from the meshes of the terrible snare in which he represents himself as entangled; and through God's loving providence he became, as narrated above, connected with Christian missionaries.

Very early in their career the missionaries engaged in itinerating, and in connection with this work just one year after Bao's baptism Mr. Russell refers to him thus:—

It will be interesting to you to learn that Yüeh-yi, one of our converts, accompanied me in these excursions, and frequently addressed his own countrymen in so clear and impressive a style as often to draw tears from my eyes.

Shortly after this he was appointed a probationary catechist, and continued to give great satisfaction to the Mission by his earnestness, zeal, and ability as a speaker. All too soon, however, the defects in this most hopeful character appeared. In a letter dated June 20, 1856, Mr. Russell writes as follows:—

We were preaching at a place called Ts'óng-ky'i-gyiao, when a man pushed his way to where we were standing, and asked in rather an excited manner "What is the cardinal truth?" The catechist Bao, who, with all his excellencies, is, I am sorry to say, occasionally somewhat too rash in his judgment, answered

in his manner, prejudging the poor man as a mere captious opponent, replied to him in rather an abrupt and sarcastic tone, telling him that he was surprised he asked such a foolish question, which every child could answer. On this the poor fellow seemed quite disconcerted and shrank back into the body of the crowd. He re-appeared, however, in the evening, still with the same question on his lips.

Bishop Smith hoped to ordain Bao, but in consequence of an exhibition of his temper deferred doing so "for three months." Alas! the three months were lengthened out to sixteen years, the Bishop's hopes being again and again deferred; and Bao died at last without having been admitted to the ministry.

My own earliest remembrance of Bao is a scene in our little mission-house at Yu-yaon in October, 1861. I had been in China only six weeks, and understood no more than a few words of the language. But I well remember my pleasure at hearing

in the chapel below, as I sat writing upstairs, the voices of my brother and the catechist Bao, repeating again and again in the course of their addresses the ever blessed name Jesus. In the evening Bao prayed, as my brother told me, a most Christian and touching prayer; it was a little prayer-meeting, held by us with Bao and a younger Christian, of which my brother's diary preserves the following note:—

After prayer and a hymn we read, verse and verse, Rev. ii. 1—7, Bao remarking on "him that overcometh," and the other on "forsaken thy first love." After another hymn, "Give to the winds thy fears," Bao prayed more feelingly and spiritually than I remember to have heard him, confessing his censoriousness, want of pity and love, and desert of punishment, and then pleading for Yu-yaou. He had wept when he rose from his knees.

Alas! that these defects should have clung to our brother well-nigh throughout his long Christian career of twenty-three years. In 1868, annoyed at charges brought against himself and his family with respect to the appropriation of spoils left behind by the fugitive T'ai-p'ing rebels, he suddenly threw up his employment. These charges were inquired into, with the result that nothing was proved beyond a certain want of judgment, and this result was made known to the Christian community as clearly as possible; but the mere inquiry into his conduct appeared to Bao a serious affront. He separated himself from the Church, returning to his business as a tailor, and even working for some months on Sundays. For more than a year he angrily rejected the affectionate and

earnest entreaties of his native brethren to return to the Lord. Repentance and restoration were granted at last; and for nine years after this sore calamity he was spared to work again for his Master. But he never recovered fully his former energy and zeal; neither could the Mission repose the same confidence in him, nor commit to his charge the responsibilities of former years. He was for some time associated with the Rev. J. D. Valentine, and accompanied him on his itinerating trips round the country. Mr. Valentine refers continually to the old man's

earnest manner, apt illustrations, and ready tact. On one occasion they were mobbed by boys, and stones were thrown, though without serious injury. "Bao," he says, "followed me, giving a very good address." "Bao made use of the opportunity to speak a word for our Master." "I was pleased with Bao's easy and proper answer." "Bao nicely and methodically addressed the audience."

In the year 1872 he was again guilty of inconsistent conduct; but as his sun was setting and eventide drew on, there was light. On his death-bed he expressed his clear and simple trust in the Redeemer's merits; and he died in peace on November 8th, 1874. He rests in a quiet grave under the shadow of his loving and faithful friend and pastor, Bishop Russell, whose loss we have since so deeply lamented.

This brief sketch of the life of a "learner" and a teacher, too, of "righteousness," whose form and voice and words will linger long in the memory of those who were associated with him, will, it is hoped, stimulate afresh the intercessory prayers of the friends of Missions. Many a once hopeful worker, whose after history has been

"As if a morning in June, with all its music and sunshine Suddenly paused in the sky, and fading slowly, descended Into the East again,"

might have trodden a path shining with ever growing light, had our prayers for such been more fervent.

Oh! that for each convert in heathen lands, as well as for each one entering the fold in Christian lands, the blessed prayer of the Baptismal service

may be realised, "that they may lead the rest of their lives according to this beginning."

NOTE.—The portrait of Bao, and the picture above, as well as the four views that accompanied Bishop Moule's portrait in our last number, are all from *The Story of the Cheh-kiang Mission*, a book written for the Church Missionary Society by the author of the foregoing article, the Bishop's brother, and edited by the Bishop himself. It gives a most interesting account of the work in the Cheh-kiang Province. To be had at the C.M. House, or of Messrs. Seeley, price 3s. 6d.



THE CATECHIST BAO PREACHING AT NINGPO.

HYMN FOR THE WORKERS.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—*Eccles. xi. 6.*

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."—*John iv. 35.*



SCATTER the Word, 'tis a seed of might,
The fields are waiting it far and near;
Hasten, ye harvesters, golden white
The corn-stalks bend with the fruitful ear.

Daily not, scattering, young and old,
Eagerly sow in valley and plain;
Daily not, reapers, in hearts untold
Daily is ripening goodly grain.

Scatter, though some of you may not reap;
Reap, though it be what ye have not sown;
Day-through and night let us watch and sleep,*
Looking to God till the corn is grown.

Yea, if there be on the Master's land
Aching of heart with sweat of the brow,
Ever in kindness the work is planned,
Side by side are the sickle and plough.

He who is clearing the furrowed soil,
He who is sheaving the harvest sheaf,
Each of them brightens the other's toil,
Each of them lightens the other's grief.

Soon, very soon, from the yoke released,
Lord, we shall come to that home of Thine,
Where there is joy of the harvest feast,
The fatted calf and the new red wine.†

Pendleton.

WILLIAM JOSEPH SMITH.

* Mark iv. 27.

† Matt. xxvi. 29.

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

X.—Bold Testimony.

"We cannot but speak the things that we have seen and heard."

Acts iv. 1—22; 23—31; v. 17—32, 40—42.



PETRY to swim with the stream, to sail before the wind; but to struggle against stream or wind, a very different thing.

A delightful time, those first days of the early Church. Peter, filled with ardour, preaching away; hundreds believing; the believers full of faith and love (ii. 42—45); miracles in the name of Jesus (iii. 1—16): how glorious!

See Peter pleading at the Temple Gate (iii. 19, 25, 26)—oh, if he might win the whole nation now! Suddenly—dragged off to prison (iv. 1—3). So again, a few weeks later, wonderful success (v. 12—16): and then, prison again (v. 17, 18). But God's angel sent—deliverance (19)—what a triumph!—yes, but still to suffer—"beaten" (40)—the thirty-nine lashes according to Jewish custom (2 Cor. xi. 24).

Not easy to be brave and faithful at such a time. But see Peter before the great Council, twice. First, in chap. iv. Look at ver. 10—"Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised." And ver. 11—"Whereby we must be saved," we, all of us, even you priests and rulers—how?—"none other name" but the name of Jesus. And ver. 19, 20—"We cannot but," we must speak.

Then in chap. v. Look at ver. 29—32: "We ought to obey God rather than men"—"Whom ye slew and hanged on a tree"—"Him hath God exalted," &c.

But surely missionaries now not in danger like that. Not often: but sometimes. Henry Martyn in Persia; Judson in Burmah; Mayer among the Afghans (GLEANER, Dec., 1876). But often so with Native missionaries and converts. Ling Sieng-Sing at Kiong-Ning-fu: the girl Moyoside at Ibadan; Ogawa at Hakodate (GLEANER, Feb., 1878; Feb., 1876; May, 1876).

But we at home: any such peril and need of boldness for us? Yes, every one of us, at home, or in school, or in business, or when visiting, or when travelling—tempted to shrink from confessing Christ, from being interested in missionary work. How be like Peter, bold and faithful?

(1) Think of "the things that we have seen and heard"—God's love, all about Jesus, promises and commands to us, bright examples in others. How be silent?—"We cannot but—"

(2) Pray. What for? What did Peter and the early Christians pray for? See chap. iv. 23—30. Not to be saved from trial and persecution; no, they left that to God's will. Only that "with all boldness" they might preach the word. See the answer, ver. 31—"were all filled with the Holy Ghost"—"spake the word of God with boldness."

OUR PORTFOLIO.

EVEN at its best and highest there is an intense mournfulness about Japanese Buddhism, pointing as it does to an unattainable perfection, and holding up the terrors of hell to those who fall short of it, but recognising no availing "sacrifice for sin," no "merciful and faithful High Priest," no Father in heaven yearning over mankind with an infinite love, no higher destiny than practical annihilation, being "without hope, and without God in the world."—*Miss Isabella Bird's "Japan."*

A LEARNED and influential Buddhist priest in Japan, Mr. Akamatz, told Miss Bird that although he did not expect Christianity to make much way in the large towns, it might in the country districts, "for many," he said, "are weary, weary, weary."

IN December, 1857, when on his first visit home, Dr. Livingstone addressed the graduates and undergraduates of Cambridge. In the course of his address he said:—

"People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter? Away with the word in such a view, and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say, rather, it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering, or danger, now and then, with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver, and the soul to sink; but let this be only for a moment. All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in, and for us. I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for us."

AT the opening of a new church lately at Ngawhakarawa, New Zealand, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Arona T. Haua from the words, "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." He said, A tree would lie and rot where it fell if left to itself; but many trees were not left, but taken and used for many useful purposes, and some for church building. He likened this to humanity; it was fallen, and there it would lie and rot were not some external power applied to raise it. God was this power. When He saw a person with some good in him, like the tree with plenty of heart, He raised that person up, and put him to some good use. The Church is built of persons thus raised. When a person was altogether bad, like a tree all sapwood, God allows it to decay, it is useless.

A SOUL in China or Africa is of as much value as one in our own families or congregations, and its salvation as important.—*Thomas Scott, in 1st C.M.S. Annual Sermon, 1801.*

OUGHT not we to compassionate the heathen world? Should not "our head be waters," and our eyes a "fountain of tears, to run down day and night," for their perishing condition? What infidelity must there be in our minds, or what obduracy in our hearts, if we can look upon their state without the tenderest emotions of pity and grief!—*Charles Simson, in C.M.S. Annual Sermon, 1802.*

THE world's conqueror sat down and wept for another bauble, as well he might; he had no knowledge of anything more valuable. But we know that the gain of a whole world would not compensate for the loss of one soul.—*Richard Cecil, in C.M.S. Annual Sermon, 1803.*

ABUD—"REFUSED FOR LACK OF FUNDS."

OUR readers will remember an article with this heading a year and a half ago, in which was mentioned the need of a teacher at the village of Abud, near Jaffa, in the Holy Land; also that a kind lady, having read that appeal, offered the £60 a year required to maintain the teacher. In a Report lately received from the Rev. J. R. L. Hall, of Jaffa, the result is alluded to:—

In Abud we have now not only a boys', but also a girls' school. Last June my teacher at Abud, Muallim Ibrahim Hasb, married, and his wife immediately opened a girls' school, which is very well attended, as there is no other school for girls within twenty-five miles of the village. The people here are very ignorant, and it was with the greatest wonder and astonishment that they heard from us, when first we commenced work amongst them, that religion is a spiritual thing. Now, however, it is most enjoyable to meet with them for worship, the constant Amen and other ejaculations during prayer showing the reality which they now feel communion with God to be, and reminding one of happy hours spent in revival work in England.



TRINITY CHURCH, KANDY, CEYLON. REV. HENRY GUNASÉKARA, SINGHALESE MINISTER.

TRINITY CHURCH, KANDY, AND ITS SINGHALESE MINISTER.



IN the accompanying picture of the principal C.M.S. church at Kandy, we get not only a view of an interesting building, but a glimpse of the glorious vegetation of Ceylon. The church was built at a cost of £1,000—of which £500 was contributed by Natives—and was opened on April 10th, 1855. The Society's veteran Missionary, the Rev. W. Oakley, was for some years in charge, but in 1867 the Rev. Cornelius Jayasinha became pastor. In 1871 he was succeeded by the present excellent and much respected minister, the Rev. H. Gunasékara.

Henry Gunasékara is a son of the late Rev. Abraham Gunasékara, of whose boyish days an interesting story is related. He went into a Buddhist temple to offer his evening flower; when he had done so, he looked into the idol's face, expecting to see a smile of approval, but as the great eyes stared on without any expression of pleasure in them, he thought that so great a god would not condescend to accept a child's offering. Soon after, a man came in, laid down his flower, turned his back, and walked carelessly away. The boy again looked in the idol's face and thought he should see an angry frown at this disrespect, but the eyes stared on as before. He then began to realise the fact that the image had no life in it, and was alike powerless to punish or reward. When the C.M.S. station at Baddegama was opened in 1818, this lad became one of the first pupils in the school. The result was the conversion, not only of himself, but of several of his family. He was educated for the work of a catechist, and laboured zealously for many years, until he was ordained, in 1839, one of the first two Native clergy of Ceylon; the other being the Mr. Jayasinha referred to above. As a minister, Mr. Abraham Gunasékara was most faithful and excellent. He died in 1862, and from his deathbed sent the following message to the C.M.S. Committee:—

"Tell that great and glorious Society, who have been the means of spreading the Gospel among so many different nations of the earth, and who were inclined by God to send their missionaries to Baddegama, which led to my own conversion and that of my wife and nine children, and of my parents, brother and sister, that I desire with all humility to offer to God and to them my grateful thanks for the benefits we have received at their hands."

His son, Henry Gunasékara (whose portrait we give), was named, we believe, after the missionary at Baddegama under

whom his father had at first laboured, the Rev. Henry Powell. He was educated at the Cotta Training Institution under the Rev. C. C. Fenn, now one of the Secretaries of the Society. He, too, was a catechist for some years, and was ordained by Bishop Piers Cloughton in 1867. He was at first employed as Singhalese pastor at Colombo, but in 1871, as we have said, succeeded to the charge of the congregation at Kandy.

The congregation of Trinity Church numbers 250; but 170 other Singhalese Christians in and near Kandy combine with it to elect a Native Church Council, of which Mr. Gunasékara is chairman. The Bishop of Colombo confirmed twenty candidates in November, 1878. Eight adult converts were baptized last year. There are Day-schools and Sunday-schools, the latter

taught by members of the congregation. There are regular prayer-meetings and evangelistic open-air services; also a Young Men's Christian Improvement Society. The contributions to various religious objects last year amounted to Rs. 2,856, about £250.

The members of Trinity Church, many of whom are Singhalese gentlemen of good position, have shown conspicuous faithfulness to the truth and independence of spirit during the recent ecclesiastical difficulties in Ceylon; and by God's blessing the Native Christians generally will grow in strength and unity, till the time comes when the Church of Ceylon will be the independent sister (or rather daughter) of the Church of England.

A Census Missionary Offering.

IS not the approaching Census, which is to be taken on April 4th, an excellent opportunity for a special thank-offering to the work of God? In the Census years of 1861 and 1871, an excellent Christian lady, Mrs. Funnert, of Flushing, near Falmouth, made a large collection, and the same good lady is at work again this year, and we trust her appeals will be largely responded to. Meanwhile, cannot all the readers of the GLEANER make a special collection before April 4th, count it out on that day, and send it up to the Church Missionary Society?



THE REV. HENRY GUNASÉKARA,
Singhalese Minister of Trinity Church, Kandy, Ceylon.

A WOMEN'S BIBLE CLASS IN TINNEVELLY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP SARGENT.

[Bishop Sargent, like Samuel the judge, goes round and round the C.M.S. districts in Tinnevely, visiting in turn the principal stations and many of the 875 villages in which there are Christians. The following most graphic and interesting account is from his journal.]



AT 7 o'clock A.M., on July 2nd, 1880, a class of seventeen women met me from the Mengnanapuram congregation. Some of these were wives of agents, two were widows—three of the women had been educated in Mrs. Thomas' boarding school, the rest in village schools. Five only could not read: the rest read well. I said I wondered how many of them had committed portions

of Scripture to memory. "Now you repeat something," I said, looking towards the first. Before she could speak, the second woman began with the 22nd Psalm, and was going on fluently; but I had not time to hear more than four or five verses, when I pointed to the next, but she looked nervous, and the fifth woman began with the 6th chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians; when she had repeated a few verses I pointed to the next, and the seventh woman began the 22nd Psalm. Afterwards, the ninth woman began the 53rd chapter of Isaiah; then another woman began the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, another the 23rd Psalm, and another the 51st Psalm. I then asked what the 22nd Psalm referred to. Several answered, "To the sufferings of our Lord." Why was it necessary that Christ should suffer? "Because He came into this world as our Representative and Mediator." How did He suffer? "Both in body and soul." How do we know that His soul suffered? "He Himself exclaimed, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." What is the cause of pain and sorrow? "Sin." In what verse is the result of sin fully set forth? "The wages of sin is death." Where is this verse to be found? "In the Epistle to the Romans" (no one could remember the chapter and verse). What histories of women in the Old Testament do you consider as good examples? "Sarah, Hannah, and the Shunamite woman." What women in the New Testament? "Martha and Mary, Elizabeth, Lydia, Dorcas, and Eunice."

When we had got thus far I said, "I have been questioning you, but perhaps some of you would like to ask me a question or two on some subject. Now ask me anything you like on which you want information." I looked from one to another, but was answered only by a smile, and looking down as if shy. However, after a short pause, the woman who sat first, a nice grey-headed woman named Pakiam, and whom I will therefore call "Mrs. Bliss," said, "Sir, what are we to believe regarding the second coming of our Lord? Some preachers I have heard say that He will appear on Mount Olivet in the year 1881." "Well," I said, "you are referring to the assertions of 'the six years' men,' who began in 1875 boldly to state this fact. Now if men could really so long before tell the time in which our Lord was to come, all that was intended by the promise of His coming in the way of warning and of consolation would be frustrated, and the teaching of the Bible would not be true, which says that the time of His coming should be unknown, even as a thief in the night." "Well," she replied, "that is just what I have said; and if angels cannot tell the time, how can we?"

I saw that they were more or less shy at asking me questions, so I said, "Let us read a portion of God's Word before we part"; and I put the Bible into the catechist's hands, but he had forgotten his spectacles. So I took back the book and gave it to "Mrs. Bliss." She (Pakiam) put on her spectacles, and began at once, and read very nicely the 1st chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. John. I then began to catechise them one by one. Who was St. John? "The beloved disciple." How does he show the credibility of what he states? "He says it was what he saw, what he heard, and what he had felt with his hands." On what special occasions was this disciple favoured to be with our Lord? "When He was transfigured on the Mount, when in agony in the garden, when dying on the cross." When else? "When Jairus' daughter was raised to life." When else? On the occasion I refer to four disciples were present. One woman says, "He was one of the two sent to prepare the ass." Another says, "He was one of the four who asked Him about the destruction of the temple."

In the chapter we have read, what is the chief thing or great truth which the Apostle presents to us? "That we should walk in love." That is true of this Epistle generally, but what specially in this chapter? "That we should walk in the light." That is mentioned as a command, but what is the great matter

which he presents to our view? "That we are poor sinners and that through the bloodshedding of Christ we have pardoned." In the words "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, what does His *faithfulness* refer to?" "To His *promise*; for He said and shall He not do it?" How is God *just* in forgiving sin? "Because Christ has died in our behalf; and therefore when God, through Him, forgives sin, He is just." Is it enough for us to have our sins pardoned? Some hesitation, and the third woman says: "No; need to be also sanctified."

I then proposed that each one should tell me the text most frequently thought of. Then began—

1st Woman—"Behold Thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom."

I thought that my meaning was not understood, so I asked which verse is your favourite?

- 2nd. "If any man sin we have," &c. "Him that cometh unto Me"
- 3rd. "Come unto Me all ye that labour," &c.
- 7th. "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord," &c.
- 8th. "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but," &c.
- 9th. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," &c.
- 10th. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew," &c.
- 12th. "This is a faithful saying and worthy," &c.
- 14th. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye," &c.
- 16th. "All we like sheep have gone astray," &c.
- 17th. "God so loved the world, that He gave," &c.

I have now met in class, on various occasions, above women of the Mengnanapuram congregation, and the account given of the class on this occasion is more or less a specimen of what may generally be witnessed; and, as far as my experience goes, I am persuaded that we may confidently assert two facts. First, that the foundation of the work laid in this place by who went before was laid on true Gospel lines; and secondly, that the Native helpers now carrying on the work are preaching the same Gospel, maintaining the same truths, and promoting the same good works. I need only add that all the women who attended this morning's class are communicants.

I have been thus minute in describing all that passed at a meeting, for how otherwise are friends who are interested in missionary work to understand the real state of things? I might have merely said, "Had an interesting meeting attended by seventeen women of the congregation;" but what information would that have conveyed to those who wish to know the workings of the minds of our Christian women?

AN AUSTRALIAN LADY'S WORK IN INDIA



ABOUT twelve years ago, the late Rev. G. M. Gordon, C.M.S. missionary at Madras, visited Australia to improve his health. The interest excited there by his account of the Society's work in India resulted in an Association being formed at Melbourne, under the auspices of a devoted clergyman, the Rev. H. B. Macartney (son of the late Rev. H. B. Macartney). Since then more than £3,000 altogether has been collected, and has been forwarded in yearly sums to India for the maintenance of children at Tinnevely and Travancore boarding-schools, divinity students, catechists, &c. In addition to this, two labourers have joined the C.M.S. Mission from Mr. Macartney's congregation—first, Miss Davies, and her brother. Mr. Davies went back invalided, but Miss Davies laboured most zealously at Ellore for nearly five years. A few months ago she was married to our missionary, the Rev. J. Cain, and has since come with him to England. The following very interesting account of her work before her marriage is written by herself:—

Mrs. Cain's Account.

Shortly before I sailed from Melbourne (October 7th, 1875) Alexander had opened a school at Ellore for caste girls. Caste girls do not come to the schools already opened for Christian children of their origin, and it was in this new school that I began my work. The language at first was a great difficulty, and I often found it very trying.

come direct from active home Mission work, such as Sunday-school teaching and district visiting, and to sit down with little to do but to learn a strange language in a sultry climate with little or no European society. Even when we do begin work we are liable, through lack of words or misuse of idioms, to say very strange things. For instance, one of my pupils came to me complaining of ear-ache, and I immediately advised her, as I thought, to dip some cotton wool in oil and put it in her ear; but you may easily guess how astonished I was to find that, by a slight mispronunciation, I had really told her to dip a *calf* in oil and put it in her ear! *Dudi*, cotton wool: *duda*, a calf.

However, these difficulties gradually vanished, and I got to know and love the women. At first I found it difficult to gain access to their homes, and it was a great trial to me to see the little girls in the school drawing away their clothes from me for fear of contamination. So great was their dread of my making them Christians that they would even refuse sweetmeats which I offered, lest they should contain a charm to win them over to our religion. But by degrees the children would gather round me, come up to the house, and do anything save those things strictly forbidden by their caste rules. Eventually they would say, "Please come to my house; my mother is sick, and wants to see you;" or "My home people want to hear the music," for I had a little harmonic flute on which I played.

Sickness often opens a door which would otherwise be closed against the Gospel message, for all are willing to trust our medicine. Unfortunately, they too often delay calling us in until it is too late. In cases of fever they starve the patients; frequently they are not allowed to eat for from five to ten days. The first case I healed was a little girl eight years old. She had fasted seven days, and was then tossing about in high fever. At first I declined to have anything to do with her, for I well knew the severe blame I should incur in case she died. However, I at last yielded to their strong entreaties, provided they took upon themselves all responsibility, and strictly followed my advice. The first thing I did was to give her thin arrowroot in a medicine bottle, looking like medicine, as they have a great objection to receiving cooked food from us, and yet they do not know how to prepare such things themselves. The next day she was still very ill, so I said, "Only the great God can make her well." "Pray to Him," said the mother; and, kneeling down, we called upon the Great Healer. He heard our prayer, and the mother always declares, "Your God made my child well." All the people of that street now send to me when their children are ill.

After I had been in Ellore nearly two years, I opened, in much trembling and fear, a little Sunday-school for heathen girls in the Lines' caste girls' school. The first Sunday nine little girls came, and more by degrees, till at last the average was about fifteen. Now and then a mother would come quietly in by the side door, and sit down and listen. Among the children two of our best day-scholars appeared one day, and at the close of the Sunday-school one said, "You go to see the others' mothers; why do you not come to see ours?" They were well-to-do people, so that the women never go out. In fact, the mother told me that she had never walked across the street during the four years they had lived in Ellore. The following day I went, and found that she had heard about Jesus, and wanted to know more. "Send me a Testament," she said; "my niece, who reads in your school, can teach me, if you show her the place to read." So I marked the text, "Christ Jesus came into the world," &c., for her to learn, and then read the story of Jesus' birth. "Wonderful!" she exclaimed: "but don't tell any one. Come and teach me again very soon." I went again and again, and each time she knew the appointed text. One day she said, "I want to learn to pray to your Jesus!" and I immediately asked, "Is He not your Jesus as well?" to which she replied "Yes"; and ever after that, in speaking of God or of Jesus, would say, "our Father," or "our Lord." I told her of the Father's love, and how she might say to Him anything she wished. A few days afterwards, when I went, she repeated a touching little prayer, asking, "Must I not make my mind very clean before I pray?" so I told her about the blood which cleanses from all sin. One day her niece repeated the Lord's Prayer to her, and when I went she exclaimed, "Ah! I knew there was something else to learn." She then learned it, sentence by sentence, from her niece, and then I gave her the Apostles' Creed, and after that the General Confession, at the same time continuing to instruct her regularly in the history of our blessed Lord's life.

Her brother's wife came to live with her, and she, too, wished to learn everything that would, as she said, "make her a Christian." So the two (and often the old mother as well) would sit down and listen as long as I could stay. One day she took hold of my hands as I sat telling her of the coming of the Holy Spirit, and said, "Tell me, lady, if I become a Christian—and I must—may I keep one of my children?" She has three little ones, and knew well if she became a Christian her husband would turn her out of the house, and refuse to have anything to do with her. She again exclaimed, "If I might keep the baby I'd leave the others and become a Christian. Is there no law which would compel my husband to let me have my child?" So I told her to pray for her

husband, and then she remarked, with a bright smile, "If God accepts me He will accept my husband as well;" and, after that, every time that I went I was met with the inquiry, "Are you praying for me?"

I used frequently to ask the Hindu women what they did all day, and the invariable reply was, "Oh, we cook, eat, and dress; we cannot read, we cannot sew." Their jackets are the only articles which need a stitch, and they are made in the bazaar. Many send their children to school simply that they may be taught to sew, for, as a rule, being uneducated themselves, they do not care whether their daughters learn to read or not; but they do like them to learn to sew, that they may save them the expense of having to pay the tailors for making their jackets. You must imagine for yourselves the life of a tolerably rich Hindu woman, with nothing to do but to prepare the husband's rice; and in most families there is an old woman or a widow to do all the cooking, which is never left to servants.

There was one young woman in such a home, very pretty, with beautiful hair and eyes, but set off by such a great quantity of jewellery that at first you would not admire her. One of her nose rings consisted of pearls set in a gold ring as large as the palm of my hand, another of a small jewelled ring hanging from the front of the nose just over the upper lip, besides pearls in her dark hair, four or five different earrings, bracelets, necklaces, and anklets. She was just twenty-one years old, and her daughter (eight years old) was reading in our school. The child was a bright little girl, and used to repeat at home the stories she heard at school, so that I found that the mother knew a great deal of the history of the Lord Jesus before I went. She would make me tell the story of the resurrection over and over again, and one day said to me, "I would like to read that story, but I am too old to learn." "Oh, no," I replied; "you are younger than I was when I began to learn your language." So she tried, and before I left Ellore was delighted to be able to spell over "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Sickness prevented her more rapid progress. I gave her medicine for her fever, but was obliged to be absent for three weeks. When I returned, I found that she had been very ill indeed; but the old woman who waited on her told me that she kept talking to our God all the time, and repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over again, and in her delirium continually cried out, "O Jesus, you made other sick people well, make me well." This interesting woman was in the habit of trying to teach others, and two old women learned from her the Lord's Prayer and several texts of Scripture. Her husband is a very quiet old man, of about sixty years of age, and interferes very little; in fact, he has sometimes taken the New Testament from my hands and read the chosen chapter; but when he does get angry with his wife, he exclaims, "Go to your lady and become a Christian!" The "sacred tree" which stands in the middle of his courtyard is now neglected and dying, although before it used to be watered and carefully tended every day, and the sacred marks were religiously drawn upon the pot in which it stands. The weekly Saturday oblation of food and rice is no longer offered, and the young mother told me, "Since you came to teach us about Jesus I have left off praying to the sun, and worshipping that tree." Her husband does not mind this, as he has no faith in the Hindu gods, and will not interfere with her so long as she does not break caste, which the waters of baptism would inevitably do.

We have other cases of men wanting to become Christians, but who are hindered by their wives; and not very many months ago a young man had to leave wife and friends when he openly confessed his faith and was admitted into the Christian Church.

Very touching were some of the farewells when I left Ellore. Many of the women cried; one told me that she would put a mark on the wall at the end of each month, as I told her that I hoped to be back again in eighteen months. She was a poor, deformed girl, who had read in our school for some years, and although she still wears heathen marks on her forehead, I have great hopes that she is a true believer. She teaches and reads Gospel stories to her mother and other relations. One evening when I called I found her sitting on the *piâl*, i.e., the raised bank of dried mud which is built on each side of the entrance to every house, or sometimes inside the house itself—in the court, into which all the other rooms open, reading Luke viii. aloud to a group of women.

This girl, though nice looking, has a hump on her back, and, consequently, no young man would marry her. So, to save themselves from the disgrace of having a daughter unmarried, the parents offered to support an old man, aged sixty-five, if he would marry her. The girl refused for some time, but at last was persuaded to accept him.

These are a few cheering incidents, and make us feel thankful for what has been done; but when we look round on the cities and villages where the Gospel has never penetrated, and on a town like Ellore, with its thousands of people, and the few that can be reached, we can only think of our work sadly, as a drop in a mighty ocean. We ask our friends to pray that many labourers may be sent into the harvest-field—some to plough, some to sow, and some, perhaps, to reap; but of this we are sure—"That both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."



A GROUP AT SATSUPORO, JAPAN, JUNE, 1880. (See Explanation below.)

the building, and there seated himself down and listened to the end of the service. This was quite unknown to me at the time.

Sunday, June 13th.—We had the usual 11 o'clock service in the morning, at which I asked Mr. Davison (the American missionary at Hakodate) to preach. At 2.30 I taught in Nakamura's house. There were about a dozen persons present. Then at 4.30 we had a most interesting Japanese service at our house. The harmonium had been conveyed to the place, and Mr. Eusden was kind enough to play; the Consul was also there. There were some forty or fifty present, consisting of the students, the Ito family, and Nakamura family and their friends. We sang four hymns, and had the usual adult Baptismal Service, which has been lately translated. The candidates had been previously instructed in the Questions and Answers, and were not at all confused. The first candidate was Ko, Ito's grandmother, aged seventy-four, who received the name of Anna. She is able to read, and answered the questions put to her very nicely. The second was Ito's mother, Tomi, aged forty-seven years, who took the name of Naomi. I should say that it is customary to put an honorific O before the ordinary names of women, and say, e.g., Oko and Otomi, but to avoid confusion I have given the name in its simple form. The third candidate was a young girl, aged sixteen, whose name is Ogasawara (this O belongs to the name); as in about three years time it is expected that Ito will be married to this young lady, in anticipation of her becoming Naomi's daughter-in-law she was called "Ruth." Her family are very much interested in Christianity. This is the third family that we have access to in Satsuporo. The prosperity of the work here will probably lead to our sending a Catechist to reside at this place, i.e., provided the Native Christians are prepared to pay part of his salary, which I think they will readily do.

I preached on Acts x. 47, dwelling on the three kinds of baptism alluded to in the New Testament: The Baptism of Repentance of Mark i. 4, &c.; the Baptism of the Holy Ghost of Matt. iii. 11, &c.; and the Baptism of Suffering of Matt. xx. 23. I also pointed out to them how well suited the two Sacraments were for the representation of the

two essential elements in our salvation—the atonement of Christ and the sanctification of the heart by the work of the Holy Spirit. I then reviewed the history of Christian work in Satsuporo from its commencement (which may be said to date in 1875, the year of Miss Dennis' arrival there), down to the present hour, and assured them that we had every encouragement to believe that we shall see greater things than these.

Our readers will be much interested with the accompanying picture of these Yezo Christians, which is engraved from a photograph sent home by Mr. Batchelor, a lay agent working with Mr. Dening. Mr. Batchelor's description of the group is as follows:—

"The young man on my right hand is a Christian of our Church. He lives about eight ri, or eighteen English miles, from Satsuporo, and his name is Arato. He is a school teacher, and instructs his pupils in the elementary parts of Christianity whenever he has a chance. He was baptized by Mr. Dening four years ago at Hakodate. I went to his village three times, and preached to the people, and held services especially for the school children. The name of his village is To-betsu.

"The old lady on his right hand in front is one of the three who were baptized on Sunday, the 13th June this year. Her age is seventy-four, and she is a true seeker after God. It really is a great source of encouragement to see such an old person come out boldly and confess Christ, and comforts one much.

"The young man over Mr. Dening's shoulder is Mr. Ito, our first Satsuporo believer, who was baptized four years ago by Mr. Dening. He is an earnest worker, and does all he can for his Master.

"The woman at his left hand is his mother; she also was baptized on June 13th. The young lady on Mrs. Ito's left hand is her son's intended wife. She is a nice little thing, and her age is only fifteen years. Mr. Ito said that he had well instructed her in Christianity, and was very anxious to have her baptized. Indeed, she is very well up, not only in the letter, but in the spirit of the Gospel."

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

MARCH—"NOW."

Now wake the songs of Spring;
Now violets fragrance fling
On the soft airs which rise and fall;
Awake! O sin-bound soul;
Now yield to the control
Of the blest Spirit's loving call.

A. E. M.

First Qr. . . 7d. 8h. 3m. p.m. Full Moon. 15d. 10h. 37m. p.m. MARCH. Last Qr. . . 23d. 5h. 29m. a.m. New Moon 23d. 10h. 35m. p.m.

1	T	<i>J. J. Weitbrecht d.</i> , 1852. I am now ready to be offered. 2 Tim. 4. 6.
2	W	<i>Ash W.</i> Thou hast forgiven this people even until now. Nu. 14. 19. <i>M. Is.</i> 58. 1-13. <i>Mk.</i> 2. 18-25. <i>E. Jon.</i> 8. Heb. 12. 9-18.
8	T	Now no condemnation to them wh. are in Christ Jesus. Rom. 8. 1.
4	F	By whom we have now received the atonement. Rom. 5. 11.
5	S	<i>J. Cornelius d.</i> , 1880. Now they desire a better country. Heb. 11. 16.
6	S	1st in Lent. Ember Wk. Blessed are ye that weep now. Lu. 6. 21. <i>M. Ge.</i> 19. 12-30. <i>Mk.</i> 7. 1-24. <i>E. Ge.</i> 21. 1-20. or 23. Ro. 15. 5.
7	M	<i>New C.M. House op.</i> , 1862. Now will I praise the Lord. Gen. 29. 35.
8	T	1st <i>C.M. Miss. sailed for Africa</i> , 1804. The darkness is past, [and the true light now shineth. 1 Jo. 2. 8.
9	W	Now are ye light in the Lord. Eph. 5. 8.
10	T	I was blind, now I see. John 9. 25. [Lord. Gen. 26. 29.
11	F	<i>Bp. Sargeant consec.</i> , 1877. Thou art now the blessed of the
12	S	<i>Fort Rupert Miss. begun</i> , 1878. Unto whom now I send thee. [Acts 26. 17.
13	S	2nd in Lent. Come, for all things are now ready. Lu. 14. 17. <i>M. Ge.</i> 27. 1-41. <i>Mk.</i> 11. 1-27. <i>E. Ge.</i> 28 or 32. 1 Co. 6.
14	M	Now is come salvation and strength. Rev. 12. 10.
15	T	<i>Bp. Burdon consec.</i> , 1874. Now then we are ambassadors for
16	W	Now it is high time to awake. Rom. 13. 11. [Christ. 2 Cor. 5. 20.
17	T	Now the Lord hath made room for us. Gen. 26. 22.
18	F	Now also the axe is laid unto the root of the tree. Matt. 3. 10.
19	S	Now is the accepted time: now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. 6. 2.
20	S	3rd in Lent. Now is the Son of Man glorified. John 13. 31. <i>M. Ge.</i> 37. <i>Mk.</i> 14. 53. <i>E. Ge.</i> 39 or 40. 1 Co. 11. 17.
21	M	Now is Christ risen from the dead. 1 Cor. 15. 20.
22	T	Now to appear in the presence of God for us. Heb. 9. 24.
23	W	Now, little children, abide in Him. 1 Jo. 2. 28. [Ro. 8. 22.
24	T	<i>Slave Trade abol.</i> , 1807. The whole creation groaneth until now.
25	F	<i>Annun. Virg. Mary.</i> Let us now go even unto Bethlehem. Lu. 2. 15.
26	S	Though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice. 1 Pet. 1. 8. [Rom. 13. 11.
27	S	4th in Lent. Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. <i>M. Ge.</i> 42. Lu. 2. 21. <i>E. Ge.</i> 43 or 45. 1 Co. 16.
28	M	<i>J. Thomas d.</i> , 1870. Lord now testeth Thou thy servant depart
29	T	Do ye now believe? John 16. 31. [in peace. Lu. 2. 29.
30	W	Bring of the fish which ye have now caught. John 21. 10.
31	T	1st <i>bapt. Fuh-Chow</i> , 1861. And now they were not able to draw [it for the multitude of fishes. John 21. 6.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B.—It is not the case, as stated in a new book called *The Lake Regions of Central Africa* (Nelsons), that little has been heard of Mtesa since Stanley visited him, or that Smith and O'Neill were "the last white visitors to Uganda." The *C.M. Gleaner* and *Intelligencer* during the past three years have given much information about Mtesa, and Uganda, and the Mission there. These popular compilations cannot always be depended on. Another, published last year, *Africa Past and Present*, by an Old Resident, makes Frere Town the name of Bishop Steere's station at Magila!

Q.—The missionaries who signed the protest lately published in the *Times* and other papers against the use by Dr. Legge of a particular Chinese term for God are a small minority of the missionary body in China, and moreover are not agreed among themselves. The majority favour Dr. Legge's term. But the question is a very difficult one. The statement in one or two Church newspapers, copied from the *American Churchman*, that the C.M.S. compels its agents in China to adopt one term, and prohibits the use of another because it is used by Roman Catholics, is as absurd as many other things that are said of the Society. Three different terms are used by its missionaries. Bishop Russell preferred one; Bishop Burdon uses another; Bishop Moule a third.

E. J. sends us 1s. for Japan; and "Gleaner" sends 2s. for the *Henry Wright* steamer. Many thanks.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the sound Christian instruction given by the agents of the Native Church in Tinnevely (p. 32); for openings among the Telugu women (p. 83); for baptisms in Yezo (p. 85).

Thanksgiving and prayer for the faithful Native clergy in Ceylon (p. 81). Prayer for Native converts, and especially Native teachers. See Rev. A. E. Moule's suggestion (p. 27).

Prayer for the two absent Secretaries of the Society, one through sickness, and one on an important journey (see next column).

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Rev. C. C. Fenn, one of the Secretaries of the C.M.S., has been away two months in ill health, and is still unable to resume work. would commend him to the sympathy and prayers of our readers.

Mr. E. Hutchinson, Lay Secretary of the Society, and the Rev. J. Whiting, have gone to Madeira as a deputation from the Committee to attend a Conference on the West African Missions, to which have been invited Bishop and Archdeacon Crowther, the Revs. J. B. W. M. Sunter, J. Quaker, &c.

The Henry Wright Memorial Fund, for providing a Mission steamer on the East African coast, amounted on Feb. 10th to £2,522. Collected cards for this Fund can be had from the C.M. House.

The Bishop of Calcutta has appointed the Rev. H. P. Parker, Secretary of the C.M.S. Calcutta Corresponding Committee, and the Rev. W. Blackett, Principal of the C.M.S. Divinity School for Bengal, to be of his Honorary Chaplains.

The Duke of Buckingham, late Governor of Madras, after his visit to Tinnevely, mentioned in our last, wrote as follows to the Rev. A. Arden, C.M.S. Secretary at Madras:—"I have felt much interested in the work of the Church Missionary Society, and trust its efforts to spread among the races of Southern India the knowledge of the Bible, and lead them into the paths of life, may be rewarded by increasing success, and that its zealous labourers may feel that their labour has not been in vain."

The Waganda Envoys, with Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Stokes, reached Uyu on November 23rd, all well. On December 1st they left for the Lake, accompanied also by Mr. Litchfield.

Mr. Mackay writes from Kagei on November 1st that canoes arrived from Uganda, and he was about proceeding thither, together with a reinforcement for the Romanist Mission. The canoes, however, have been three months coming across the lake, there was no news from Uganda later than July 29th. Affairs were then no brighter, and Mr. Peacock found it difficult to obtain food.

Letters from Mombasa to January 1st describe all quiet there. Sultan of Zanzibar had put in irons three chiefs and slave-owners who were leaders in the recent disturbance. We are sorry to say that the Rev. A. Menzies was suffering from severe illness when the mail left.

The Rev. W. T. Sathianadhan has rebuilt his church at Chidrepettah, Madras, at a cost of £800. It is now called Zion Church, and was solemnly dedicated to the service of God by the Bishop of Madras on December 8th.

In December, Bishop Speechly, of Travancore and Cochin, travelled by bullock-cart and on horseback into the wild hill country between Travancore and Tinnevely, inhabited by the Hill Arrian tribes, among whom the late Rev. Henry Baker did so remarkable a work (see *GLEANER*, June, 1879). There are some 1,500 Christians of this primitive race. At Mundakayam, Baker's old station, the Bishop confirmed 138 candidates, and administered the Lord's Supper to 200 persons.

Mr. E. B. Thomas, a member of the C.M.S. Committee, who visited thirty years ago, a chief Government official in Tinnevely, has lately revisited India, and on November 2nd was presented with an affectionate and grateful address by the Native Christians at Palamcotta.

On December 8th, a new church, built by the Singhalese Christians, was opened at Kurunegala, in Ceylon. Four services were held during the day, two in Singhalese, one in Tamil, and one in English. The Revs. J. Ireland Jones, S. Coles, and H. Gunasekara, officiated in the several named languages, the Revs. W. E. Rowlands and D. Wood in the second, the Revs. H. Newton and J. G. Garrett in the third. The building, called Emmanuel Church. An interesting account of the proceedings appeared in the Ceylon Localised Edition of the *GLEANER*.

Sir William Martin, formerly Chief Justice of New Zealand, who visited New Zealand lately, was a warm and untiring friend of the Maori people and their missionary work among them. He himself laboured most zealously many years in the training of the natives for ordination at St. Stephen's College, Auckland, his perfect knowledge of the Maori tongue rendered his services peculiarly valuable. He printed his notes for his lectures on the Four Gospels, and gave them to his old pupils when he left New Zealand in 1874.

The Gleaner Examination.

The Committee have sanctioned the holding of another Examination at the close of this year. Particulars will be announced shortly; meanwhile, suggestions will be welcome. We hope to arrange for two divisions or standards.

We omitted last month to distinguish those candidates in the Second Class who, having gained half-marks, were entitled to Certificates of Merit. These were E. Darnill, Louth; Edith A. Disbrowe, Boston; Charlotte Harrison, Louth; Lizzie Hollyman, Highbury; Charlotte Lloyd, Shrewsbury; "Louisa," Turvey.


THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

APRIL, 1881.

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY THE REV. CANON RICHARDSON.

IV.—THE MISSIONARY PATTERN.

EAVING us an example that we should follow His steps." The great model of a missionary is the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. The love that brought Him down—the zeal that sent Him forth—the meat and drink that held Him up—are high and holy studies for the messengers of salvation in every age. But the Apostle has suggested a nearer pattern. "Ye became followers (imitators) of us and of the Lord" (1 Thess. i. 6). And so a secondary model is the Apostle Paul. He has laid bare his heart, and given a record of his work, as if for the very purpose of showing what is required, and what is to be devoted, for this great enterprise of winning souls to Christ.


"Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." He had one very distinct object vividly before his mind. To the attainment of that great object he earnestly applied his heart. And the purpose of his life, together with the burning desire of his soul, he laid before God in believing prayer. The Apostolic pattern is, Desire, and ask God to give.

"Though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of; for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel" (1 Cor. ix. 16). His choice, his commission, his consecration gave him no alternative. The business of his whole life, the dedication of every talent, power, and opportunity, made him to be conspicuously set for the defence of the Gospel of Christ. His delight and his duty ran in one direction, and ran both together. He was an enthusiast, and knew no shame; an ambassador, and claimed no authority but that which the King's message carried. "I magnify my office."

"Ye remember, brethren, our labour and travail: for labouring night and day, because we would not be chargeable unto any of you, we preached unto you the Gospel of God." There were many infirmities; but there was no sloth. Health failed; but heart never. The body was bound; but the spirit was as free as the unbound word, as far-reaching as "the measure of the rule which God hath distributed to us" (2 Cor. x. 13). The missionary's post is the post of honour, the post of danger, the post of advance. He wins, and he sees more to be won. And when he stands alone or works apart, he is never nearer to Christ, never more bound up in the universal brotherhood of the Church of God. With an apostolic zeal, an apostolic message, and an apostolic grace, the humblest missionary, in the most remote station, is cast in the very mould by which the Saviour has stamped His own character on all whom He has called and fitted for His work.

"None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."—(Acts xx. 24.)

THE VICTORIA NYANZA MISSION.

missions of the Church Missionary Society should be more familiar to the readers of the GLEANER than those in East and Central Africa; and for this reason, that they have been able to follow the history of both from their commencement. The GLEANER in its present enlarged form was begun in January, 1874. Only a few weeks later came the news of Dr. Living-

stone's death, which, following so soon after Sir Bartle Frere's treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar for the suppression of the East African slave trade, woke up the interest of the Christian public in the Dark Continent. In that year, and in 1875, several articles appeared in the GLEANER describing the Rev. W. S. Price's expedition to Mombasa to revive and develop the old Mission there, and the establishment by him of Frere Town, the Society's settlement for rescued slaves. In January, 1876, an account was given of the wonderful call from Uganda, and of the Committee's plans for sending a Mission into Central Africa, and from that time to this the progress of both enterprises has been regularly recorded. Still it may be well briefly to recall the history of the Nyanza Mission (leaving Frere Town aside on this occasion) before saying a little about its present position and prospects. At the same time we present on the next page a new and very clear map, which can not only be studied now, but be referred back to when we give further information in future numbers.

It was in November, 1875, that Mr. Stanley's letter appeared, inviting Christian missionaries to the capital of Mtesa, King of Uganda.¹ Within seven months from that time a well-equipped party sent by the Church Missionary Society were at Zanzibar actively preparing for their expedition into the interior.² Early in 1877, four men had reached Kagei, at the southern end of the great Lake, the Victoria Nyanza.³ One, Dr. John Smith, died there.⁴ Two, Lieut. G. Shergold Smith and the Rev. C. T. Wilson, crossed the Lake in the little launch *Daisy*, which had been carried in pieces 700 miles overland, landed safely in Uganda, and were received with great cordiality by King Mtesa on July 2nd, 1877.⁵ Leaving Wilson there, Smith recrossed the Lake, explored its southern shores, and then, in December, he and O'Neill were killed on the Island of Ukerewe in defending an Arab trader who had fled to them for protection from a chief he had quarrelled with.⁶ This left Wilson literally the only white man in Central Africa, and for twelve months he was alone, partly at Mtesa's and partly on the Lake, which he crossed four times in the interval.⁷ In the meanwhile, Mr. Alexander M. Mackay, one of the original party who had been left behind sick, had been doing good service exploring new routes between the coast and Mpwapwa, a place 230 miles inland, where an intermediate Mission was projected. On hearing the news that his brethren had fallen, he hastened forward, and after many trials and difficulties he and Wilson were together in Uganda in November, 1878.⁸ In February, 1879, they were joined there by the Rev. G. Litchfield, Mr. C. W. Pearson, and Mr. R. W. Felkin, who had left England in May, 1878, and took a different route, through Egypt and up the Nile, receiving on their journey much kindness from Colonel Gordon;⁹ and shortly after, Mr. C. Stokes and Mr. A. J. Copplestone arrived from the south, thus making seven missionaries in Uganda.¹⁰

For the first year and a half of the presence of the Mission at his capital, King Mtesa had been very friendly, appeared well-disposed towards Christianity, and had actually decreed the abolition of slavery (though this came to nothing).¹¹ But the influence of the Mohammedan Arab traders who visited Uganda, and the arrival of a party of French Romish priests, produced some hostility on his part, which occasioned much alarm at home when

¹ GLEANER, Jan. and Feb., 1876. ² GLEANER, May, June, and Sept., 1876.

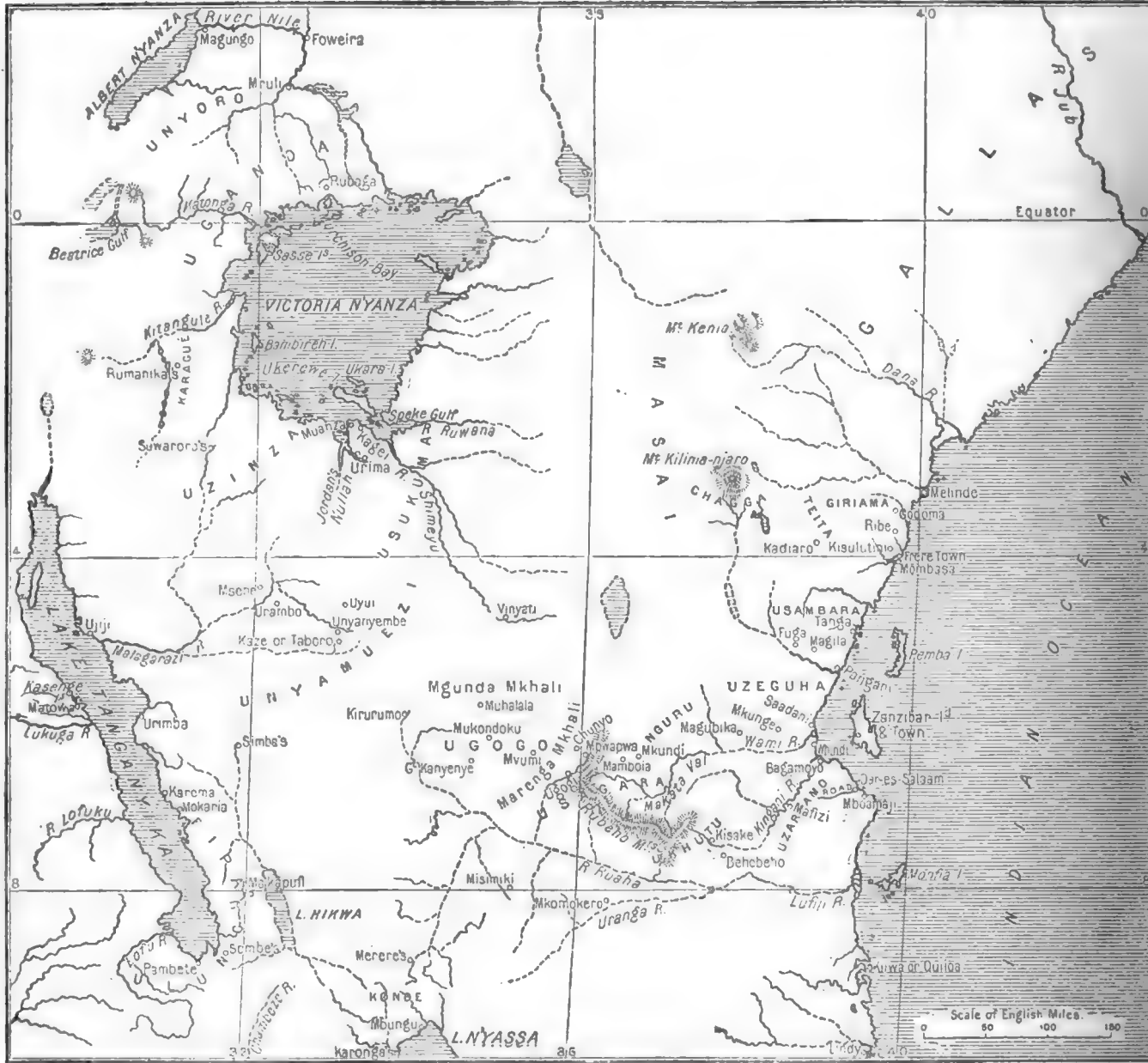
³ GLEANER, Jan. and July, 1877. ⁴ GLEANER, Nov., 1877.

⁵ GLEANER, Feb. and March, 1878. ⁶ GLEANER, May, June, and July, 1878.

⁷ GLEANER, July, 1878; May, 1879. ⁸ GLEANER, Feb., April, Oct., Nov., 1879.

⁹ GLEANER, Feb., March, April, May, June, July, Aug., Sept., 1879; Jan., Feb., March, April, 1880.

¹⁰ GLEANER, Dec., 1879. ¹¹ GLEANER, July, 1878; May and Nov., 1879.



EASTERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA, showing the C.M.S. Stations at Mombasa, Kisulutini, Mambaia, Mpwapwa, Uyui, and Rubaga.

the news came.¹ However, he agreed to send three chiefs to England to see the Queen, and Wilson and Felkin left Uganda with them in June, 1879, travelling northward *via* the Nile.² At the same time, Stokes and Coplestone also left, crossing the Lake southward; and as Pearson accompanied them some distance and had a difficulty in getting back again, Mackay and Litchfield were alone at Mtesa's from June to November. The latter part of this period was the most encouraging in the history of the Mission. King, chiefs, and people were eager for instruction; by means of a small printing-press reading-sheets were supplied, and great numbers learned to read; and services were held every Sunday (as indeed they had been from the beginning, with some interruptions) in a building erected by Mtesa for the purpose in the palace grounds. The Arabs kept up furious

opposition, and the French priests¹ acted sometimes as friends sometimes as foes; but not a few of the people appeared interested in the Gospel message, and the king actually as for baptism, though without showing that "repentance when we forsake sin," which our Church "requires of persons to be baptized," and without which it would have been a mockery to count him a Christian. When Pearson returned in November he was astonished at the sight, and wrote, "This is the finger of God!"²

But then came a great change. In December, 1879, Mtesa and his chiefs publicly prohibited both Christianity and Mohammedanism, and returned to their heathen superstitions;³ from that time till July 29th, 1880 (our latest date), they shown no favour either to our Mission or to the Romanists.

¹ GLEANER, Dec., 1879.

² GLEANER, Dec., 1879; Aug., 1880.

³ GLEANER, March, 1880. ² GLEANER, July, 1880. ³ GLEANER, July, 1880.



MURCHISON CREEK, WHERE THE BOATS CROSSING THE VICTORIA NYANZA LAND IN UGANDA.

June, Mtesa again professed himself a Mohammedan; and who shall say what his next change may be? Pearson was alone in Uganda, Litchfield having been obliged by illness to leave, and Mackay having accompanied him to fetch supplies from Uyui, a place marked on the map, 100 miles south of the Lake. Mackay, on Nov. 1st, was just about to recross the Lake in canoes; and on Dec. 1st, Litchfield had just started from Uyui, also to return to Uganda, in company with Mr. Stokes and the Rev. P. O'Flaherty, who are escorting the Waganda envoys brought to England by Wilson and Felkin back to their own country. Perhaps it may please God that their return, with all the wonders they will have to report, shall again turn the king's heart towards the Mission and its Divine message.

We must not, however, omit to notice the three intermediate stations which have meanwhile been established. *Mpwapwa* has already been mentioned. It was first occupied by Mr. Clark, one of the original expedition, in 1876,¹ but he had to return home in shattered health. In May, 1878, four men arrived to settle there, Dr. Baxter, Mr. Last, Mr. Henry, and Mr. Copplestone. Mr. Henry also came back invalided, and Mr. Copplestone, as we have seen, went on to Uganda; but two others, the Rev. J. C. Price and Mr. Cole, joined the station in the autumn of 1879. Since then Mr. Last has removed to *Mamboia*, forty miles nearer the coast, where he has established another Mission; and thither he has lately taken his young wife, the first Englishwoman to penetrate the interior of Eastern Africa. The third station is at *Uyui*, the place already mentioned, in the country of Unyamuezi. It was for some time the residence of a friendly Arab chief named Said-bin-Salim, who was visited there by both Wilson and Mackay. In the autumn of 1878 Stokes and Copplestone stayed there two or three months, and built a mission-house; and when they left Uganda in June, 1879, they returned thither. Stokes proceeded to the coast (whence he has since conducted the returning Waganda envoys, as already mentioned), but Copplestone has remained there ever since, and from June to November last year Litchfield was with him. At all these three new stations excellent work is being done, and the foundations are being laid, we trust, of flourishing Missions destined to gather many souls into the living Church of God.

This is a very rapid and meagre sketch of the history of the Nyanza Mission during the last five years, which, with the references at foot to previous numbers of the *GLEANER*, will enable any of our readers to work it out more fully for themselves, and to understand what we may print hereafter. It is a story of continual movement and continual change, but a story,

¹ *GLEANER*, March and Aug., 1877.

when read in detail in the letters and journals of the missionaries (which have occupied altogether nearly 800 closely printed pages of the *C.M. Intelligencer*, besides many pages of the *Gleaner*), full of examples of Christian zeal and courage and endurance. Into the future we cannot look; but He whose servants our brethren are knows the end from the beginning, and He has promised that their labour "shall not be in vain in the Lord."

We have not space, with the above account of the Mission, to give any lengthened extracts from the letters and journals; but a paragraph or two may be squeezed in, which will afford a vivid glimpse of the daily life of our brethren. Mr. Litchfield, while in Uganda, wrote as follows to an old fellow-student, now a missionary in India:—

I have built myself a house—address "The Parsonage, Uganda, The World." The floor is the earth, the walls tiger grass, the roof thatch, with three rooms, and lock and key doors. 1st room, reception hall, dispensary, schoolroom, and hospital. 2nd, store room and kitchen. 3rd, sanctorum sanctorum and bedroom. I batter the floor smooth with a wooden log, and cut holes in the walls for windows; and now it is *A 1, no plus ultra*.

Between July and December, 1879, I was very busy, building, digging, trench-making, road-levelling, planting, printing, dispensing, teaching, translating, making a vocabulary, learning the language, washing, ironing, brick-making, candle-making, and a host of other light and trifling tasks. You would not have known me in the dirty-fisted, clayey individual I looked. More than fifty men and boys came daily for instruction to me, and I had taken part through St. John's Gospel, and we were finishing I. Kings. Part were beginning the Gospels, part were struggling through reading-sheets of two syllables, the printing of which has kept me out of bed many a night when I ought to have been sleeping off the fatigues of the day.

The following is from Mr. Litchfield's journal:—

July 8th, 1879.—Killed, skinned, and cut up a goat this morning, in a little over thirty minutes. This is a decided improvement, as it used to take me nearly two hours.

July 26th.—Up by daybreak. Killed and cut up a goat. Then settled down to the language for some hours. I find it hard work, with no teacher and no medium. I have to get all my information from the Waganda who come down to see me, and the only way I can do it is by making signs, as, for instance, in the verbs, to laugh, to shout, to cry, to crow, to kick, to run, to spit, to wink, to strike, &c., all of which are rather ludicrous in illustration. But I have now got some 400 or 500 words and verbs, besides phrases, and hope to crawl like a child in the language before three months are gone by.

August 6th.—Worked hard all day in washing and ironing. I dislike this task very much, and would much prefer six hours' spading to one of ironing.

August 9th.—Found a slave of Monoculia (a chief) waiting for some medicine he wanted. I accompanied him to his master to see the patient, and was warmly welcomed by the chief, who has often been at our Mission-house, and seems really desirous of learning the truth.

Sunday, 10th.—Went, as I had promised, to see my patients at Monoculia's house. As this chief seemed anxious to talk on religion, I tried to explain the death, resurrection, and love of Christ to him in my

broken, stammering language. After a while he went outside and sent a slave to fetch me. I went to him, and found him in a very small hut on his knees, and he asked me to pray. I said I did not know Suahili, but he said, "Pray in English, God understands you." And I did so, deeply moved by the scene.

August 16th.—Busy this morning in taking to pieces and cleaning a sewing-machine. It was all rusted over, and took me a long time to make right; but eventually it worked smooth, and I sewed a pair of pantaloons. The Natives were greatly amused to see a machine sew.

September 15th.—Walked up to Monoculia's, taking with me several magic-lantern slides illustrative of the life of Christ. He would have me to pray with him in a little hut he has built, and which he calls the house of God.

September 20th.—Up with the sun, but did not enjoy a good night, for I seem to have some whole colonies of rats in my bedroom, and, in fact, all over the house. They race over the bed, up the wall, and about the floor, squeaking and knocking articles over in the most reckless fashion.

October 19th.—Up very early, and painting alphabets for the boys who are learning to read, as there are a number of fresh ones. They make reading-boards very nicely, scraping the wood very smooth and level, considering the tools they have. Continued the Scripture lessons out of St. John's Gospel to the most advanced pupils. They appear to take a real interest in the truths of God.

Sunday, October 12th.—Went to court with Mackay for service, and enjoyed a really pleasant time. We held it in the king's house, and not in the chapel, and the king seemed to take a deep interest, and translated faithfully for his chiefs. He reminded me of a father surrounded by his children, more than a king with his subjects. His pages sat round his bed, and it was difficult to realise we were in Central Africa amongst a savage nation.

November 28th.—Thirty-two men and boys were down for instruction to-day, and I feel quite knocked up with so much teaching, as they kept me hard at work talking for the space of four hours. When they had gone I started printing, and got 150 sheets of advanced reading-lessons printed on the one side. Afterwards had a good spell at digging and fencing.

AN EASTER MISSIONARY TALK WITH MY BIBLE-CLASS.

Note.



THE Address that follows was read on Easter Sunday, 1880, to a large Bible-class of working men and lads, varying in age from 50 to 14, in a country parish in the West of England,* and is offered to the readers of the GLEANER in the hope that it may prove of some little use to other teachers of Bible-classes, in their efforts to rouse their pupils to take an interest in missionary work.

Our class began with five one frosty winter morning long ago, that is to say, some fifteen years or more; now it counts nearly sixty members; but still our cry to our men and lads is, "Yet there is room." It embraces every rank in our parish. Farmers' sons sit brother-like beside farmers' boys; the artisan is on the same bench with the day-labourer; all form one loving party under their lady teacher.

As we walk round the class we see very varied faces, faces that tell of victory gained with strong wrestling over evil passions, faces that are full of the calm of the young Christian soldier whose eyes are ever fixed on the Captain of his salvation, faces in which there is just beginning to dawn a ray of the better light; weather-beaten faces of middle-aged men, quivering with feeling that has been stirred up by some sweet, simple Gospel word; and bright, roguish, boyish faces, which look like the very homes of fun, but which are softly shadowed here, as by an angel's wing, by thoughtful, reverent attention. Nearly every man and lad here has had enough in his life's experience to fill many a printed page, which others might read for encouragement or warning. Their stories are stories of every-day things, and yet there is a new touch in each one of them. I wish I had time and space to dwell upon some of them.

* The Bible-class here described was noticed also in a paper contributed by the same writer to the GLEANER in August, 1879, entitled "An Exmoor Parish and its Missionary Boxes."

That good-looking, middle-aged man, who has something almost of southern sparkle in his eyes, and southern fire in his quick, energetic movements, could tell you how, in days gone by he hid studiously from his teacher behind doors, and in corners; but how now he has become one of her chief helpers in bringing others in, and how he sits in a place of honour as oldest member of the class. That fine soldier-like fellow, in a policeman's uniform, was once a marine, and could keep you hanging breathlessly on his words as he tells of storm and shipwreck, and how the thought of the dear Lord, who walked upon the waters, was as a light-house set on a high rock in those hours of deadly peril. Here is one of our head members, who can talk as fluently of his Bible as he can of wax and leather, for he is by trade a shoe-maker, and his intelligent, sensible face shows that he uses well his hours of thought, as he sits at his sedentary work. Here are a blacksmith and his apprentice, whose hammers tinkle in true time to Gospel music. Here are poor lads who have never learned to do more than put words of one syllable together, but who, through their Bible-class, are at home in Scripture story; they went to work in the fields when they were mere children, and their class has been their only bit of education.

Each one of these looks to his teacher with trustful affection; each one is more or less softened by her influence. In full class she never speaks to either member of his own especial case, but all come to her for moments of private talk, when faults are owned, higher longings whispered, and difficulties made plain when simple pathos of voice and gesture tell yet more than faltered words that it all comes from the speaker's heart. These working men and lads are certainly much more open and communicative with a lady than they are with any one of their own sex; the members of the class in question will often say to their teacher, "You do seem, somehow, to have more room to feel for us than a gentleman do." They are dear, precious words these for any woman to have spoken to her, and I earnestly wish that in these days, when there is such a cry for woman's work, more cultivated ladies would put heart and brain into this sort of work which lies in truth at their very doors.

ALICE KING.

The Address.

I am going to say to you a few words about missionary work, and the way in which you yourselves may help to forward it. I speak to you on this subject on this glorious, happy morning, because, when we are thanking God for our own Easter blessings, for Easter news and Easter communion, it is just the right time to think about giving these good, precious things which we are enjoying to those who know nothing of them.

Have you ever realised what it must be to live in a heathen land? Perhaps you never have, and so I will try for a moment to help you to do so. In the first place, think what it must be to live in a country where there is no Sunday; think what it must be in a mere bodily point of view. Is it not a most precious thing for the bodies of you men and lads, who work hard on six days of the week, to awake on the seventh with certainty that no one can call you to-day out into the field or shop, to know that to-day your weary limbs have entire rest, to be able to talk with your wife and children of the quiet walk you will take together in the afternoon; yes, surely you will say, that when God appointed the Sabbath He appointed a blessing for the bodies of men. But in those heathen lands there is no seventh day of rest. There the labourer and the tradesman never awake to happy Sunday thoughts of repose and quiet.

But if the picture of a land where there is no Sunday's rest for the body is a sad one in your eyes, my working men, it is a sadder, darker picture still, the picture of a land where there is no Sunday's food for heart, and mind, and soul. Most of you who labour with your hands all the other six days of the week have no time except on Sundays to read chapter in the Bible and think it over, to dwell much upon sacred things to lift your thoughts up to God. Then how dear, how more than dear to you is the sound of the sweet Sabbath bell calling you to your Father's house on earth! How good it is when you get into church to remember that you can sit there in perfect quiet for one or two hours without any thing coming to disturb you! What new ideas enter into your brain as you listen to the sermon, or to the teaching of your Bible-class—ideas that will furnish you with heavenly thought for the whole week. The Sabbath is for you a day of taking into your mind a stock of high, sweet, pure things, that will last you till Sunday comes again.

Knowing thus as you do the value of a Christian Sunday, you can

derstand one of the dark points in a heathen country; try also to imagine a land without a Bible. If you had never learned or heard the Ten Commandments, where would you have gained any notions of honesty and purity? If you had never read of the loving-kindness of God to man, where would you go for comfort when trouble, or poverty, or sickness lie heavy upon you? If you had never known the good tidings of the birth, and the life, and the death of Jesus, where would be your hope of salvation? If you had never had knowledge of what the Holy Spirit has revealed of the world beyond the grave, where could you find a ray of light when you follow the funeral of one whom you have loved and lost? You can hardly picture to yourselves a country where there are none of these things which come to us from the Bible, and which have so grown, as it were, into our daily lives, that to fancy the world without them is like trying to fancy a world where the sun never shines; and yet in such a gloom as this, a gloom which has no Bible light, poor heathen men and women live and die.

I have hitherto been speaking to you as men of real earnest religion, which I hope every man who comes to our Bible-class is, or is at least learning to be; but even those who have not their foundation on the Rock of Ages would find a strange change for the worse in their lives if they were dwellers in a heathen land. What a difference they would find in laws which have not been made according to the teaching of Christ! What a difference they would find in manners which have not been sweetened and softened by the tenderness and gentleness of the Gospel!

And do you know, my married men, who as a lady's pupils are, I hope and believe, especially gentle to your wives, especially careful of your young daughters—do you know, my lads, who while you have grown up at a lady's side have, I trust, drawn in with your very breath reverence for women—do you know, my men and lads, what the bringing up, and what the lives of mothers and wives and girls in heathen countries are like? In the first place, the little heathen girls, even in those more enlightened lands, where men are in some degree taught, are not allowed the faintest gleam of education; they cannot read or write, they never see a map, they can understand nothing beyond the way to put on their dresses, and the way to make and eat sweetmeats. When they reach the age of twelve and thirteen, while they are still but children, they are married to young men, who, until the wedding-day, are mere strangers to them, for their husbands are always chosen by their parents and relations, never by themselves; and at the side of these men, for whom they can often not feel even liking, they have, at an age when our Christian girls are still at play, to undertake the duties of wife and mother. The consequence of this is, that the poor things are withered, faded old women at an age when our girls, with blushes and smiles and tears making an April day of their bright, rosebud faces, are using their queenly rights of accepting or rejecting their lovers.

The lives of these Eastern heathen women are one long stream of dullness and loneliness; they are kept shut up in separate rooms from the men of the family, and never see any other men except their own husbands and sons and brothers, for the general idea of their virtue is so low that it is supposed the mere sight of a man, the mere fact of holding commonplace intercourse with him, would injure their modesty. The result of all women in a country being thus kept caged like so many birds may be imagined; the women themselves have not a thought beyond the silliest trifles, and can be neither friend nor adviser to husband or son. The men have rough, uncourteous manners, and are very overbearing in all matters of family life. Even the highest Eastern ladies are treated as creatures of an inferior order by their male relations, and have not the slightest liberty to do or even think what they like. An Eastern lady could no more take the part which I take among all of you, teaching you, helping you, guiding you, trying with the whole power, and strength, of her womanhood to lift you up, than a candle could go up into the sky and twinkle there as a star. Thus these poor heathen women are walled in on every side, each loop-hole that could let into them the faintest ray of light is curtained, each door by which they could go out to make themselves useful in the world is firmly barred.

And now, my men, that I have shown you something of what a heathen land is like, I want, before I end, to ask you from this Easter Day forward till our Christmas carols ring out, to try in the course of 1880 to do the most which each of you can to help in the good, beautiful cause of sending out God's ministers to teach the heathen about Jesus. I know that you cannot afford to give much, but always recollect that 1d. given by you is more than £1 given by a rich gentleman in God's sight. Think of this, dear men, with joyful thankfulness, and when you are coming to your own, well-loved Bible-class and Church service, think too of those who have no Bibles, no Prayer-books, and in generous, manly pity do what you can to put the Scriptures into their hands; remember, too, those sad Eastern women in their living tombs, and like my own true knights do your utmost in their cause. Try to fill our "Negro Missionary Box," and so each Sunday for you shall have something of Easter in it, for you will be helping to spread the news of the Resurrection and the Life.

HYMN FOR MISSIONARY SERVICES.

"All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations. . . . And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."—*Matt. xxviii. 18-20.*

TUNE—"Pilgrims of the Night."



ALL POWER IS MINE! GO YE TO EVERY NATION,
Tell the glad news throughout a ransomed world.
The work is done; wrought out the great salvation;
Healed the wide breach; the flag of peace unfurled.
Heralds of mercy, heralds of love,
Haste to deliver the tidings from above.

Go, from afar bring in my sons and daughters;
Fainting they lie on many a desert shore.
The feast is spread; unsealed the living waters;
Go, bid them drink, and drinking thirst no more.
Heralds of mercy; &c.

Night wears away; e'en now the Gospel morning
Casts its grey mist across the eastern sky.
The light of Jacob's promised Star is dawning,
Soon, soon shall rise the Dayspring from on high.
Heralds of mercy, &c.

Bel boweth down; the idol shrines are falling;
Crumbling to dust the gods of wood and stone;
Far o'er the sea, benighted isles are calling
Come, bring us light, declare the God unknown.
Heralds of mercy, &c.

Go, fix her stakes, the cords of Zion lengthen,
Enlarge her tents, the work is prospering fast;
The Master's word your feeble hands shall strengthen—
LO, I AM WITH YOU WHILE THE WORLD SHALL LAST.
Heralds of mercy, &c.

[This original Hymn, with two others, set to appropriate tunes, can be obtained of the Author, the Rev. W. S. Bricknell, Eynsham Vicarage, Oxford. With music, 6d., post free; without music, 1s. 6d. per 100. Profits will be given to the Henry Wright Memorial Fund.]

CONQUERED AFTER TEN YEARS.

AT Aurungabad, in the Nizam's territory in Central India, our Missionary is the Rev. Ruttonji Nowroji, a converted Parsee. He writes:—

Eighteen adults and twenty-one children have been baptized during the last year. Among the adults there is an old man residing at Saigon, where we have a large and flourishing out-station. I was much struck when I first saw him ten years ago; and I still remember having told him that as his flowing, silvery beard made his countenance so venerable, Christianity would beautify the closing days of his earthly pilgrimage. "Now, listen to me," said I, "and I shall tell you of the great matchless love which God has shown in sending His Son to save a poor guilty and perishing world." "I shall hear you with pleasure," said he, "but do not expect me to embrace Christianity; for that I shall never do. The sun will sooner rise in the west, and set in the east, than I shall suffer myself to be persuaded to give up the religion of my fathers." For ten long years did the old man resist the Truth, showing no indication of any change; but at last the Truth triumphed over him, as it has triumphed over countless men of his stamp. The meek, childlike attitude with which he received baptism along with his wife, afforded a striking contrast to the hostility he had shown in the days of his ignorance and unbelief.

A BRAHMIN ON RITUALISM.

IT is not only at home that ritualistic practices in the Church of England do mischief. A Native clergyman in the diocese of Bombay, the Rev. Sorabji Kharsedji, writes:—

I was put to great shame one day at a village called Chinok-wad, when a Brahmin, from Poona, boldly declared that we Christians have an image of the cross in our churches, before which he saw some ladies, as well as the minister, bow themselves as they entered into their seats. "If you," said he, "think it right to bow before two pieces of wood on which, you say, your Saviour had died, what harm is there then for this ignorant people to bow before the images of their incarnate deities?" Of course I could not deny the fact, but said that those who bowed to the cross were mistaken, and no real Protestant Church would ever set up a thing to cause the people to violate the second commandment. Oh, how my heart is grieved to think that we Protestants should be the cause of encouraging the poor heathen to continue in their idolatry. It will be a sad day for India if they should take it into their heads to add the Christian cross to their already over-stocked pantheon of 33,000,000 of gods!



CHINESE BOAT-WOMEN AND CHILDREN, HONG KONG.

EVENING PREACHING TO THE HEATHEN IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, HONG KONG.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON.



HE exclamation, "What a beautiful building!" which is generally heard from friends on their first visit to the C.M.S. Church in Hong Kong is exchanged for "What a grand congregation!" when the scene pictured in our engraving takes the thoughts off from the material to the spiritual building. In June, 1865, the foundation stone was laid in faith, for our Society's Mission was then a new one; there were but three converts, and the site was just outside the growing city of Victoria, instead of being, as now it is, in the centre. Nevertheless our English friends responded liberally to the appeal of our first missionary, the Rev. T. Stringer, and merchants and civilians, military and naval officials, gave the money, amounting to some £1,400; the Government granted the site; and in September of the following year, 1866, the Rev. C. F. Warren (now of Japan) held the opening service in the presence of the Governor and some 200 friends, English and Chinese. On Easter Day, 1867, five candidates were the first to receive baptism within its walls, and on the following Christmas Day ten Native communicants partook of the first Holy Communion celebrated in St. Stephen's.

As time went on, the Rev. J. Piper introduced, about 1870, the nightly preaching to the heathen, which has been regularly continued from that time. The gas is lighted at dusk, the doors thrown open, the bell rung, and in a few minutes, unless it be stormy

weather, the building is crowded just as we see it in the picture. Part of the door is then closed to keep out the varied noises rising from the densely-thronged street and recreation ground beyond. The seats, which on Sunday morning leave a passage up the nave, are moved to form a solid block for the evening. These are soon filled, and the last comers stand thickly all round, some in front. Many come up to the door and go away, unable to get in. We have counted more than 900 enter and leave in two hours. Here again we see the faith of the founders, for the building was designed so as to be easily enlarged. The filling of the arches on either side is temporary, and I hope to return to Hong Kong with means to add the much-needed aisles. Then nearly 600 will be able to listen at once to the "*fuk yam*," or "happy sound."

Many of the audience in the picture are reading-men on their way to or from the periodical examinations, who have come from curiosity. The appearance of the every-day audience is not quite so respectable. Poor coolies, who have done with the day's burden, come with scanty clothing to hear of a burden-bearer who hath taken away our sins; small traders and country people, who have brought produce to the daily markets, travellers on pleasure or business, farm labourers, and hawkers, mix with wealthy shopkeepers, schoolmasters, fortune-tellers, and clerks, who stroll in to listen to the strange foreign doctrine, or stranger language of the foreigner endeavouring to speak to them in their own tongue of the wonderful works of God.

To many even the Native catechist will be only partially intelligible, for there are some sixteen different dialects or languages



ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, C.M.S. MISSION, HONG KONG.



DAILY EVENING PREACHING TO THE HEATHEN IN ST. STEPHEN'S C.M.S. MISSION CHURCH, HONG KONG.

From a Sketch by the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson.

spoken amongst the 140,000 Chinese inhabitants of the city of Victoria. Still he is of course at a great advantage over the foreign missionary, being able to speak as he thinks after the Chinese fashion. I once heard our dear Native brother, the Rev. Lo Sam Yuen, discourse in this fashion: "Now there is a man with lots of dollars, you say we must respect him; there is one of high rank, a great official, we must venerate him; but there's a poor fellow with hardly a cash, never mind him, he's nothing. Now God is not like that. He is no respecter of persons," &c. Again, "You know that some parents have six children, some ten, some even twenty, but they love them all alike; they say they cannot part with one of them. So God loves us all, every one of us, and is not willing that any should perish," &c. Or again, meeting the objection of some who say

they have heard enough about Jesus, the catechist will ask, "What did you have for dinner to-day, and yesterday, and the day before? Have you not every day had rice? You did not say, we have had enough rice. That would be thought madness. Now the Holy Classic tells us that Jesus Christ is the rice which God has sent down from heaven to be the life of the world. You must feed on Him every day by faith that your souls may be nourished, just as your bodies are supported by the rice. But just as you take a little fish, or duck, or bamboo shoots, or rotten cabbage, or pickled mushroom with the rice to vary its flavour, so we speak to-night of a parable, as last night of a miracle, and so on; but upon Jesus Christ we must ever feed by faith, lest our souls perish for ever." Homely yet happy illustrations, carried back to country homes; seeds of life which

will germinate and bear fruit, often all unknown to the faithful patient sower until "the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

The poor women of China are not represented amongst the evening audience. Propriety forbids their being at a mixed assembly. These in the engraving are well-known faces from the boat population of Hong Kong. They are for the most part Hoklos. They like to have their fine, chubby children noticed, and will gratefully listen to the passenger they take across the harbour, if he will but speak a word for the Saviour. Three generations will often together join in managing a large boat, the women taking their full share of work at the oar. On shore the lady missionary and Bible-woman alone can reach the daughters of Sinim, for though not secluded in the harem, the greatest jealousy is exhibited if one of the opposite sex speak to them. And even amongst the Christians the utmost circumspection is necessary on the part of the missionary and his catechist.

In the church on Sunday the Native Christian women occupy the seats to the right hand below the pulpit, the men being on the other side. And thrilling it is to see some forty or more draw near out of our eighty communicants, once "partakers of the table of devils," now partakers of the Lord's table.

During the week the lower half of the church is screened off, and used as a day-school for seventy boys, the screens being removed after school hours. The rail from the reading desk to the pulpit is movable also, and on Sundays forms the support for the book-board of the front seats.

The chancel floor is of grey marble, given in memory of good Bishop Smith by his old pupils. Here Bishop Alford confirmed our first converts, and from the pulpit Bishop Burdon has frequently proclaimed the Word of Life. Will not our readers often plead in prayer that the seed thus sown, the word thus spoken from day to day, may not return void, but accomplish that whereto the Lord hath sent it?

OUR PORTFOLIO.

IT is for you to impart gratuitously, what you have gratuitously received.—*Archbishop Sumner, in C.M.S. Annual Sermon, 1825.*

THE doctrine of justification by faith in the blood of Jesus has been the stay and support of the believer throughout all ages of the Church. . . . The purity of that faith is preserved to us that the waters of eternal life may flow from the great Fountain Head of Life through the channel of the Church to which He entrusts its distribution, pure and undefiled to those who are athirst for them.—*Archbishop Longley, in C.M.S. Annual Sermon, 1863.*

BIRTHDAY, 19th March.—My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen. So let it be. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.—*Entry in Dr. Livingstone's Diary on his 59th birthday.*

BEING at a loss for a congregation in a certain village, I went up to a goldsmith busily engaged in his work, and put to him the question, "What is better than gold?" He was astonished at the question, and firmly said, "There is nothing that is better than gold." A young man, who was the first to join the party, said, "A diamond is better than gold." "I think the Sahib has something else in his eye than either gold or diamonds," exclaimed another auditor. "You are right," I said to him; "wisdom is better than gold." "Wisdom better than gold!" cried my friend the artisan; "if you mean to say the means are better than the end, you are right, for if you have wisdom you will get gold, but not otherwise." I stuck to my proposition, and appealed to a wise king who dwelt in the country which lies on the other side of Arabia, who had said, "Wisdom is better than gold, understanding is better than gold," &c. (Prov. iii. 13—20.) A call for an expression of opinion was now made to the fast collecting assembly, and the decision, by a large majority, was in favour of King Solomon. I enumerated some of the sciences, and on receiving from the congregation the unanimous finding that "The knowledge of God is the most important of the sciences," I was permitted to discourse at length on the Existence, Perfections, Works, Words, Law, and Salvation of God through the Lord Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son.—*Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay.*

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER

XI.—Tares among the Wheat.
"The enemy that sowed them is the devil."
Acts v. 1—11; viii. 9—24.

MISSIONARIES have many trials. Every week the C.M.S. Com-mittee pray for them under "spiritual distresses, temptations of the adversary, bodily sickness, domestic anxieties, and hope deferred." But worse than all these is to see their converts falling into sin, or going back to sin and heathenism, and sometimes showing that they are not true converts.

Does this often happen? Is it strange? Certainly nothing new. See how St. Paul suffered this trial (1 Cor. v. 13, x. 12, xi. 17, 29, 30; 2 Cor. xii. 21; Gal. i. 6, iii. 1, iv. 9, 11, v. 7, 15). See, too, now how Peter had to bear it.

(1) How happy he must have been when he saw all the converts bringing their money into the Church fund, even selling their lands, counting nothing their own, but all God's (see Acts iv. 32—37). How pleased when Ananias comes with a bag of silver—how good and unselfish of him thus to think of the poor brethren! Was it good? Try and trace out in him (a) vanity, (b) hypocrisy, (c) selfishness, (e) avarice, (e) mistrust of God, (f) deceit. And Sapphira too! What a sore disappointment! How awful to see those two dead bodies carried out!

(2) Again, how happy Peter and John when sent to Samaria, seeing "great joy in that city," so many believing and baptized (Acts viii. 5—12—17). And the great sorcerer himself baptized—what a triumph! Then see Peter's indignation when the sorcerer appeared in his true colours—"Thy money perish with thee!"

How was it? The Parable of the Tares tells us: "An enemy hath done this"—"the devil" (Matt. xiii. 28, 39). And so it is still in Africa, India, China: Satan very active, "as a roaring lion walking about seeking whom he may devour."

Can we wonder? Is Satan likely to sit still and see souls snatched from his clutches? Especially he likes to spoil God's work, if he can when it is *new* and *fair*. In Eden he did, when all "very good." In Jerusalem, when early Church so pure and holy. So now.

What can we do? (1) Pray for the converts, that they may be kept safe. (2) Pray for the backsliders and the false disciples, that they may be brought back. (3) And watch yourselves, lest Satan desire to have you! "Deliver us from the Evil One!"

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR MISSIONS?

SIR,—The second letter in the March GLEANER suggests that tradesmen should devote their profits on certain goods to Missions. Why should not this be done for them partially?

In our small household we have a "Discount Missionary Box," into which we gleefully put all sums, large or small, which we can possibly save on all sorts of purchases by ready-money payment, or even by the prompt discharge of our gas account. Thus we pay full price for everything, but think it no hardship, for part of the profit goes into our Missionary box instead of into the tradesman's pocket. We have the credit of being good and sound customers; we are constantly reminded of Missionary work; and by degrees our box becomes heavy. A. M. F.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I have just taken a Mission at the Parish Church, Darlington, and I suggested as a suitable thank-offering for those who had received spiritual blessing to give something for C.M.S. to send the same Gospel abroad.

I was thankful that one lady sent in £5, and an offertory produced between £7 and £8. It might do much good if the close of a Mission were used to stir up Christians to think of those who are without the Gospel they possess. *St. Mark's Vicarage, Wolverhampton, March 4, 1881.* G. EVERARD.

WHAT A VILLAGE CAN DO.

THE village of Orton Waterville, in Northamptonshire, contains only 306 inhabitants. This is what they did for the Church Missionary Society in the year 1880:—

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Monthly Collections (35 contributors)	2 15 11	0 18 0
Juvenile Weekly Collection (16 contributors)	0 17 8½	0 1 0
May Garland	1 1 ½	3 0 0
Night School Pence	0 17 3	1 0 0
Missionary Basket	28 11 2	
Sale of Fowls	0 12 0	
" Eggs	0 4 0	
" Walnuts	0 3 5	
" Waste Paper	0 7 3	
" Flowers	42 12 7	
Missionary Boxes (26)	11 15 1	
Missionary Mangle	2 4 10	
Threshing Floor	0 5 9	
" Magic Lantern		6 0 6
" Thank-offering		2 1 7
" Donations (4)		0 3 7
" A bereaved Mother		6 2 16
" Collections after Addresses by Rev. E. Davys		8 16 8
" Ditto after Sermons, Oct. 24th		1 4 4
" Ditto after Juvenile Meeting		
" Ditto after Annual Meeting, Admiral Prevost, Deputation		
" Annual Subscriptions (8)		
" Bank Interest		
Total	£121 16 7	

GOSPEL TROPHIES.

"Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—Rev. v. 9.

IV.—Two Converts through a Bible Society's Gift.

BY THE REV. R. R. MEADOWS.



HERE is a small town in the southern part of my late district (North Tinnevely), which, however, is known far and wide for the annual fair which is held there. A huge mass of granite rock, rising several hundred feet from its base, forms a conspicuous object, and points the travellers from all parts to the spot to which they are directing their steps. The place is called, from this hill, Kalugumalei, or Eaglemont. The antiquarian could spend an interesting hour in trying to decipher the characters which are cut on the face of the rock. They would, however, disappoint his pains, for, though written in the old Tamil character, they narrate no event of importance. The missionary's interest is awakened by the fact that the place is a stronghold of heathenism; the fair being religious as well as mercantile, the devotion of the people being directed towards a temple of Siva on the summit of the hill. The boast, or shame, of the place, till lately, was, that no one from among its inhabitants had ever become a Christian. Happily it is not the case now. A congregation of twenty or thirty persons, of good social position, drawn from several castes, now assembles there regularly for the worship of the one living and true God.

I proceed to give some account of two converts from that town. The first, the schoolmaster of the place, was sprung from a Telugu-speaking family and caste, known as Naik or Naidu; the other was a Brahmin priest, a sort of private chaplain, whose business was to say prayers or repeat charms for the welfare of the Zemindar's family of Ettiapuram, for which he received a monthly salary.

The conversion of the schoolmaster was on this wise. The Bible Society gave a grant of New Testaments to all missionaries in South India, to be offered and given to any heathen schoolmaster who would promise to read them. Our native brother, the Rev. Vedhanayagam Viravagu, offered a copy to the schoolmaster of Kalugumalei. This man seems long to have had his mind exercised on the subject of religion, and to have read all he could find of the religious systems connected with Hinduism. His earnest cravings, however, had by no means been satisfied. It was to a man thus ill at ease and seeking rest that the Gospel was given. He read it carefully, again and again, and for several years. Delighted with it himself, he invited his Brahmin friend also to read it. What an interesting sight! These earnest inquirers, of different castes, unaided by man, unknown to the missionary, studying together the Word of God! Soon they were baptized, the schoolmaster first, the priest about a year after. The difficulties of the latter were greater than those of his friend. He had literally to give up everything, house, land, salary, wife and children. The schoolmaster gave up nothing. He even retained his pupils, and is still the schoolmaster of the place, living on the income which he derives from his pupils and from an annual grant made by the Government on the yearly results. Let me quote his words uttered at the time of his baptism before a congregation of some 800 Native Christians, who had come together to take part in the service. Standing calmly among them he said, how that for many years he had sought rest for his aching soul in heathenism and Vedantism, but that having met with the Gospel he was satisfied. "It is to me," he said, "like a tender mother to her forlorn child, as rain to the parched plants, as a ship to a shipwrecked mariner. Now I am saved and am happy. But this only request would I make of my Christian brethren, that they would pray for me, that I may not prove a Judas, but a Paul."

The Brahmin, baptized by me at Sachiapuram, lived for four

years a solitary life. After a time he succeeded in inducing his little son, Krishna, to live with him. His wife and eldest son came, the former once, the latter several times, to see him and persuade him to go back. Happily he was strong to resist the temptation, and now he has the joy of being reunited to his wife and eldest son, who with Krishna and the youngest child were baptized by Mr. Horsley since I left. They seem truly converted. The eldest son, dying of consumption, brought on, I should think, by his own excesses, is in a happy peaceful frame of mind. The good old man now kneels down with all his children at the family altar and in the House of God.

THE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL FUND.



Our readers will refer back to the GLEANER of September, 1879, they will find some account of a fund raised in memory of the late Frances Ridley Havergal, chiefly by the efforts of the Rev. Charles Bullock, through his excellent periodicals, *Home Words*, *Hand and Heart*, &c. The amount contributed by the many, young and old, rich and poor, who desired to show their gratitude for the delightful books, prose and poetry, in which Miss Havergal had "allured to brighter worlds, and led the way," has exceeded £2,000, to be devoted to the translation and circulation of some of these books in India and elsewhere, and to the support of Native Bible-women.

The C.M.S. Committee have just made the first grants from this Fund: three for translations into the Hindustani, Telugu, and Singhalese languages, and three for Native Bible-women—one at Bombay, under the Indian Female Instruction Society, one at Jubbulpore, under the Rev. E. Champion, and one in the Punjab, under the Church of England Zenana Society. About this latter grant we have a further word to say. Or rather, to print; for we shall not say it ourselves, but let Miss Maria V. G. Havergal tell her own story—only adding our fervent prayer that the dear friends to whom this first of all the grants is made, in fulfilment of Henry Wright's promise, and the Native sister whom it may support, may have a great door and effectual opened unto them of the Lord to the homes and hearts of the women of India:—

Winterdyne, Bewdley, February 2nd, 1881.

On Monday, August 9th, 1880, the revered Rev. Henry Wright called on me at Keswick. Much of our conversation was about my beloved sister Frances and the F.R.H. Memorial Fund. I detailed to him the intention of her early friend, Miss Elizabeth Clay, again to return to Amritsar and take up pioneer Zenana work in a new station; that she went forth at her own charges and with much devotion and energy; that she hoped for the help of Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, a friend of F.R.H.; that she would need two Bible (Native) women to assist in the opening and carrying on of missionary work; that the funds for these Bible-women she most anxiously hoped might be supplied from the F.R.H. Memorial Fund. Mr. Wright intimated that it met with his cordial approval, and made me a verbal promise.

Strangely I longed that he should *then* give me a written promise; but he looked so weary that sultry day, I would not detain him. Almost his last words were, "How suddenly your sister ripened for glory"—himself on the threshold also—ready and ripe. Then I heard his last stirring appeal for Africa in that hot, hot school-room, and I almost grudged that he should be there, instead of on the mountain side. And I saw him no more. Four days afterwards God took him!

October 6th, Miss Clay and Miss Goreh sailed for India, under the wing of the Church of England Zenana Society. Miss Clay writes from Amritsar, January 4th, 1881:—"The station we hope to open is in the village of *Jhandiala*, fourteen miles from Amritsar, and is entirely new ground. The house selected for us required much alteration. I had intended moving into it next week, sharing the one bedroom with Miss Goreh, and being content with merely the earth floor covered with matting. But the missionaries here persuade me to wait till a flooring is put down. I fully expect to begin work at once at Jhandiala. Pray do all you can to get funds for my Native Bible-women from the F.R.H. Fund, for till I acquire Punjabi as well as Urdu, I cannot work as I hope to do. Do pray for us, that we may have special grace, special blessing among these dear Zenana women. You know how they are laid upon my heart."

The Committee have only been able, in justice to other fields, to grant the money for one of the two Bible-women asked for; but we trust the Fund will enable them to grant the other speedily.



THE C.M.S. THEOLOGICAL CLASS, TINNEVELLY: PRINCIPAL, REV. T. KEMBER.

THE THEOLOGICAL CLASS AT PALAMCOTTA.

HOW important the work of this Theological Class is will be understood when we say that almost all the fifty-eight living C.M.S. Native clergy of Tinnevely, and several others now gone to their rest, have at one time or another passed through it, besides many lay catechists. At present the Principal is the Rev. T. Kember, and from him we have received the photograph from which the above picture has been engraved. There are now eighteen students in the Theological Class, and sixty-nine in the Normal Training Classes for schoolmasters, which also is under Mr. Kember's charge.

In sending the photograph, Mr. Kember sent also an account of the opening of the Institution under new arrangements on January 19th, 1880, the day before the Tinnevely Centenary described in the *GLEANER* of June last year. The Bishop of Madras being present, an address was presented to him by the Principal and students. In reply,—

The Bishop of Madras assured us of the great pleasure it was to him to be present, and to have the opportunity of expressing his great interest in the Institution. He then addressed the students, reminding them of its objects, the end the Committee had in view in their training, and the great privileges they enjoyed. He earnestly exhorted them to set a proper value upon these privileges, and to be very diligent in the use of all the advantages which they enjoyed as students here. He concluded by impressing upon all engaged in the work the high importance of constant and close communion and walk with God, and insisted on the absolute necessity of deep spirituality, if we would have God's richest blessing.

THE GOSPEL IN THE ISLAND OF YEZO.

Journal of the Rev. Walter Dening.

(Concluded.)

IV.

WEDNESDAY, June 16th, 1880.—Started at about 11 A.M. for Otaru; had my dinner in a wood, and reached Otaru about 4 P.M. The hotel I have hitherto occupied was quite full, so I was obliged reluctantly to take up my quarters elsewhere. I got accommodation in the same street at another hotel. Went around the town to announce the preaching as usual. Visited by Hirano, Ito's father. He asked me among other things the meaning of several passages of Scripture. The first was, "I come not to send peace on the earth, but a sword," &c. The second was, "He that loseth his life shall find it," as compared with the words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own life," as it is translated into Japanese. I was glad to hear him put such a question, as it showed that he had not only read the Bible carefully, but that he had compared one passage with another, and one doctrine with another, and was anxious to understand their relationship each to the other.

After this a Shinto priest arrived on a visit. He seemed well acquainted with all our work, and alluded to various occurrences of past years; amongst them he reminded me of all that took place on the occasion of my first visit to Satsuporo, and during the visit to Saru. He said he had a special request to make of me, and that was, that as our respective Creeds are so very much alike that I would agree not to speak against Shintoism! We had a very large congregation, and as they were very quiet and attentive I preached from 9 to 10.30. I feel sure that not a few were very seriously impressed. I overheard several remarks in the hotel after the service that convinced me that the preaching of the Word was blessed. One man said to his companion, "Why, I never knew there

was so much in Christianity; with such a religion as this to compete with, before very long Buddhism and Shintoism will die out of the country." Another said, "Why, we understood the preaching far better than we do our own Native sermons. The fact is our Native preachers are far too proud; they will not come down to the understandings of the people." Other remarks of this kind were made, some of which referred to the preacher, and therefore had better not be recorded, but most of which referred to the doctrine, and therefore are worthy of being placed on the shelf of memory, to be taken down and used to comfort and cheer on some cloudy day. Again I had a good sale of books, notwithstanding all the books that have already been disposed of in this town.

I got little sleep at night, owing to the noisiness of this location. Women were playing samsien (a Japanese guitar), some one else was beating a drum, a Buddhist priest was droning prayers, men and women were singing at the top of their voices, and to make it all complete the dogs commenced howling, and these various noises had only ceased about two hours when the early morning commotion commenced. The Japanese, as has often been remarked, sleep very little during the summer nights; to make up for it many of them take a long nap in the middle of the day.

Friday, June 18th.—Started at about 11 for Tobetsu, our convert Arato's native village. It was raining fast when I left home, but gradually I found myself approaching a part of the country where not a drop of rain had fallen. The natives of this part say that Satsuporo is a great place for rain. Reached Tsuishi Kari at 2 P.M. After resting here I walked on to Tobetsu, quietly reading on the way. The distance is seven miles. I reached it about 6. The bridle path lay through a wild



JAPANESE WANDERING MINSTRELS.

piece of country altogether uninhabited and uncultivated. On arrival, after resting a little, I went to visit Arato's family, which consists of his father and mother, one sister grown up, and two children. Although Arato says he sees no real signs of faith in his father, yet undoubtedly he is very much interested in Christianity, if one can judge by his purchasing a good number of Christian books, and by the earnest way in which he listens to the preaching. Arato, who is the schoolmaster at this village, gave me the use of the schoolroom for preaching, and the whole village, including the Government officers in charge of it, turned out to hear the "strange doctrine," notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Then the sale of books commenced, and went on to a late hour, after which Arato came to the house at which I was staying, and sat chatting till nearly midnight, when we read God's Word, and had prayer together, and parted for the night. He went over with me all his difficulties and trials. Among them was this. His father wished him to be married, which he did not wish to do at present, so he has succeeded in getting his father to consent to his waiting three years, before which time he hopes to find a Christian girl who is willing to become his wife.

Saturday, June 19th.—Nakajima, a student I very much love (who came to Hakodate for the purpose of studying theology last year), came to talk over various problems. He was anxious to know on what grounds the connection of Church and State which exists in England could be defended. He also brought up immortality and future punishment for discussion, about which his mind has been much exercised.

Sunday, June 20th.—Between 9 and 10 A.M. several of the students



JAPANESE FISHERMEN, ISLAND OF YEZO.

came to talk over the subject of "Predestination." The usual English service was held at 11 A.M. Text, John x. 37, 38; the subject being, "The evidence furnished by miracles to the truth of Christianity; and these miracles not a contradiction of the order of Nature." In the afternoon had a Bible-class at Nakamura's house. About twelve present. An interesting letter was lying on the table, which contained the sum of 2 dollars 50 cents towards our new church from the Nakamura family. In the letter, first the names of the donors were given in full, which consisted of Nakamura himself, his mother, his wife, son, and daughter, to which were appended these words in Japanese: "The aforementioned five persons, on account of their faith in Protestant Christianity, are desirous of presenting to Mr. Denning, Missionary, this donation to be used in the re-erection of the Hakodate Protestant Episcopal English Church, and they beg that it may be accepted. Amen." As this subscription was altogether unsolicited, it afforded me much pleasure to receive it, and the more so as it is given on account of "faith in Protestant Christianity."

Held the usual Japanese 4.30 service, which was nicely attended; text, Matt. xi. 16—19. Preached in the town in the evening, Luke vii. 1—10.

Monday, June 21st.—Our last day in Satsuporo. The day occupied in paying little accounts, receiving and paying farewell visits, and in packing up. Happily our luggage is reduced to a very few things, which we shall be able to strap on to the horses we ride.

[The next four days were occupied by the journey.]

Saturday, June 26th.—Started for Mombetsu at 11.30, and reached it in the afternoon. Had a good deal of difficulty in getting a place in which to preach. The hotel was full of people who have come to Mombetsu for the purpose of looking after the beet-root which is being raised there for sugar making purposes. I found that there were several persons who, as the result of last year's efforts, were very anxious to have the Way (as they speak of it) explained to them more fully. One man met me and said they had been long waiting for me to come and teach them. A man called Watanabe said he would gladly lend his house for the service. So I walked around the town and invited the people. We got a very good congregation, considerably more than a hundred. One young man seemed specially impressed, and with his companion remained talking till late.

[A week here spent at Mombetsu and Mororan.]

Saturday, July 3rd.—Reached our home at Hakodate at 1.30. We have sold altogether in about seven weeks about 40 dollars worth of books, which, considering that many of them were only 1 cent and many others only $\frac{1}{2}$ a cent in value, is very good.

[In concluding Mr. Denning's interesting journal, we may add that his Annual Report has just been received, from which we learn that he paid another visit to Satsuporo in October, and baptized six more converts, namely, Nakamura, his wife, his mother, and his son, who are mentioned above, and the father and brother of Ito, who have also been mentioned in this journal.]

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

APRIL—"ALL."

ALL men in Adam die;
Fades every eager eye,
And darkness shrouds each pagan shore
All hope the Gospel brings,
And from those upper springs
All pleasures flow for evermore.

A. E. M.

First Qr. . . 6d. 3h. 54m. p.m.
Full Moon. 14d. 11h. 50m. a.m.

APRIL.

Last Qr. . . 21d. 8h. 38m. a.m.
New Moon 26d. 10h. 24m. a.m.

- 1 F *Sunday rest estab. in Japan, 1876.* The God... whose are all thy [ways, hast thou not glorified. Dan. 5. 23.
- 2 S He considereth all their works. Ps. 33. 15.
- 3 S *5th in Lent. Bp. W. Williams consec., 1859.* That which cometh [upon me daily, the care of all the churches. 2 Co. 11. 28.
- 4 M *Take away all iniquity. Hos. 14. 2.*
- 5 T The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Is. 53. 6.
- 6 W Who forgiveth all thine iniquities. Ps. 103. 3.
- 7 T *Tokio Miss. Ch. op., 1878.* My house shall be called of all nations [the house of prayer. Mk. 11. 17.
- 8 F *Children's Home op., 1853.* All thy children shall be taught of
- 9 S Ye are all the children of light. 1 Th. 5. 5. [the Lord. Is. 54. 13.
- 10 S *6th in Lent. Palm Sun.* All things must be fulfilled. Lu. 24. 44.
- 11 M *M. Ex. 9. Mat. 26. E. Ex. 10 or 11. Lu. 19. 28, or 20. 9-31.*
- 12 T *C.M.S. estab., 1799.* His witness unto all men. Ac. 22. 15.
- 13 W *1st freed slaves bapt. East Af., 1879.* He died for all. 2 Co. 5. 15.
- 14 T *1st Africans bapt. S. Leone, 1816.* A ransom for all. 1 Tim. 2. 6.
- 15 F *Good Friday.* To redeem us from all iniquity. Tit. 2. 14.
- 16 S *M. Ge. 22. 1-30. Jn. 18. E. Is. 52. 13, & 53. 1 Pe. 2.*
- 17 S *Four Chinese ord., Fuh-Chow, 1876.* I, if I be lifted up, will draw [all men unto Me. John 12. 32.
- 18 M *Easter Day.* He is Lord of all. Acts 10. 36.
- 19 T *M. Ex. 12. 1-99. Rev. 1. 10-19. E. Ex. 12. 29, or 14. Jn. 30. 11-19, or Rev. 4.*
- 20 W *All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth. Matt. 28. 18.*
- 21 T *Go ye therefore and teach all nations. Matt. 28. 19. [28. 20.*
- 22 F *1st bapt. Ningpo, 1851.* Teaching them to obs. all things. Matt.
- 23 S *Waganda Envoys arrived, 1880.* All nations shall flow unto it.
- 24 S *All things are put under Him. 1 Co. 15. 27. [Is. 2. 2.*
- 25 M *As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. [1 Cor. 15. 22.*
- 26 T *1st. aft. Easter.* The free gift came upon all men. Rom. 5. 18.
- 27 W *M. Na. 16. 1-36. 1 Co. 15. 1-29. E. Nu. 16. 36, or 17. 1-12. Jn. 20. 34-50.*
- 28 T *St. Mark.* Rehearsed all that God had done. Acts 14. 27.
- 29 F *1st bapt. at Kagoshima, 1879.* All that the Father giveth Me
- 30 S *That they all may be one. Jo. 17. 21. [shall come to Me. Jo. 6. 37.*
- 31 T *That God may be all in all. 1 Cor. 15. 28. [gether. Is. 49. 18.*
- 32 F *Bonny Mission begun, 1865.* All these gather themselves to-
- 33 S *The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing. [Rom. 15. 13.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.F.F.—A "Member" of the C.M.S. is an annual subscriber of one guinea, or half-a-guinea if a clergyman; or a collector of at least £2 12s. 0d. a year (= 1s. a week); or a donor of ten guineas; or a clergyman making a church collection of twenty guineas.

A.H.W.—We are afraid it is impossible to find space in the GLEANER for a list of C.M.S. stations with the proper pronunciation of their names; and no rules afford certain guidance, or can be made to apply to various countries. In the case of unfamiliar names, it is no discredit to pronounce them wrongly. The Archbishop of Canterbury once spoke at Exeter Hall of a Bishop whose diocese had a name he was afraid to utter—Saskatchewan. There is a city in China usually spelt Z-ky'i, which, says Mr. Moule, should be pronounced *Tel-chee*; but who can pronounce that? *Qudh* would rhyme with *loud*; *Krishnagar* is pronounced by some *Krishnagar*, rhyming with *fur*, and by others *Krishnuggur*, rhyming with *lugger*.

ALBERT.—Your lines are not up to the mark. "Hand" does not rhyme with "lands," nor "can" with "command." We must repeat a notice frequently given before, that we cannot accept any contribution if the writer conceals his name.

IRENE.—We hope that a revised list of articles suitable for sale in various parts of India may be produced in some form ere long. Meanwhile the following list for Calcutta and Krishnagar has been kindly prepared for us by Mrs. Malaher, of the Missionary Leaves Association, after consulting with Mrs. Dyson and Miss Neele:—

Scrap books; long paper weights; nicely made little girls' dresses in pretty print and cashmere, and cloth or serge, made high, with long sleeves, and pretty trimmings, princess shape, and jackets to match the print ones; children's gaiters; babies' woollen boots if knitted of fine soft wools; lawn tennis aprons worked with crewels; antimacassars in crewel work and fashionable patterns; coats, well stuffed; baby clothes of fine material; baby dannels; dolls nicely dressed (china), of all sizes; ladies' wraps of ice wool and fine Shetland wool; sets of pajamas for gentlemen's wear, if made of pretty light shirting prints; scraps and remnants of narrow black velvets and ribbons, sashes, and lace useful for trimmings; ladies' collars and cuffs; children's fine knitted vests.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Annual C.M.S. Sermon at St. Bride's will be preached (p.v.) on May 2nd, by the Rev. Dr. Boulton, Principal of St. John's Hall, Highbury.

The Rev. J. B. Whiting and Mr. E. Hutchinson returned to England from Madeira on March 7th. The Conference there was attended by Bishop Crowther, Archdeacon D. C. Crowther, the Rev. J. Quaker (Principal of the Sierra Leone Grammar School), the Rev. G. J. Macaulay (of the Sierra Leone Pastorate), and Mr. J. Boyle (of Bonny)—all Africans, also by the Rev. M. Sunter, and Mr. J. H. Ashcroft.

The Bishop of Sierra Leone has been visiting Lagos and the other stations on that coast. He also went up to Abeokuta, accompanied by the Rev. J. B. Wood. He held several confirmations, and admitted Mr. Isaac Oluwole, B.A., Principal of the Lagos C.M.S. Grammar School, to deacon's orders, and the Rev. S. Pearse (also a native) to priest's orders.

Four more of the men kept back for lack of funds have now been sent out, through the liberality of individual friends, making ten sent in this way within the last six months, and reducing the number still detained to eight. These four are, the Revs. J. H. Knowles and H. Rountree, for the Afghan frontier; the Rev. F. E. Walton, for Benares; and the Rev. C. B. Nash, for Che-Kiang; the money in each case being given for these particular fields. They received priests' orders at St. John's, Paddington, on March 13th, Bishop Perry officiating. The Rev. F. E. Wigram, Hon. Clerical Sec., preached the sermon.

The following missionaries have lately returned home:—Revs. R. H. Maddox and A. F. Painter, from Travancore; Rev. W. H. Collins, from China; Rev. J. Piper, from Japan; Rev. J. A. Lloyd, from Agra. The Revs. W. Jukes, of Peshawar, A. Lewis, of the Beluch Mission, and R. Bruce, of Persia, and Mr. Dunn, of Ceylon, are expected shortly.

A bust of the late Lieut. G. Shergold Smith, R.N., of the Nyanza Mission, executed by Mr. Henry Harvey, has been presented to the Society by his friends, and was unveiled on March 14th.

We hear with much regret of the death of another of the Fuh-kien Native clergy, the Rev. Tang Tang-Pieng, who for twenty years has done good service in the cause of Christ, and was ordained in 1876. His likeness appeared in the GLEANER of November last.

Lieut. Cutfield, R.N., of H.M.S. *London*, who lately spent a few weeks at Frere Town, writes to the Society that he "cannot speak too highly of the way in which the work is carried on."

An interesting missionary meeting was held in the Town Hall, Calcutta, on January 17th, under the auspices of the Bishop of Calcutta. Among the speakers were the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, of Hampstead; his son, the Rev. E. Bickersteth, of the Cambridge Delhi Mission; the Rev. J. Vaughan, C.M.S. missionary at Krishnagar; and the Rev. J. C. Whitley, of the S.P.G.

A Tamil Christian from Tinnevely, Mr. Sam Vores, has been ordained by the Bishop of Madras as a C.M.S. Missionary for the Telugu country, where he has to learn a new language. This is, we think, the first instance of a Native going as a foreigner to preach the Gospel to a people speaking another tongue in another part of India.

The Rev. A. Lewis, of the new C.M.S. Beluch Mission, founded by the late Rev. G. M. Gordon, writes that Good Friday last year (March 26th) is memorable as the first day on which a little company of Native Christians met for worship at Dera Ghazi Khan, and Easter Sunday as the day of their first Communion.

The Rev. E. Tomlinson, of the C.M.S. North Pacific Mission, who lately visited England for consultation with the Committee, has now gone out again, and is to establish a mission farm in the interior of British Columbia, near the Skeena river, where he hopes to gather the Indians as Mr. Duncan has done at Metlakahla.

The Gospel continues to spread in the Delta of the Niger. At a place called Okrika, visited for the first time by Archdeacon Crowther last August, a church had already been built by the chiefs, and a congregation of 400 assembled. A village some distance from Bonny has been named by its inhabitants "the Land of Israel," because there is not a single idol in it.

A second thousand of the Rev. A. E. Moule's *Chinese Stories for Young and Old*, and *Chinese Wisdom Grave and Gay*, has just been published by Messrs. Seeley & Co.

"A Plea for Missions."—The insertion of this diagram in our February number produced a large demand for the cards to be worked for missionary sales, which instantly absorbed all our stock. We must apologise for the consequent delay in executing orders. Our readers will be pleased to hear that a donation of £10 has been sent from North Wales in response to the silent appeal of this Diagram.

*** Will A.C., whose letter appeared in the March GLEANER, favour us with her address? We have mislaid it, and we have communication to forward to her.


Received by the Editor for the Henry Wright Memorial Fund:—Miss Hirst, £2; Violet, £1; A.E., 1s.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MAY, 1881.

JERSEY BREEZES.

II.—Our Missionary Motto.



Love our Missionary Motto for its breadth and comprehensiveness. Its nine pithy words seem to set the whole world to work with heart and hand and soul and strength. It lingers in the memory with sweet commanding cadence, saying to each and all, "Act, act in the living present." Here is our Motto:—

ALL CAN PRAY—MOST CAN GIVE—MANY CAN GO.

I sometimes wish it were shining on every Missionary Box, and thence into every mission-loving spirit. We find in it three concentric circles of service, in one of which we must place ourselves if we would prove our sincerity. If it is out of our power to "go" with the "many," still can we not "give" with the "most"?

Giving is a large word, and it holds in its generous hand a vast variety of offerings. We must not think that "giving" here applies to money only. Our purse may be scantily furnished, but its "two mites" may bring an ocean of blessing if bestowed in faith. And how is it with our time, our talents, our daily speech? Shall we not lay all these on God's bright altar, and ask what He would have us to do with them? What sums are raised by the pretty works of deft-fingered feminine industry! Can we not do something in this way to augment our slender fund of the Lord's gold and silver? Genial and healthy indeed is the glow that warms the heart of one who is receiving the fruits of self-denying toil. Such work gives a feeling of strength, the strength of Him Whose blessing alone can make rich, and Whose loving favour is the only thornless rose. If we earnestly desire to help, depend upon it we shall be shown how. Few indeed there are who have not the happiness of possessing friends. Let us count over our own, and see if we cannot enlist them on our side. Some might purchase our needlework, or get orders for us; some, richer than ourselves, might give us a donation or an annual subscription. Enthusiasm is very catching, and our friends are wonderfully kind. Don't let us shake our heads till we have tried, while holding fast by the hand of the Friend who delights to see us "try, try, try again." As for our daily speech, it cannot fail to be often sounding forth the genuine missionary ring, if our eyes are toward Zion and if we yearn over earth's sorrows. And how forcible are right words! Only in the Heavenly Land will one and another surprise us with the undreamt-of results of many a word spoken in due season.

Lastly, if we really are so circumstanced that we can give neither time nor money to the Lord; so bereft that we can call no true friend on earth our own; so timid that we cannot speak of Jesus,—what does our pertinacious motto reiterate still? "All can pray." Here then is a category in which we must find ourselves, a goodly and innumerable company, whose trusting prayers ascend as sweet incense day and night from every corner of the beautiful earth. Ah! believing prayer is the secret of success. It makes slow fingers skilful, and stammering tongues eloquent.

And is not our motto a threefold cord, not quickly broken? Does not this strong cable-twist of prayer bind and hold fast the other two? For who can pray truly without "giving" liberally, without "going" obediently? "Thou can'st not to thy place by accident; it is the very place God meant for thee." Our mission-field may lie within the quiet precincts of home; it may be amid burning sands or freezing blasts. It matters little if we are ready, with full purpose of heart, to "go in the strength of the Lord God." "To him to whom God is a Father, every land is a

Fatherland," and all we need be concerned about is to listen for the directing voice. It may be our privilege to stir up the zeal of some young ardent soul to become, in the providence of God, missionary or missionary's wife, zenana visitor or valiant soldier of the Cross. Who can exhaust the list of beautiful possibilities? Only let us be ready, cheerfully to Go, to Give, to Pray.

A. M. V.

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY THE REV. CANON RICHARDSON.

V.—THE MISSIONARY QUALIFICATIONS.



ALL Christians are not equally strong on all points. The flowers and the fruits are not equally thick on all the branches of the spiritual character. But men who are called to be missionaries should be strong men in certain needful qualifications. God's grace makes them strong, and man's selection should be made of such as are "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

A missionary needs—

I. *Patience.* "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise" (Heb. x. 36).

It must be patience which can wait. "Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it" (James v. 7).

It must be patience which will abide. "Take, my brethren, the prophets who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering, affliction, and of patience" (James v. 10).

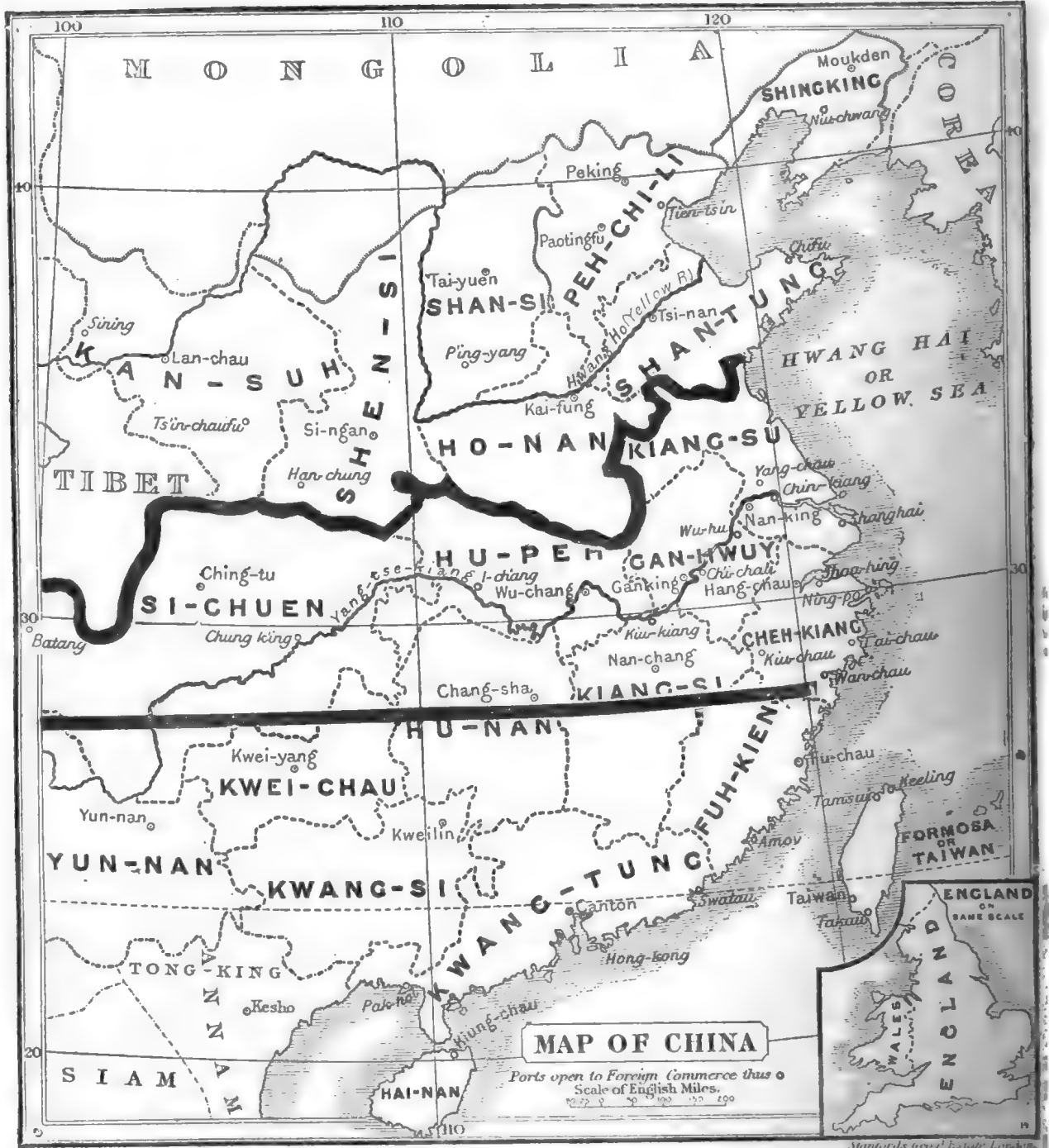
It must be patience which can submit. "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy" (James v. 11).

The man who is sowing the seed of God, uttering the message of God, following the providence of God, can be and will be patient.

II. *Prayerfulness.* He will be much alone; and prayer brings out the presence of God, and the people of God, and the purpose of God. The "throne of grace" tells that the Lord is King, and that the King is our Father. The "mercy seat" explains that many friends meet there, and the sentinel at his post feels that he belongs to the host of God. He will be often disappointed; and prayer reminds him that God's promises never fail, God's grace never runs dry, God's help is never asked in vain. He turns to God in prayer, when Satan and sinners oppose. He takes all to God in prayer, when difficulties and perplexities come in. He leaves all with God in prayer, when his own heart and his friends' hearts are sad. The wings of his soul are prayer. The wilderness is peopled, and the desert is made white unto the harvest, by the prayer of faith. The missionary's motto is, "For my love, they are my adversaries; but I give myself unto prayer" (Ps. cix. 4).

III. *Pleasure in his work.* He is a volunteer, and not a pressed man. He believes the service to be honourable service. He is thankful to God who called him and sent him forth. He has put his hand to the plough, and is not looking back. The roots of his faith and of his heart strike at once towards the new soil on which the grace of God has placed him. For a time, and always in a true degree, he draws vitality and support from the parent plant of the home Church; but the missionary's home becomes more and more the missionary station.

Let the Church pray for a higher tone. Let the missionaries aim at a loftier standard. Then upon the work at home and abroad the prayer-hearing God will pour out a richer blessing.



MAP OF CHINA (LENT BY THE CHINA INLAND MISSION), MARKED TO SHOW THE EPISCOPAL DIVISIONS.

MID-CHINA.



HERE is a startling entry in Crockford's Clerical Directory for 1881. The Missionary Bishop of Mid-China is said to have a population of 100,000,000 within the bounds of his episcopal jurisdiction.

Those bounds are marked in the accompanying map; but probably the population is rather understated than the reverse. Taking as an authority the sketch map issued three years ago during the great famine in North China, and premising that Mid-China, according to the arrangements made at the time of the consecration of the Bishops for North and Mid-China,

includes Keangsoo, Chekeang, Nganhwui, Hoopoh, and the part of Kiangse, Hoonan, and Sze-chuen north of latitude 28°, find the following enormous figures:—

Keangsoo	28,000,000
Nganhwui	34,000,000
Hoopoh	27,500,000
Chekeang	26,250,000
Sze-chuen	21,500,000
Hoonan (half), Kiangse (two-fifths) ... say	19,000,000

156,250,000 of s...

And yet these vast totals of the central and (probably) m...

populous part of China proper, leave at least 120 millions for the northern diocese of Bishop Scott, and 90 millions for the southern diocese of Bishop Burdon.

We call these huge divisions "dioceses" for convenience sake; but this word is not used in forgetfulness of other Missions, or with any assumption of territorial jurisdiction as a matter of right—only to show the possibilities of evangelistic work under each Bishop, if the Church supplied the means.

What is the Church of England doing for these millions? In the north, we find the newly-consecrated Bishop, two missionary

clergy, and a lay missionary waiting for Holy Orders. In the south, the Bishop, six missionary clergy, and five ordained Chinese pastors. In Mid-China, the Bishop, ten missionary clergy, and four ordained Chinese pastors.

What are these among so many? Let us continually "bring them hither" to the Lord of the harvest, praying for His blessing on the little band at work, and asking Him also, by the power of His Holy Spirit, to thrust forth many more labourers into His harvest.

A. E. MOULE.



ARCHDEACON DANDESON COATES CROWTHER,
Lower Niger.



THE REV. J. QUAKER,
Principal of the Sierra Leone Grammar School.



ARCHDEACON HENRY JOHNSON,
Upper Niger.

WEST AFRICAN CLERGY.



In the early days of the Church Missionary Society, there were not many people who believed in the capacity of the Negro for education. Could a black child be taught to read?—was a question often put, in a tone which plainly meant that the answer must be, "Impossible!" When, in 1816, the first attempt was made to open schools for the miserable slaves rescued by British ships and brought to Sierra Leone, did even the most believing and the most hopeful ever dream that sixty-five years after there would have been sixty-five Negroes ordained to the ministry of the Church of England? That is one a year; but the first, Samuel Crowther, was not "crowned a minister" (as the Africans called it) till 1843, nor the second and third till 1849; and the great majority have been added in the last twenty years. Several have gone to their rest; but at the present time there are twenty-five employed by the C.M.S., about twenty by the Sierra Leone Native Church, three by the Government as Colonial Chaplains, and a few others in other ways.

Archdeacon Henry Johnson is the son of a Native Christian of Sierra Leone, a rescued Yoruba slave. He was educated in the Colony, and then was for eight years tutor in the Grammar School in which he had been a scholar. In 1865 he came to England, and entered the C.M. College. He received deacon's orders on December 23rd, 1866, from Bishop Anderson, acting for the Bishop of London (Dr. Tait), and priest's orders a year later from Bishop Tait himself. On his return to Africa he laboured in the Sherbro country for a time; but in 1878 he again visited England, and was then sent to Palestine to learn

Arabic, with a view to future work among the Mohammedans of West Africa. He 1876 he went to Lagos, and became minister of the important Breadfruit Church. In 1878 Bishop Crowther appointed him Archdeacon of the Upper Niger; but he was detained at Lagos two years more, and has only now been able to take up his new Niger work.

Archdeacon Dandeson Coates Crowther is the Bishop's youngest son. He too was educated on the African coast, but afterwards came to England, to the C.M. College. When, in 1870, he was ready for ordination, the Bishop was in this country; and on June 19th of that year the interesting and unprecedented scene was witnessed at Islington Parish Church, of an African son being ordained by an African father, Bishop Crowther himself performing the ceremony under a special commission from the Bishop of London. Shortly afterwards, father and son returned to Africa together; and Mr. D. Crowther has ever since laboured zealously at Bonny.

The Rev. James Quaker is an older man than either of the others. He was ordained in 1856. He is the Principal of the highly successful and self-supporting Sierra Leone Grammar School, with which, as tutor and principal, layman and clergyman, he has been connected for thirty-two years. About 900 African boys and young men have passed under his care during that time.

All three men are highly respected on the coast by both Europeans and Natives. They have different talents and gifts, but these are all consecrated to the service of the Master who has called His servants to such important and influential positions. They and the rest of the African clergy need our continual prayers that both by their life and doctrine they may set forth God's glory and set forward the salvation of all men.

A VISIT TO GIRIAMA.



READERS of the GLEANER in the past three or four years can scarcely have forgotten the interesting little Native Christian community in the Giriama country, fifty miles north of Mombasa. (See especially GLEANER of January, 1878.) Many years ago, a Native servant of the late Rev. J. Rebmann, named Abe Ngoa, filled with remorse at having caused his wife's death by a wound given her in anger, went away into the forest in the district of Giriama, and lived there alone. He had with him the Gospel of St. Luke in the language of the country (Kinika), which Rebmann had taught him to read; and with no other instruction but this, several people who gathered round him were led by the teaching of the Spirit to give up their superstitions and "join the Book." In later years they were visited by the missionaries, and in 1875-6-7 several were baptized. A year or two ago their present leader, Abe Sidi, moved from their village, Godoma, to another one, Fulladoyo; and now there are two little Christian communities set as lights in the midst of dense darkness. Mr. J. R. Streeter, the Lay Superintendent at Frere Town, has sent the following most interesting narrative of a recent visit to these two villages and to some of the heathen chiefs of the surrounding country. The map in our last number should be referred to.

Letter from Mr. J. R. Streeter.

FRERE TOWN, Dec. 28th, 1880.

To find Fulladoyo on the map you will want a good magnifying glass, but if I tell you it is about twenty-five miles inland, a little south from Melinde, it will be a guide. Now perhaps you would like to know something of my "safari," i.e., journey. For a long time it had been on my mind to see the old chieftain Fungo, who is really the Giriama king, as I knew he was well disposed to us, but could not come to see me on account of his infirmities. I did not like the thought of his going to his long home without knowing something of "The Way, the Truth, and the Life"; so, as all seemed quiet, I got Mr. Menzies to let me have our trusty catechist George David, and leaving him Ishmael, we started off (Nov. 20) with a dozen men. Our first halt was at Rabai, where Mr. and Mrs. Binns gave me a good tea, and we had a good night's rest. Early morn we were under way again, and soon crossed the river Kombini (sweet-water), the same that I crossed three years back when in flood, then a foaming rush of water, over 100 yards broad and fifty feet deep; now we went over dry-shod on its rocky bed, then up hill and down dale, a rich, park-like country, till we came to a deserted clump of cocoanut-trees, for which blood had been shed between the Giriama and Rabai folk, the latter wanting the ground to form a "scientific frontier." Our road now went through Kuruma, which district is covered with cocoanut-trees; and at length we found ourselves, about three o'clock, at the city of the man whose word is pretty well law for thousands.

The "city" consists of some fourteen huts, partly in ruins; and, sad to say, our guide, a nice elder from a near village, informed us that King Fungo and his Prime Minister were too drunk to be seen, and a younger man had to show us the house, &c. The doorway, three feet high, ricked my back getting in and out. In the centre of the hut is a large round wicker-work cage for holding their store of mahindi, the fire-place being below; there is no chimney or window, and this leaves a grimy passage all round, three or four feet broad, which is kitchen, parlour, and bedroom. The heavy rains in the night woke one sharp, the roof being pretty close to one's head; but instead of grumbling, I was really thankful to get such a good place, and have a roof that did not let the rain in just over me, though it did in other parts, which made it pretty wet below. Outside the front door was a nice pool of slush, ankle deep, in which a kind-hearted soul, seeing it was bad for the Mzungu's (foreigner's) boots, put two rows of stones. In this palace we slept three nights.

Next morning the chief and his Prime Minister came, and we had a good talk about the Saviour. They asked many sensible questions, and the chief was particularly anxious to know what they should *not* do to make God angry. So I had to tell them of their state yesterday, for which they many times asked forgiveness, and then turned to the Ten Commandments; but as I told them it would take too long, knowing they had to work that day, we arranged to stay Sunday and tell them more.

The next day, Sunday, one and another came to see us. At last our circular compartment was uncomfortably close—it was raining hard—so we were asked to move to another hut, where there was no centre basket, and there sat round twelve of the oldest men from different parts of the country. They said they had unexpectedly found the Mzungu, and their wives and people would want to know why he had come, and if they

could not tell they would look foolish and be laughed at. Here was unlooked-for opportunity, as, instead of speaking to one old man, he were the elders of different villages, who would take the message of salvation nearly over the country. We had a long talk (George interpreting into Kinika), based on that beautiful seventh chapter of Revelation, to which they gave a willing ear. There was only one grumbler, who said they did not want "The Book"; their old custom served them; the only thing they wanted was rain (all the while it was raining hard), and George turned him beautifully by saying, "If a man wanted anything in this country, how was he to get it? He must come to their King Fungo first, &c. And who held the rain, and how could he get? Why, 'The Book,' to tell you about Him and His ways, just what you want. The others bade him keep quiet. Then the chief returned to his yesterday's point, as to what they should not do, and I explained to him the Commandments, and we kept on till past twelve. No breakfast, but that did not matter; it was a grand opportunity, and although, humanly speaking, one could not hope to do much with such grey heads, I wanted them not to put obstacles in the way of their younger people, as they cannot go against their elders.

In the afternoon we had a quiet little service in the same hut with our own people, and when the glistening stars lit up the blue ethereal sky, it was nice to hear in the distance the sound of familiar strains, and to see our men sitting round a wood fire, singing away so heartily, all by themselves, the hymns Ishmael and I have had such work to teach them. This was a pleasant surprise, it being the first time I had heard them alone, and made a nice finish to a very happy Sunday.

Early next morning we had a few parting words, and then, with many friendly farewells, started on our journey, crossing plenty of fresh trails of the buffalo in the dewy grass, and numerous deer, &c. So, after a stiff shower came on, and we had a pretty good soaking in the t grass, but it did not matter much, for we had light hearts from our reception at Fungo's, and I knocked over two birds nearly as large as turkeys, which brightened the men's supper prospects. Later on, at mid-day, while the men were resting near a brackish river, the Ngovu, I walked up some distance, knocked over a large bird like a duck, on with pointed bill, and a beautiful stork. Then we were on the trail once more through a large wood, to which there seemed no end. From 6 o'clock came, still on; six o'clock, still on; then darkness for an hour, our guide only knowing the road, and we all following. This I thought was a good illustration of faith. At last we reached the outskirts, and a hill in the distance shone a bright fire-light, for which we made; and after sitting on our bundles the best part of an hour sharpening our appetite and trying one's patience, the owner of the village, Manje, gets a place ready. It is no use trying to hurry—patience is the grand desideratum for East Africa.

The owner was a nice old man. I don't think he had seen Mzungu before, and he listened so earnestly, and his wife also, to what we had to say, that it was about eleven before the old gentleman said good night, and we retired to roost, but not to rest. As we were assured of a safe day's journey, and there were many listeners, and the "mzee" (i.e., title of respect for old man) and his wife seemed so anxious to hear more of God's ways, we did not hurry off next day. I don't know when I have had more attentive listeners. The old man may be a heathen, but he seems to have a beautiful spirit, and his wife also, a nice happy little woman, was so good to our men, when they came late, helping them to get water, wood, &c. Next day she came in her best—such a show of beads, bead stockings, bead armbands, and coils round her not very slender waist, and her short frizzly hair like a snowball covered with white beads; besides she had a charm of beads worked on leather hanging at her side like a watch-pocket, which, as I saw she was much impressed with what we said, I asked her to exchange with me, and greatly to our surprise she took it off and made me a present of it. On the string that fastened it was a little knot of something, and she said she could not part with that, as *all* her beads were in that. As I saw her old faith was shaken I would not press her too hard, but said next time I came was sure she would give it me, and in parting she said we were to be sure and come that way again soon.

[At length the party reached their furthest destination, Fulladoyo, which is apparently an island in a river.]

Their forest home is on an island, and we had to cross the river over a rough fallen tree, a very ugly crossing indeed by night. We could just make out the water about ten feet below. Soon we were at home receiving a hearty welcome from Abe Sidi. House, water, and all was ready, and a big fire blazing outside, around which all the people gathered.

You will remember how some two years back Abe Sidi separated from his Godoma brethren, and with two other families started a fresh place in the jungle near, twenty miles off, and Mr. Handford visited him there. Now the place has from thirty to forty huts, and over one hundred people are gathered round. I am afraid some are runaways from the coast, but the greater part are from Makongeneh, and a few of his own tribe. They have a splendid place, good ground, a nice spring of water (the River Voi is brackish), and plenty of jungle to cut. They are building themselves famous huts. Already their first little church is too small

and they have another nearly finished, 30 feet by 18 feet, walls 10 feet high. Every morning we had short service there, and he has taught some of the people to read a little, and they know several hymns, and it was cheering as I walked round at night time to hear some praying aloud in their own houses before going to bed. I had little rest myself, and at last I turned out in the open and sat by the log fire.

Abe Sidi we found very downcast, for he has endured much persecution from his people on account of those gathered round him and following "The Book," so destroying their old customs. Some had just been threatening to destroy his place and kill him, but he told them if they had anything to say I was coming up and they should come then, so we were soon waited on, and a meeting was fixed for Friday.

Thursday we had many visitors, and in the afternoon walked over to the village of Abe Sidi's father, who has been much against him and "The Book." We had a long talk. Amongst our visitors were four young fellows who could not make out writing, I was teaching little Solomon Sidi. I asked one his name, wrote it down, then asked Solomon to read it, and he did; they said, "Let him go outside and try another," and he did; they said, "He overheard, try again," and this time one stood in the doorway and saw Solomon a long way off, and another whispered, but of course it made no difference, and they were almost as much surprised as we were when youngsters at seeing "Bosco" bring a plum-pudding out of a hat. There was another very handsome young fellow who seemed much interested in all my things, and at what he heard. At last he said to George, "The Mzungu is a clever man, and knows a great deal; he should like to ask him two questions." Leave was granted. "Well," said he, "you see the lightning, sometimes it takes the top off a tree, now where does it come from, and where does it go to?" I pretty well satisfied him on that point. The next was the great question that pervades most minds; not, "What shall I do to be saved?" but, "What can I do to become rich?" I told him how he might do that, and then led on to a long and earnest conversation from Matt. vi.

In the afternoon the elders met. It is sufficient now to say that the accusation against Abe Sidi fell to the ground, in fact his chief accusers were too frightened to appear before me, and it ended in a great thing, their agreeing to recognise those who had gathered round Abe Sidi as brothers, and they much wanted me to come and live amongst them. There were some sixty or seventy present, and as I saw I had their ears you may be sure I did not lose the opportunity of giving them some good lessons. As we sat patiently for three hours, and there were many young people gathered round, I got them to try some jumping; they did very well, but the old man beat them all with a long jump of 16 feet, so I do not think there can be much the matter with him.

On Saturday we had a deputation from Makongeneh, the stronghold of the runaway slaves. They much wanted Mzungu to come and live with them; but much as I sympathised with them I could give them no hopes until slavery was abolished, as it would be like going against the Sultan.

On Sunday morning, with George's help, I conducted the service, which, as the church would not hold us, we held outside at one end, the people sitting under two trees and I standing up to a little table, which I had helped a rough carpentering man to make, going into the jungle, felling a tree, and splitting a board out (my big axe does come in useful). The table will help fit up the new church. As it was, with a large handkerchief over it, and a piece of cloth over the end of the roof to keep the sun off, which was like a sounding-board, a tin box for a seat, George to my right on a log, and Abe Sidi to the left, we looked quite "churchy," and you should have heard us sing a new hymn and tune I taught the people in the week; they liked it so much that they kept on at that hymn all day. In the sermon from John xii. 32, I felt that our Heavenly Father helped me much to speak words that they could understand, and the Holy Spirit sent them home; at the conclusion many were the "naveranawe sanas" ("thank you very much"). I think all in the place were present, including Jeremiah's mother in her heathen dress; but I won her heart in telling her news of her son, who is studying with us at Frere Town, and going into her shamba and helping her plant her Indian corn. My little godson John was also there; he is a dear little chap, has such a nice mother. The poor woman was rather sad, for now Jeremiah and his good wife are away, she has not another real Christian companion of her own sex; but she would not have her back until she had learnt how to sew well and cut out, which Mrs. Handford is teaching her, for she cannot do the latter, and the women around wanted help. But I said, "You do help them a little." "Yes," she said, "it was nice to try and help others; it teaches you and makes your own heart light." Really I think half-a-dozen of these Godoma Christians are as nice a lot of people as I ever met anywhere.

[On the Monday morning Mr. Streeter started on his return journey, in the course of which he visited the original Christian settlement at Godoma.]

We stayed at Godoma all Tuesday to cheer the brethren, and received many visitors. I told the Christians to bring their books and ask me anything they could not understand; one could not understand why Abimelech and Isaac's servants quarrelled over the wells; another, what the door in the parable of the Good Shepherd meant; another, what

Caiaphas meant when he said "it was expedient that one man should die for the people"; this led to some good lessons, to which there were many young listeners. Afterwards George and I partly taught them a hymn, and towards evening we walked over to another village to see the headman, for a slave of his at Fulladoyo begged of me to intercede for him. It was a sad story he told us; this very master had helped kill his brother for the sake of getting some of his property, and he had known five slaves killed, and told us their names. It is a bad practice they have in that country, they bind them tightly and bury alive. The result of our talk was that the master forgave the slave, and said that he had heard so much about "The Book" now that he thought he should soon join himself, then the slave would be free altogether. I told him how he would then be free also, and we had a long talk. At parting he gave us two fowls, which I did not want to take, but he would not be denied.

Next morning we were up before five, had a short service and address in their little church, and started on our now familiar road home, for our time was up, our bread was out, our sugar was out (no milk to be had there), and the water was not fit to wash dishes in, the latter rains not having reached there. On the way called at an old friend's, where I had slept the first time; they much wanted us to stay there again, but was obliged to decline, so he took us to his house, gave us buttermilk to drink, and butter to bring away, nearly all the village accompanying us a short distance, and on we went till 6.30, when we came to a good resting-place; was as fresh as possible, although had ridden one hour only all day, and we rested another hour. The owner here gave us plenty of fresh milk, which was a treat, but had difficulty to give us a house—only got a small hut in which some calves were; the men had to sleep outside. I was up by four, and out with my gun soon after, as I had knocked over a couple of large guinea fowl just on entering the village, and they said there were plenty about. After a long tramp in dewy grass I got a right and left, killing both to the surprise of the natives. Was back by 6.30, and after more delicious new milk had a little talk with the people, who were much interested with my picture book of beasts, and badly wanted us to stay all day; but after a few words, prayers, and hymn with the men we were "homeward bound," many from the village, with the elder, accompanied us to the brow of the hill, and watched us out of sight.

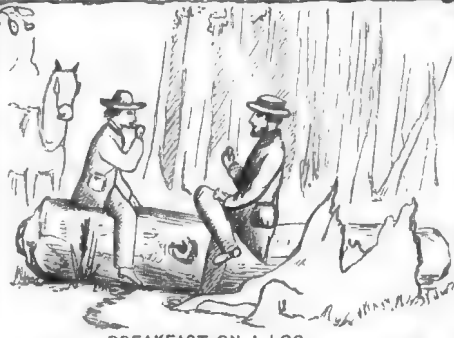
Soon after we came to the nasty muddy creek swamps; one is six or seven miles long and goes by the name of "Kimmaranganzi," which means before you get to the end you will close your mouth and say nothing, and so it proved; for it was between one and two o'clock and the sun tremendously hot, but the other end brought us to a sweet orange-tree and more daffo, where we refreshed ourselves, and an hour after we met Mr. Menzies on the look-out for us, and by five we were at home, when there was much firing and "thrilling" (women making a peculiar noise in their throat which sounds a long way off) for joy at our safe return. Found all well, and my boys had a good tea all ready, and it was nice to get to bed once more.

Altogether we had much to be thankful for; through a loving Father's mercy a clearer way had been made for us than could possibly have expected, and I hope soon to spend a few days amongst the people with whom we could not stay this time. Our big boys acquitted themselves well; I took half-a-dozen just to train them a bit for our longer journey to Teita that I was going to take, but by last mail's news this will have to be abandoned, to my great sorrow, for if the Society are not going to make fresh stations about here much of the labour and money that has been spent on these lads will be thrown away. I suppose it is want of funds kept them back, so hope every one that reads this letter will send up an extra half-sovereign to the C.M.S. this year, so that more may be done towards helping to carry out one of our Saviour's last commands.

I am glad to say we have had beautiful rains, and are for the first time reaping a good second harvest; this has helped settle our place, and we have had the best Christmas I have known here.

A MISSION IN ALGOMA.

VERY rarely do we notice in the GLEANER any other Missions than those of the C.M.S. Not for want of sympathy with others, but because the C.M.S. work is so vast and so varied, that our pages do not nearly suffice for more than a meagre account of even small portions of that. On the next page, however, will be found an engraving from some pen and ink sketches by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, son of the Vicar of Islington, who is carrying on a most excellent Mission on Lake Superior, in the diocese of Algoma, Canada West. This Mission was for a short time in connection with the C.M.S., ten years ago; but although its design is the evangelisation of a Red Indian tribe—the Chippeways—it is well within colonial limits, and far away from any other C.M.S. station, so that it was thought better that it should be worked independently. But all efforts for the Red Indians must appeal to the sympathies of the Society's friends, and therefore we make an exception in this case, and present Mr. Wilson's very graphic sketches of missionary life on the shores of Lake Superior.



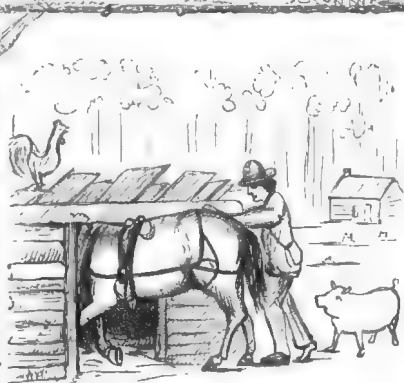
BREAKFAST ON A LOG.
My interpreter and myself ate our breakfast sitting upon a log. We had left at 3.30 a.m.



MORNING ABLUTIONS.
A squaw brings me a tin bowl of water and soap; and the children gape in astonishment while I perform my ablutions.

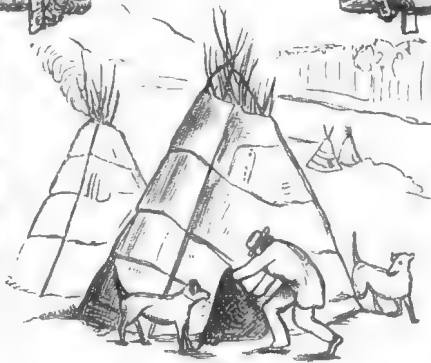


A MEETING ON THUNDER BAY.
We happened to meet the Chief out on the bay, so I introduced myself to him.

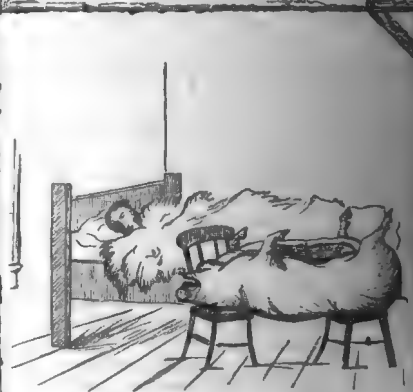


GETTING THE HORSE INTO WAUBESIE'S CALF-SHED.

Waubesie (at Sauguen) had no stable, only a calf-shed, and it was with difficulty we squeezed the horse in; and when he was in, the roof was so low that we had to take him out again and find him shelter at another place about a mile off.



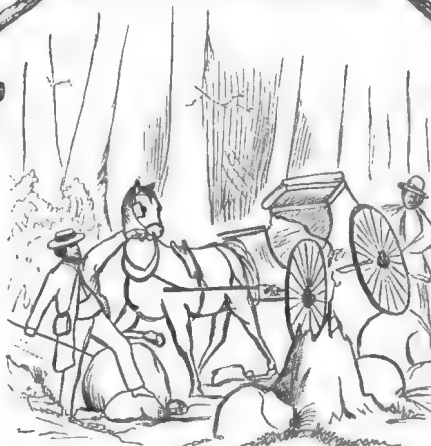
VISITING THE WIGWAMS.
Every evening I visited one of the wigwams. Twenty Indians came to hear the Scriptures in their own tongue.



A NIGHT WITH A PIG.
One night, while at Kettle Point, I had a dead pig to share my bedroom. Piggy was laid upon his back on two chairs, and early in the morning the good woman came in with a huge knife to remove a portion of his carcase, which appeared afterwards at the breakfast table.



SCHOOL AT MICHIPICOTEN.
At Michipicoten I held school every day in Totomenau's wigwam. Eleven or twelve children used to assemble, and they seemed to take pleasure in learning.



A DRIVE OVER BOULDERS.
It was a rough five miles' drive between the two Indian Reserves at Sauguen; the buggy went rolling on over boulders and stumps and logs. One of us led the horse, and the other steadied the buggy behind.



GETTING INTO AMOS' HOUSE.
Amos, according to Indian fashion, had locked his door on the inside and nailed up the window before leaving home. We got a hammer and forced the window open, and made ourselves comfortable for the night.





MOHAMMEDAN AFGHANS AT PRAYER.

OUR MISSION TO THE AFGHANS.

The Rev. T. P. Hughes's Annual Letter.

ZEYDAH, EUSAFZAI, Dec. 5th, 1880.

AM just now the guest of the leading chief of one of the most important sections of the Afghan people.

My host is Ibrahim Khan of Zeydah, the grandson of Ursalla Khan (an Afghan chief who fled, and died in exile, when the British first occupied the Peshawar Valley). Ibrahim Khan's father came back and submitted to English rule, and his son is one of our most loyal Afghan chiefs. He lately served with credit as a political officer with General Bright's army, and has been presented by Lord Ripon with a *khilat* of fifty pounds at the great durbar at Lahore. Ibrahim Khan has been a true friend of mine for fifteen years, and for some years past I have been the guardian of his eldest son, Abdul Ghafur Khan, who is now an intelligent youth of sixteen years.

I am always welcome in Zeydah. There is a large and handsome bungalow in the centre of the village which the Khan

assures me he has built for my special use, and it would cheer the hearts of our Christian friends at home to see the copies of the Scriptures in Pushtu, Persian, Urdu, and Arabic which have been reverently placed by Muslim hands upon the shelves in the room in which I am now sitting. I have just said prayers, with an Afghan Christian who resides in this village, from an Urdu Book of Common Prayer which has been carefully preserved in this room for the last eight years by this Mohammedan chief.

My Afghan friend is no bigot, for about two hours ago we sat down a party of twelve to dinner, and our Christian Afghan brother, Shah Moneer, was invited by our host to form one of the party.

As one gets older one's joints become stiffer, and an Afghan dinner on the floor with one's legs tucked under one is rather a serious business! Our dinner consisted of the national dish of *plau*, or meat cooked in rice, fowl-curry, oat-cakes, and greens. I added to the meal a tin of Huntley and Palmer's gingerbread nuts, which were highly appreciated by several old Afghan chiefs present. After dinner green tea was passed round.

Our conversation, like our meal, was miscellaneous. The

weather, the crops, the Afghan war, the Lahore durbar, Lord Ripon's Christianity, the last murder (there have been five in this district lately), Russia, Ameer Yakub Khan, the railway to Attock, trial by jury, conversions to Christianity, and dozens of other topics upon which I was expected to give the very latest and best and most authoritative information. Eight of our party had seen three *rajahs* or governments, the Afghan, the Sikh, and the British. "Now which do you like best?" I said to the Khan's great uncle on my left. "Answer me, please, without any attempt to flatter because I am an Englishman." "Well," replied the old gentleman, "the Sikhs were great tyrants, and the Afghans were not much better, but still we prefer Muslim rule." "No," said my loyal host, with great emphasis; "the English are the best of the whole three. Why, look at this village! Under the Afghan rule there were not more than fifty wells for irrigation; now, through the English protection afforded us, we have at least five hundred wells, and we are wealthy and at peace." "And yet," I said, "even now, under British rule, you manage to murder one another pretty freely, for there are at the present moment twenty Afghans in the Peshawar jail under sentence of death." "Man's heart is evil," said an old Sufi mystic, who formed one of the party.

As I sat in the midst of this little company I could not help thinking of the marvellous change which has come over these parts since I first came to Peshawar sixteen years ago. It was not then considered safe to travel in the district, but now a Christian missionary is the honoured guest of a leading Afghan chief who does not hesitate to invite an Afghan convert of his own village to dine on the same carpet.

I have already reported the baptism of the wife and two daughters of Yahiyah, the Cabul Christian. We have not heard from them since their return to Cabul, but Ameer Abdur-Rahman has always been well-disposed to the Armenian Christians in that city. The mother of Sardar Ishaq Khan, who is now ruler of Turkistan, is the son of the late Ameer Azim Khan by an Armenian Christian wife. This Christian lady is now in Cabul, and is a person of some influence in the Ameer's *zanana*. Another Afghan is a candidate for baptism, and will, I hope, be baptized with his whole family at Christmas. He was the Mohammedan tutor of the Christian Syud, Yusuf Ali, who was baptized a few years ago. In this case the disciple has become the teacher.

The erection of our Memorial Church in the city has been delayed in consequence of the high rates of material and labour; but now the war is over I hope we shall soon have a place of worship in the very heart of the city of Peshawar, which shall be a centre of spiritual influence and Christian life. I attach great importance to our presenting the devotional side of Christianity to the Mohammedan mind, rather than the polemical, and I believe a well-ordered Christian church, with its worship conducted by a clergyman himself a convert from Islam, will do this.

There seems to be little chance of our establishing a Mission either in Cabul or Candahar: may I therefore beg of you to press home the fact that both Peshawar and Banu are in Afghanistan, and in the midst of Afghan people. Afghanistan extends to the Indus, and the British possession of Peshawar, where the ancestor of many of the Barakzai chiefs have lived and died, has always been a source of grief to the Cabul Ameer. The national poet of the Afghans was a native of Peshawar. If you can only get Christian people to realize this, perhaps those who are so much interested in the Afghan people will come forward to support our Afghan Mission, without asking us to follow in the wake of war and bloodshed, and of political strife, into the regions beyond for the present.

T. P. HUGHES.

[A later letter tells us that the Mohammedan Afghan tutor above mentioned was baptized on December 26th.]

"I'LL BE AN ARROW."

"He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword; in the shadow of his hand hath He hid me, and made me a polished shaft; in His quiver I have hid me."—*Isa.* xlix. 2.



I'll be an arrow! swift and free;
A polished shaft, Lord, aimed by Thee;
Hid in Thy quiver, only Thine,
And flashing from Thy hand divine.
O not in terror be my glance,
But arrow of deliverance!
No poisoned dart that presseth sore,
But soul-subduing evermore;
Love-dipt, love-dipt Thine arrow be
To heal each smitten enemy.
Make me an arrow, swift and free,
A polished shaft, Lord, aimed by Thee!

I'll be a sword, a burnished sword!
A piercing, sharp, dividing word!
Hid in the shadow of Thy hand,
Unsheathed and keen at Thy command.
What sword may do for truth and right,
What word may do in error's night
From lips new touch'd by living coal—
A spirit-sword to reach the soul—
That I! The enemy comes in
With floods of overwhelming sin:
Make me a sword, a burnished sword!
A piercing, sharp, dividing word!

I'll be a voice! What shall I cry?
A "Comfort ye" for misery;
"Behold your God!" to those who seek,
A healing word to hearts that break.
What shall I cry? The fairest bloom
Is hastening, hastening to the tomb.
And if He give me tuneful chords,
Ring out, sweet voice, melodious words!
Love's sweet evangel bravely sing,
To herald in the coming King;
Or, ere He draw avenging sword,
Prepare a people for the Lord.

We praise the warrior, not his sword;
The singer, not his tuneful word;
We praise the Bowman's steady aim,
Unerring skill, but do we name
The slender arrow's silver flight?
God keeps His weapons out of sight.
So high our thoughts, so proud our mood,
He cannot use us as He would.
Be hidden, arrow! hidden, sword!
And ye, brave heralds of the Word,
Be ye content as voice to be
Triumphant in humility;
Let dauntless faith and vanquish'd will
Bring back the age of miracle!

CLARA THWAITES

GOSPEL TROPHIES.

"Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—*Rev.*

V.—Benjamin Cameron; or, "They shall come from the North."



ARIOUS interesting accounts have been recently given us of the "Wild North Land," which forms the North-West Territories of the Dominion of Canada. Not the least striking of these word paintings is the description of the boat-traffic in the summer months.

Magnificent as is the river scenery, there must still be a sameness of splendour about it, to judge by the following description:—"The lower course of the river presents for the last thirty miles a picture of grand simplicity, and it must be confessed monotony. Flowing, like all other prairie streams deep below the surface of the plain, there is nothing to be seen

but the dead calm of an unruffled, mirror-like sheet of water, glaring in the sun, and as far as the eye can reach, two walls of dark green foliage, with the deep blue firmament above them."

The rivers, however, by no means flow on continuously in broad and shining tranquillity; they widen into lake-like reaches, and narrow into roaring cataracts. After rounding "some pine-clad island, or projecting point, a tumbling mass of foam and spray, studded with rocks and bordered with dark-wooded shores," will be found to bar the way. To shoot these rapids, and still more to ascend them, is a kind of exercise which, it will readily be conceived, requires a practised hand and eye to be accomplished with safety.

The *voyageurs* are sometimes of pure Indian blood, but more frequently represent a considerable mixture of races. BENJAMIN CAMERON, the subject of this brief sketch, was, we believe, of unmixed Indian blood. He was engaged in the above-mentioned boat-traffic, and in the course of his wanderings came in contact with a Native missionary, the late Rev. Henry Budd. He acquired from this new friend some knowledge of Christian truth, but it was somewhat dim and confused. Spiritually he "saw men as trees walking," but the day-star had arisen in his heart—he was not long to remain in the shadows. Another Native missionary, the Rev. J. Settee, had planted a mission station at Lac La Ronge, and having been requested to interest himself in Benjamin Cameron, promptly applied himself to that task.

Benjamin learned to read the syllabic characters, and began to read the Scriptures to his family and friends. Two main ideas impressed themselves on his mind—those of sin and holiness. He carried the Baptist's message, "Repent ye," to his brother Indians, and spoke to them often and earnestly of sin and God. He had evidently grasped the (to so many minds) difficult fact that they had not only committed *crimes*, but *sins*—that their offence against God preceded any offence against their fellow-man. When the cry "Repent ye" is heard, the "Kingdom" ever proves to be "at hand." The full light of God's truth and salvation soon dawned on Benjamin's soul, and he became yet more active, and anxious to communicate that light to others. He was confirmed by Bishop Anderson, and subsequently went to Lake Winnipeg, where he again met his friend Mr. Settee, now in holy orders. The latter was sent to the Swan River district, whither Benjamin accompanied him, and together they visited the Indian camps in that region. Mr. Settee was sent to Fairford, and thither his faithful friend followed him.

Benjamin continued to read the Scriptures to his Indian brethren, and would hold services on Sunday for the entire camp. He presently took up his abode at Sandy Bar (a place about fifty miles from the mouth of the Red River), and there Mr. Settee used to visit him. On one of these occasions, in the autumn of the year 1876, Mr. Settee spent a bright and pleasant Sunday with this old and tried friend. He celebrated the Holy Communion, and Benjamin invited many of his countrymen, and also some Icelanders in whom he had interested himself, to hear his friend tell that "old, old story of Jesus and His love," which was ever new to him. An old man and his wife were laid up (it was supposed) by fever, and were visited by Mr. Settee. It presently appeared that they were suffering from a yet more fatal disorder. Small-pox broke out at Sandy Bar, and when Benjamin (who had been staying for a little time near his friends) returned there, he found his own family stricken, and stricken to death.

He had been in some anxiety about the spiritual state of his daughter, but that anxiety was entirely removed before her death. He visited constantly all who were sick, and did his best to heal both body and soul. One woman assured him, "I shall go and tell Jesus that you are trying to bring many of our poor to Him."

But before long, Benjamin was himself called into the Master's nearer presence, to hear that Master's "Well done." He was soon stricken with that fatal disease, which had carried off so

many of his countrymen. He would not, however, cease his labour of love, until increasing weakness laid him finally aside. One morning he called Mr. Settee's daughter to his side, and spoke earnestly of the great things God had done for his soul. He knew he was going to die, but death had no sting for this true servant of God, whose heart the Lord had opened, that it might receive His gracious Word. "Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died," was the substance of his conversation with the friend who watched his death-bed. The assurance that Jesus was his sun, his life, and his portion for ever, was the last word he was heard to utter. His voice fell abruptly, his head turned on the pillow, and the watcher saw that his soul had fled. Doubtless other watchers carried that soul to Paradise, there to rejoice for ever in the unveiled presence of the Saviour he loved so well. ELIZABETH SUTTON.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR MISSIONS?

"Make me thereof a little cake first."

1 Kings xvii. 13.

WHAT a blessing all Christians would receive if all took this command as addressed to themselves! and what a burden it would lift from the shoulders of our missionary societies!

"MAKE." Make the meal into a cake and bake it. Take some little trouble about your gift so that it shall be the more easily rendered serviceable for the object needing it.

"ME." God's prophet; therefore, as God's representative, asking for it in God's name. Whatever we give, let us give it to God first, and then to His representatives on earth (Matt. xxv. 40).

"THEREOF." Out of a large fortune? No, the last scanty meal of a poor widow, who had no earthly prospect of replenishing her store. How many of us excuse ourselves from helping in God's work because of the badness of the times! Let us follow this poor widow's example, and, if the store be ever so scant, give God the first-fruits of it, and be sure a similar blessing (if not such a miraculous one) will rest on the remaining portion.

"A LITTLE CAKE." Not a great gift, but *what she had*, and *what God asked of her*. Do we all give that?

"FIRST." Surely here is the secret of her gift and her blessing. Faith in God's Word, and entire consecration. When we receive our income (daily wages, weekly pay, or quarterly salary), let us give the first-fruits to God as an acknowledgment that *all is His*, and simply trust that He will make the remainder sufficient for our needs. Are there not many who can testify, after having done this, how it has been expanded to meet them, as was the widow's store? E. H. B.

What another Village does.

IN a small village of a little more than 200 people in the south of England, the total sum collected for the C.M.S. during the year was £79 7s. 5d. Seventeen boxes are out; eleven persons are monthly, and thirteen are annual subscribers. A collection was made on the Day of Intercession. There is a working party who meet throughout the winter. Six meetings, with a tea, are held in the parish during the year to give information. During the present year ten of the annual subscribers have doubled their subscriptions. M.

A Farthing a Week.

THE District Visitor of the poorest district in my parish lately brought me £1 3s. for half a year from farthing-a-week subscriptions. C. V. C.

[That is, at least forty-three subscriptions, even assuming all were regular.]

A REQUEST FROM A CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Our convalescents give yearly about £3 to the dear C.M.S. cause. We all greatly enjoy reading the "GLEANER," and I would like to suggest to some of its readers that they make a Missionary Album for the dear little children. I have found it a pleasant occupation, and also that it wonderfully interests little ones in Foreign Missions. The album should be made of sheets of unbleached calico (any size you like) bound with pink tape, and the pictures out of *old, well-read Gleaners*, and *Juvenile Instructors*, and *Quarterly Tokens*, neatly pasted on, interspersed with missionary hymns (cut out of old hymn books) or stories; also dried flowers (*buttercups* do best) and ferns and leaves give a bright and pretty effect to the whole. The cover may be made of American cloth bound with coloured braid. Every Wednesday at family prayer we especially remember the C.M.S.

CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL, BLACK ROCK,
BRIGHTON, February 9th, 1881.

HENRIETTA WANSTALL.

A MISSION SELDOM HEARD OF.

SOME of the most efficient and useful Missions of the Church Missionary Society are those of which very little is heard. All readers of the GLEANER are familiar with Metlakahla, and Bonny, and Frere Town, and Peshawar, and Fuhchow; but how many of them know anything of Kurrachee, and Jubbulpore, and Bezwarra, and Trichur, and Jaffna, and Kwun-ho-we, and Kaitais, and Stanley? Could our best candidates in the last Examination say where these are? At all events, if they know, we are afraid they did not get their knowledge through the GLEANER.

Of one of these Missions, JAFFNA, the last Bishop of Colombo, Dr. Jermyn, wrote in 1872, "I am surprised and astonished at the completeness, the perfection, of the Church Missionary Society's work in this district." Jaffna is the little peninsula at the north end of Ceylon, which can be seen in any map. Our senior Missionary there, the Rev. J. D. Simmons, has sent us photographs of the Native minister and his family, and of the oldest Christian at Nellore, one of the Jaffna stations, which we have engraved. He accompanied them with the following brief account of the station:—

The Rev. Joseph Knight commenced Church Mission work at Nellore in the year 1818, and continued his faithful work just twenty years. In 1824 the Rev. W. Adley joined Mr. Knight; he also resided at this station, and laboured for about the same period. Their time was divided between evangelistic, literary, and educational efforts; they toiled for nearly seven long years before their hearts were cheered with a single convert. At the close of the seventh year Mr. Adley's horsekeeper was admitted to the fold of Christ by baptism. A start having once been made, it continued, not rapidly, but surely and steadily. At the end of the year ten Christians formed the nucleus of the Native Church; one of these, Mr. Philips, is still living. [See the picture.] He was the first catechist of the Mission; for many years he has retired from the office, but it may be truly said that now, at the advanced age of eighty-six, he is exercising as much influence for good as any individual in the Church, even though he be the good pastor. He spends much time in visiting and teaching both the heathen and Christians, and still more in reading God's Word and in prayer. In the second decade the Church increased to twenty-five; but it is worthy of notice that there was not yet a single woman in the congregation.

In 1841 the old Portuguese church of St. John's at Chundicully was transferred to the C.M.S. The congregation numbered ninety souls. The Rev. C. David, a convert of Swartz, had been for many years its pastor. From this time the work was carried on at Nellore and Chundicully. In 1848 the Christians had increased to eighty at the former station. In 1849 a new station was opened at Copay; and in 1862 Mr.



OLD PHILIPS, OF NELLORE, CEYLON, AGED 86.
(Baptized in 1831.)

1868. This shows the increase in number to have been just ten per year since 1868. Supposing that the births exceeded the deaths, surprise may be expressed that the rate of increase in the last ten years has not been greater. Certainly the adult-baptisms have been more than ten per year. From the year 1875 to 1879 we have had ninety-five adult baptisms; the remaining years' statistics I cannot find. The net increase being no more than it is can be accounted for by the large number of educated young men who leave Jaffna to seek employment in the southern parts of the island. The Colonial Secretary told me in conversation a few days ago that if Government offices which are filled by natives were open to simple competition no doubt nine-tenths of them would be obtained by Jaffna men.

There are 39 boys' schools, scholars, 2,488. Girls' schools, 18; scholars, 431. Sunday-school, 31; attendance, 884. Three of the boys' schools are English teaching, of which Chundicully Seminary or High School is the chief; there are twelve teachers in it, and 220 boys on the list. These English schools are independent of the Mission funds. The education of 2,919 youth and girls, including the girls' boarding-school and a training boys' school, costs the Society only £480 per year, exclusive of the Missionary's salary. Much the largest portion of the convert is the fruit of the schools.

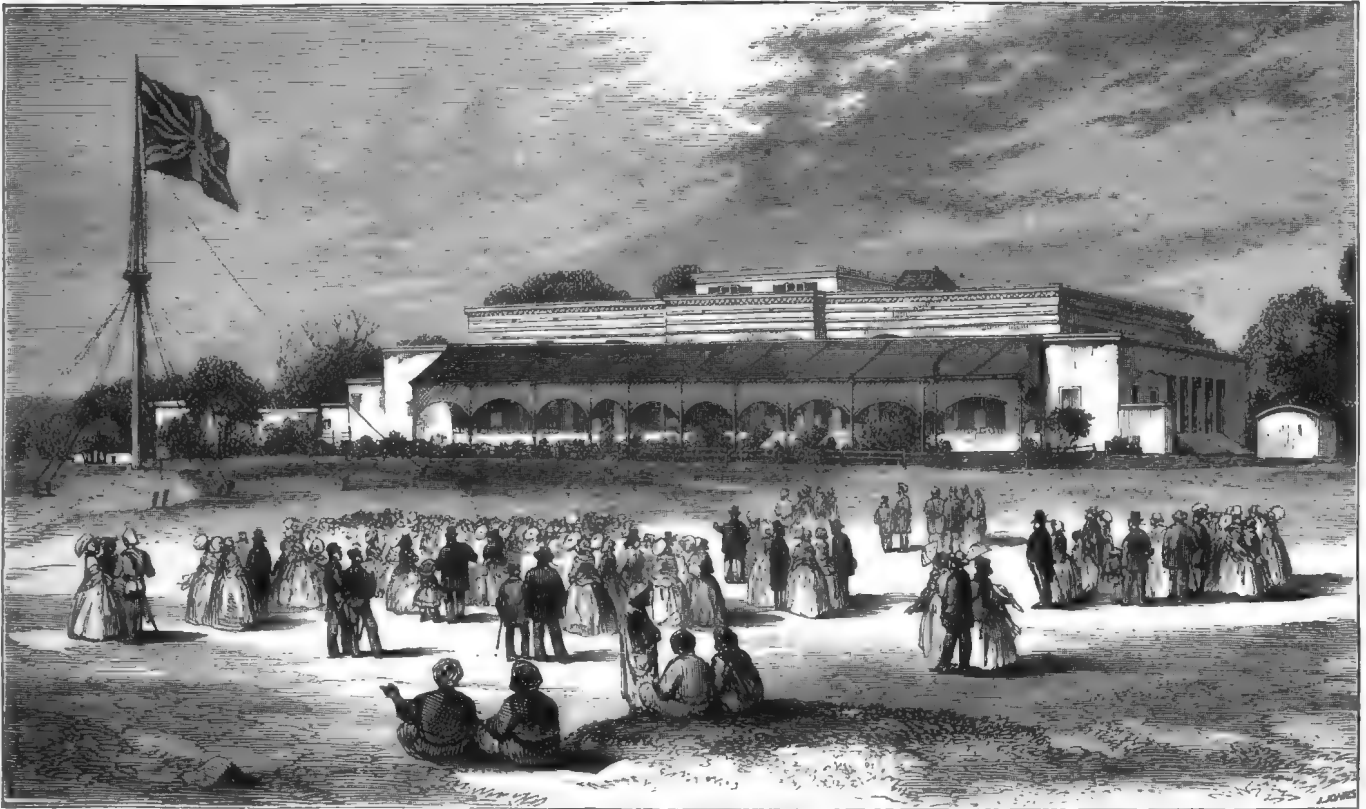
There is a Native Church Council, composed of the four pastors and nine lay delegates who are chosen by the communicants as their representatives. The sum contributed for all religious purposes in 1879 was 1,762 rup. 11 pic. (about £155); in 1880 the amount was 755 rup. 25 pic.

The Nellore and Copay Churches greatly need some repairs and fittings. The congregations are unable to bear this burden in addition to the support they give to the pastors; I therefore ask friends kindly to help us.

J. D. SIMMONS.



THE REV. T. P. HANDY, NATIVE PASTOR OF NELLORE, CEYLON,
AND HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.



JUBBULPORE, CENTRAL INDIA: THE RESIDENCY, IN WHICH THE ENGLISH WERE SHUT UP DURING THE MUTINY.

ANOTHER MISSION SELDOM HEARD OF.



IN the preceding article we have mentioned the names of several C.M.S. stations where good missionary work is going on of which the readers of the GLEANER have scarcely ever heard, and have given some account of one of them—Jaffna in Ceylon. Let us briefly notice another,

JUBBULPORE (or *Jabalpur*, as it is now spelt, though the old spelling is the best guide to the pronunciation).

Jubbulpore is almost in the very centre of India, and is an important station on the great line of railway which runs right across the peninsula from Bombay to Calcutta. It was originally taken up with the special view of reaching the Gonds, a wild aboriginal people inhabiting the hills and forests of the "Central Provinces," as this part of British India is officially called; but for twenty-five years scarcely anything could be done for them, as all that time there was only one missionary, and he quickly got absorbed by the work among the Hindus and Mohammedans of the town. The first solitary labourer was Mr. Rebsch, and he was shut up in the Residency (see picture) at the time of the Mutiny. Then came the Rev. E. C. Stuart, now Bishop of Waipatu, New Zealand; and then the Rev. E. Champion, who for twenty years carried on the work, and again and again begged for a brother missionary to take his place in the town while he devoted himself to the Gonds. A year or two ago the Committee were able to send *two* men there; and now the Rev. H. D. Williamson and Mr. Champion will go into the forests and seek the lost sheep among the Gonds, while the Rev. T. R. Hodgson has charge of Jubbulpore itself. At the same time an experienced Native clergyman, the Rev. Madho Ram, has been appointed pastor of the Jubbulpore congregation, numbering ninety-one souls, thus setting Mr. Hodgson free for constant work among the heathen. These Christians are well spoken of. They contributed last year to religious objects nearly £30, a large sum in India from so small a number; and "harmony and Christian love among them has rarely been disturbed." At Christmas last they had a *mela* or festival in the native manner, only "sanctified by prayer and

praise." An excursion was made to "the lovely scenery of the Nerbudda Valley," and the day ended with "a magnificent display of fireworks."

There have been some interesting converts at Jubbulpore: one a learned Mohammedan, Moulvie Safdar Ali, who is a high official in the Government Education Department. But many inquirers shrink from publicly confessing Christ. Mr. Hodgson mentions a respectable merchant as "a sort of *daylight Nicodemus*, who comes in the quiet of hot *mid-day*, when no one is astir to mark his visits to the Padre Sahib." ("Padre Sahib" is the regular native term for English clergyman.)

As to the Gonds, Mr. Williamson writes that over and over again the listeners have with one voice protested that Prabhu Isa Masih (Lord Jesus Christ) shall be their God, and that they will give up their idols; and on a second visit, twelve months after, they have declared that they had indeed ceased praying to the idols, and had repeated daily the short prayer taught them.

GOD'S POEM.

["We are His workmanship," Eph. ii. 10—in the Greek, His *poiema*, a word only used in one other place in the New Testament, viz., in Rom. i. 20, "the things that are made." From it is derived our word *poem*, literally, "a thing made."]]

THE poet labours to reflect a mind
 Endued with sweetest grace, in choicest words,
 To strike some long-forgot or slumb'ring chords,
 And send a thrill of rapture through mankind.
 Well may he in his poem pleasure find,
 And love the child of his imaginings,
 In which to life a new creation springs,
 The image of an intellect refined.
 So God a poem oft creates of one
 Whom he renews and sanctifies by grace;
 In him He sees the image of His Son,
 Though dimmed by sin and sometimes hard to trace,
 Yet He will perfect what He has begun,
 And nought shall e'er the Poet's lines efface.

Church Missionary College.

A. J. SANTEE.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

MAY.—"EVER."

O world of death and change!
 Each steadfast mountain range
 Shall soon depart and swift remove;
 O blessed word, for ever
 Thy God abides, and never
 Shall change His covenant of love.

A. E. M.

First Qr. . . 8d. 19h. 44m. a. m.
 Full Moon 18d. 10h. 34m. p. m.

MAY.

Last Qr. . . 20d. 3h. 7m. p. m.
 New Moon 27d. 11h. 36m. p. m.

1	S	2nd aft. Easter. St. Philip & St. James. This God is our God for M. Nu. 20. 1-14, or Is. 61. Jn. 1. 43. E. Nu. 20. 14 to 21. 10, or [2cc. 4. Col. 3. 1-18]	ever and ever. Ps. 48. 14.
2	M	C.M.S. Ann. Serm. Let them ever shout for joy. Ps. 5. 11.	
3	T	C.M.S. Ann. Meetings. His praise endureth for ever. Ps. 111. 10.	
4	W	Livingstone d., 1873. Before God for ever. Pa. 61. 7.	
5	T	Tokio Miss. Ch. op., 1878. In this house will I put My name for The Son abideth ever. John 8. 35. [ever. 2 Ch. 83. 7.]	
6	F	Who is over all, God blessed for ever. Rom. 9. 5.	
7	S	[may be there for ever. 2 Ch. 7. 16.]	
8	S	3rd aft. Easter. Frere Town Estate bought, 1875. That My name M. Nu. 23. Lu. 24. 13. E. Nu. 23 or 24. 1 Th. 5.	
9	M	Blessed be His glorious name for ever. Pa. 72. 19.	
10	T	Indian Mutiny began, 1857. The Lord is king for ever. Ps. 10. 16.	
11	W	Rebmann discov. Mt. Kilimanjaro, 1848. Thy throne, O God, is	
12	T	My portion for ever. Ps. 73. 26. [for ever and ever. Pa. 45. 6.]	
13	F	He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever. 1 Jo. 2. 17.	
14	S	Queen rec. Waganda Envoys, 1880. Whatsoever God doeth, it [shall be for ever. Eccl. 3. 14.]	
15	S	4th aft. Easter. 1st Santal bapt., 1864. My salvation shall be for M. De. 4. 1-33. Jn. 4. 31. E. De. 4. 23-41, or s. 1. Ti. 4. [ever. Is. 51. 6.]	
16	M	The word of the Lord endureth for ever. 1 Pet. 1. 25.	
17	T	Wong Kiu Tsik ord., 1868. Trust ye in the Lord for ever. Is. 26. 4.	
18	W	The lip of truth shall be established for ever. Prov. 12. 19.	
19	T	He that eateth of this bread shall live for ever. Jo. 6. 58.	
20	F	So shall we ever be with the Lord. 1 Th. 4. 17. [Pa. 89. 2.]	
21	S	Hinderer visited Ibadan, 1851. Mercy shall be built up for ever. [abide in Thy tabernacle for ever. Pa. 61. 4.]	
22	S	5th aft. Easter. Rogation Sunday. 1st Maori ord., 1853. I will M. De. 6. Jn. 7. 25. E. De. 9 or 10. Tit. 1.	
23	M	Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever. Lam. 5. 19. [Ps. 25. 15.]	
24	T	Intercession Week begins. Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord.	
25	W	His mercy endureth for ever. Pa. 136. 1. [ever. Heb. 10. 12.]	
26	T	Ascension Day. When He had offered one sacrifice for sins for M. Dan. 7. 9-15. Lu. 24. 44. E. 1 K. 2. 1-16. Heb. 4.	
27	F	A priest for ever. Ps. 110. 4.	
28	S	Metakahla founded. Peace for ever from the Lord. 1 K. 2. 33. [you for ever. John 14. 16.]	
29	S	Sun. aft. Ascension. Another Comforter, that He may abide with M. De. 30. Jn. 11. 17-47. E. De. 34 or Jos. 1. Heb. 4. 14, & 5.	
30	M	Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. Heb.	
31	T	He ever liveth to make intercession for us. Heb. 7. 25. [13. 8.]	

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. H.—We do not offer opinions on our contemporaries; but in response to your question we may just say that the illustrated missionary paper to which you refer, which is undenominational, frequently copies from our pages without acknowledgment. A friend one day showed us an article in it, and said, "Now, why can't you give us interesting things like that in the C.M.S. periodicals?" We looked at it, and then replied, "That is copied bodily out of the GLEANER!" We rejoice that our information should be so much valued, but would prefer the usual courtesies to be observed towards us, as we invariably do to others. In this case we have remonstrated more than once, but in vain.

S. S. TRACHER.—It is better for Sunday-schools to support the General Fund of the Society than to give all their money to support particular children in mission-schools; better for the givers, and better for the work. See *Hints on Juvenile and S.S. Missionary Associations.*

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

FOR THE DAY OF INTERCESSION.

Thanksgiving for the changed disposition of the Afghans of the Peshawar Valley towards Christian missionaries and converts. (See p. 55.) Prayer for enlarged work on the Frontier.

Thanksgiving for good work done in Uganda. Prayer for the future of the Nyanza Mission. (See last number.)

Prayer for Mid-China, its Bishop, its Missions, and its 156 millions of heathen. (See p. 50.)

Thanksgiving and prayer for the Native clergy of the West Coast of Africa and of the Niger. (See p. 51.) For the Giriama Christians, and all the work in East Africa. (See p. 52.) For the Hong Kong Mission. (See last number.) Prayer for Jaffna (p. 53), Jubulpore (p. 59), the Native Church Councils of India (above), and the Turkish Ulema, Ahmed Tewfik (above).

Prayer for means to send out the men God has given us, and many others.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

Monday and Tuesday, May 2nd and 3rd, will be the days of the C.M.S. Anniversary. Dr. Boulbee is to preach the Sermon on Monday evening. The Rev. Canon Fenn will address the clergy at the breakfast on Tuesday morning. The Earl of Chichester, President, takes the Chair at the Annual Meeting. The list of speakers is still incomplete while we write; but among them will be the Bishops of Norwich and Moosonee, the Rev. Canon Money and the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, who will give an account of his visit to India and Palestine. At the evening meeting Bishop Ryan will preside, and Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter and several missionaries will speak.

Tuesday, May 24th, being the Tuesday before Ascension Day, will be the Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions. Papers for distribution can be had on application at the C.M. House. The Committee will observe the day, as usual, by a Communion Service at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and a devotional meeting in Salisbury Square.

The distinguished Turkish Ulema (Mohammedan priest), Ahmed Tewfik Effendi, who was arrested by the Turkish Government in October, 1879, for helping Dr. Koelle of Constantinople in translating Christian books, and who was only saved from execution by the firm action of the British Ambassador (GLEANER, February, 1880), escaped lately from the island to which he was exiled, and has come to England; and since his arrival, that same island, which has been visited by a terrible earthquake, which destroyed 5,000 people.

Bishop Sargent, we greatly regret to hear, has been very seriously ill. May it please God to restore him to his most important work!

Bishop Moule has been warmly welcomed in China. What mighty opportunities of work lie before him will be seen from his brother's article, and the map, on another page.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of B.D. upon the Rev. R. H. Maddox, late C.M.S. Missionary in Travancore.

On February 25th, Bishop Burdon ordained at Hong Kong another Chinese clergyman for the Fuh-Kien Mission. The Rev. Ngai Kalk-Ki is a literary graduate, converted through the gift of a Chinese Bible to him by an unknown missionary twenty years ago, and has literally suffered the loss of all things for Christ, father, mother, brethren, wife, child, and the much coveted "button" emblematic of his degree. He has been the chief tutor in Mr. Stewart's Training College. At the same time the Rev. Sia Sen-Ong (GLEANER, November, 1880) was admitted to priest's orders.

Mr. A. Neve, a brother of the Rev. C. A. Neve of the Travancore Mission, has been accepted as a medical missionary for Kashmir, to succeed Dr. Downes, who is coming home shortly.

The Waganda Envoys, with Mr. O'Flaherty, Mr. Stokes, and Mr. Litchfield, reached Kagei, at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza, on January 8th.

Almost all the U.M.S. Native Christians in India are now connected with Native Church Councils, formed with a view to self-government and self-support. The Punjab Council held its fifth annual meeting at the close of last year; the Telugu Council its fifth; the North-West Provinces Council its fourth. Those of Madras, Tinnevely, and Travancore, are of still older standing. Those of Bengal and Western India have just been formed.

On the occasion of the inaugural meeting of the Western India C.M.S. Native Church Council, held at Nasik in December last, Major G. A. Jacob, Inspector of Army Schools, delivered a public lecture in the Marathi language on "Krishna and Christ," which was presided over by a (heathen) Brahmin Government official, and was listened to with deep interest, and applauded with enthusiasm by a crowded audience of educated (heathen) Brahmins, although Major Jacob earnestly set forth the claims of Christ, and gave his own personal experience of the peace gained by receiving Him as a Saviour.

The number of Native Christian adherents of the C.M.S. Mission in China has risen during the past year to 4,667, an increase of 18 per cent.; and of the 1,700 are communicants, an unusually large proportion. There were 57 baptisms, more than two-thirds being adult converts.

Dr. Downes, of Kashmir, reports that he had last year 6,280 out-patients who paid over 12,000 visits to the Mission hospital. On an average there were 55 in-patients. The operations performed numbered 700. The Rev. T. J. Wade reports on the general Mission work in Kashmir. He had had many opportunities of preaching the Gospel among the famine-stricken people employed on the relief works, and has sold, or lent, or given away many books. In the Orphanage there were 56 children.

The C.M.S. Divinity School for Bengal, of which the Rev. W. R. Blacker is Principal, is now established in the buildings of the late Cathedral Mission at Calcutta. The Divinity School for the North West Provinces, of which the Rev. W. Hooper is Principal, will shortly be opened at Allahabad. In the Divinity School for the Punjab, at Lahore (Rev. F. A. P. Shirreff, Principal), there are 16 students. From this latter college ten Natives have been ordained since Mr. French began it in 1871.

The Rev. J. H. Bishop, who has lately returned to Travancore after three years at home, writes that he observes a decided advance in the Mission "along the line." "The Christian Church is gaining, slowly, but surely, position of influence in the country. I am astonished to find the number of Native Christians holding important Sircar posts [i.e., under Government]. Native Church principles are being developed. The idea of ultimate self-support is everywhere recognised as being *nyayam* (just)."

In a recent sermon in Peterborough Cathedral, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glynn, Vicar of Kensington, referred to the "Plea for Missions," which appeared in the GLEANER of February, calling it "a most dismal diagram," and founded upon it an earnest plea for enlarged missionary effort.

** The Editor has received several small sums contributed to the Society as Census Offerings; also 6s. for the *Henry Wright* steamer.

The Prospectus of the next GLEANER Examination is printed on a separate slip of paper inserted in this number.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JUNE, 1881.

TWO REMINISCENCES OF EXETER HALL,
MAY 3, 1881.

(1.) CHINA.

"Living is death. Dying is life."—*Dying words of Ting-Sing-Soi, a Fuh-Kien catechist.*



AILY to grieve the Lord I love ;—
My soul, that fain would soar above,
Is tied by sin and clinging care,
And heavy mists of mortal air ;—
Though life be long, and skies shine bright,
I am but dying in the night ;—
To live is death !

To pass beyond the blighting range
Of pain and sorrow, death and change ;
To *sin no more ! to sin no more !*
Nor weep upon that holy shore ;
From night to day to pass, and hear for ever
For persecutors' curse the angel psalm ;
To know that shock of evil tidings never
Shall break the peace of Heav'n's eternal calm ;—
If this be death, with my last breath,
Dying I'll cry, 'Tis *life to die !*

(2.) INDIA.

"I know that Christ must reign. I stood and looked from Darjeeling on the magnificent range of the Himalayas. It was before daybreak ; the moonlight was just beginning to fade, and I saw the first flush of the morning ; sun on those distant mountain peaks, without a cloud between ; and I had no shadow of doubt that ere long that sun would rise and fill the whole expanse of sky and earth with light. And I have no more doubt that those first indications of the spread of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which we have seen and of which we have heard to-day, are but the beginning of the uprising of the glorious Sun of Righteousness, for we may be well assured that the earth shall be full of the light of the sun of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."—*Speech of the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth.*

DAY is at hand ! no mountain echo calls,
Yet the still air seems filled with the glad story ;
For from the waking East the rose light falls
On the clear brow of Deodunga's pile ;
"God's Hill," the first of Earth's great peaks to smile ;
And lo ! the rose is gold, the gold is flashing glory.

Day is at hand ! East, West, and South, and North,
The dark Earth's tribes their idols are forsaking ;
The dawn, with tenderest footsteps, has gone forth,
But soon shall gather strength ; the glorious Lord
Shall come, with universal praise adored ;
So sure as with the morn His own bright sun's awaking.

A. E. MOULB.

THE SOCIETY'S ANNIVERSARY.



ALTHOUGH mournful thoughts might well have been uppermost in the minds of the friends of the Church Missionary Society at its recent anniversary, thankfulness and hope proved to be its dominant features. The shadow of a great loss was there ; the shadow, too, of the measures of retrenchment adopted last year : yet both shadows had a silver lining. The hearty welcome accorded to Henry Wright's successor testified to the conviction that God will not let His own work suffer for lack of suitable instruments ; and approving cheers greeted the announcement in the Report that during the year *twenty* new missionaries had been

sent out (by means of special gifts, or under special circumstances) instead of the *five* contemplated by the retrenchment scheme. Moreover, the general financial position proved to be satisfactory ; and from every part of the mission field, notwithstanding some special trials and perplexities, came the same story of the power of God's grace, and the same prospect of inviting doors thrown open by His providence.

The total amount received by the Society during the year was £207,508. But this includes £3,007 paid in (out of £4,100 promised) for the Henry Wright Fund ; also £9,620 special gifts for sending out additional men, and for extension of the work ; also certain gifts for contingencies, &c. Taking all these away, and also a certain proportion of legacies carried to a reserve fund, there still remains £189,685, which may be called ordinary income, and this is £4,685 more than the Committee had felt it right to reckon upon. In particular, it is pleasant to observe the Associations throughout the country increasing their contributions, even in a time of much commercial and agricultural depression. In the five years 1865-70 the average from them was £117,000. In the five years 1874-79 the average was £134,600. In 1879-80 the amount was £147,600, the largest ever known ; but this included £9,000 that was special and unusual. In the year just closed it was £189,600, which includes (we think) nothing special, and which, therefore, really shows decided advance.

Part of the additional receipts reckoned in the grand total belong to a new fund called the Extension and Enlargement Fund. This was started last summer in consequence of important letters from the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth of Hampstead, and the Rev. V. J. Stanton of Halesworth. It is felt that besides maintaining our present Missions, and fostering their growth, we ought to remember the regions beyond, such as the north-west frontier of India, the Yangtse river in China, the Binue river in West Central Africa, the interior territories of East Africa, the Saskatchewan prairies in North America. To this Fund also are placed the special sums which have enabled the Committee to send out three of the men detained in England a year sooner, and seven others whose expenses are guaranteed for three years.

But what about the year's expenditure ? The amount chargeable to the General Fund* was £192,810, and after drawing certain sums from the Extension Fund, the general income was still exceeded by £1,429. The Committee were, however, able to fall back upon some kind friends who had generously offered to meet (under certain conditions) any such excess of expenditure ; so that this has been paid off, and the Society has started clear for the new year. Moreover, these friends, having put away £5,000 some time ago to be ready against any such call, resolved to give the whole of that sum ; and the balance, £8,571, has been devoted by them to the Extension Fund, which makes the amount now in hand for that Fund no less than £12,000, subject to certain obligations.

This is indeed most encouraging ; and we thank God for it. Still, let it be remembered that the result is partly due to the retrenchments, which have brought down the expenditure to a lower figure than it has been for six years. This certainly cannot be continued ; so that it is indispensable that the general income should go on growing year by year, both to keep up and

* Certain expenditure in addition, for buildings in the Missions, was charged to the "Contingency Fund," another new Fund lately established, out of which was also paid the remaining deficit of the preceding year, and to which was paid the reserved portion of legacies above referred to, and some other sums. But it is unnecessary to burden the readers of the GLEANER with these financial details.

develop existing work, and to carry the Gospel to nations and tribes still strangers to its blessed tidings.

A few words, as usual, on the Anniversary itself. There was the unfailing crowd at St. Bride's on the Monday evening. Dr. Boulbee's sermon was a powerful exposition of the parable of the Lost Sheep, in which he dwelt most impressively on the love of God for the fallen race of man. At Exeter Hall, in the morning, the throng seemed denser than ever. Large numbers of both ladies and gentlemen stood for two hours and more until seats began to be vacant. Thirteen Bishops were present: Norwich, Gloucester and Bristol, Rochester, Liverpool, Sodor and Man, Dover, Ossory, Moosonee, Victoria; Perry, Ryan, Claughton, Beckles. The veteran President, Lord Chichester, who has held his office now for forty-six years, was in his accustomed chair; and beside him sat another veteran Christian Earl, Lord Shaftesbury, who moved the first resolution, and delivered an able and statesmanlike speech, referring especially to the coming collapse of the Mohammedan powers in the East, and to the growth of the Native Church in India. Then came an impressive address from the good Bishop of Norwich; and then Mr. Bickersteth, who only returned four days previously from his Eastern tour, gave a most bright and animating account of what he had seen of missionary work in India and the Holy Land, particularly at Lucknow and at Es-Salt (Ramoath-Gilead). The Bishop of Ossory (Dr. Pakenham Walsh) was warmly welcomed as a representative of the Church of Ireland, and assured the meeting that Irish Churchmen "needed no Coercion Act to make them loyal and generous in their attachment to the C.M.S.;" after which the Rev. J. B. Whiting gave an account of the recent Conference on African matters at Madeira, spoke in words of praise and sympathy of Bishop Crowther and his son the Archdeacon, and the latter's excellent wife, and enlarged on the inviting openings on the Niger, while not concealing the weaknesses of the Mission hitherto. Bishop Horden followed with one of those deeply interesting speeches about life and work on the shores of Hudson's Bay which have delighted so many meetings lately; and Canon Money, by his vigorous and earnest closing address, held fast the attention of an audience which had already been sitting five hours.

At the Evening Meeting, which was also a very full one, Bishop Ryan presided. Mr. Wolfe told again the story of the ever interesting Fuh-Kien Mission; Mr. Boyd Carpenter delivered a most eloquent and masterly address on the hopeful aspects of Missions at the present time; and Mr. Lash described his successful work for the Christian and heathen girls of Tinnevely.

Shall not such an Anniversary stir us all up to fresh and persevering efforts in the great cause? The grandest of all enterprises—the most blessed of all tasks—the brightest of all promises—these are the portion of all who join in missionary work. And with us are Omnipotence, Faithfulness, Love. What more can we want?

THE REV. 'O KWONG-YIAO'S REPORT ON Z-KY



NE day, talking to a missionary from China, I asked him to pronounce a certain name which I gave to him as *Zky-eye*; that is, we pronounce it like *Sky-eye*, only with a *z* instead of an *s*. He declared he had never heard of such a place.

I assured him the word was a familiar one, the name of a town near Ningpo in China, meaning "Mercy Stream." "Oh," he exclaimed, "you mean —"; and he uttered a sound very much like a sneeze. The town we referred to is usually pronounced *Z-ky'i*, and Bishop Moule says it should be pronounced *Tsl-chee*. Will our younger readers make the experiment?

Well, at *Z-ky'i*, or *Tsl-chee*, the Church Missionary Society has a Chinese clergyman, the Rev. 'O Kwong-yiao, who was ordained by the late Bishop Russell on Trinity Sunday, 1881. Our readers will like to read his Annual Letter to the Society, translated by the Rev. J. Bates. They will see that this

Chinese minister has no ground for success to tell of. On the contrary, he seems much depressed by the coldness and carelessness of the people. Let us all pray for him and his brethren.

To the Honourable Committee

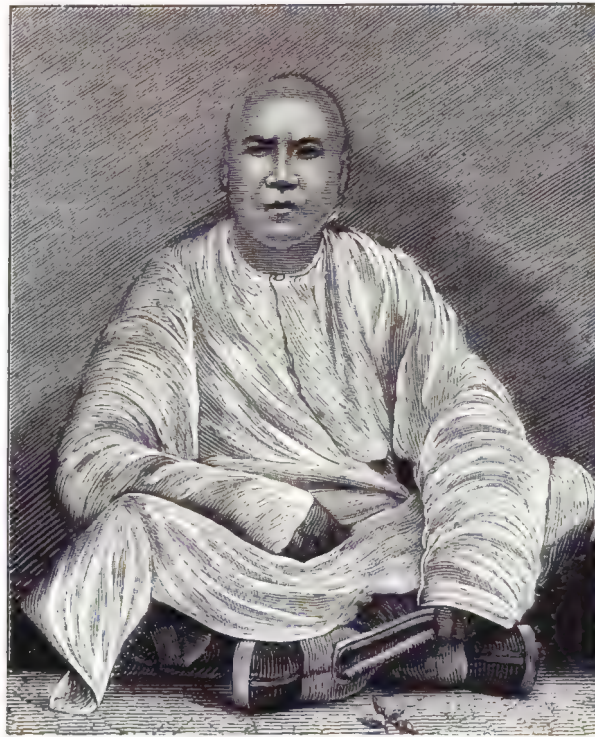
I was much grieved to hear by letter of the death of the most esteemed and devoted Secretary of the Society, the late Bishop Russell, who was a faithful and devoted shepherd of the Lost sheep, was also called away from this world. This surely is of God's mysterious mercy that He should call to away so soon to enjoy the happiness of heaven, so that they should not be troubled with the cares of this world. Now I can only in my heart remember them, and in my prayers beseech the Lord of all blessings, our Almighty Father, to abundantly bless you, honourable officers of the Society.

And now that I must speak of the Church at *Z-ky'i*, I am really inclined to weep. I cannot tell why it does not prosper. It would appear that in the Chow, and in the Great Valley, the Lord has vouchsafed grace and prosperity; I cannot tell why it is that *Z-ky'i* is so gathered lifeless. And not only are [the people generally] so lifeless, even the Church members are neither hot nor cold. The members, old and young, number nearly thirty. There are eight inquirers, but they are poor and weak persons. Last

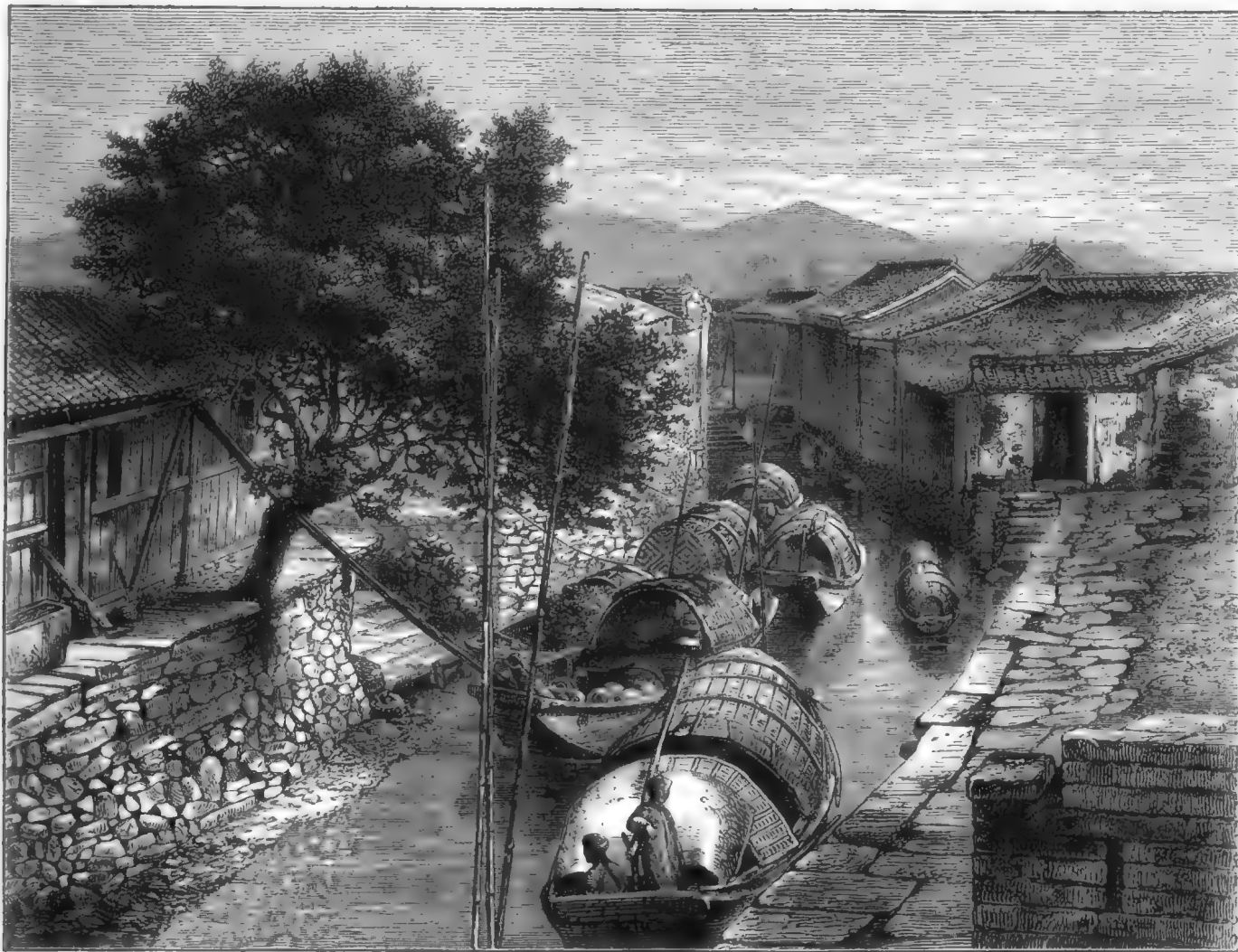
there were also eight persons inquirers, some of whom attended services for one year; others again for half a year; and then because of the difficulty of observing the Sabbath, and because they could not rid themselves from their idolatrous customs, they returned to their former state.

With regard to country preaching. At first the people are pleased to listen to me, then they despise me, and lastly, they almost desire to drive me away. At first there are some who will learn to pray, some who weep when they hear of Christ's salvation, but afterwards they become altogether unconcerned, and fear lest they should hear too much to repent and believe.

This year there was a Buddhist priest, who, on hearing the Gospel, delivered up to me his rosary, which had cost him about two dollars. His own words to me were: "The Buddhist priests are all false and full of dark deceit; their religion is one for making money, and seeking pleasure; but I did not become a priest for my own gratification. My former occupation was that of making incense; at twenty-one years of age my hair was taken off, and I was branded [i.e., I became a priest]. Now I am determined to return to my own people to learn some other occupation, so that I may live in obedience to the Lord's doctrine." Thereupon he broke his fast [he was a vegetarian], allowed his hair to grow



THE REV. 'O KWONG-YIAO, OF Z-KY'I, CHINA.



CANAL IN THE CITY OF Z-KY'I, OR Tsz'-K'I ("MERCY STREAM") CHE-KIANG PROVINCE. (From a Photograph by Major Watson.)

(The boats are those in which the missionaries travel on the rivers and canals of China.)

and made clothes for himself. When his hair was grown, he became cook to a bricklayer, and in all weathers, rain or snow, walked thirty li to attend church at Z-ky'i. He continued this way for over a month, but not being able to endure the slanderous talk of those about him, and being also very poor, he fell away, and returned to his former occupation of making incense.

Another case is that of an old man, a tobacconist by trade. When he became a believer, his companions in business all reproached him and slandered him, and he therefore left his employment. This man, through God's help, continues steadfast. He now makes a living as a confectioner, but he is a lonely man [*i.e.*, without wife or children or dependents].

With regard to others, although they are pleased with the Gospel, yet because of persecution and reproach, and the difficulties of keeping the Sabbath, they willingly walk in the road to death. Hence it is that when I either preach in the city or the country no one accepts [the Gospel]; they look upon me as a deceiver; when they hear they assent to my words, but when my back is turned they practise idolatry and speak of idolatry. They are like the Jews of whom our Lord speaks in Matt. xiii. 14, 15. Wherefore my heart is all the more sad. Because, although our privileges as compared with the Jews are altogether different [they having had the personal presence of Christ, and being eye-witnesses of the wonderful works which He did], yet we Gentiles have received the grace of the Gospel, which we ought not to have received; and if the Lord cast away without mercy the [unbelieving] Jews, how much more will He cast us away? But the Lord's mercies are great, and I must hope that there will come a day when [these people] will repent and be saved. And therefore I only wish to obey the words of Paul in his Second Epistle to Timothy. I trust also that you, honourable sirs, will pray on behalf

of the Christians, and also for the hardened and unbelieving people of Z-ky'i. More especially would I ask you to pray for me, that I may in all things please God, that I may not labour in vain, or spend my strength for nought, but that I may prove myself a faithful servant of God.

During the three months of spring in the present year I have been preaching in the city, amongst the villages outside, and amongst the hills. On the market days I have preached in the church. In the fourth month I went to itinerate in Loh-kò-bu. This place is about sixty li distant from Z-ky'i. It is a great market town. All the hill-people come here to buy and sell. From the fourth month until now I have been visiting this town. Alas! as in the city of Z-ky'i [so also here], licentiousness, gambling, and opium-smoking are very prevalent, and the people are indolent. In consequence of these things virtue is a rare thing to be met with, and it is very difficult for them to accept the Gospel. But if the Holy Spirit is poured out, the Gospel will certainly have success.

From the fifth month to the ninth month I preach in the City Church in the evenings. Sometimes I have as many as two hundred present, at other times over ten persons. Alas! they all seem to be careless and unconcerned; it seems as if my labour and speech were all in vain.

I write this letter, presenting my salutations to all the members of the Committee.

'O KWÓNG-YIAO'S WRITING.

ANOTHER Chinese clergyman, the Rev. Wong Yiu-kwóng, of Ningpo, in his Annual Letter to the C.M.S. Committee, expresses his regret at the death of "Mr. Heng-lee." This is the Chinese form of "Henry," and the reference is to the late Rev. Henry Wright. The Chinese commonly only use the first name: thus, the writer of this letter is generally known as "Mr. Wong."

GLEANINGS FROM THE SOCIETY'S ANNUAL REPORT.

Prospects in West Africa.—One of the important events of the year has been the visit of the Rev. J. B. Whiting and the Lay Secretary to Madeira, as a Deputation from the Committee to confer with Bishop Crowther and other representatives from the Niger, Yoruba, and Sierra Leone Missions, upon certain causes of anxiety that existed in each of these three fields of labour, and to devise plans for the consolidation and development of the work in all three. The Committee warmly acknowledge the able services of the Deputation, and confidently look forward to important and happy results from the Conference in all three branches of the West African Missions. In Sierra Leone, and even in the interior countries approached from it, the Committee do not look forward to an extension of the Society's own operations: rather to the increasing readiness and ability of the African Church to undertake missionary as well as pastoral work. For the first time since the earliest conversions under William Johnson, the Native Christians connected with the Society in the Colony are this year returned as "None"; all being now transferred to the Native Church. . . . Unlike Sierra Leone, the YORUBA MISSION will need reinforcement from England. . . . And it is not only there that an inviting field calls for the energies of the English missionary. The Committee feel that the time has come when on the NIGER also the white man should take his place by the side of the black man in proclaiming the name of their common Lord and Saviour. The remarkable exploratory voyage of the *Henry Venn* mission steamer up the Binue, in 1879, not only revealed the existence of tribe after tribe ready to receive teachers, but reminded us that by the two great branches of the Niger we have a facility of access into Central Africa to which no route from the East Coast affords a parallel. The Committee are persuaded that one of the Society's earliest advances should be in this direction; and a nobler field for the Krapfs and Livingstones of the future cannot be imagined. . . . The remarkable character of the movement towards Christianity in the delta of the Niger is fully confirmed. Both at Brass and at Bonny the people by hundreds are throwing away their idols and attending the Church services. The two churches are thronged every Sunday; a small chapel has lately been built in a neighbouring hamlet by King George Pepple, who is taking a very hearty interest in the Mission, and setting a good example to his subjects; while the famous juju temple studded with human skulls is going to ruins.

East Africa: Frere Town.—The spiritual and philanthropic work of the Mission has been carried on with unceasing energy by the missionaries. Nineteen more of the adult freed slaves were baptized by Mr. Menzies on Easter Day, 1880, having been selected out of the class of inquirers as having "given the best evidence of an earnest desire to follow the Lord Jesus." Some touching illustrations of the power of Divine grace in the hearts of the ex-slave children have been reported. The general conduct of the people has been increasingly satisfactory; the agricultural operations have, after many disappointments, been blessed with signal success; and Mr. Streeter describes Christmas last as the happiest of those seasons of sacred festivity which he has yet experienced in East Africa. The Committee continue to receive important testimony to the efficiency and success of the Mission. Lieut. Cutfield, B.N., the officer already referred to, writes, "I cannot speak too highly of the way in which the work is carried on"; and Dr. Kirk, though disapproving Mr. Streeter's action in one matter (under a misconception, as has since appeared) yet has highly commended him in two official despatches for his "good management of the station," to which, he says, "the C.M.S. is greatly indebted for the progress and improved prospects of the Mission."

Palestine.—To the HOLY LAND the Society was originally invited by its former missionary, the late venerated Bishop Gobat, and most of the work it now carries on was initiated by him. At Jerusalem, Jaffa, Nablus, Nazareth, and Salt, there are Protestant congregations ministered to by its European and Native missionaries; and there are chains of out-stations, with schools in the villages, in the Plain of Es-draelon, in the upland valleys of Benjamin, and in the hill-country of Judah. One of these schools is in a village which occupies the traditional site of the field, half a mile from Bethlehem, where the angels proclaimed to the shepherds the birth of Christ the Lord. At Gaza, the population of which is almost entirely Mussulman, and on the mountains of Gilead on "the other side Jordan," more purely evangelistic work is carried on; and a journey of very great interest was lately made to the Hauran and El Lejah (the "region" of Trachonitis, famous for its remains of the "giant cities") by the Rev. F. Bellamy, who travelled where few Europeans have penetrated, and was received very hospitably by the Druse Sheikhs. These Druses are "hated alike by Jews, Moslems, and Christians," and this being so, they may well be cared for by the Church Missionary Society, and the message emphatically endorsed which was sent to one of them by Mr. Bellamy—"My dear friend, our wish is that the Druses become Christians; not such as you see in this country, but such Christians as are described in the New Testament."

India: Native Church Councils.—The North-West Provinces Church Council has now held its fourth annual meeting, the Punjab Council its fifth, and the Telugu Council its fifth. Those of the South Madras, Tinnevely, and Travancore—are of older standing; and it will be fairly said of all, that they not only "hold on their way," but "grow stronger and stronger." The past year has witnessed the preliminary meetings of two more Councils, one for Bengal and one for West India, which go far towards completing the organisation of the Society's congregations. Of the Bengal meeting, held at Krishnagpur in the *Indian Christian Herald*, an English Calcutta paper, conducted by Native Christians unconnected with the C.M.S., says:—"The Meeting compound resembled a camp. Numbers of brethren were lodged in tents. Provision for the large gathering was made, consisting simply of dhal and fish curry. It was a delightful spectacle to see the brethren from the West sitting cross-legged on the ground side by side with their brethren of the East, without any consideration of social standing. The Brahmin convert and the Mohammedan convert sat side by side cheerfully on green grass, and had plantain-leaves for plates and earthen vessels for tumblers. A large number of Hindus and Mohammedans saw this scene of love, in which all distinction was ignored, and received, no doubt, a favourable impression of the power of the Gospel."

India: Signs of Advance.—On every hand signs are observed that Native Christianity in India is taking a position far in advance of what has hitherto gained. We see it in the appreciative language of the *Indian rulers*, some examples of which, in the highest quarters, have been recorded during the year. We see it in the recognition accorded to Churches by *Native heathen rulers*, such as the new Maharaja of Travancore, who visited the C.M.S. Mission at Cottayam within a few weeks of his accession in June last, and thankfully acknowledged the labours of the missionaries as "increasing, year after year, the number of the loyal, abiding, and civilized population." We see it in *education*. From the last Report of the Syndicate of the Madras University it appears that out of 1,094 successful candidates in the Matriculation Examination of 1879, 11 out of 85 in the B.A. Examination, were Native Christians—much in excess of their natural proportion relatively to their place in the population of South India. We see it in *literature*. A C.M.S. clergyman of Madras, who died last year, the Rev. J. Cornelius, translated into Tamil Archbishop Trench's works on the Parables, the Miracles, of Blunt's Undesigned Coincidences, of the S.P.C.K. Testament Commentary, and of an "Essence of Theology" in five volumes compiled from standard English works; while in the Persian the Rev. Imad-ud-din has, with the assistance of the Rev. E. M. G. written original commentaries in Urdu on St. Matthew and the Gospel of the latter, a book of 636 pages, having been published a year ago. He is now similarly engaged on the Gospel of St. John. We see it in the *externals of Christian worship*. The Rev. W. T. Sathianadhar, who is also the translator of a commentary and the editor of a religious periodical has rebuilt his church in Madras at a cost of £800, which was raised by the Native congregation, and the ceremony of its dedication by the Bishop of Madras on Dec. 8th attracted not a little attention. We see it in the *spread of the Gospel through the efforts of Native Christians* who are entirely free from European superintendence, notably in North Tinnevely, in the field where Bagland, David, and their associates formerly laboured so assiduously, and with such immediate fruit. That large district is now entirely in the hands of the Rev. V. Vedhanayagam and his Native Church Council, and their work is not exceeded in any part of India, being particularly noteworthy among the caste people.

India: Auxiliary Funds.—The evangelistic zeal of the Church has been much fostered by the "William Charles Jones Fund." The interest of this fund, which was established two years ago by Mr. C. Jones's munificent gift of £35,000 Three per Cent. Stock, is employed in grants to such Native Church Councils as raise from purely local sources at least two-fifths of the cost of their own religious and pastoral work, for the purpose of providing agents for distinctly evangelistic labours; each grant to be met by an equal sum raised by the Council itself for the same object. Mr. Jones's generous gift will find full employment; as his other contribution, the "Walter Jones Fund," and also the "Henry Venn Native Church Fund" and the "Robert Colportage Fund," have long since. A happy illustration of the work done by means of these auxiliary funds is supplied by the Gorakhpur Native Missionary Association, which receives a grant from the Venn Fund. Eleven persons, the fruit of the labours of the agents employed, were baptized in September last. "It was evident from their answers," writes Babu P. C. Chatterjee, a teacher there, "that they were thoroughly conscious of their sinfulness and helplessness, and that there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we are saved, but the name of Christ Jesus our Lord. May the Lord, who has so graciously 'help these simple believers, and us also, so to live in this dark land and glorify His holy name!" Another auxiliary Fund, that raised in memory of the late Miss F. B. Havergal, has just come into operation. Grants have been made from it to maintain Native Bible-women

Punjab, at Bombay, at Jabalpur, and at Masulipatam; and plans are on foot for the translation of certain of Miss Havergal's writings into three different Indian languages.

India: The Hill Tribes.—Distinct progress has been made in this branch of missionary effort. The Santal Christians "show forth" in many ways "the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into His marvellous light." One of the three Native Santal clergymen reports that his people "are walking well: love is increasing among them; the heathen around are convinced in their heads, though not in their hearts." In another district, the offerings of the seven little congregations in the twelve months amounted to just one ton of rice. A missionary has been stationed at Godda, with the express purpose of his reaching the *Rajmahal Paharis* who dwell on the hills skirted by the Santal valleys. The new Mission to the *Gonds* of Central India has been patiently prosecuted; and the confidence of the people is being gained; "over and over again the listeners have with one voice protested that Prabhū Isa Masih [Lord Jesus Christ] shall be their God, and that they will give up their idols"; and on a second visit twelve months after they have declared that they had indeed ceased praying to the idols, and had repeated daily the short prayer taught them. The Rev. W. Clark, late of Ceylon, has been sent out to resume and revive the work among the *Arrians*, so inseparably associated with the name of Henry Baker—whose faithful labours are still bearing fruit, 157 converts having been confirmed lately by Bishop Speechly on his first episcopal visit to their mountain haunts. An entirely new Mission has been also established among the *Bheels* of Rajputana, through the liberality of the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, who, in addition to his earnest efforts to increase the Society's General Fund, gave £1,000 to maintain for three years a missionary at this new station.

India: The Afghan Frontier.—By means of similar noble contributions the Committee have been enabled to carry out the policy set forth two years ago, at the outbreak of the Afghan War, of strengthening the Missions on the North-West Frontier in readiness for future advance into Afghanistan, Kafiristan, and Beluchistan. A check for £1,000 for this purpose was handed by a friend to the Secretaries at the last Annual Meeting; and another friend has undertaken to support for three years two young missionaries just sent out. Meanwhile the Committee would remind their friends that the Society has actually carried on an *Afghan Mission* for twenty-eight years. "May I beg of you," writes Mr. Hughes, "to press home the fact that both Peshawar and Bannu are in Afghanistan, and in the midst of Afghan people." *Kashmir* is also a frontier Mission, carried on by Mr. Wade and Dr. Downes with like patience and constant waiting upon God for His blessing, but as yet with little visible result. A noble work of Christian philanthropy has been done by the Medical Mission, the Orphanage, and the Famine Relief Fund; and for the first time, the New Testament has been translated into the difficult and little known Kashmiri language. The latest development of the Society's frontier work is the *Beluch Mission*, founded and to a large extent supported by the lamented George Maxwell Gordon; and the Committee accept it as a legacy of responsibility with not less thankfulness than they have accepted the noble pecuniary legacy of one-half of his private fortune in trust for the support of these Frontier Missions. Nor will they forget in days to come, if it shall please God to set before them an open door into the regions beyond, that in the years 1879 and 1880 Mr. Gordon was distributing Arabic, Persian, and Pushtu Gospels, and holding friendly religious discussions with Mohammedan moulvies, in the city of Kandahar.

Ceylon.—The opposition of the Buddhists has been more active than in former years, their zeal having been provoked by the visit to Ceylon of two persons from America calling themselves Theosophists, who publicly avowed their belief in Buddhism, practised its ceremonies, fraternised with its priests, and accepted the worship of its devotees. Thousands flocked to see a white man, and particularly a white woman, who had become Buddhists; the Bible was vehemently abused, and even publicly kicked in the town of Kandy; a Native comic paper held Mr. Dowbiggin and two catechists up to ridicule as devil-priests; but not a single Christian was moved from his faith, and in not a few cases the opposition tended rather to the furtherance of the Gospel. Among the conversions of the year, one may be mentioned—that of a wealthy Singhalese at Kurunegala who was roused to anxiety about his soul by the conversation of Native Christian friends. The well-known tract, "A Saviour for you," was given to him, and he said it must have been written expressly for his own case. Embracing the Saviour it declared to him, he found his burden of sin rolled away; and, alluding to the custom of rubbing a black pigment on the old leaf, to render legible the letters scratched on it with the stylus, said, "I used to know something of these things, but it was only like the old book before the black was rubbed in!"

China.—The present aspect of missionary enterprise in the great empire of China cannot be better expressed than in those words of St. Paul which formed the text of the sermon preached by Archdeacon Perowne, at the consecration of two Missionary Bishops for North China and Mid-China, in October last—"A great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." A "great door" the Committee pro-

foundly feel it to be. [See last month's GLEANER.] . . . An "effectual door," also, it has long since proved to be; and not least so in the past year. The number of baptisms in the Society's Missions was 520, more than two-thirds being adult converts. The total number of Christian adherents has risen to 4,667, an increase in the year of 13 per cent.; and of these, 1,700 are communicants, a very large proportion. Nearly three-fourths of all these figures belong to the Fuh-Kien Province, the Reports from which, the Committee rejoice to say, continue to call for thanksgiving and praise. Detailed returns have been received from no less than one hundred and ten stations and out-stations in that province—the first convert in which was baptized just twenty years ago. The Fuh-Kien Church has suffered a severe loss in the death of the Rev. Tang Taug-Pieng and a leading catechist named Ting Ing-Soi. The latter died from the effects of a terrible beating he had from the mandarins of his district two years ago. "He had been," says Mr. Stewart, "the best student I ever had in the college. No one could know him without loving him. When his end was approaching, he said, 'It is not death: living is death; dying is life.'"

As in Africa and India, so in China, the growth of the Native Church renders the efficient training of the agents a matter of the first importance. At Fuh-chow, ever since the wanton destruction of the Theological College in 1878, the instruction of the forty-five adult Christian students has been carried on with difficulty, and now the work is temporarily suspended until new buildings shall be provided. At Hong Kong, the eight students work "very promisingly," and their conduct, writes the young missionary already alluded to, "during class, study, or recreation, would put to shame many young men in similar institutions at home." At Ningpo, the catechists actually engaged in the Mission gather every quarter for two or three days' examination and study under Mr. Bates; while the College, which combines a Theological Class and a Boys' Boarding School, continues its very valuable work under the charge of the sons of two of the Society's staunchest friends, Canon Hoare, and Dr. Shann of York.

Japan.—Quiet and steady progress is still the characteristic of the Society's Mission in the Land of the Rising Sun. There are no large accessions of entire villages or families. The converts have all been brought individually to the knowledge and faith of Christ. There were 50 adult baptisms during the year, and the whole number of adherents has risen from 197 to 286, while the communicants have doubled, 104 against 49. These figures, regard being had to the peculiar character of the work, call for unfeigned thankfulness. They look small by the side of the returns of some other societies; but this is partly due to the caution exercised by the C.M.S. missionaries in receiving candidates for baptism—a caution especially necessary with an impulsive and fickle people like the Japanese, and abundantly justified by the stability and consistency exhibited by most of those who have been admitted to the Church. Considerably more than half the Christians are in the southern island of Kiu-shiu, at the port of which, Nagasaki, the first English missionary to Japan, Mr. Enzor, landed twelve years ago. The Christian students from Mr. Maundrell's little theological college at Nagasaki are preaching the Gospel with earnestness and success, converts having been baptized in the past two years at Kagoshima, Saga, and Kumamoto. The first-named of these is the place where Francis Xavier landed in 1549; and here a real work of Divine grace is now going on, and some thirty or forty persons have already received the Gospel in its simplicity.

The Red Indians.—The Society's staff in the four dioceses of North-West America now comprises sixteen European missionaries and twelve Native or country-born clergymen. Most of these have districts several hundred square miles in extent. In some cases the solitary evangelist can never see a fellow-labourer more than once in two or three years, and moreover is strenuously opposed, and his influence undermined to the utmost, by perhaps six or eight Romish priests and nuns, whose self-denying energy compels our admiration, while their teaching—which amounts to little more than the worship of the Queen of Heaven and the wearing of metal crucifixes as charms—is deeply to be deplored. They have, however, entirely failed, notwithstanding repeated efforts, to seduce from their allegiance to the truth the wandering Loucheux or Tukudh tribes in the extreme north-western corner of Athabasca, nearly 1,500 of whom have been baptized by Bishop Bompas and Archdeacon McDonald, and who, under the guidance of the voluntary Christian "leaders" chosen from among themselves, continue to give manifest tokens of the grace of God working in their hearts. One of them is mentioned by Mr. McDonald as brought under deep conviction of sin through an address on the words, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us." He said afterwards that he had been "hit in the heart by an arrow." He became a most earnest learner at the feet of Christ, and at length was enabled to say, with tears in his eyes, "He loved me: He died for me to save my life: I am His: I love Him: with God's help I will serve Him: may He keep me safely!" Similar instances of the simple message of God's love being grasped by the most ignorant and degraded, and making them indeed new creatures in heart and life, have rewarded the labourers among Crees, Chipewyans, and Esquimaux.

LANGUAGES OF INDIA.

ARYAN LANGUAGES.

SANSKRIT (Ancient Classical).

ईश्वर इत्थं जगददयत यत् स्वमद्वितीयं
तनयं प्राददात् यतो यः कश्चित् तस्मिन्
विश्वसिष्यति सोऽविनाश्यः सन् अनन्तायुः
प्राप्स्यति ।

HINDI. (North-West Provinces.)

क्योंकि ईश्वरने जगतको ऐसा प्यार किया
कि उसने अपना एकलौता पुत्र दिया कि
जो कोई उसपर विश्वास करे सो नाश न
होय परन्तु अनन्त जीवन पावे ।

MARATHI. (Bombay, &c.)

कां तर देवाने जगावर एवढी प्रीति केली
कीं, त्याने आपला एकुलता पुत्र दिल्ला,
यासाठीं कीं जो कोणी त्यावर विश्वास
ठेवितो त्याचा नाश होऊं नये, तर त्याला
सर्वकालचें जीवन व्हावें.

PUNJABI. (Punjab.)

ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਪਰਮੇਸਰ ਨੈ ਜਗਤ ਨੂੰ ਅਜਿਹਾ
ਪਿਆਰ ਕੀਤਾ, ਜਿਸ ਨੈ ਆਪਲਾ
ਇਕਲੋਤਾ ਪੁੱਤ੍ਰ ਦਿੱਤਾ; ਤਾਂ ਜਿਸ ਨੈ ਉਸ
ਪੁੱਤ੍ਰ ਪਤੀਤ, ਤਿਸ ਦਾ ਨਾਸ ਨਾ ਹੋਵੇ, ਸਗਲਾਂ
ਮਦੀਪਕ ਜੀਵਿਲ ਪਾਵੇ ।

SINDHI. (Sindh.)

چا کان تہ خداه جهان کي ايترو پيارو رکيو جو پنهنجو
هڪڙوئي چٽل پٽ ڏنا، تہ جيڪو تہ تي وپساہ
آئي سو چٽ نہ ٿئي ويتر هميشہ چٽ ٿي

URDU, or HINDUSTANI (Persian Character.)
(North India: Mohammedans.)

کیونکہ خدا نے جہان کو ایسا پیار کیا ہے کہ انہی
اپنا اکلوتا بیٹا بخشا تاکہ جو کوئی اس پر ایمان لاوی
ہلاک نہ ہو بلکہ ہمیشہ کسی زندگی پاوی

URDU, or HINDUSTANI (Roman Type.)

Kyūnki Kḥudá ne jahán ko aisá piyár kiyá hai, ki us ne
apná iklautá Betá bakhshá, táki jo koí us par ímán láwe, halák
na ho, balki hamesha kí zindagí páwe.

LANGUAGES OF INDIA. (Continued.)

BENGALI. (Bengal.)

কেননা যেহেতু জগতের প্রতি এমত প্রেম করিলেন, যে আপনার
অদ্বিতীয় পুত্রকে দান করিলেন; যেন তাঁহাতে বিশ্বাসকারি
প্রত্যেক জন বিনষ্ট না হয়ে অমৃত জীবন পায় ।

BENGALI (Roman).

Kenaná Ishwar jagater prati eman dayá karilen, je ápanár
adwítíya Putrake pradán karilen; táháte tághár bishwáskári
pratyek jan nashṭa ná haiyá ananta paramáyu páibe.

SINGHALESE. (Ceylon.)

මන්දායාද උච්චතන්සේ අදාලා ගන්තා සිය-
ලෙලාම වීතාස තොම සදකාල වීතාස ලබන
වීතිය දෙවියච්චතන්සේ භවච්චතන්සේගේ ජීව
ජාතපුත්තයා දෙමින් ලොමව සඵමන කරුණා කල
සේක.

PUSHTU. (Afghans.)

خدا ڇه خداي دنيالره دارنگ مینه کړي
ده ڇه هغه خپل يوه پيدا شوي زوي لره
ورکړه ڇه هر يوسري ڇه هغه باند يقين
کوي هغه دهلک نشي ليکن بي نهايته
ژوندون دمومي *

DRAVIDIAN LANGUAGES.

TAMIL. (South India, Ceylon.)

தேவன், தம்முடைய ஒரேபேருண் குமாரனை
விசுவாசிக்கிறவன் எவனோ அவன் கெட
டப்போகாமல் நித்தியச் சவனை அடைய
டம்படிக்கு, அவனாத் தந்தருளி, இவ்வள
வாய் உலகத்திலீ அன்புசுடர்ந்தார்.

MALAYALIM. (Travancore.)

എന്തുകൊണ്ടെന്നാൽ ദൈവം തന്റെ ഏകജാത
നായ പുത്രനെ, അവനിൽ വിശ്വസിക്കുന്ന
വൻ ഒരുത്തനും നശിച്ചുപോകാതെ, നിത്യ
ജീവൻ ഉണ്ടാകെണ്ടുന്നതിന്നു, തരുവാൻ തക്ക
വണ്ണം എത്രയും ലോകത്തെ സ്നേഹിച്ചു.

TELUGU. (South-Eastern India.)

యెందుకంటే దేవుడు తోకము ప్రేమించుట
యేలాగంటే—ఆయన యందు విశ్వాసముంచే
ప్రతివాడును నశించక నిత్యజీవము పొందే
రకు తన జన్మితైక కుమారుని యిచ్చెను.

KOLARIAN LANGUAGES.

SANTALI. (Santals of Bengal.)

Nonká báre ápe hon hořko samángre marsál gnel
ochoitápe jemon unko hon ápeá: bugi kámi gnelkáte
áperen sermáren ja:námi: ko sarhaue.—(Matt. v. 16.)

THE LANGUAGES USED IN THE MISSIONS OF THE C.M.S.

[Most of the sentences printed on the preceding pages represent St. John iii. 16, "God so loved the world," &c. Where the text is a different one it is so stated.]



THE central page of this number will give the readers of the GLEANER some idea of the wide extent and great variety of the Church Missionary Society's work. Most of the languages which its missionaries have to learn are there represented. Not all, however. The languages of the North Pacific coast, Tsimshean, Kitihshean, Hydah, &c., are missing; so are those of Uganda, Unyamuezi, Ugogo, and other Central African countries; so are those of Kashmir and Beluchistan. Otherwise the list is fairly complete.

The distinction between the languages which have a written character of their own, and those which were unwritten until the missionaries took them in hand, will be at once observed. The Negroes, the North American Indians, the New Zealanders, had no art of writing, and therefore no literature. Their tongues had to be learned at first by ear; and then the missionaries who learned them managed with great trouble to reduce them to writing, and in doing so, naturally used our Roman letters. Hence all these languages are now printed with ordinary type, certain marks being added in some cases (as in Yoruba) to express particular sounds. But most of the languages of Asia have alphabets and an ancient literature of their own; and in learning them the missionary has to learn the character as well as the grammar and pronunciation; just as an English school-boy has to master a new character when he learns Greek, while in learning Latin or French he finds his own familiar letters used. Even in some of these cases, it will be noticed that Roman letters are employed as well as the old character: for instance, in India, Bengali and Hindustani books are sometimes printed with our English type, and so are some dialects of Chinese. The reason is, that millions of people of India and China cannot read at all, not even the written characters of their own tongues; and, in China especially, it is found easier to teach them the Roman letters.

Of the Oriental characters, four groups will be observed, each with varieties of its own. (1) The Bengali, Hindi, Marathi, Panjabi, and Sindhi languages are written in characters more or less similar to those of the ancient classical Sanscrit. (2) The languages of South India and Ceylon, Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, and Singhalese, are written in various characters which have a family likeness. (3) The characters used for Hindustani, Pushtu, Persian, and Turkish, are modifications of the Arabic type, which has a peculiar sacredness among Mohammedans through being used in the Koran. (4) The Chinese and Japanese characters, though fundamentally different, may be grouped together, both being read *downwards*.

All languages are usually grouped in three great divisions, Monosyllabic, Agglutinative, and Inflexional. We must not now attempt to explain these terms; we will only say that, of the languages included in our list, Chinese alone belongs to the *first* division; Arabic, Persian, and those of the Indian languages headed "Aryan," to the *third*; and all the rest to the *second*. The *third* division has two families, known as Semitic and Aryan. The *Semitic* is represented in our list only by Arabic; the *Aryan* by Persian and several Indian languages. Now most of the languages of Europe are Aryan; so that Hindi and Bengali are more closely allied to English, French, and German, than to the South Indian tongues (Tamil, &c.) called Dravidian, which belong to the *second* great division.

It will therefore be seen that the particular character in which a language is written may have no relation at all to the group or

family of languages to which the spoken tongue belongs. For instance, the use of English type for an African language does not make that language itself, in its sounds or in its grammar one whit nearer to English. Singhalese is an Aryan tongue, but it is written in a character similar to those of the Dravidian tongues. Hindustani, which is the most extensively used of all Indian tongues, is really only a modern dialect of Hindi; yet it is written not with the Sanscrit character but with the Persian, being a result of the Mohammedan conquest of India. At the bottom of the last column will be seen three specimens, all written in characters of an Arabic type; yet one of the tongues, Persian, is an Aryan language; another, Arabic, a Semitic language; and the third, Turkish, a Mongolian language, belonging not like the others, to the *third* (Inflexional) of the three great divisions mentioned above, but to the *second* (Agglutinative).

Two of the Red Indian tongues of North-West America are written, it will be seen, in a peculiar syllabic character, a kind of shorthand. This is largely used by Bishop Horden, of Moosonee; and by its means Indians can easily be taught to read in a few days. The whole Bible in the Cree language has been printed in this character.

All these various types are used by the Bible Society, but that society uses a great many more which we have not given. Our forty specimens have been selected from no less than two hundred and fifteen! The languages of Europe, for instance, and of North and South Africa, and of Polynesia, are not required by the Church Missionary Society.

When we look at all these varieties, is not the text printed in our specimens more wonderful than ever?—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." And is it not a joyful thing to know that the redeemed are gathered from "all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues"?

OUR PORTFOLIO.

SAY not you have heathen enough at home. Heathen you have, God knoweth; but a Missionary Church is the only Church that can care for them.—*Bishop Daniel Wilson, in C.M.S. Annual Sermon, 1846.*

IN 1865, during his second visit home, Dr. Livingstone was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons. In a letter to a friend upon his examination, he said:—

"The monstrous mistake of the Burton school is this: they ignore the point-blank fact that the men that do the most for the mean whites are the same that do the most for the mean blacks, and you never hear our mother's son of them say, 'You do wrong to give to the whites. I told the Committee I had heard people say that Christianity made the blacks worse, but did not agree with them. I might have said it was 'rot' and truly. I can stand a good deal of bosh, but to tell me that Christianity makes people worse—ugh!"

THE following story, illustrative of Mohammedan prayers, is related by Dr. Jessup, the American missionary in Syria:—

"One day, several Mo-lems called on us at Tripoli, at the eighth hour of the day (about two o'clock P.M.), and, after they had been sitting some time engaged in conversation, one of them arose and said to his companions, 'I must pray.' They all asked, 'Why? It is not the hour of prayer.' 'Because,' said he, 'when I went to the mosque at noon to pray, I had an ink-spot on my finger-nail, and did not perceive it until after I came out, and hence my prayer was of no account. I have just now scraped it off, and must repeat my noon prayer.'

"So saying, he spread his cloak upon the floor, and then kneeling upon it, with his face towards Mecca, commenced his prayers, while his companions amused themselves by talking about his ceremonial strictness. One of them said to me, 'He thinks he is holy; but if you could see the inside of him, you would find it as black as pitch.'"

THIRTY-THREE THOUSAND Chinese die every day! Bury all the people in London in three months, and the rest of mankind would start aghast at the grim event. Yet we record and read with carelessness the statement that four times every year that number die in China. It is equal to burying all the people of England in a year and a half, all of Great Britain and Ireland in thirty months; all of New York city in less than a month; all the people of the United States in less than a year and a half.—*Gracey's "China."*

"WEARY, WEARY, WEARY!"

A CRY FROM JAPAN.

"Christianity may make great progress in some parts for Japan, for many are weary, weary, weary."—AKAMATZ, a learned Japanese Buddhist priest, to Miss Isabella Bird (*Gleaner*, March, 1881).

THERE'S a land of wondrous beauty, far away in Eastern seas,
Where the incense of the flowers rises sweetly on the breeze,
Where the air is pure and bracing, and beneath a cloudless sky
One central snow-crown'd mountain lifts its matchless peak on high.

Alas! while sunbeams linger warm and bright upon the snow,
And deck with sparkling loveliness the varied plain below,
And Nature's face is joyous, as the golden hours flit by,
There rises up unceasingly a sad and piteous cry:

We are "weary, weary, weary," in the blaze of morning light,
We are "weary, weary, weary," when we greet the quiet night;
And in vain we toil and labour, while the spirit finds no rest,
For there's nought to soothe or satisfy the craving of the breast.

Our loved ones die and pass away, our joys too quickly flee,
The richest cup that earth can fill hides some dark misery;
We have no covert from the storm, no refuge from the heat,
No light to shine upon our path and guide the wand'ring feet.

We look up to the smiling sky, it cares not for our grief;
No gentle pity falls like dew to bring us sweet relief;
The Present is but bitterness, the Past has nought to teach,
The Future has no shining hope to place within our reach.

We are "weary, weary, weary," and our lives are little worth.
Do we share our dark and mournful lot with all the sons of earth?
Or are there some in happier climes whose hearts know peace and rest,
Yet never told their joy to us, that we too might be blest?

That cry hath pierced the heavens—passed beyond the distant sky;
That "weary, weary, weary" plaint hath reached the throne on high;
The Shepherd hears the straying sheep far out upon the wild,
The Father hears the piteous wail of His own wand'ring child.

And so again to earth it comes, sent from the throne above,
To us who have believed and known our God's redeeming love;
He bids us bear His answer back—His message bright and blest—
And tell the weary ones of Him Who died to give them rest.

Oh! haste and send the message forth—the word of life and peace,
The word that brings to longing souls salvation and release,
That tells them of the Mighty One who all our sorrows bore,
And of the home where tears are wiped away for evermore.

That "weary, weary, weary," as its mournful echoes fall,
Oh! may they be a clarion blast—a thrilling trumpet call,
To rouse each soul to sympathy, to action prompt and true,
And stir each one to ask, "Lord, say, what wouldst Thou have me do?"

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

A JAPANESE BIBLE COLPORTEUR.

RECENTLY the C.M.S. gave one of its ordained men kept at home by lack of funds to the Bible Society, for five years, to superintend its work in Japan. We find a specimen of what is done there in the Annual Letter of our Missionary at Tokio, the Rev. J. Williams:—

One truly encouraging feature in connection with the work in Japan is the large sale of various portions of the Scriptures. In Tokio alone, large numbers are sold, and throughout the country thousands of copies are monthly being put into circulation. One of the Christians in connection with our C.M.S. Mission has for some months past been employed as a colporteur by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and has done good service in that capacity. He is a shrewd man of business, and a thoroughly earnest Christian; and through his instrumentality a large number of copies of the Scriptures have been put into the hands of the people, his sales at times being over 300 books per month. On the afternoon of New Year's Day he and Tsuru Moto (our schoolmaster) went out together into the main street, and in two hours sold fifty-seven portions to the people passing by. He has a small cart, something like a truck, on which he transports from place to place the box containing his books. Choosing a suitable place, he opens his box, displays his wares, begins to address the crowd, which soon collects, and forthwith sales commence. When one remembers that not long ago this man was a heavy drinker, and, though a married man, guilty of sins which cannot be mentioned here, the great change which has been wrought in him by God's grace surely ought to evoke feelings of the liveliest gratitude. His rejoicing wife says the change is as great as though he had been born over again. May we not say that he has in very truth been born again?

AN EPISCOPAL VISITATION IN CEYLON.



IVE years ago, an article with the above title appeared in the GLEANER. It described a visit paid to the C.M.S. station as far back as 1863 by the then Bishop of Colombo, Dr. Piers Claughton, and the then Bishop of Calcutta, Dr. Cotton. The reason

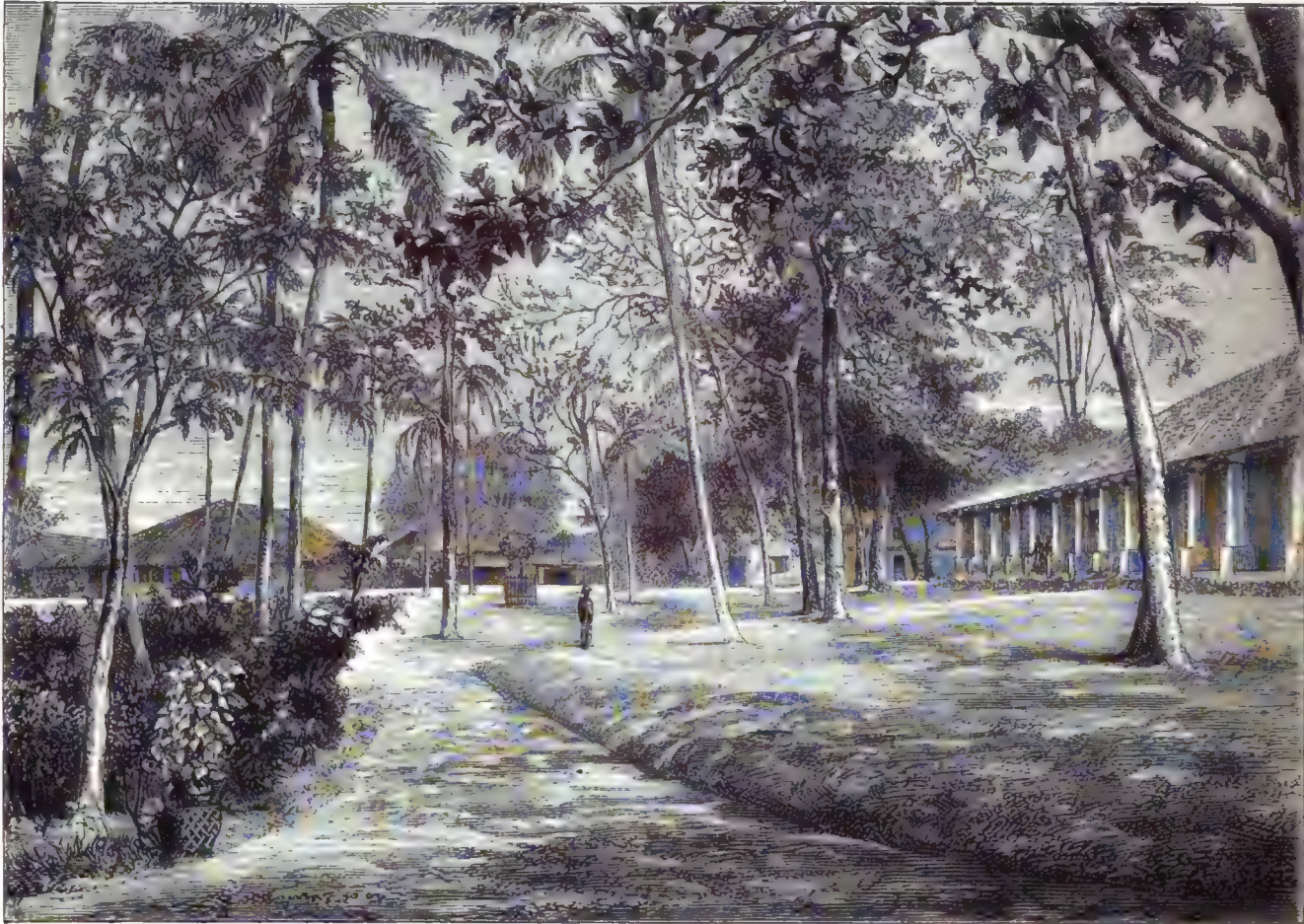
why the account came appropriately in 1876 was that, just when certain troubles now known as the Ceylon Difficulties were beginning, it showed what a happy influence Bishops might exercise in C.M.S. Missions in Ceylon.

We are pleased now, in 1881, to receive from Ceylon a letter describing a similar episcopal visit: a visit to the same station of Cotta, and a visit, in a sense, of the same personages—but not of the same persons, for the visitors are different men, though presiding over the same dioceses of Calcutta and Colombo. The account has been sent expressly for insertion in the GLEANER by the Society's missionary at Cotta, the Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin:—

Tuesday, Feb. 15th, was the day fixed for the visit of the Metropolitan of India, the Bishop of Calcutta, to the Cotta station. It had been decided to erect two triumphal arches as a welcome, but the zeal of our people far exceeded our modest anticipations, and no less than five arches, in addition to other minor decorations, were put up to honour the Bishop of Calcutta and our Diocesan. One of them, at the turn from the main road which leads down to the Mission-house, was a purely Singhalese design, and towered to a height of 40 or 50 feet, and was decorated with the beautiful "Badul-wanassa," or Goldsmith's curse, and fruits and flowers. The second, about half-way down the avenue, was composed almost entirely of bamboos and pamba, a kind of fern with a dark stem and delicate pale green leaf, and which when freshly gathered is very pretty. A motto on each side with many flags comprised the decorations here. At the entrance to the Mission compound the masters and scholars of the English school erected a third arch, four-sided and composite in character, and certainly it did them very great credit, and was much admired. Inside the gate, on the path which leads into the church, a most chaste but simple awning was put up, consisting of bamboos and the young leaves of the coconut palm, and perhaps of all the decorations it was most effective, and yet it took the least time and trouble to complete. All the pillars of the verandahs around the church were festooned with pamba and branches of the sago palm; but inside the church neither a leaf nor flower of any description was visible. Fronting and joining on to the west verandah, a large awning of white cloth, capable of affording shelter from the sun to 2,000 children, had been put up, and was suspended by ropes from the surrounding trees, so that no pillars or supports of any kind were necessary. In the verandah, between the church and the awning, three large tables groaned under the weight of buns and plantains which had been provided for the refreshment of the children. It was part of the programme that 2,000 boys and girls of our schools should be assembled to welcome the Metropolitan, and at 9 A.M., and even before that hour, they began to pour in from all sides, so much so that they overflowed verandahs and school-rooms until the compound seemed alive with human beings moving to and fro. And who shall describe the bullocks and the carts which brought these children and their friends and parents to Cotta? They were a sight in themselves and most picturesque.

At 9, or soon after, the Bishops arrived. Shortly after 10 the bell rang for service in church. Except the boys and girls of the boarding schools who formed the choir, only adults were allowed to enter the body of the church, which only seats about 250. Every bench was filled, and many had to stand in the doorways and at the windows. Morning Prayer, to the end of the Psalms, was said by the Rev. H. Kannangar; the lessons were read by the Rev. D. Jayasinha; and the remainder of the prayers by the Rev. H. de Silva,—the three Native pastors of this district. Although three English missionaries who know Singhalese were present, they as yet took no part in the services. After a hymn had been sung, the Metropolitan began his address, which was plain, practical, and powerful, and was delivered with much animation. He based his remarks upon the words "grace and peace," which were interpreted to the people by the Rev. J. I. Jones. The Metropolitan was followed by our own Bishop speaking to the people in their own language.

All then adjourned to the west verandah, in front of which all the school children were grouped. When the Bishops were seated, the resident missionary read a brief statement of the work as carried on in the Cotta district, and then read in Singhalese the account of the feeding of the 5,000, as recorded by St. John, and drew attention to the leading facts of that miracle; endeavouring to get the children to realise what



THE CHURCH MISSION COMPOUND, COTTA, CEYLON.
(Visited by the Bishops of Calcutta and Colombo, February, 1881.)

the number 5,000 meant, as compared with their own numbers, and inquiring if they would be content by his dividing five buns among them all. That the children could hear and understand was evident from the answers which came from those furthest away from the missionary. The Metropolitan then addressed himself first to the parents and friends of the children present, and next to the children themselves, in earnest and persuasive language, which was interpreted by the Rev. S. Coles. The Bishop of Colombo, in a few words, urged the boys and girls to accept the invitation of the Gospel that day made to them.

While grouped under the awning, the children sang some Sanscrit verses to the native airs in use among the people, but certainly beyond a vast body of sound, like the rushing of many waters, it could not be said to be musical. The "grace before meat" was sung by the boarders, and then the boys and girls in single file—boys to the right and girls to the left of the Bishops—entered the verandah, and received the refreshments provided for them as they passed between the tables arranged behind where the Bishops were seated. This procession occupied fully forty-five minutes, and gave the Bishops and our European friends from Colombo a good opportunity of scanning the features and admiring the different costumes of the wearers, which were of endless variety and of all shades, colours, and shapes. A flight of four or five steps, up which they passed, formed a sad trial to the wearers of long dresses, and not a few stumbled during the ordeal.

At last the procession came to an end, and the Bishops re-entered the church, where had been assembled the pastors, catechists, and school teachers of the district on the one side, and the principal laymen of the congregations on the other. They were separately addressed by the Metropolitan, who in earnest and sympathetic language encouraged them in the work which in God's providence had been entrusted to them, his remarks being interpreted by the Rev. E. T. Dowbiggin.

Willing to see everything, and interested in all, the Metropolitan next went over the boys' boarding establishment and back through the dormitory. After a cup of tea, and sitting for the photographer, who wished to secure a group of the Bishops and clergy present, we proceeded

to the girls' boarding school, where the Sanscrit stanzas were rendered more musically, and English and Singhalese hymns were sung. The copying, writing, dictation, and needlework of the elder girls were examined, the whole establishment gone over, and again the girls delighted visitors by some more of their hymns, the Bishop and Archdeacon of Colombo being especially pleased with their singing.

It was now 3 P.M., and tiffin time at four; carriages were ordered, and we proceeded to Miribane, about one and a-half miles beyond Cotta, where we have a congregation, and the people had erected a truly magnificent triumphal arch, and decorated it with fruits, flags, and feathers to perfection. Here white cloths had been spread upon the ground, and the party alighted and walked down to the seats which had been provided. Two addresses, one in Singhalese and the other in English, were read, which the Metropolitan replied and expressed his gratification at the reception they had given to him.

Nugegoda church and schools were next visited, and here also a simple but very pretty arch had been erected, chiefly by the schoolmaster and the boys of his school.

The party now turned their faces towards Colombo and proceeded through Nawala, which is on the opposite side of the lake to Cotta, when the highroad at Welikada was reached, we bade adieu to the Metropolitan, the Bishop of Colombo, and their party, all evidently very well pleased, and very well tired, for there had been no rest either to body or mind from 9 A.M. until 5.30 P.M.

Such a day has not been known at Cotta for the last quarter of a century, and we question if ever before so large a number of school children were assembled in the Cotta Mission compound. One thing very much impressed the Buddhists who were present—the absence of noise and confusion during the grouping of the children and while they were being addressed by the missionary and the Bishops—a great contrast to the noise and bustle of large gatherings at their temples and religious festivals. We rejoiced at the heartiness and manliness of the Metropolitan's addresses, and pray that they may bring forth much fruit.

COTTA, 7th February, 1881.

R. T. DOWBIGGIN

HOW CHRISTIANS MAY BREAK THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

THE Rev. R. W. Stewart writes from Fuh-chow,—“The Fuh-Kien Christians seem, as a body, thoroughly to understand that their business is to spread ‘the doctrine’ [i.e., the Gospel] as soon as they know it themselves. I overheard some of them talking on the subject, and they came to the conclusion that not to do so was to break the Eighth Commandment, for it was keeping back what rightfully belonged to another.”

GOSPEL TROPHIES.

“Out of every kindred, and tongue,
and people, and nation.”

VI.—Abraham Abe Gonja, the First Convert in East Africa.

Born..... about 1800
“Joined the Book” 1850
Baptized 1860
Confirmed, by Bishop Royston. 1878
Died, January 20th 1881

DEREFT at an early age of both parents, Jana—for such was his name—had much trouble in fighting his way through the world. He had no near relation to take care of him, so he got his own living as best he could, and when he became a young man he went to Ukambani and stayed there nine years. Upon returning to his own country—Rabai—he found all the young men of his generation with wives and families, while he was left behind. However, by careful industry, he soon got together sufficient property to obtain a wife for himself, and lived in a village called Mgumo wa Patsa, which village is not now in existence. His wife bore him a son who was called Gonja, and from this time his name became Abe Gonja, or the father of Gonja. He had, in all, seven children, of whom Isaac Nyondo, our catechist, was the sixth.

It was in this year 1851 that he went to Usambara with Dr. Krapf, who had just returned from Europe. We find in Dr. Krapf’s book the following notices of Abe Gonja:—“I had become slightly acquainted with Abe Gonja before my departure in the April of 1850 as one who wished to learn the book of the Europeans. After my departure he was instructed by Rebmann, and has since given gratifying proofs of a renewed heart” (p. 211). “My Mnika, Abe Gonja, who takes delight in the Word of God, was a great help to me” (p. 376). “Abe Gonja prayed aloud in the presence of the Mohammedans” (p. 377). “I employed this leisure in reading and meditating with Abe Gonja, who has been of



ABRAHAM ABE GONJA. (Sketched in 1857.)



ABE GONJA. (Photographed in 1876.)

great service to me on this journey” (p. 387).

In 1853 a war broke out between the Wakamba and Warabai, and Abe Gonja left the village in which he was living and came to live with Mr. Rebmann on the Mission station, Kisulutini. He began to learn to read, and also taught his son to do the same, but he never had a wife who was of the same mind as himself. Isaac’s mother came to church for about three months, but gave it up eventually, and died a heathen. Abe Gonja had, in all, seven wives; but they seem to have been more or less thorns in his side, rather than helpmeets. In the beginning of 1860 both Abe Gonja and his son were baptized, the one taking the name of Abraham, and the other Isaac. Soon after, Isaac’s mother returned to his father, and lived with him until her death. Of his children, Isaac is the only one surviving, but he has three grandchildren alive, and also several great-grandchildren.

Abraham Abe Gonja was not a demonstrative Christian, but he was always a happy one; though his love, perhaps, was not great, yet his faith was strong; and though he had many trials to pass through since he first joined the Book, yet he never once wavered or went back,

as so many others have done. Since I have known him he has been waxing old and feeble, and latterly was unable to attend church. He enjoyed the heat of the sun, as he had not much in his own body, and he spent his time sitting in the sun outside his house, moving as the sun moved, reading out loud, syllable by syllable, out of one of his books. During the last few weeks he has not been able to move out of doors at all, but has been gradually sinking, until last Thursday—Jan. 20th—he fell asleep, and I buried him near the graves of Mrs. Rebmann and Remington, who had “gone before.”

We thank God for such lives as his, and we pray for more to supply the place of those who are gone; and may God give us all grace to withstand temptation as firmly as our departed brother did. He has left behind him a worthy representative in his son Isaac, who, I trust, will one day be an ordained minister. May he have grace given to him to live wholly for Christ, and to fight manfully under His banner!

KISULUTINI,
January 24th, 1881.
HARRY KERR BINNS.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

JUNE.—"ALL."

"All that we ask or think"—
Beyond this shallow brink
And low horizon reigns Thy might;
Sneak, Lord, and all obey;
Will! and the Gospel day
Shall scatter all the Pagan night.

A. E. M.

First Cr. . . 5d. 3h. 19m. a.m. Last Cr. . . 1st. 9h. 13m. p.m.
Full Moon . . . 12d. 6h. 58m. a.m. JUNE. New Moon 26d. 2h. 4m. p.m.

1	W	Ascended up far above all heavens. Eph. 4. 10.
2	T	Far above all principality and power. Eph. 1. 21.
3	F	That He might fill all things. Eph. 4. 10. [Prov. 4. 7.
4	S	1st bapt. at Tokio, 1876. With all thy getting, get understanding. [Ghost. Ac. 2. 4.
5	S	Whit Sun. Emb. Wk. <i>S. Hasell d.</i> , 1879. All filled with the Holy <i>M. De. 16. 1-18. Ro. 8. 1-18. E. Is. 11, or Ez. 38. 25. Ga. 5. 16, or Ac. 18. [24 to 19. 21.</i>
6	M	I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh. Joel 2. 28.
7	T	<i>Gen. Luke d.</i> , 1877. Serving the Lord with all humility. Ac. 20. 19.
8	W	" <i>H. Venn</i> " str. entered Niger, 1878. Spread abroad His fame in [a]l that country. Matt. 9. 31.
9	T	He shall teach you all things. John 14. 26.
10	F	He will guide you into all truth. John 16. 13.
11	S	St. Barnabas. 17 <i>C.M.S. men ord.</i> , 1880. Able to make all grace [abound toward you. 2 Co. 9. 8.
12	S	Trinity Sun. Above all, and thro' all, and in you all. Eph. 4. 6. <i>M. Is. 6. 1-11. Rev. 1. 1-9. E. Ge. 18, or 1 to 2. 4. Eph. 4. 1-17, or Mat. 5.</i>
13	M	<i>Duncan's 1st serm. in Timsham</i> , 1858. Unto all patience. Col. 1. 11.
14	T	<i>Persia Mission adopted</i> , 1875. God is the King of all the earth.
15	W	Fear before Him, all the earth. Ps. 96. 9. [Ps. 47. 7.
16	T	All the earth shall worship Thee. Pa. 66. 4. [Mar. 6. 37.
17	F	<i>Adjai brought to S. Leone</i> , 1822. He hath done all things well.
18	S	<i>Adm. Prevost at Mellakhatta</i> , 1878. Exceeding abundantly above [all that we ask or think. Eph. 3. 20.
19	S	1st aft. Trin. <i>Kirkby in Arctic Circle</i> , 1862. To all that are [afar off. Ac. 2. 39.
20	M	<i>M. Jos. 3. 7 to 4. 15. Ac. 3. E. Jos. 5. 13 to 6. 21, or 24. 1 Pe. 4. 7.</i>
21	T	1st <i>C.M.S. Miss. sent to Palestine</i> , 1851. Let all the people praise [Thee. Pa. 67. 5.
22	W	Forget not all His benefits. Pa. 103. 2.
23	T	What shall I render unto the Lord for all His ben.? Ps. 116. 12.
24	F	Who can show forth all His praise? Ps. 106. 2. [2 Tim. 4. 2.
25	S	St. John Bapt. Reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering. [glad in Thee. Ps. 40. 16.
26	S	2nd aft. Trin. Talk ye of all His wondrous works. Pa. 105. 2. <i>M. Judg. 4. Ac. 7. 35 to 8. 5. E. Judg. 5, or 6. 11. 1 Jn. 3. 1-16.</i>
27	M	<i>Id. Lawrence d.</i> , 1879. In all thy ways acknowl. Him. Pr. 8. 6.
28	T	Keep thy heart with all diligence. Prov. 4. 23.
29	W	St. Peter. <i>Bp. Crowther consec.</i> , 1864. Peter passed throughout
30	T	Peace be with you all. 1 Pet. 5. 14. [all quarters. Ac. 9. 32.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR MISSIONS?

Where there's a Will there's a Way.

A GIRL who is a Sunday-school scholar in a poor parish was anxious to contribute to the work of the C.M. Society. But she was poor. How could she help? She thought, Is there anything wasted which can be saved and sold? She knew the potato peelings were always thrown away. These she saved, and, with others which she begged from her neighbours, sold to some one who had a pig. In this way she obtained in one year half-a-crown, which she gave to her Sunday-school teacher for the work.

A Response to Mr. Streeter's Appeal.

DEAR SIR,—As I always read with the greatest interest all accounts published in the GLEANER of Mr. Streeter's work in Frere Town and the neighbourhood, I beg to enclose a P.O.O. for ten shillings, in compliance with his request in the GLEANER for this month, and I sincerely hope that many others will do the same. It would be indeed sad if such an energetic man as he appears to be should be hindered by want of means.

A. T. F.

May 9th, 1881.

[We hope many will follow A. T. F.'s example. But they need not remit the extra ten shillings direct to the Parent Society unless they like. They can add the sum to their local subscriptions if they prefer it.—ED.]

£25 from a Sunday-school Class.

THE Rev. W. Thomason, in sending the accounts of the Blackburn C.M.S. Association for the past year, draws attention to one item in them, viz., a sum of £25 raised by the 1st class of females in the Sunday-school of St. Philip's, Griffin, a new parish with a church only recently consecrated.

"FAITH" writes that she is filling her Missionary Box by denying herself sugar and butter, and putting the equivalent in money into it. "I cannot say I like it," she says, "but it is a little thing I can do for Jesus' sake, who did so much for me." She adds, "I do pray for the Society; I give what I can; I am ready to go if God wants me."

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The following names have been added to the list of Vice-Presidents of the Church Missionary Society:—The Right Rev. G. E. Moule, D.D., Missionary Bishop in Mid-China; the Rev. Prebendary Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington; the Rev. Canon E. Hoare, Vicar of Trinity Church, Tunbridge Wells; Joseph Hoare, Esq.; and Arthur Lang, Esq. The last two have been members of the Committee for many years.

The following, having rendered very essential services to the Society, have been added to the list of Honorary Governors for Life:—The Rev. Canon Battersby, Vicar of St. John's, Keswick; the Rev. Dr. Boulton, Principal of the London College of Divinity; the Rev. B. J. Knight, Vicar of All Saints, Derby; the Rev. C. E. Lamb, Vicar of St. George's, Leeds; the Rev. J. Raw, Vicar of Aisderby, Yorkshire; the Rev. Cornwall Smalley, Rector of Little Thurrock, Essex; the Rev. F. Storr, Vicar of Brencley, Kent; the Rev. E. D. Wickham, Vicar of Holmwood, Surrey; T. F. Allison, Esq., Louth; Sydney Gedge, Esq., of Mitcham; and F. E. Watson, Esq., Norwich.

The Society has lately lost two of its oldest and staunchest friends, I. Merriman, of Kensington, and Archdeacon Hone, of Ha'esowen. A daughter of the latter is in the mission field—Mrs. Stone, of Raghapuram, letters from whom have appeared in the GLEANER.

Several members of the C.M.S. Committee and the Secretaries were present at the dinner given by the Lord Mayor on May 7th to Dr. Moffat and the representatives of the Missionary Societies. Canon Hoare spoke on behalf of the C.M.S.

The Rev. A. J. P. Shepherd, M.A., Fellow, Lecturer, and Chaplain of Queen's College, Oxford, and late Chaplain to the Bishop of Lahore, has been appointed Director of the C.M.S. Missionaries' Children's Home, Highbury.

The Bishop of Victoria (Hong Kong), Dr. Burdon, has arrived in England. The Rev. Rowland Bateman, of the Punjab, and the Rev. W. G. Baker, of the Telugu Mission, have also come home.

At the recent Oxford and Cambridge Preliminary Theological Examination for Holy Orders, three C.M.S. Islington Students, Messrs. W. H. Ball, H. Lewis, and J. Martin passed in the first class, and Messrs. W. G. Faulconer, E. Guilford, and W. Windsor in the second class.

On February 2nd, the Bishop of Colombo admitted to deacons' orders for Native candidates presented by the Church Missionary Society, viz., the Singhalese and one Tamil. Their names, and the stations to which they were appointed, are as follows:—the Rev. Abraham Surarachchi Amarasēka to Dodanduwa in the Baddegama district; the Rev. Garagoda Aruchchi Bastian Perera, to Balipiti Modera, also in the Baddegama district; the Rev. Johannes Perera Kalpagē, to Kaigalla; and the Rev. Aralanāthem Gnāmutta (Tamil), to Dikoya, in connection with the Tamil Cooily Mission.

The visit of the Bishop of Sierra Leone to the Yoruba Mission has been mentioned before. He was there from December 17th to February 20th. In addition to the ordinations already noted, he held several confirmations, Lagos, Badagry, Leke, Abeokuta, &c., the total number of candidates being 479. On New Year's Day he held a solemn dedication service for the new church of St. Paul, Breadfruit, which has been built mainly through the energy of Archdeacon Henry Johnson, and of which the Rev. James Johnson is now minister. On this occasion more than 1,200 Native Christians were present.

Bishop Moule reached Ningpo on March 18th. On the following Sunday and Monday, at the two churches in the city, and at Tsōng-giao, five miles off, he confirmed forty-eight Chinese Christians. He hoped to reach Hang-chow where his head-quarters are to be, about March 28th.

General F. Haig, the founder of the C.M.S. Koi Mission at Dummaguden, the river Godavery, has generously gone out to superintend it, owing to the absence of the Rev. J. Cain. An account of this Mission by Mr. Cain is in type, and will appear shortly.

In September last year, the Rev. A. Elwin, of Hang-chow, travelled with his wife and family 170 miles in a Chinese boat, up the river Tsien-tang, to a city called Gyu-chow. He has sent for the GLEANER an interesting account of the journey, which will appear shortly.

Another mission has been established by Bishop Bompas among the Beaver Indians, on Peace River, in the Athabasca diocese, in a country where grass grows down, says the Bishop, are a welcome change from the monotony of the interminable pine forests, and where, in the less severe climate of the west, farming seems likely to be profitable, and if so, to be a most helpful auxiliary to mission work.

At Bannu, on the north-west frontier of India, an Afghan Mohammedan mollah (priest) is translating into Pushtu Bishop French's Urdu work on the Psalms, *The Gospel in David*, in consequence of a dream he had in which he thought David appeared to him and commanded him to circulate the Psalms among his countrymen.

Mr. Duncan sends the following terse summary of the material progress of Mellakhatta in the past year:—"Good progress made. Large congregations. Over three hundred Indians from Fort Simpson and Kitbatla spent Christmas with us. Our village growing. Over a hundred new houses up. Fre machinery introduced. A telephone at work to the saw-mills. A furniture manufactory and sash shop at work. Our females have been taught spinning and weaving. The shawls, blankets, and cloth manufactured by them has caused great rejoicing."

The number of Native Christian adherents of the C.M.S. Mission in Ceylon is 6,030, of whom just 4,000 are adults, and nearly 1,500 communicants. The contributions to religious objects last year amounted to Rs. 15,177, and the of the European friends in Ceylon to Rs. 21,052, making together about £3,000 raised in the island.

The Rev. S. Trivett has begun a new Mission to the great Blackfoot tribe of Red Indians, in the far west of the Saskatchewan Plain.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JULY, 1881.

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY THE REV. CANON RICHARDSON.

VI.—THE MISSIONARY PURPOSE.



HE first great purpose is to glorify God. Even if he stands alone, the Christian missionary points to the great "God blessed for ever." He represents Him where He is not known; and by his presence, and holy devoted life, reminds the nations of One holier and higher whom they may be persuaded to seek. He may be silent from want of knowledge of a people's language; or he may be neglected because of their proud scorn of all he can do or say. Yet he continues at the post in which God has placed him, and remains faithful to Him.

A further great purpose is to proclaim salvation by Jesus Christ. There may be educational work which he must take up; and there may be the influences of civilised life which he is glad to spread; and there may be bodily wants and ailments for which he may feel bound to minister; but the missionary's business is to preach the Gospel. He goes out into the dark places mainly because he can show the light of life. All other things must tend to and terminate in the one chief object of his mission—the making known how the mercy of God has provided a way of salvation even for the chief of sinners, through Christ Jesus our Lord.

A third great purpose is to win souls to Christ. That he may not live to see accomplished; for "one man soweth and another reapeth"; but the thing on the missionary's heart, in the missionary's prayers, and before the missionary's eye of faith and hope and love is, "that I might by all means save some." Souls are won at home; but his thought is for the souls which are to be won abroad, and he believes that the Lord has called him to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

And this one purpose explains his character and his life. He is a missionary in his family, telling of the love of Christ. He is a missionary in the home Church, pleading for more zeal in the cause of Christ. He is a missionary at all times and everywhere. The first drops of God's showers of blessings fall from leaf to leaf, and come down where his new work of faith needs watering. The first rosy tints of the new day touch the mountain top to which he has climbed with his handful of seed, and his eyes are brightened when they see the sun. The virgin soil gives wondrous proof that plants of grace thrive and multiply, and the missionary sends back a holy enthusiasm into the hearts of the brethren who sent him forth, by proving in modern instances that the Word of the living God has lost none of its vitality and power. "This one thing I do," is the motto of the man who has given himself to the Lord with one clear object—to exalt Christ.

TWO DAYS IN CEYLON.

By Miss E. CLAY, *Honorary Missionary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society in the Punjab.*

[Miss Clay stayed four days in Ceylon, on her way to India, in November, 1880. But we need only give here the record of her two days' visit to those parts of the island where the C.M.S. is at work.]



PERHAPS only those who have experienced the weariness of a long voyage can fully understand the relief and pleasure with which, early on Tuesday morning, November 9th, we steamed into Galle harbour.

A full calendar month had passed since we had set foot on land; very little had we even seen; so that the long

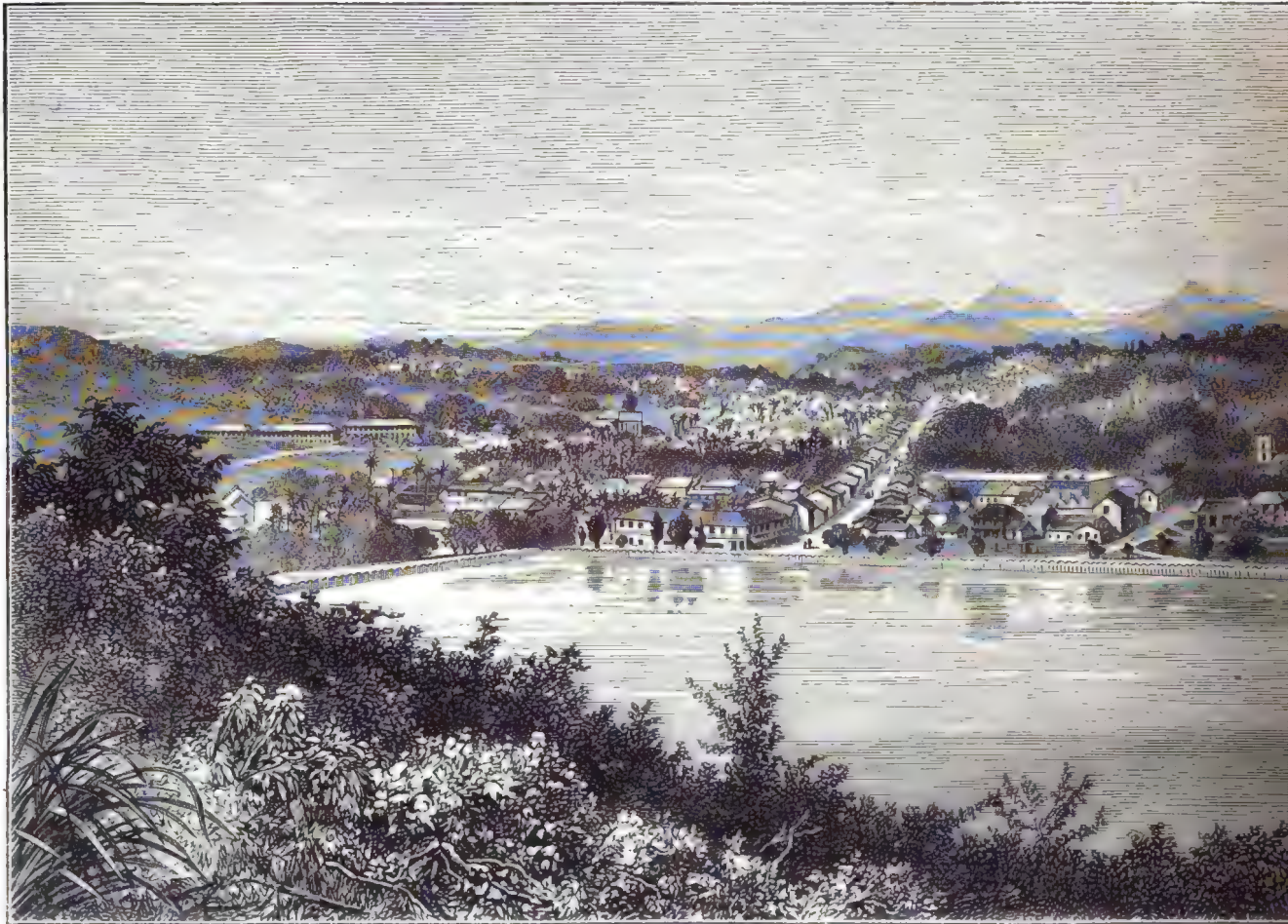
stretch of cocoa-nut trees touching the shore was a feast to the eyes, and the prospect of landing on the lovely island of Ceylon delightful. . . .

We went on shore at Colombo about 8 A.M., and set off at once to call on the missionaries in the neighbourhood.

Colombo is a large station, and apparently a difficult place for native drivers. There are endless roads with bungalows bearing English names, which strike one as singularly inappropriate. We were driven round about, and backwards and forwards, and instead of reaching the Rev. Mr. Wood's, of the C.M.S., within half an hour, we were set down at the house of a Baptist missionary; we quickly discovered the mistake, and his wife kindly sent a servant to show us the house we were seeking. Mr. Wood was absent on an itinerating journey, but Mrs. Wood received us most kindly, and it was not long before she invited us all to breakfast, and Miss Goreh, Miss Vette, and Miss Knight for the night. Meanwhile, we were taken to a girls' school in the same compound, which is at present under the care of Miss Young, who was for about five years a Mildmay deaconess; this of course at once formed a link between us. The girls were having a lesson from a native Christian teacher, but sang hymns to us, first in Tamil and then in English. One remarkable feature of this school and others in Ceylon is, that Christian and heathen girls are alike boarders. Such an arrangement would be impossible in the north of India, on account of the strong prejudices and caste difficulties. No Hindu or Mohammedan girl would there be allowed to live in a Christian house, or to eat food with Christians. In many cases day-schools can hardly be carried on if the teaching is entirely given by Christians. In Ceylon the caste prejudices seem only to restrict marriages. Probably this is owing to the great prevalence of Buddhism, which does not really recognise caste. Of course this state of things gives a great advantage to the schools in Ceylon. In the above-mentioned school a fee of five rupees is usually paid monthly by or for each girl, heathen as well as Christian, which, I believe, covers the expense of board. Above all, the heathen girls are under Christian influence continually, instead of being exposed to the counteracting and contaminating influences of their heathen homes during all except the short school hours.

Our next visit was to a large Tamil boys' boarding-school, where the boys read to me in English, and united in singing Tamil and English hymns. Meanwhile, another missionary, the Rev. Mr. Pickford, had come in, and he kindly proposed taking us to Cotta, a station which I had much wished to visit, and which was about three miles farther on. Soon after noon we reached the mission bungalow there, which is very picturesquely situated in a large compound, where a number of mission buildings are grouped,* and around which, at various distances, native Christians live. We were most kindly received by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dowbiggin, and taken first to a vernacular boys' school, and then to a High school, where all the teaching is given in English, and next to the church, where the schools assemble every morning for worship, and afterwards to Mrs. Dowbiggin's interesting girls' school, adjoining her house, where we listened with much pleasure to some of our English hymns, sung nicely by the dear Singalese girls. Mr. Dowbiggin has nearly 100 agents working under him in his large district, including three native pastors. There are many schools in out-stations, where preaching is also carried on and where much blessing seems given. Both Mr. Mark, of Buona Vista, and Mr. Dowbiggin told me of conversions resulting from the mixture of Christians and heathen in the schools, the former seeking to influence the latter. Those baptized have, as a rule,

* See the picture in our last number.



KANDY, CEYLON.

much less persecution to encounter than in the north of India, as they can often remain in their homes, their relations generally still eating with them. The marriages are, on the other hand, a great difficulty. Daughters of heathen parents, who have become Christians in the boarding-schools, are sometimes forced to marry heathen. In some cases they have been enabled to hold out firmly, but they are then exposed to much trial. Christian young men, too, are sometimes tempted by a large dowry to marry into a heathen family; in such cases the wife usually receives Christian instruction and professes Christianity, but, of course, all such arrangements are very unsatisfactory.

It was with great regret that Miss D. and I hurried away from Cotta at one o'clock, as we had nearly an hour's drive to the little railway station, where we joined the train to Kandy. There we encountered the Bishop of Colombo, to whom, by his request, Mr. Pickford introduced us. The Bishop travelled with us for about two hours, during which we had a great deal of conversation at intervals. He inquired about zenana and other missionary work in the north, and gave us a good deal of information about the country through which we were passing. It was altogether a very pleasant little episode.

The most striking feature of Ceylon scenery is the vivid colouring of the foliage and the flowers. Some of the trees are of the most brilliant green, and although there are not many flowers visible in passing along country roads, yet one has but to enter a house and see the profusion of so-called wild flowers, all of the most varied and brilliant tints, to become aware of their bright luxuriance. In the railway journey to Kandy, we were struck

by the absence of houses and of any sign of life, but the Bishop told us that we were, during part of the time, passing through a thickly populated country, but that the houses were hidden among the unbroken masses of foliage. Wherever cocoa-nut palm trees grow there native habitations abound. The areca palm is a great variation, with its long, straight, slender stem and curved branches, and at one place our attention was called to another species of palm, only blossoms once after many years' growth and then dies.

For two hours we travelled through level country, passing at intervals through a large expanse of rice-fields. Then the railway began gradually to ascend among hills which reminded us at first of the Black Forest, and afterwards of the grander scenery of Switzerland, only on a smaller scale, and without the snow. The train was late, and it was half-past 6 when we reached Kandy. Before going in to dinner, Mr. W. took us first to a sort of promenade bordering a pretty lake to a Buddhist temple. The exterior could not be very distinctly examined, but we saw the beautiful inlaid ivory decorations of doorways through which we passed. Inside it was brightly lighted up, and the carriers were carrying the strongly scented white flowers, which are known as "temple flowers," to offer before the shrine. We ascended a staircase to a small room, at one end of which was a still smaller one, veiled with curtains, containing the statue. The great object of veneration is the supposed tooth of Buddha, which is said to be placed on a golden flower, and is covered with several golden bell-shaped caskets, one over the other. These are very rarely lifted, but can generally be seen through a metal grating which secures them. We returned to the



GALLE FACE MISSION CHURCH, COLOMBO, CEYLON.

yard, and ascended another staircase to a room where a small crystal image of Buddha was the object of worship. In an adjoining room we saw two men prostrating themselves before some sacred books. On leaving the temple we had a glimpse of the "Hall of Audience" used by the former rulers of Ceylon. It contains beautifully carved pillars of teak wood.

The next morning I arose in clear day-light at 5.80, and took an early stroll in the compound. It was a lovely morning, and we could see to advantage the pretty hills which surround Kandy. We left by the 7 A.M. train, and thoroughly enjoyed the clear views of the mountains during our descent.

Mr. Pickford was kindly awaiting us at the end of our journey, and took us first to a little Tamil school in his own district close by. Here little boys and girls were being taught together by a bright-looking Christian woman. Each child repeated to us a verse of Scripture or of a hymn of his or her selection, Mr. Pickford translating for us. Shortly afterwards we found ourselves in Mrs. Wood's pleasant airy bungalow, and heard what a happy time our three companions had had during our short absence. Further refreshment and happy converse followed until shortly after 2. We all set off on our way to the ship. We called in pass-

ing on the Rev. and Mrs. Newton at "Galle Face," and saw the principal C.M.S. Mission church in that part of the island, which adjoins their bungalow, and in which services are held in English, Singalese, and Tamil; and shortly after 4 had safely rejoined the ship, with hearts overflowing with praise to our God whose "wondrous works" amongst the heathen we had been privileged to witness in the lovely island of Ceylon.

MUIRABAD.

MUIRABAD is a Native Christian village near Allahabad, in North India, named after Sir William Muir, who was formerly Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Provinces, of which Allahabad is the capital. There is a C.M.S. Native pastor, Rev. David Mohun. In January last, the Marchioness of Ripon, wife of the Viceroy of India, visited the village on Sunday morning, and attended the Hindustani church service. She manifested much interest in the work, and afterwards sent Mr. Mohun a donation of Rs. 100 for the church fund. Sir William Muir, to whom this Christian community owes so much, has received a letter from the Principal of the Central (Government) College at Allahabad, Mr. A. S. Harrison, in which the latter says:—"I attend every Sunday morning, going down on my tricycle, but find myself the sole European there. Good old Mohun is much the same as ever, but age is telling on him. The Native congregation is good in number, and reverent. One of my pupils and Mohun's eldest son accompany the harmonium with their violins."



A SINGHALESE AND HIS WIFE.

"CONSCIENCE MONEY."

BY THE REV. G. EVEARD, Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.



HAVE often been struck with a paragraph in the daily papers with this heading. The other day I noticed one something of this kind—"The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges £1,000, bank notes, unpaid Income Tax." So frequently also you find "Conscience Money," £5, £10, or in larger sums,—money which ought to have been paid either for income-tax, succession duty, or some other public tax. It is a good testimony that conscience still survives. What with competition, eagerness to get rich, pecuniary difficulties and anxieties, men are apt to hush its voice, and not to regard its warnings.

"Conscience Money." The expression suggests the importance of making satisfaction where wrong has been done, privately as well as in more public matters. Zacchæus was ready to pay "Conscience Money" where he had extorted anything by false accusation. Merchants and tradesmen, in some way, charge more for goods than they ought, and take advantage of a customer's ignorance. Dues at the Custom House have been evaded. Or perhaps a person under stress of temptation has actually robbed another. In all such cases, wherever it is possible, money ought to be paid back, and if it cannot be to the rightful owner, through death or other causes, it ought to be given to some charitable purpose.

"Conscience Money!" We may go a step further in this matter. There is "Conscience Money" often due to God. A lady had once received great spiritual benefits from a faithful ministry. She was rich, and at once began to think of her neglect in giving to the service of Christ. She sent a cheque to the pastor for £300, in acknowledgment of this. A little while after she still felt she had not done enough to make up for the past, so she sent £3,000 for an object needing a large sum of money.

It was only a short time ago that I heard a case presenting a remarkable contrast to this. A young man in fair position of life was very much interested in missionary work. So he solemnly determined to set aside the proceeds from an apple-tree in his garden for this purpose. The following year there was an abundant crop. He received five sovereigns for the fruit. But when the money was in his hand, when he looked at the five glittering coins, he could not give all up. So he compounded with his conscience, and gave part to the missionary cause, and kept back part for himself. But he never prospered afterwards. From that time he began to backslide. He lost his peace. Moreover, business was not successful, and other things came in his way. He closed his life in a workhouse, and seemed to possess but little comfort or hope, and looked back to the transaction I have referred to as the commencement of all his troubles. If he had been careful in the payment of "Conscience Money," his course might have been a very different and a far happier one.

How shall we reckon up the money we owe to God? "Will a man rob God?" If he would not do this, let him consider well the claim upon him. Put together two or three points.

All the wealth, more or less, which we possess, belongs to God. We are but stewards. We are but to receive what may come to us, and use it as God wills. "The gold and the silver is Mine, saith the Lord." Do we believe this? Do we act upon this belief?

Christ became poor to make His people rich. He gave up all. He took the position of a working man,—a carpenter,—that He might give us everlasting treasures above.

God's work requires money. To extend the kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, to support missionaries in various lands, to enter the wide doors that have been opened, to make due provision for the spiritual needs of our home-heathen, to support

hospitals, orphan asylums, to print and send forth the Bible all lands, to raise up a Christian literature for India, to send pure and helpful books and publications wherever we can, requires Christians to open their purse-strings and give £1,000's, and £10,000's, if they have it.

I was hearing the other day of a godly man who had away three fortunes for Christ's cause in the Mission field, who went to ask a rich man to give a donation for the purpose. His friend complained that for six weeks person had been every day asking him for help for various objects. However, when he added up all he had given, it was only about £200. He was himself quite surprised at the amount, and was obliged to give his friend a cheque for £200.

I wish men would, in the same way, add together what they give. Put together subscriptions, money put into the poor-church, and all other donations, and then add together what is spent for self, the cost of wine and spirits, dress, jewelry, pictures, a new house, a piece of furniture, presents given to friends,—put together some or all of these, and often the total outweighs that which is given for the cause of Christ. Do you give a fifth, a tenth, or even a twentieth part of your income directly in God's work? If not, do you not owe vast amounts of "Conscience Money"? PAY YOUR DEBTS, AND PAY THEM AT ONCE.

THE DISPUTE OF THE FIVE FINGERS.

From an Address by Bishop Sargent, at the Bangalore Mission Conference.



VERY time we have met in this conference, and taken up a new subject, we have heard some one speak of the most important part of missionary operations. I think, as it should be. Every one should take part in work in which he is engaged as the most important. We do not thereby disparage other people's work. The way of regarding our different spheres of employment reminds me of a controversy said to have arisen between the Five Fingers as to which was the most important; and the Eyes were appointed jurymen, and the Tongue had to proclaim judgment.

"Well," said the Thumb, as first speaker in the controversy, "consider there can be no contention at all; your four fingers can do without my help. If it be the most delicate work to be performed by any of you singly, you invariably call me to your aid; and if it be the most powerful, you all stand on one side together, and allow me to oppose you all. Can there be any doubt that I am the most important?"

"Well," said the Tongue, "there is a great deal to be said from my point of view."

"But," said the First Finger, "this is all very nice, but what do you want to be demonstrative, what do you do? You call me to your aid and say 'There! what a beautiful object!' and when you want to lay down the law, is it not me you invite to your aid, and confirm your assertions by giving prominence to me as you bring down the whole hand?"

"Well," said the Tongue, "there is a great deal in that."

"But," said the Second Finger, "it is strange you do not acknowledge my superiority. Here you stand, two on that side and one on this, as my body-guard, while head and shoulders above you, I have confessed the superior of all."

The Tongue admitted there was a great deal of argument in that.

"But," said the Third Finger, "what is all this vain talk about? I am so powerful as *love*, and now when you want to confirm the covering of love, to which finger do you attach the ring, and so unite loving hands? It is me you call into service, and honour with so sacred a pledge."

"Well," said the Tongue, "there is a great deal in that."

Then said the Little Finger: "This is all very fine, but when you come into the presence of a superior, and even when you approach the Deity, what do you all do? You put me to the front, and behind you hide your diminished heads." [This refers especially to the mode of worship or reverent salutation, in which the clasped hands are stretched out.]

"Yes," said the Tongue, "there is a great deal in that."

And so it may be that those things that seem the smallest may in fact, the most importance attached to them. And it is not so with our work itself that will commend us to our Master, as the spirit of motive, and the purpose for which we have performed any service for His Name's sake.

"WHAT DOEST THOU HERE, ELIJAH?"



HAT is thy work for God?
Hast thou a clear, defined aim,
A calm resolve, deep-rooted in thy heart,
To glorify an absent Master's Name,
Ere He shall call thee to His perfect rest?

What doest thou in life?
On the great stage hast thou not some small part,
Which the Great Author wishes thee to fill?
And wilt thou shrink, and falter from the task,
Knowing that service is thy Master's will?

What doest thou for Him?
Knowing that thine should be a grateful heart,
Strong in its love, and swift in sympathy;
Wilt thou not gather in a cluster sweet,
Fair souls, to blossom in eternity?

What doest thou here, beloved?
Here thou art given one little hour of time—
One fleeting hour—snatched from eternity,
In which to witness and to watch for Him
Who lived His hour of life, on earth, for thee!

EVA TRAVERS POOLE.

BISHOP MOULE AT NINGPO.

Letter from the Rev. J. C. Hoare.

[The account which follows of Confirmations held at Ningpo and Tsong-gyiao, by the new Bishop of Mid-China, in March last, was sent by the Rev. J. C. Hoare, one of the Society's missionaries in China, to his father, the Rev. Canon Hoare, of Tunbridge Wells. As many of our readers during the past few weeks have doubtless had their thoughts directed, either in preparing themselves or others, to this ordinance of the Church, the letter will have a special interest for them.]

NINGPO, March 21st, 1881.



WISH I could fly over for a few minutes just to tell you something at any rate of the feeling of intense happiness which I have at present.

This morning the boys have been confirmed; yesterday the Tsong-gyiao Christians; and the services, the personal conversations, the hearty spirit shown by all the Christians in the matter, have filled my heart with thanksgiving.

I had a great deal of difficulty in preparing the up-country people, for they are so widely scattered, and the weather has been so bad, that I could not get them together. Imagine yourself with three candidates at Hastings, three more at Sevenoaks, a dozen at Penhurst, and a dozen at Tunbridge Wells. Imagine also that most of them cannot read, and that your only means of locomotion is a slow waggon, in which you have to sleep by night and eat by day; imagine also a succession of snow, rain, and thunderstorms, which soak the waggon-tilt through again and again, and you have some idea of the conditions under which I have had to prepare the candidates. Again imagine the disappointment with which I saw, on waking yesterday morning, sheets of rain driving along on a strong northerly gale, for I knew that the Tsong-gyiao people had almost all of them some miles to come. I had five miles to go, and as wind and tide were against me, I walked. To my great pleasure I found the chapel already over-crowded, and set to work talking to the candidates one by one until the time for morning service. I preached on the Gospel for the day—the strong man being turned out of his palace by the Stronger than he. I trust that it was brought home to some of their hearts.

My private examination of the candidates was interesting, but I always feel that with people who have been baptized as adults, confirmation is a different matter from what it is at home. "I saw it before," said one of the students in the college to me, "but never as I see it now." He is now twenty-nine years of age, and has been baptized seven years. The old eye doctor, a most curious specimen of humanity, surprised me by his knowledge, and charmed me with his earnestness. "I am very foolish, very ignorant, but I do believe, I do believe in my Saviour."

The Bishop came in the afternoon. The chapel was crowded to overflowing, but it is always so now. I read the Evening Prayer, the Bishop confirming after the third Collect. I do not know that I have ever felt such joy as I did when I saw the dozen rough men and women confessing Christ again in public after a year or more of trial, and in some cases of persecution. There was the eye doctor murmuring out his assent to the Bishop's sermon as he went along; the cooper with his bright intelligent face, and his two sons sitting behind him. As I looked at this trio, and then at the cooper's wife sitting behind amongst the female candidates on the other side of the chapel, and remembered how two years and a half

ago that woman had reviled me, because her husband had become a Christian, thus causing as she then thought the death of her child, I felt that the Gospel which had brought a whole family thus to the foot of the Cross is indeed "the power of God unto salvation." The eye doctor too had a jewel for his crown by his side, an old one-armed man, whom he had brought to Christ. But I cannot describe all the candidates. There were six men and six women who bore witness that the seed sown in their hearts had not withered away, but had ripened and strengthened their love.

As soon as I got back from Tsong-gyiao, I took my last confirmation class with the eleven students in the college. I think that your confirmation paper, which I translated for the occasion, has been very useful both for these boys and for the people in the country.

This morning (Monday), instead of our usual class, we had a meeting for prayer, then breakfast and morning prayer in the church as usual. After the service I told those who wish to be confirmed that the church would be left open for them for quiet prayer, as our crowded college affords no opportunity for privacy. I was glad, on going in to see that everything was in order, that several boys were availing themselves of the opportunity. The confirmation was at 10 A.M. The church was filled with the ordinary Sunday congregation, the candidates for confirmation being in the front seats, males on one side, females on the other side, as usual. There were a few men and women from the out-stations, and a dozen girls from the girls' school, thirty-one in all. The service was very impressive, and as I saw my boys kneeling before the Bishop, my heart went up in prayer that they might be indeed filled with the Holy Spirit of God, and be faithful soldiers and servants of Christ unto their lives' end. I believe too they will, for the Spirit of God is with us. After the Confirmation we all knelt together around the Lord's Table, nearly seventy communicants, at least sixty of our own congregation; and five years ago all the Christians in this part of the city used to meet for Sunday afternoon service in the little room that is now the day-school. The missionary life may have its trials, but truly it has its reward.

LONG'S EASTERN PROVERBS AND EMBLEMS.

A VERY remarkable book has just been published by an old and valued missionary of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. James Long, formerly of Calcutta. It is entitled, *Eastern Proverbs and Emblems, Illustrating Old Truths* (Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill), and is a vast collection of Oriental proverbs, grouped under many heads, and thus made to illustrate religious and moral truths. In his preface, Mr. Long justly observes that "proverbs are not the productions of the book-worm or the midnight oil"; that "proverbs were before books—they come from the great books of Nature and common sense"; that they "speak in a language understood of the people." In two ways, therefore, the study of them is useful. First, they throw great light upon the history and customs of ancient and little-known nations. They are more worth searching for than coins and inscriptions, which mostly tell only of kings and their doings, while proverbs reveal the customs and beliefs of the people who used them. Secondly, they may be used with effect in religious instruction; and Mr. Long recommends them both to preachers and teachers at home and to missionaries abroad.

We hope in future numbers of the GLEANER to quote from this most interesting and useful book. Meanwhile let us give only two illustrations of its method. One of the two hundred and twenty sections or groups is on the words of Ecclesiastes, "Two are better than one," and "A three-fold cord is not quickly broken." Of this principle expressed in these words twenty-one illustrations are given, among which are these:—"With men of one mind even the sea might be dried up" (Bengali proverb); "With one hand I do not even tie a knot" (Russian proverb); "You cannot clap with one hand alone" (Afghan proverb); "A chariot will not go on one wheel" (Sanskrit proverb). Another section illustrates "He that watereth shall be watered also himself"; and among the proverbs cited are the following:—"The garment in which you clothe another will last longer than that in which you clothe yourself" (Arab); "Who gives alms sows one and reaps one thousand" (Turkish).

The book is quite unique of its kind. It is a monument of industry. The collection was begun twenty-five years ago. It has been gathered from more than a thousand volumes, some very rare, and to be found only in libraries in Russia, India, &c. It should be laid on the table ready for reference; and every one who thus uses it will soon learn to be grateful to Mr. Long.



INDIANS OF THE FAR WEST.

LETTERS FROM BISHOP RIDLEY—A WINTER'S CAMPAIGN.

[Our friends will be glad to hear again of Bishop Ridley and his work amongst the inland tribes of Indians in the new diocese of Caledonia. The first letter is written from the interior, at Hazelton, on the Skeena River; the second, from Fort Simpson, on the coast. In the GLEANER for September, 1879, a description of the new diocese is given, together with a map of British Columbia, and a portrait of the Bishop.]



SHALL describe my winter's work as a winter campaign. It was preceded by seven months of seafaring among the many maritime tribes of Indians. Last May (1880) I paid my first visit to the inland tribes of Indians. It was a novel experience, and much pleasanter than tooting about the open sea in a "dug-out," as canoes are called. Oh for the comparative luxury of my stout steam launch! My voyage up

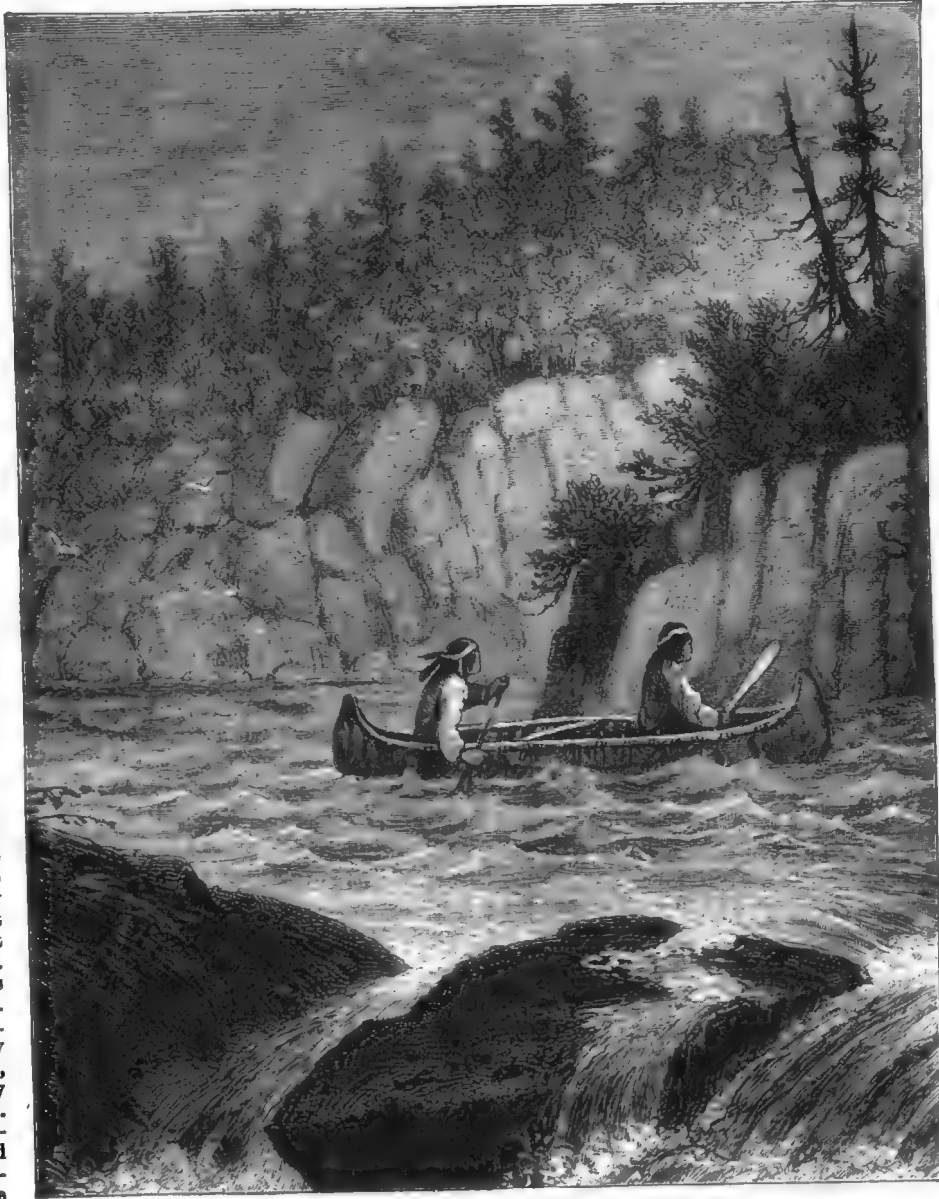
lasted a fortnight. Fourteen days breasting the rapid Kchia or Skeena River: fourteen days without destruction amid fine scenery; fourteen camps beneath forest trees beside a river, in some places miles broad, dotted with innumerable islands. Working from dawn to sunset, often soused, as sailors say, by the angry-looking rapids, we enjoyed our hard-earned rest each night. With branches from the friendly cedar that spread its arms over us, our bed was soon made. Crew were no sooner outstretched than they sunk into deep sleep undisturbed by each other's snoring. This, like the wild rapids, that twist and whirl our canoe as if she were a nut-shell, one soon becomes accustomed to. Fresh air aided sleep, and each morning saw us thrust out into the current with a relish for battling with it. How I should have laughed at pity. I rather pitied my former self wrestling with the work and worry of a large Yorkshire parish.

My purpose took me into every cluster of Indian lodges. I advised the lovers of the picturesque to content themselves with a distant view. Dirt prevails over all. It partly accounts for the Indians' roving habit.

A few years of staying at home would immure them within a rampart of dirt. They make a new home rather than cleanse the old one.

I saw no time should be lost when I came here in the spring. As I could send no teacher I changed my own plans, and instead of settling in my newly-built house at Fort Simpson came up here, and though ill-prepared, began operations in the heart of the enemy's country. Mrs. Ridley came, too, and is the first Englishwoman who has navigated the Skeena. Horrors and calamities were predicted, but, happily, were falsified by the event.

On arrival I rented a cabin, but finding the rent heavy and the property for sale, I bought it, lest it should get into hands inimical to Missions. After building a fireplace and putting in glass windows, we got some native bark mats and nailed over the logs to keep out the wind and snow. Fairly lodged, we feared not the cold that has kept the mercury frozen. My first operation was to open a day-school. So the battle began. My pupils were my infantry. Fewer many, I drudged away daily at A, B, C, and 1, 2, 3. The school grew—nearly two hundred attended. The medicine-men, who are the priests of this heathenism, took alarm. A band of the painted wretches danced round the entrance to the school. As the din stopped work I stepped quickly up to the chief performer, took him by the shoulders, and before he could recover his self-possession, had him at the river's brink, assured him I should assist him further down the next time he interrupted my work. This prompt action seemed to unnerve the party. After loud talking they withdrew, and ever



ON A RIVER IN THE FAR WEST OF BRITISH AMERICA.

after kept their distance. This also seemed to encourage the pupils. It intensified the hatred of the enemy. When the school-bell was rung through the village, out would rush one of the foe on the ringer. But ring, ring, ring goes the bell daily, and in flock my infantry. They have done famous havoc in the enemy's ranks. Bolts of truth have been shot into their camp. The three R's have been taught. The first class have read half through the Second Book, First Series, and the writing of some is remarkably good. While the teaching proceeded the background would be filled by interested and wondering spectators. The pictorial Bible lesson was a great attraction. The school has been a marked success. I have great faith in my infantry.

Now I must describe my artillery practice. The medicine chest is my ammunition tumbril. Stopped phials have been my Armstrong guns, and my shells hurled on the foe from pill boxes. During school hours bodies of the wounded would accumulate, and, school over, my artillery would be plied. Five hundred and fifty applications for healing have been made, and if, as the medicine-men say, I have killed some, I have relieved so many, that I am the most famous medicine-man known to the nation. So raged the battle. You may like to hear of one particular encounter. I was called to see a sick woman, but the native practitioner was there before me. My rule was to have nothing to do with cases where native treatment was also applied. So I would not treat this case that night. About fifteen feet apart, with the blazing fire between, sat twelve brawling

Let not your heart be troubled
ye believe in God, believe
also in me
I am come a light into the world
that whosoever believeth on me
should not abide in darkness
John Thomas Wade

The first two texts of a Kitikshean lay preacher, taught to write by Bishop Ridley last winter.

men with sticks like yard measures in their hand. With these they kept good time in striking the resonant cedar planks laid before them. The drummer was between me and the fire, and the doctor standing over the patient was the other side of the fire. So the party formed a square with the friends of the patient interspersed. Over her stood the doctor, a strapping fellow painted red, the colour his only clothing. In his right hand was his gourd-shaped rattle, and with his left hand he made mesmeric passes, and stroked the woman energetically, even frantically, from head to foot at each stroke. Though the cold was great the prolonged effort caused the perspiration to stream down and damage his paint. The din was fearful, but good time maintained throughout, and by degrees the woman became quiet and appeared to lose consciousness. I turned away in sorrow and pity. Next day I was called again, but found it too late to do aught but afford temporary relief. She died that night. On my next visit the corpse was surrounded by the poor creature's valuables, the most prized, an accordion, being placed on her face. For weeks afterwards the mother made the valley ring with her plaintive lamentations at the grave, over which the same valuables and instrument still dangle.

Space would fail (time, too) to narrate all the exciting events of this winter. Nothing interfered with steady school work and my medical practice. Young men gathered round me. An undercurrent of rebellion against the heathen abominations became apparent. The old men complained of their loss of influence. Indications of a better state of things grew clearer. The dog-eating rites were performed less boldly. The time had come, I thought, for a bold step on my side. I invited the four chief men of each Indian confederacy, and thirty-two responded favourably and came to my feast. After the eating and drinking came the speaking. I addressed them, and seven responded. The older orators announced their resolve to finish their course on the old lines. The younger demurred. This was most promising for the Gospel. The children first, then the young men, and these secured, the old men must follow the younger eventually. The week following I was invited back, and was received by about five hundred men with much distinction. Again the old men stated their case. Their spokesman held aloft the mask and other symbols of the past, and said, "These were my forefathers. These are my Bibles. Would you give up your Bible! Why then should you require me to give up mine?" But again a better feeling was abroad. This happened on the last day of the feast. The crowds melted away, but re-assembled at a village eight miles distant before the final break up. Before this took place I was invited to meet them again. When the same invitation was repeated I walked up the frozen river, and a great lodge containing about four hundred men was prepared for my reception. Then I took solemn leave of them, urging them to turn to God and forsake the evil of the old ways. This has been the largest gathering of Indians that has taken place for a generation, and placed an opportunity for doing good in my reach, worth not only the labour it involved, but more than it is possible to compute. The place is now well-nigh emptied of its people. They are scattered in all directions, some carrying stores to the gold mines, some going to their hunting-grounds, and some to the coast to be ready for the fishery.

What are the results of the winter campaign? you will ask. It is impossible to state this fully, for God only knows. But this we know, much suffering has been alleviated, much ignorance removed, and much enmity overcome.

March 9th, 1881.

The battle with heathenism continues, but there are some prisoners of hope in and about the Great Captain's camp. The man I wrote about, named Tom, I baptized before he left for the mines. Already his career has been marked. The party of Indians he started with reckoned on obtaining food supplies from the next northern village sixty miles off, where the Indians are Roman Catholics (I have doctored hosts of them this winter). They refused to sell food. Starvation stared Tom and his party in the face. Two days they lingered on, when a council was held. All agreed that some of their number should return for food, but before action was taken, some one remembered that John Thomas Wade, *alias* Tom, could write. He was asked to write to me, which he did, and a very sensible, well written, and well spelled letter it is (in pencil), and I keep it as the first letter ever written by a Kitiksian Indian. The Roman Catholic Indians saw the letter slowly written—it amazed them—an Indian write! They were told it was going to the Bishop. This terrified them. At once their salmon houses were opened. The party were so loaded with supplies, that after they had gone some miles out of sight they buried part for their return journey. So much for a letter written by an Indian who, last October, could not distinguish M from N, or P from B. But that is not all. During his stay there the Sunday came round, and with it the service. J. T. Wade read the prayers, and preached two sermons. The texts he wrote on paper and sent them to me by a party he met returning hither. It reached me yesterday. The first is one that comforted him when first he came forward as an inquirer, and therefore stirred up persecution, John xiv. 1. I send the writing itself, written in the wilds. [See fac-simile on preceding page.]

Did I tell you about the dog-eating? The dog-eaters are the most

advanced in the vile mysteries of heathenism. They rush wildly about naked, tearing the body of a dog yet quivering. The wretch who was foremost in this vile business during this winter's feasting came to me fortnight since by night. He is a powerful fellow: gaunt-featured and strong-willed. "I am wicked, I am wretched; my life has been abominable. I know not what to do. I will not go on in the old way; but am too bad for anything good. What am I to do?" He has since boldly condemned his past life before his neighbours. He is now in a storm Hotel and feared, the old comrades bid him stand to the old gun and fight the new assailant or take the consequences. "Show me where I can build a house for myself," he said to me last night; "I have given up the past. It is a struggle, I assure you." I see many signs of awakening in others. I have baptized two men, and have several catechumens.

A NAVAL OFFICER AT FRERE TOWN.

[The following letter to the Society from Captain Brownrigg, R.N. of H.M.S. *London*, the Senior Naval Officer on the East Coast of Africa giving an account of a visit paid by him to Frere Town in March last will be read with much interest. It was from Captain Brownrigg that the *Waxanda Euvvys* received so much kindness on their voyage to Zanzibar *en route* for the interior.]



HAVE just returned from a cruise to Mombasa in one of our steam pinnaces, and I think it will interest you to hear from an outsider what he thought about his short visit to the Mission at Frere Town.

I arrived at Frere Town on Sunday, 20th March, about noon and was at once boarded by Mr. Streeter, who took me on shore to dine with him. On our way up the hill we called on the Rev. A. Menzies. I was much struck with the pretty harbour and the view from their verandah. After stopping there a short time, I went on to Mr. Streeter, and after dinner visited with him the Sunday-school. I took the first class of boys, and was much struck with their intelligent answers. The answers were not given parrot fashion, but they seemed clearly to understand "justification by faith," and several other questions I put to them. I was still more surprised when I heard them all rise and sing in English several hymns. They seem to be perfectly trained in the Tonic Sol-fa system, and sang their words as clearly in parts as any English children could have done; and again, what struck me, as captain of a man-of-war, was the order and discipline maintained—the classes marching out of school in order at a sign from their teachers. I saw Mrs. Menzies amongst the teachers working hard at her good work. After school I attended the Swahili service held in the schoolroom. The room was filled, and the congregation most attentive. I regret that my little knowledge of Swahili did not admit of my following the catechist, who preached extempore and fluently, and seemed to be an earnest man. In the evening the Menzies kindly asked me to tea, with Mr. Streeter, on our return at 8 P.M. We found a lot of small boys, who had come of their own accord to hear the Bible read and to sing a few hymns, which lasted about an hour.

The following morning I accompanied Mr. Streeter to see the labourers told off for work. They had collected both men and women in a small house (that they had run up themselves), for the purpose of hearing the Bible read and a hymn or two sung prior to their going to work. Some of them had begun as early as 5.30. A.M. to work, and at or about 7 they mustered at their house, when the catechist explained portions of the Bible, and then they fell in, in two semi-circles, outside the house, and were told off to work in the different shambas. They all seemed happy and comfortable, and when I passed by an hour or so afterwards, they were hard at work. After breakfast I visited the school and took the first class of boys in arithmetic and mental calculation. It is indeed astonishing how in such a short time these boys could have picked up so much. It speaks well for their intelligence, and still more so for Mr. Handford, who has taken such pains to instruct them. I had not the pleasure of

meeting him at Mombasa, as I heard he had (to the great regret of all) been obliged to leave for change of climate, owing to ill health. The boys worked out for me a good sum in fractions, compound, &c., and in one question I said, "Now boys, 25 times 25 mentally?" and out came the answer from two or three, quickly and correctly.

I am sure it will be of interest to you to hear this, as they do not know at Mombasa that I knew you, or was likely to write, and I caught, in sailor parlance, "every one aback." I saw them in their daily life. I asked Mr. Streeter to give the school a half-holiday, which he kindly consented to, and the afternoon was devoted to sports—cricket, tug-of-war, putting the shot, racing, jumping. The young men are getting on well at cricket, and show good form. I was well caught by a boy doing duty. In a tug-of-war which followed four of my men were, after a short struggle, pulled over the line; and in another tug, ten natives against ten, they kept up a steady pull, neither side giving way for quite eight or nine minutes, when a draw was called. They showed great powers of endurance. All seemed happy and contented, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The girls pulled the boys, which seemed to give great pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Menzies were present, and entered into the fun with spirit. Mr. Streeter was the life and soul of all; he is most energetic. When I came into Mombasa I had very little coal left, and he kindly sent natives to cut coal for me, and also supplied me with a bag of charcoal to mix with it. In the evening I had tea at the Menzies', and then went with them to Mr. Streeter's, where there was a meeting. At 10 p.m. I said good-bye to my good kind friends and went on board, sailing the following morning at daylight, having spent, I can truly assure you, a most pleasant two days, and left much and deeply impressed with all I had seen, and with all their kindness to a stranger.

CHARLES J. BROWNRIGG,
Captain R.N. and Senior Officer.

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

XII.—Life and Health for Body and Soul.

"Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."

Acts ix. 31—43.

WHEN a Mission has been successful, and little bands of converts are scattered over a country or district, we find the missionary travelling about, visiting one place after another, to encourage and instruct the infant churches. So Bishop Sargent in Timnevely, Mr. Vaughan in Krishnagar, Mr. Wolfe in Fuh-kien.

In this chapter, Peter thus, "on visitation"—ver. 32, "passed throughout all quarters." See two great gifts which God enabled him to give—

LIFE and HEALTH. Health to sick Æneas; life to dead Dorcas (read passage). But were these the great work Peter had to do? Was it to heal Æneas and raise Dorcas that he came to Lydda and Joppa? No: he had something better even than life and health! His work was to bring—

Life and health for the soul.

(1) **Life.** See the result of his miracles: "all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron turned to the Lord"; "it was known throughout all Joppa, and many believed in the Lord." Was not this a raising from the dead? See Eph. ii 1—"you hath He quickened" (*i.e.*, made alive) "who were dead in trespasses and sins." Is not this a greater miracle?

(2) **Health.** Living persons see, hear, feel, speak, act: but can they always do so well? Not in sickness [illustrate]. If we don't hear God's voice readily, speak in prayer and praise readily, do God's will readily, what is the reason? Soul not in health. So we confess, "There is no health in us." But God wants us to be strong (Eph. vi. 10; 2 Tim. ii 1; 1 John ii. 14). How? See ver. 31—"walked in the fear of the Lord," "in comfort of the Holy Ghost."

In many places we have *Medical Missions*. The C.M.S. has medical missionaries in East Africa, Persia, China, Kashmir, among Santals, on Afghan and Beluch frontier. What do they go for? To heal the body? Yes; but in this way to win their way to the soul too.

Pray that heathen souls may receive *spiritual life*, and the souls of Christian converts *spiritual health and strength*.

[This lesson may be rendered the more interesting by a reference to the pictures of Joppa and Lydda on page 83, and to the Society's work in the towns of Dorcas and Æneas.]

VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF MADRAS TO THE C.M.S. TELUGU MISSION.

BY THE REV. S. MORLEY, *Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop.*



It was my privilege to attend the Bishop of Madras on his visitation tour in February and March, and possibly the readers of the GLEANER may like to hear something of what we saw.

The first missionary station we reached was Ellore, under the charge of the Rev. F. N. Alexander. Here, on March 6th, the Revs. H. W. Eales and A. S. Vores, the latter a Native Tamil, were ordained priests, in the handsome and commodious church. The Bishop preached on the occasion, and the whole service was very solemn and interesting. In the afternoon I addressed the children, Mr. Alexander interpreting for me. I asked questions during my address, and they were readily answered by the children, who sat on the floor with their black eyes earnestly fixed on the stranger. And yet one did not feel a stranger: though we spoke different languages, there was the feeling of union which belief in Jesus Christ always gives. In a congregation it is easy to point out the women who have been brought up in Mission schools, they are so much brighter and more intelligent-looking than the others.

I think it was at Ellore I was told of a Native Christian who had lost his child. He said he had now no child to dedicate to God, but he had a calf, and this when grown was to be sold, and the proceeds devoted to God's work.

One day we went to an out-station, Polsanapille, and after inspecting the site of a new church to be built in place of the old one (which was erected seventeen years ago, chiefly through the Bishop's liberality) the Bishop held a confirmation in a large tent pitched under some fine trees. A number of the heathen stood round, and we heard that they were much surprised at seeing so many Christians. After the service, the Bishop spoke to some of the people. Among them was a very old man who was beaten by his neighbours when he became a Christian; but he remained firm, and now his family are inquirers. He is now looked up to and respected by even the heathen of the village.

From Ellore we went to Bezwada by boat. As we glided along, the gorgeous sunset of crimson and gold was reflected in the smooth waters of the canal, and the feathery palms showed gracefully against the pure blue sky, making a scene of peace and beauty impossible to describe. At Bezwada we were met by Mr. Harrison, who has lately returned from England. Here there was a confirmation and inspection of schools.

Raghapur, about thirty miles from Bezwada, was the next station. This journey was made in palanquins by night, and was very hot and dusty. The bearers go shuffling along, throwing up the dust, and this, added to the smoke from the torches (which are always carried so that the smoke comes straight into the palanquin), makes the traveller rather uncomfortable and dirty. The bearers seem happy enough. They sing as they go, and make jokes amongst themselves, and if the traveller understands them, he may find they are criticising him, especially his weight, or they calculate their chances of a present. We reached Raghapur about seven in the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Stone welcomed us, and some of the school-boys were ringing peals on the hand-bells, which Mrs. Stone has taught them to ring. The effect was very pleasing. A confirmation and other services were held, and I must say many an English congregation would be put to shame by the heartiness of the responses. I have noticed this generally in native congregations, and the effect is very fine and devotional.

As many of the people had come from distances of fifty or sixty miles, Mr. Stone gave a dinner to about 800 in his compound. The moon was full, and a tropical full moon is no mean light; and there the people sat in rows waiting for their cury

and rice, strongly reminding one of the people whom our Lord fed that they should not faint on the way home. Several bushels of boiled rice were heaped on clean mats, and each person was provided with a plate. Two hundred of these plates cost about fourpence halfpenny in English money; they consist of leaves sewn together. On these the curry and rice were served out, and there was an almost silent enjoyment of the meal, for an assembly of Hindoos is far more quiet than a gathering of English people.

One morning three men came from a village about sixty miles distance to ask Mr. Stone for a teacher. One of them said he had heard of a God who made him, and who would forgive his sins; that hitherto he had not known what would become of him when he died. The look on the man's face was one of eager anxiety. I wish thousands of people could have seen that man's face. It was more moving than any words. Then came the painful part, viz., that there was no one to send. Missionary agents have sometimes to travel distances of fifty or sixty miles, so that their visits to villages are necessarily short and few.

The people of the Telugu country are asking for the Gospel; a wave of inquiry is rolling over the people. Oh, what will the Lord of the harvest say if we do not satisfy the cry for the Bread of Life? We are to pray; and God will doubtless send the labourers, but He will not send the money to pay them with, and He does not intend them to starve. It is the Church's duty and privilege to give. It is the Lord's last command, that the world is to be evangelised. What is the sum spent upon Missions compared with the money spent upon drink? The cry everywhere is for more help; the men would be forthcoming if the money were. I never felt as I do now how much the Church of Christ has to answer for in not supplying more means. It grieved me to see earnest loving missionaries and their wives evidently feeling deeply how much more might easily be done by them if they could get more helpers. The Native Church does subscribe, I think well, but the majority of the people are very poor.

At Raghapur there is an old man who was once a great thief; but he began to think about religion, and thought the gods of the heathen could do nothing. He then heard of the Christians, and went to see what they were like. When he heard the Gospel, he said, "That is what I have been looking for;" and after a time he became a Christian. He is very useful in teaching others, and the story of his own life often produces a great effect on the heathen who hear it.

I must hasten on to Masulipatam. This is the place which was visited by the terrible cyclone of 1864, when the sea swept nine miles inland, and drowned thirty thousand people, among them nearly half the girls in one of the Mission schools. The well-known "Noble School," under the Rev. E. N. Hodges, is an

institution for which not only the Church, but the State, should be deeply thankful. Everything is done to instil into the students high principles, and most careful instruction is given in the truths of the Gospel. There are some bright examples of Brahmins who have been led to become Christians. The Bishop distributed the prizes. On the previous prize day the Duke of Buckingham, the late Governor of Madras, was present. He gave a handsome donation, and particularly requested that part of it should be reserved for a Bible prize.

Mr. Padfield is engaged in training Native agents, whilst Mrs. Padfield manages the Sharkey Memorial Girls' School. There are nearly a dozen girls' schools in different parts of the town, superintended by Mrs. Padfield, Mrs. Hodges, Miss Brandon, and Mrs. Ratnam. The Bishop held a confirmation, preached, and spoke at various services and meetings in Masulipatam. Here I had the pleasure of giving a temperance address to a number of Native young men, and also addressed the Native Sunday-school under the Rev. M. Ratnam.



BEZWÂDA, TELUGU COUNTRY, AND THE ANICUT ON THE RIVER KISTNA.

As usual, the want is pecuniary help. If our friends at home could see the work for themselves, their hearts would be warmed, and their subscriptions would be largely increased. If this sketch is only made the means of stirring up a deeper practical interest in Mission work, I shall be thankful indeed.

The above picture represents one of the places visited by the Bishop during the tour here described. The great river Kistna, which flows across South India and falls into the Bay of Bengal, passes, about fifty miles from the sea, between two high hills. At this point a huge anicut, or dam, has been constructed to check the rushing waters and divert them into canals, which carry them right and left over the country, irrigating it and making what was once a wilderness a fruitful land. Here stands the town of Bezwâda, where a mission was begun by the Rev. T. Y. Darling in 1858. It was while he was preaching there to the crowds at a heathen festival that a man named Venkayya came to him to learn more of the truth; and through Venkayya's influence large numbers have embraced the Gospel.

THE JAFFA MISSION.

"Lydda was nigh to Joppa."
Acts ix. 38.

WE hope the readers of the GLEANER do not forget that the C.M.S. has a Mission in Palestine. We do not often refer to it, because other larger Missions take up all the space; besides which, it is mostly a preparatory work at present. It is scarcely possible for a Mohammedan to embrace Christianity in the Turkish Empire; and it is the Mohammedans that we especially desire to win to Christ, although efforts are also made to enlighten the ignorant Christians of the corrupt Eastern churches.

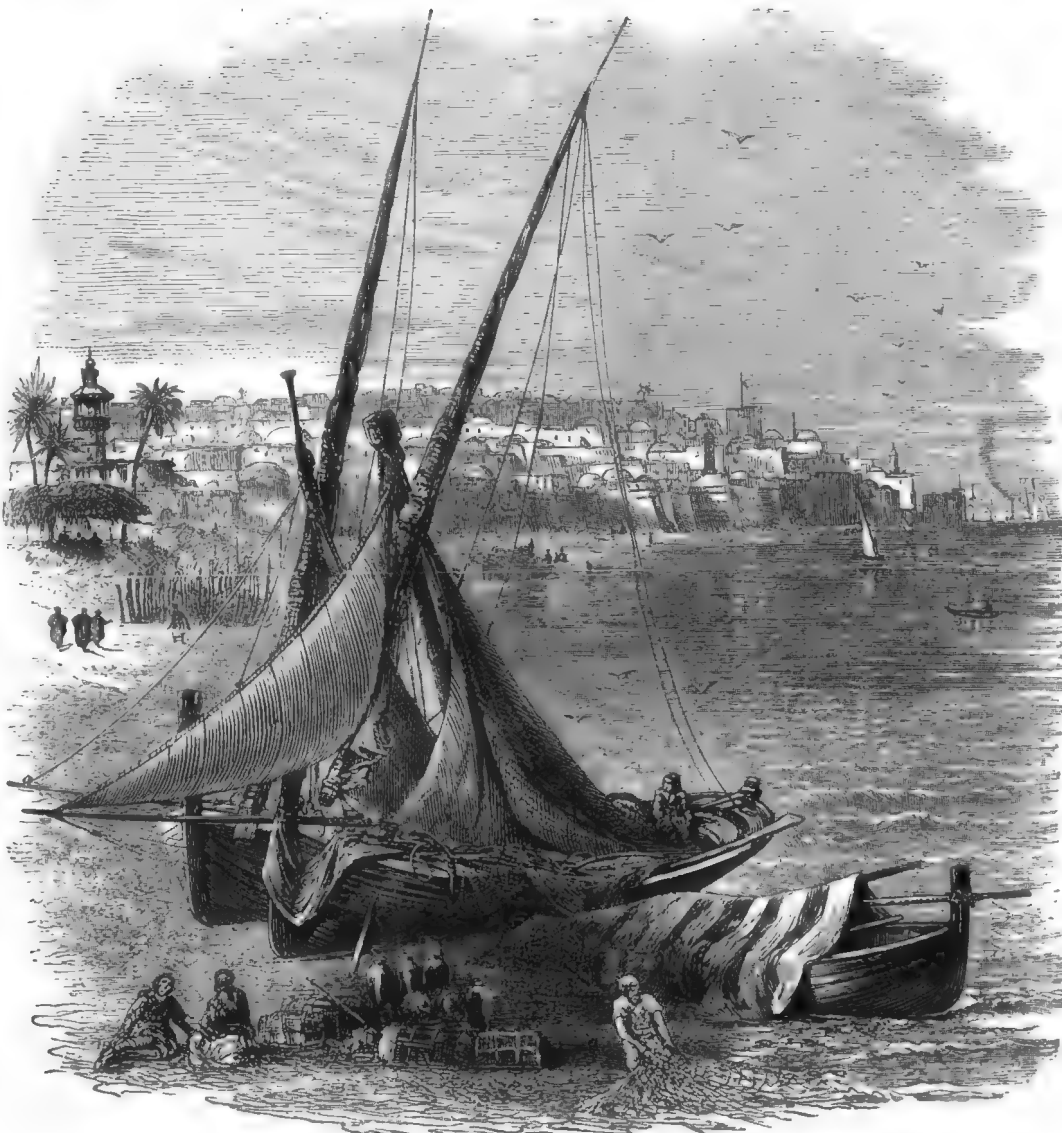
One of our stations is *Jaffa*, the ancient Joppa, where Solomon's timber for the temple was landed, where Jonah embarked, where Peter raised Dorcas to life, and sojourned with Simon the tanner, and saw the vision of the great sheet. Here the Rev. J. B. L. Hall is labouring diligently, by means of Church services in Arabic, Bible classes, and schools.

At *Lydd*, too, the ancient Lydda, which was "nigh to Joppa," and where Peter restored the palsied Eneas to health, there are flourishing mission schools. And also at other places in the Plain of Sharon.

We ask the readers of the GLEANER to pray that the fertile Plain of Sharon may become a garden of the Lord spiritually; that many in Jaffa and Lydda may hear the words spoken to their souls which Peter spoke to Dorcas and Eneas—"Arise!"—"Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."



LYDDA, IN THE PLAIN OF SHARON.



JAFFA, THE ANCIENT JOPPA.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR MISSIONS?

A Farthing Fund.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We are taught in Holy Scripture to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, and I have just had an illustration of what may be done by collecting farthings. There is a parish in Oxfordshire where the practice has prevailed for thirty years—the school children began in 1851, and have continued it ever since. In the first year the number collected was 553, and they have risen in one year to 2,318; the total number collected in the thirty years has been 42,524, amounting to £44 5s. 11d. Last year the number collected was 1,523, or £1 11s. 8½d. by 17 girls and 12 boys, the lowest being 24, and the highest 181; they are collected by the clergyman's daughters quarterly, and at the annual meeting they are put into bags and are hung on the rail in front of the platform in the school-room, which is always nicely decorated for the occasion. Is not this an example that might be followed in other places, and in some more favoured ones with coin of larger value?
J. H.

A GLEANER EXAMINATION IN CALCUTTA.

A competitive examination has been held in Calcutta, for prizes offered for the best accounts of missionary work in India during 1880. The conditions were, (1) that the account be of work in India only, (2) that all the information be obtained from the CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER, (3) that something be taken from every number of the GLEANER for 1880. The Calcutta Localised Edition of the GLEANER says, "The first prize has most deservedly been obtained by Ellen Baker, whose paper is most interesting, and shows much thoughtfulness and care."

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

JULY.—MANY.

We sow with tears and pain;
We hope, and not in vain,
To find it after many days;
Our many sins He bare,
And many crowns shall wear,
And hear the "many waters" praise. A. E. M.
* Rev. xix. 6.

First Qr. . . 4d. 5h. 16m. p.m.
Full Moon. 11d. 2h. 13m. p.m.

JULY.

Last Qr. . . 18d. 5h. 33m. a.m.
New Moon. 26d. 5h. 19m. a.m.

1	F	The grace of God hath abounded unto many. Ro. 5. 15.
2	S	<i>Nyanza Miss. recd. by Mtesa, 1877.</i> A great door and effectual, [and many adversaries. 1 Co. 16. 9.
8	S	<i>3rd aft. Trin. 1st Sikh bapt., 1858.</i> Many called, few chosen. <i>M. 1 Sa. 2. 1-27. Ac. 10. 24. E. 1 Sa. 8, or 4. 1-19. 2 John. [Mat. 22. 14.</i>
4	M	By one man's di-obedience many were made sinners. Ro. 5. 19.
5	T	By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. Ro. 5. 19.
6	W	He bare the sin of many. Is. 53. 12.
7	T	Once offered to bear the sins of many. Heb. 9. 28.
8	F	My blood...shed for many for the remission of sins. Mat. 26. 28.
9	S	Many devices in a man's heart...the counsel of the Lord that [shall stand. Prov. 19. 21.
10	S	<i>4th aft. Trin. Many brought gifts unto the Lord. 2 Chr. 32. 23. M. 1 Sa. 13. Ac. 15. 30 to 16. 16. E. 1 Sa. 13, or Ru. 1. Mat. 4. 23 to 5. 13.</i>
11	M	<i>1st C.M.S. church op. in Japan, 1875.</i> Many shall run to and
12	T	Many members, yet one body. 1 Co. 12. 20. [fro. Dan. 12. 4.
13	W	<i>Mrs. Krapf d., 1844.</i> Many waters cannot quench love. Ca. 8. 7.
14	T	<i>Nyanza party started from coast, 1876.</i> Yet too many. Judg. 7. 4.
15	F	No restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few. 1 Sam. 14. 6.
16	S	See the land, what it is; and the people, whether they be...few [or many. Num. 13. 18.
17	S	<i>5th aft. Trin. Made a great supper, and bade many. Lu. 14. 16. M. 1 Sa. 15. 1-24. Ac. 20. 1-17. E. 1 Sa. 16 or 17. Mat. 8. 13.</i>
18	M	So shall He sprinkle many nations. Is. 52. 15.
19	T	Many nations shall be joined to the Lord. Zech. 2. 11.
20	W	On His head were many crowns. Rev. 19. 12.
21	T	<i>Mungo Park disc. R. Niger, 1796.</i> After many days thou shalt be
22	F	As poor, yet making many rich. 2 Cor. 6. 10. [visited. Ez. 38. 8.
23	S	Many (bones) in the open valley, and lo, very dry. Ezek. 37. 2. [for ever and ever. Dan. 12. 3.
24	S	<i>6th aft. Trin. They that turn many to righteousness as the stars M. 2 Sa. 1. Ac. 24. E. 2 Sa. 13. 1-34, or 18. Mat. 13. 22.</i>
25	M	<i>St. James. Bps. Speechly and Ridley consec., 1879.</i> Many shall [come from the east and west. Mat. 8. 11.
26	T	<i>1st Teimahean bapt., 1861.</i> Many shall see it, and fear. Ps. 40. 3
27	W	<i>Niger Miss. beg., 1857.</i> Many are Thy wonderful works. Ps. 4. 1. 5.
28	T	Thanks may be given by many on our behalf. 2 Co. 1. 11.
29	F	<i>Wilberforce d., 1833.</i> In my Father's house are many mansions.
30	S	Our backslidings are many. Jer. 14. 7. [Jo. 14. 2.
31	S	<i>7th aft. Trin. 1st bapt. at Noble Sch., 1852.</i> A good profession <i>M. 1 Chr. 21. Ro. 1. E. 1 Chr. 23, or 28. 1-21. Mat. 16. 1-24.</i>

OUR PORTFOLIO.

PREACH the Gospel, is the great commission of Christ; preaching the Gospel is the mighty engine for demolishing the kingdom of Satan; preaching the Gospel is the grand instrument for erecting the kingdom of the Lord.—*Hugh Stowell, in C.M.S. Annual Sermon, 1842.*

THERE are nine times as many people in China as there are in the United States; one-third more than in all the countries of Europe combined; twice as many as on the four continents, Africa, North and South America, and Oceania. Every third person who lives and breathes upon this earth, who toils under the sun, sleeps under God's stars, or sighs and suffers beneath the heavens, is a Chinese; every third child born into the world looks into the face of a Chinese mother; every third pair given in marriage plight their troth in a Chinese cup of wine; every third orphan weeping through the day, every third widow wailing through the night, every third person who comes to die, is a Chinese.—*Gracey's "China."*

A MISSIONARY in India was once interrupted by a Brahmin, who said, "According to what you say, it was the devil who tempted man to sin. It is unjust, therefore, to punish men."
"I will answer you," said the missionary, "with a story. A lame and a blind man were permitted by a fruit-grower to reside in his orchard. The presence of the fruit soon proved too much for them. But how were they to reach it? The lame man mounted on the blind man's shoulders, and thus they reached the trees. When the owner came, he accused them of the theft. 'Alas!' said the lame man, 'I could not go to the trees.' 'And I,' said the blind man, 'cannot even see the fruit.' 'No,' said the owner, 'but both together you managed to rob the orchard, and therefore you shall be punished together.' For the same reason God will punish both Satan and man."

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

Major-General George Hutchinson, C.B., C.S.I., has been appointed Lay Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, in the room of Mr. Edward Hutchinson. (We are desired to add that, although of the same name, the two gentlemen are not related.)

In consequence of the large number of accepted candidates for the Bishop of London's ordination on Trinity Sunday, the Bishop has arranged to ordain the C.M.S. Idlington students separately, at St. Paul's Cathedral, on St. Peter's Day, June 29th—that is, about the time that this number of the GLEANER appears. The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth has been appointed to preach the sermon. The candidates for deacons' orders are Messrs. J. W. Balding, W. H. Ball, J. S. Bradshaw, W. G. Falconer, E. Guilford, H. Lewis, J. Martin, A. D. Shaw, and W. Windsor; and for priests' orders, the Revs. T. H. Canham and A. J. A. Gollmer.

The following appointments have been made to the Society's Missions:—the Rev. J. S. Bradshaw, to Yoruba; Rev. A. D. Shaw, to East Africa; Rev. W. H. Ball, to Calcutta; Rev. J. W. Hall, to Krishnagar; Rev. H. Lewis, to Agra; Rev. W. Windsor (probably), to Lucknow; Rev. E. Guilford, to the Punjab; Rev. J. Verso, to the Telugu Mission; Rev. A. J. A. Gollmer, to Ceylon; Rev. T. H. Canham, to Athabasca, for the Esquimaux; Rev. W. G. Falconer, to work under Bishop Ridley in the Diocese of Caledonia.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of B.D. on the Rev. E. Sell, of the C.M.S. Mission to Mohammedans in Madras, Principal of the Harris School. At the Annual Meeting and Prize Distribution of this School in February last, the Right Hon. W. P. Adam, the Governor of Madras, who has since died, was in the chair.

The Bishop of Worcester has, spontaneously, appointed the Rev. E. R. Mason, M.A., C.M.S. Association Secretary in the Midland Counties, to the Vicarage of Christ Church, Birmingham, to which is attached the office of a Prebendary in Worcester Cathedral.

The Rev. A. Lewis, of the Beluch Mission, and the Rev. H. Evington, of Japan, are in England. The Rev. J. Sheldon, of Sindh, will (D.V.) have arrived before this number appears.

The Rev. C. T. Hoernle has retired to his native country, Germany, after a service in the Mission field extending altogether to no less than fifty-six years, first in Persia under the Basle Society, and for forty-three years in India under the C.M.S. Four sons of his, and two daughters, have been in the Society's service as missionaries. One, the Rev. I. G. Hermann Hoernle, is now in charge of the station at Meerut, in North India; and another, the Rev. E. F. Hoernle, M.B., is a medical missionary in Persia. One daughter is working at the Benares C.M.S. Mission under the Indian Female Instruction Society.

The Rev. Solomon Perry, an African clergyman of the Niger Mission, died suddenly at Sierra Leone on April 24th.

The Rev. T. S. Grace, son of the veteran New Zealand missionary, the late Rev. T. S. Grace, has joined the C.M.S. Mission in that country. He has been labouring as a colonial clergyman in the Diocese of Nelson; but his intimate knowledge, from his childhood, of the Maori people and their language, has marked him out for the work to which he has now devoted his life. He has taken charge of the extensive districts on the Wanganui River, in the Diocese of Wellington.

The Metropolitan of India, Bishop Johnson, of Calcutta, has been visiting the Tinnevely and Travancore Missions. In Passion and Easter Weeks he gave addresses daily in the chapel of the C.M.S. College at Cottayam.

The Bishop of Madras, in the course of a recent visitation tour through the C.M.S. Telugu Mission, confirmed 259 Native candidates at Ellore, Raghapur, and Masulipatam; besides a number (not stated) at Bezwada. Of this tour the Bishop's Chaplain gives an account on another page.

A new church at the Christian village of Clarkabad, in the Punjab, was dedicated by the Bishop of Lahore on March 11th.

The Rev. J. Vaughan writes that a destructive fire broke out at Krishnagar on April 9th, by which thirteen houses belonging to the poor Christians were destroyed.

A private letter from the Rev. G. Litchfield, dated Kagei, January 20th, mentions that a fleet of canoes had arrived there from Uganda, bringing news that Mr. Mackay and Mr. Pearson were together at Mtesa's, and both well.

In one of the Santal districts, in Bengal, the offerings of seven little congregations of Native Christians to the Church funds amounted last year to just one ton of rice. (See GLEANER, April, 1875, p. 49.)

The value of Medical Missions as an agency for effectually opening the door in China, has been illustrated by the recent addition of a medical missionary to the C.M.S. Fuh-chow Mission. Dr. Van Someren Taylor has travelled from town to town and from village to village in the Fuh-Kien Province—in one district seeing 1,600 patients in three weeks—and even in places where the Gospel message of itself has failed to attract hearers, his medicines have been successful in bringing together an attentive audience.

An interesting First Annual Report has been received from the newly-formed Native Church Council in the Island of Mauritius, of which the Rev. H. D. Buswell is Chairman, Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson, R.A., Treasurer, and Mr. Daniel Subhani, a Native Christian, Secretary. One fact mentioned is that in the last twenty years no less than eighty heathen inmates of the Government prison have received the Gospel and been baptized, mostly by the Bengali pastor, the Rev. C. Kushalli.

The Editor has received from Master Godwyn Storrs £2 2s. 6d. "as a birthday gift for the *Henry Wright steamer*"; also 1s. from "Little Herbert's Box," and 1s. from "Mrs. G. B.," for the same object. Also, for the General Fund, a Penny Census Collection by M. R., 6s.; and "A Mite from the Country," viz., a little box containing trinkets and foreign coins.

The Editor thanks C. E. J. for her letter, and much appreciates the excellent spirit manifested in her verses; but they are not up to the mark for publication.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

AUGUST, 1881.

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY THE REV. CANON RICHARDSON.

VII.—THE MISSIONARY DIFFICULTIES.



VERY Christian looks for difficulties. They are inherent to the position which he takes up for Christ against the world. But such things try his faith, throw him back upon his humility, and bring him in front of the fact that the Master will hold him up and carry him over. And every missionary will reckon upon difficulties which come from his own want of acquaintance with the habits of thought and language of the people amongst whom he lives; but he goes out with the intention, under God, of surmounting all such things.

But there are special difficulties in all true missionary work. The great deceiver of souls has entrenched himself in the dark places of the earth; and the missionary has made a lodgment within the very stronghold of his power. The beginning of the Mission, like the beginning of the Gospel, may be expected to prove what the depths and wiles and devices of Satan can do and will do to hold sinners in his grasp.

There are peculiar difficulties from the presence of so-called Christian people, who bring the vices of civilisation to degrade and disgust the primitive races whom such men often injure and oppress. The Christianity of the missionary is in strange contrast with that of the men who belong to the missionary's own Church and country; and it is a difficult matter to show to a heathen, that the religion will make him better, which he thinks has helped to make another man worse.

There are missionary difficulties from the coldness and carelessness of the Church at home. To be almost forgotten by those he often thinks about, and from whom it was hard to tear himself away; to see before him things which he cannot picture so as to make others see and sympathise; to sigh for an onward movement, and yet be called upon to take some backward step because retrenchment is forced upon him by reason of failing funds; these are difficult and painful things. We want a holy zeal which takes the missionary servants of Christ to our warmest affection, and puts them into the place of honour and chief interest in our hearts. They are often lonely; and we must make them feel that we do not forget them in our prayers. They are sometimes weak; and we ought to prove by acts of tenderest thoughtfulness that we do care about them still. They must be often discouraged and depressed; and it is our duty to show them that their cause is ours, and ours is theirs, in the holy brotherhood which distance cannot sever, nor time change.

There are no difficulties to baffle the Master, none to hinder the flow of that great tidal wave of truth and power which Heaven itself has raised and will direct. Missionary difficulties are only a challenge to our faith in Christ; but they must bring us to our knees before our God, they must bring us to our heart search about things done or not done, given or not given, for the missionary enterprise. They try the missionaries, but they shake, and should convulse, the Church that sent them forth.

MEN AND MEANS: 1880 AND 1881.



VERY reader of the GLEANER will remember the great effort made last year to clear off a deficiency in the Society's funds of £25,000; and all will have rejoiced to find by our article two months ago on the Anniversary that the financial position is now such as to call for deep thankfulness and fresh exertion.

We wish now to say a few words about *men*, that is, about the reinforcements sent out last year, and those to go this year.

It will be remembered that the cause of the financial difficulty was not any falling off in the receipts, but the growth of the expenditure; and this growth was mainly due to the large number of missionaries added to the staff in the last few years. The Committee therefore resolved that for the three years 1880, 1881, and 1882, unless the funds were much increased, only *five* new men should be sent out each year, besides *eight* who might return to the field of those at home on sick leave or otherwise.

But see what this involved. When the resolution was adopted, in April, 1880, there were still at home *seven* of the Islington College men ordained in 1879, having been kept back for want of funds; *sixteen* more would (D.V.) be ordained in June, 1880; *nine* more in 1881; and *ten* more in 1882. So that at the end of 1882 there would be, after sending out three "fives," no less than *twenty-seven* ordained Islington men waiting to go out, without reckoning any others, clergymen or laymen who might offer from elsewhere. How do we stand now? We ought, on this scheme, after sending out this year's reinforcement, to have at least *twenty-two* men still waiting. We shall have, at most, only *five*, and it may perhaps be less even than that.

We may well thank God for such a result; but how has it come about? First, several friends came forward with special contributions to enable the Society to send out some of the detained men. Secondly, the improved condition of the funds has led the Committee to sanction the sailing of five additional men this year. Thirdly, besides this, six others are to go on the Extension and Enlargement Fund, which we mentioned in our June number, and which has received in twelve months more than £16,000 in special gifts (all of them entirely over and above ordinary subscriptions). And then, in addition to all these, seven were added to the staff last year who were not Islington men, and there will be three or four this year, including, it is hoped, an English clergyman for the Niger, and medical missionaries for Kashmir and Hang-chow. Altogether, twenty-one new names appeared on the roll in the year ending March 31st, 1881, and already fifteen more have been added since then.

Our readers will like to see the list of contributions for special purposes in the last twelve months:—

Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, to support a missionary to the Bheels for three years	£1,000
St. Paul's, Cheltenham, to send the Rev. A. E. Ball out one year sooner	381
A friend of the Rev. W. H. Barlow, to send out one missionary a year sooner (devoted to Ceylon)	320
Friends at Birmingham, to send out one missionary a year sooner (devoted to Ceylon)	320
R. H. Crabb, Esq., Chelmsford, for support of an additional missionary for three years (devoted to the Punjab)	1,000
St. John's, Hampstead, in memory of Rev. H. Wright, £609; St. Paul's, Onslow Square, £237; and friends of Rev. W. H. Barlow, £280; devoted together to support of an additional missionary in the Yoruba country for three years	1,426
Mrs. Harvey, Hampstead, to support a missionary at Allahabad <i>annual for her life</i>	400
Mrs. B. Shaw, to support an additional missionary in China for three years	1,000
A friend, per Rev. W. H. Barlow, to support two missionaries on the Afghan frontier for three years <i>each year</i>	640
East Herts Association, over and above ordinary contributions, to send out one man a year sooner	320
A friend, to take advantage of the openings on the River Binue	1,000
A friend, per Rev. W. H. Barlow, for support of a missionary to the Esquimaux of the Mackenzie River for three years ...	1,000

The annual Ordination of Islington students and the annual Valedictory Dismissal of the men going out in the autumn are

always solemn and interesting occasions. Last year the Ordination was held under the shadow of the word retrenchment, Henry Wright having to announce in his sermon at St. Paul's that not one of the sixteen brave young Englishmen admitted that day to the ministry for work among the heathen could go out—that every one of them would have to take curacies at home until fresh funds were supplied. Yet before nine months had elapsed ten of them had sailed—a happy token of the increased resources God was giving to the Society. This year the two events came on successive days; the Ordination, at St. Paul's, on St. Peter's Day, June 29th, when nine Islington men were ordained Deacons by the Bishop of London, and the Valedictory Dismissal on June 30th. The Ordination Sermon was preached by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, who has himself done so much, both by word and by example, to effect the happy change in the financial outlook, and whose visit last winter to the Missions in India and Palestine have deeply impressed him with a sense both of the good work being done and of the need of extension. He had not, like Mr. Wright, to speak to men kept back. Seven of the nine had already been

appointed to their stations; and please God, the other two, the remaining four of last year, will not be long detained.

At the Valedictory Dismissal we had to think not only of young soldiers of the cross just putting on their armour, but also veteran warriors returning to the fore-front of the battle. There were Arthur Moule, and Wolfe, and Miss Laurence, for Chitral; Thwaites for the Afghan frontier; Brown for the Santal Missions and Higgs for Ceylon—the last-named a missionary of thirty years' standing, who has been serving the Society the last six years at home as an Association Secretary, but who buckled his sword again at the call of the Committee. He goes to Ceylon to release Mr. Dowbiggin for a visit home after fourteen years of uninterrupted labour. Of the young Islington men there were six for India, two for Africa, one for Ceylon, and two for North America. The new medical missionary for Hang-chow was there, Dr. Duncan Main of Edinburgh. There was a large gathering of friends, including the President, the Earl of Chester; Sir J. H. Kennaway, M.P.; Mr. Abel Smith, M.P. &c. The Rev. F. F. Goe delivered the special address.

In their replies to the instructions, every one of



GLOBE AND MISSIONARY CYCLE OF PRAYER.

missionaries asked for our prayers. How are the readers of the GLEANER to pray for them, without knowing more of them and their work? And how are we to find space to tell all about them? One of the younger men, now going out for the first time, expressed the hope that he might not be forgotten, "although," said he, "his work (to help in training Native agents in Calcutta) would be a quiet work, and not supply material for pictures and letters in the GLEANER." Well, we will try and secure that the work he is going to *shall* be mentioned in the GLEANER! But will our readers promise this on their part, that they will remember at the Throne of Grace all the missions and missionaries that *are* named in our pages, if we promise on our part to mention as many as we can?

CYCLE OF PRAYER FOR THE C.M.S. MISSIONS.

A GOOD lady friend of the Society, the same who first suggested the plan of working the "Plea for Missions" in wool, has sent us a circular card marked off in divisions representing the Society's fortnightly Cycle of Prayer, and with a globe fixed to it in the manner represented in the cut, in such a way that the globe can be turned each day so that the country prayed for is opposite the section of the card on which that country is mentioned. Thus the praying Christian can



MISSIONARY CYCLE OF PRAYER.

actually have before him that particular spot on the round earth which he is interceding with God. The second cut shows the flat surface of the card itself. The globe is a simple one, such as may be bought at a small sum at any educational bookseller's.

But some readers will ask, What is the Cycle of Prayer? Here it is as adopted by a large circle of the Society's friends:—

CYCLE OF PRAYER FOR THE C.M.S. MISSIONS, Beginning with the First Sunday in the Year.

FIRST WEEK.

- Sunday.—For the Church of Christ and all Missionary operations.
- Monday.—For West Africa, Yoruba, Niger.
- Tuesday.—For East Africa and Nyanza.
- Wednesday.—For Palestine and Persia.
- Thursday.—For Western India and Punjab.
- Friday.—For North India (Bengal and N. W. Provinces).
- Saturday.—For South India (Telugu Mission, Tinnevely, Travancore,

SECOND WEEK.

- Sunday.—For the Native Christians, Catechists, and Clergy.
- Monday.—For Ceylon and Mauritius.
- Tuesday.—For China.
- Wednesday.—For Japan.
- Thursday.—For New Zealand.
- Friday.—For North West America and North Pacific.
- Saturday.—For the provision and preparation of labourers.

Those who may wish to begin following the plan now, will like to know that the fortnights fall this year so that Sunday July 31st begins the cycle.

A CHINESE MOUNTAIN TOMB.



OW sorrowful a sight is that of a heathen's grave! Here is a picture of one in China. It lies high up among the mountains, where few feet tread but those of the goat-herd and his flock. In climates so hot as theirs, a burial must usually take place on the day after death; but this the Chinese do not look upon as the real funeral. After a time the remains are disinterred, and the bones placed in an earthen vessel, in some retired spot. They are kept there until the geomancer, or fortune-teller, has fixed an auspicious day, and pointed out the place for interment. He selects it according to the rank and means of the family, choosing, if they are wealthy, a situation of dignity, and one requiring an expensive journey. It is, if possible, among the hills. Many ceremonies are then performed, and the remains are deposited in this final resting-place.

The tombs built for those belonging to the middle classes are such as that shown in the drawing. It is on sloping ground, and consists of two parts: the inner one is of a horse-shoe form, opening towards the south, to admit good influences, but high and closed behind to shut out the evil. This is the essential part of the tomb; the other portion is an area more or less spacious, and surrounding it by way of ornament.

Near to our Mission station at Wang-pi, in the Quan-tung Province, there are several very old and magnificent tombs, said to be those of former Viceroy and Mandarins of Canton. In these the surrounding area, which is likewise of a horse-shoe shape, measures in its widest part some fifty or sixty feet across. In one of them it terminates with two lofty pillars. The hill above is clothed with firs, by the side are some graceful trees bearing a kind of walnut, and below it runs a little stream, overhung with bamboos and evergreens. A short distance off there is another remarkable tomb, having at one end of the area a broken but well-sculptured figure of a horse, richly saddled and bridled, and at the other end a lion. It is doubtless the tomb of some great military officer. The inscription is quite worn away; and a pretty yellow orchis, blossoming inside the enclosure, images the glory, so bright and brief, which this world bestows on her children.

Once every year there is a great day observed for visiting and repairing the tombs. The roads are thronged which lead in directions where graves are numerous. The crowd gradually disperses itself into groups, and some traverse the long hill paths to the more solitary tombs. Arrived there, they present

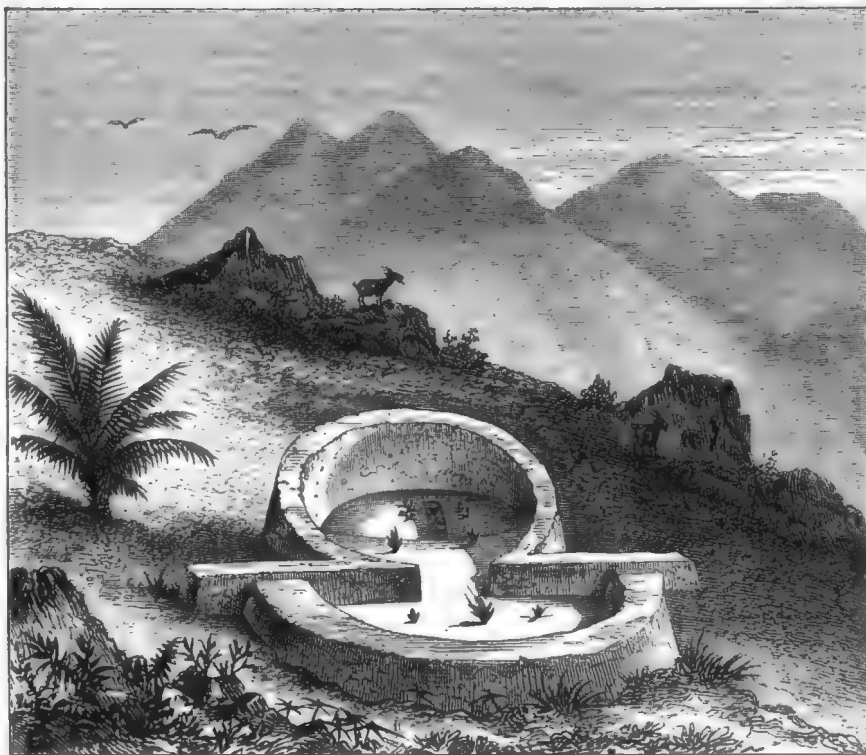
offerings to the dead of cakes, and fruit, and meat; they burn paper-money, clothes, and figures of slaves, to provide what may be needed in the unseen world; they fire crackers to affright bad spirits; they repair and redecorate the tomb, and then scatter rice on it, and leave incense sticks and red wax candles burning in front. This yearly attendance continues as long as the memory and affection for the departed one survives; but "the men that have been long dead" are forgotten; their graves are left to decay, the ferns and wild shrubs grow over them, and they are rifled by the mountain robbers in quest of any articles of value which they may contain.

When you have climbed up among the rocky heights and stand alone by the side of one of these tombs, marked simply with the half worn-out name and abode of the dead and a brief invocation to the mountain spirit, what a tide of thoughts swells in the heart! Who was this? And how and when did he live

and die? Oh, that he had known Christ Jesus! Oh, that the Gospel had come sooner here, before this one died, to tell him of forgiveness of sins and peace with God! The Judge of all the earth will do right, but what have His people been doing?

How many fresh tombs are building still on China's countless mountains day by day! A few are Christian graves now, but the multitudes are yet heathen, as of old. Ought we not to take our part quickly in sending forth the knowledge of the Redeemer to those who have not heard His fame nor tasted His love?

E. DAVYS.



A MOUNTAIN TOMB, CHINA.

AN OLD MISSIONARY'S FIRST VOYAGE.

[At this time of year, most of our brethren going out or returning to the Mission field are preparing for the voyage. It is scarcely possible for a missionary in 1881 to realise the hardships which some of these voyages involved thirty years ago. We asked our well-known veteran brother the Rev. David Hinderer to jot down for the GLEANER his recollections of his first journey to West Africa; and he has kindly sent us the following most graphic narrative.]



Y DEAR FRIEND,—You want to know something of my first voyage to the West Coast of Africa, and I have just looked through my old scraps of journal-keeping, but can find nothing relating to it more than that on the 25th March, 1849, I arrived at Badagry after a long and tedious voyage of ten weeks from Gravesend. I must therefore only give you from memory a few scraps that may interest you.

I have indeed a vivid recollection of my first lessons of patience in connection with missionary work. I ought to have proceeded to my future sphere of labour in the Yoruba country at the end of 1847, after my first ordination, but there being then no bishop yet in connection

with West Africa, I had to wait another year in England for my second ordination, and then again for several months till a vessel could be found sailing so far down the coast, and though I seemed to be usefully employed during the time, yet it seemed as if that year of waiting would never come to an end. At last we heard of a little Jersey schooner, the *Sultana*, Captain Le Cressley, being bound for West Africa, and going as far as Badagry, the furthest station of the mercantile house of Hutton on the coast.

At Gravesend, where I embarked, I had my last dinner on shore, with my dear friend the Rev. J. F. Schön, with whom I had studied the Hausa language during my waiting time. I was the only passenger, and occupied the captain's cabin, because that was the only place in the ship that could be called a cabin, but it was a comfortable one, and could even boast of a chest of drawers. It was the beginning of January, and bitterly cold, but I comforted myself with the idea that I might as well enjoy the cold while I had it, for soon I should be hot enough in the tropics, so we sailed comfortably and quietly down the river and as far as the Downs.

I cannot give the exact dates, because I write from memory, but it was on a Saturday evening late that we passed Dungeness Lighthouse; it was blowing tremendously hard, and we seemed to go as if running a race, for the waters rushed past us furiously. Not being sea-sick, I enjoyed it immensely, though I thought it strange that our little ship should lean so much on one side, for we were sailing to tack, and I made a remark to some of the sailors about this strange behaviour of the ship. I got no answer, but they looked at each other with that sort of look that seemed to say, "He is green!" However, I went to my berth in good time, and soon was asleep. I awoke several times during the night, for there was a good deal of tramping of sailors' feet on deck, and what was stranger still was that I did not only hear the water rush past furiously, but actually covering the bull's eye of my cabin; this I thought very strange, and would have got up to see what was the matter, though, if there was any danger, I thought again, they would surely call me up, and anyhow I could not do any good—the sailors must know best what to do; so I commended myself and all the ship's company again to God's Almighty protection, went to sleep again, and slept soundly till break of day, when we seemed to be quiet as if in harbour. Quickly I dressed, got on deck, and to my surprise found we were riding at anchor off Dungeness Lighthouse. I asked one of the sailors, "Why, how is this? We passed this place last evening, and seemed to sail very fast all night, and yet here we are again." "Yes," was the answer, "and you may thank Heaven that you are here, and not at the bottom of the sea." Then by dint of importunate questioning I learned from the captain that we had it very rough in the night, that the *Sultana* sprang a leak, that one of the two pumps would not act, and that we were just within an inch of foundering. So here we were again, and had to be another fortnight, partly for repairing, and partly to wait for better wind and weather; but that was a Sunday of thanksgiving, at least to me.

During this fortnight we lived chiefly upon fowls, of which we seemed to have an abundance. Excellent fare, you will say, and so it would have been, but I must tell you they were so tough, that if the shipowners, or whoever had to do with the provisioning department, had hunted all over England for the most leathery old fowls they could not have succeeded better. However, the cold was such that every morning from three to half-a-dozen had to be cast overboard, having died from the cold. I was thankful each time I saw a batch go overboard, for I thought the sooner they are done the sooner we shall get to the good salt beef; for I must tell you, as an inland German, I knew nothing of salt provisions till I came to England, and then only in the shape of corned beef, which we had in the College at Islington every Saturday, and I thought it uncommonly good. Had we got to our ship's salt provisions, salt beef and salt pork, I should soon have been undeceived, but we were spared even that luxury. On the afternoon after the last leather in the shape of a fowl had been consumed, I found the captain stowing away some very nice cracknels, as crisp as if they had just come out of the oven, and some bottles of wine in the drawers of my cabin. What, thought I, must I share the little cabin with the captain too? For this surely the C.M.S. did not bargain when they paid the £40 passage-money for me. I was going to say something to that effect, when the captain, probably seeing something of a black look in my face, anticipated me by saying, "Don't be alarmed, I do not mean any harm, but I am sorry for you!"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Why, the fact is, you know that our fresh provisions are done."

"Yes," I replied, "and I am heartily glad of it."

"But," continued he, "we opened cask after cask of our salt provisions and they are all bad, so bad that not one of them can be used, and we shall have the whole voyage nothing but dumplings and pies, and such things, but no meat of any kind; but I have got flour and rice, currants and raisins, and some bottled fruit, enough to last us the whole voyage, and I brought these biscuits and wine into your own cabin as a make up for you, thinking you may sometimes get at table what you perhaps cannot eat. You must do the best you can with these, and when they are done I will give you more."

Of course I thanked my kind captain, and said I was sorry too that should be so, but added, I supposed there were worse misfortunes than these. I ought to add, that I did not require to apply to captain's bounty a second time. Only one thing troubled me somewhat which was, that the supercargo and an agent for the merchants at Badagry were so often at the locker eating dry raisins and currants that I was afraid we should get short of them, and they were the only thing that made our dumplings at all palatable.

But I must not trouble you further with our poor fare, and only that I often during the voyage thought this might be a good preparation for worse privations that I might have to endure in Africa, there was at least one at our good-natured captain's table who could always heartily thank God for daily bread.

We had very bad weather in the Channel, so that we were just a month before we had the last sight of the English coast, but I must confess I enjoyed the rough weather far more than the many days' calm we afterwards experienced on the open sea, particularly those we had to endure within the tropics. A good rough sea with a stiff breeze—oh, how grand! Up the blue mountains, down again into the deeper shaded valley; it was as if our little *Sultana* invited you to step out and by way of exercise to run a race with her on the sporting and white-crested billows. What a contrast to the days of dead calm! The glassy sea below, the flapping, the sails above, so tedious, almost sickening, with every now and then an unlooked-for and uncomfortable jerk of our little craft, and not sufficient room either to take exercise on deck. I felt the want of this very soon, and at last took courage to ask the captain and sailors if they would allow me every morning to help scrubbing the deck. Granted, and I was every morning at break of day with light underclothing on, scrubbing away, and famous exercise it was; but I took good care to let myself paid every time at the end of the morning's work by making the sailors throw half a dozen buckets of salt water over me. Splendid exercise, and bath to whet your appetite for breakfast, such as it was.

During the course of the voyage I had many pleasant, serious, and hope also profitable conversations with our captain, who among other things told me a very interesting story of his being kidnapped as a little boy from his quiet rural Jersey home and brought over to England by some gipsies, and of the way he was restored again to his parents. With my two other messmates, the agent and the supercargo, I could not have much profitable conversation, as you may gather from the following incident. It was on the Kroo coast one Sunday morning that we nearly ran ashore. We were sailing at a brisk rate, and the man at the helm I suppose could not have accounted on account of the long and low square sail, the nearness of the shore, or perhaps he was also a little sleepy. It was just at the break of day when the captain came on deck and discovered it at the nick of time, for a few seconds more and we should have been ashore. As soon as we were clear of danger they began to quarrel about it, each laying the fault on the other when I stepped between and said, "We should not quarrel about this danger so providentially averted, but for once go upon our knees together this Sunday morning to thank God for so signally delivering us from danger." "Yes," answered one of the two named gentlemen, "He must be a very kind sort of God! if there be such an one!"

The first port where the ship had to do business was Cape Coast Castle. Hearing we should have to stay here a day or two, I was not long getting ashore in one of the cargo canoes, and hearing there was a tolerably good hotel I allowed myself the luxury of sleeping for the first time on the land of my future destiny. I was shown a very nice-looking European hotel house. "Is this Sam's Hotel?" "Yes, sir," was the answer of the black man I had the honour of addressing on African soil, "and my name is Mr. Sam." I was soon shown my bedroom and a bath-room, and both I honoured and both I enjoyed at the right turn of time.

Here in Cape Coast already I had full proof of the truth of that awful pregnant description of the climate of West Africa, to wit, "the man's grave." For when my captain asked a clerk of Hutton's fact, "How is Mr. —?" the answer was, "Oh, he is dead"; and another, "Where is Mr. So-and-so?" "He is gone home in a letter," was the same answer of course, only glossed over. The next place of land was Akra, and there the same answers were returned to some of the questions. So it was too in one case at least at a little place called Aquila the last place I landed at before Badagry, my destination, so that Captain Le Cressley whenever he was in a teasing mood would turn to me and say, "Well, Mr. H., when I come again next year to this coast I shall of course ask, 'And where is that Mr. H. whom I took out here a year ago?' shall of course also hear, 'Oh, he is dead,' or 'He is gone home in a letter.' And here I may as well add that years afterwards I met Captain Le Cressley again doing a good business of his own at Lagos. His first greeting was, 'And so you are not yet dead, Mr. H.!' Some years later, on another visit to Lagos, I inquired again after him, but, alas! he was no more! He was told he prospered and was much respected by the natives, but getting at last into bad habits he succumbed to an attack of illness. Alas! the old story of so many Europeans on that coast!

I have now only to add to my long letter my safe arrival at Badagry, the Sunday above mentioned—a thanksgiving Sunday to me indeed!

LI-MIN—"LIGHT WITHIN."

THE STORY OF A PERSECUTED DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

NOT the "mother-in-law," but the father-in-law, fulfils in this touching narrative our Lord's words in Luke xii. about being "divided against the daughter-in-law." It is the Rev. A. Elwin of Hang-chow who writes; and the Chinese woman whose sufferings he describes is one of those Great Valley converts of whom the readers of the GLEANER have heard several times before:—

HANG-CHOW, Nov. 30th, 1880.

May I cheer your hearts and my own, by mentioning the case of a woman at the new station of San-k'e (Hill Mouth) who has nobly suffered for Christ. When I visited this place for the first time last February with Mr. Sedgwick, this woman, in passing, was attracted by the crowd who were gathered round the missionaries outside the Christian's house where the service was to be held. Interested in what she heard, she visited this Christian after the missionaries had left, and soon made up her mind that she herself would become a Christian. As soon as her father-in-law found out what was going on he commanded her not to go near the Christians again. Having heard the good news, this woman thirsted to hear more. Threats were of no avail. To the service she would go. Her father-in-law, full of rage, seized her, and having tied her by the neck to a post in the house, beat her severely with rods from a mulberry-tree, having, I may mention, first opened the door, and invited the neighbours to come and see what he was going to do. But the beating had no effect. The woman was still found at the Christian service. The old man, more furious than ever, not only again tied her by the neck, and mercilessly beat her, but also smashed all her cups and cooking utensils. He also obtained possession of £6 belonging to her, and said she should not have a penny of it unless she would worship the idols.

When we visited San-k'e in June this was told us, and the woman herself came and begged for baptism. We examined her most carefully, and found that she was so well instructed, and her answers were so satisfactory, that we could have no hesitation in administering the sacred rite. She begged so earnestly that her three little children might be baptized with her that we could not refuse. Before baptizing her, we solemnly warned her as to the risk she was running. Her father-in-law had beaten her for attending the services: what would he do when he found she had actually been baptized, and joined the hated religion? But she had made up her mind, if necessary, to suffer the loss of all things for Christ's sake, and I shall not soon forget the joyous, happy look on that woman's face, as she stood forth before her heathen neighbours, not very far from the house where her father-in-law lived, and publicly declared her faith in the Saviour, and her determination to cleave to Him, and continue His faithful soldier and servant unto her life's end. She received the name of Li-min (Light within). Her three little ones received the names of Ze-en, Ze-foh, Ze-lin (Received grace, Received happiness, Received the Spirit).

We heard afterwards that when her father-in-law heard that she had become a Christian, he at once went to her house, and once more beat her most severely. Since then, although he has not actually beaten her, he has, both to her face and behind her back, constantly spoken against her, and tried to injure her by every way in his power. He has also done all he can to set her husband and friends against her. A father-in-law has great power in China. On one occasion he commanded his son to beat his wife. The son refused, so the father beat his son for being disobedient. This man is still a heathen, but his wife constantly prays for him, and we trust he will soon be brought in.

This woman is remarkable in many respects. She is very good-looking, particularly so for a Chinese woman. She is also fairly well off, having some fields which belong to her in her own right: this is one reason why her husband does not oppose her to the same extent as her father-in-law. She is only thirty years of age. I commend her, and the many others who are suffering for Christ's sake, to your earnest prayers.

April 12th, 1881.

About the poor woman at San-k'e, I will tell you what happened last night. About seven I heard some one at my door, and when I went to open it I found this poor woman. She at once went on her knees before me and begged me to help her. I at once made her rise, and then learned from her and two Christians who accompanied her, that she had been forced to flee away from San-k'e on account of the dreadful treatment to which she had been subjected. It seems that last Sunday she attended the service in the morning. In the afternoon her brother-in-law, hearing what she had done, went to the house and gave her a most severe beating, I might say went to the house and tortured her, the beating being administered with the branches of a tree the like of which I have never seen in England. It has two names here; it is sometimes called simply the thorny tree, and sometimes by a name which translated is "Bird not rest tree," because it is impossible for a bird to rest on it. I may say every branch is covered with a mass of sharp thorns about half an inch long.

The man prepared the branch by clearing a place for his own hand, and when he had finished beating the Christian woman there were few thorns left in the branch, they were found instead sticking into the poor woman's clothes and flesh. Some parts of her body last night were in a dreadful state, and the pain must have been terrible.

A case like this takes us back to the times of the apostles and martyrs. What would dear Christians in England, who go to church quietly Sunday after Sunday, say if they were suddenly to be severely beaten for so doing, or persecuted in some other cruel way? May He from Whom all wisdom comes give us wisdom to ask aright at all times! Do not forget Hang-chow in your prayers.

WAITING FOR THE WORD.

[It is hoped that this account of the Cree Indians waiting, and eagerly waiting, for the Word of Life in their own tongue, may stir up much interest in the vast Diocese of Moosonee, where the present Bishop has laboured for thirty years. (See GLEANER of January last.) Having translated the Gospel, Psalter, and Prayer-book into Cree, Mr. Horden, with the Indians, eagerly waited for the printed copies of the same from England. They received instead, as my song tells, a printing press and all things requisite for the work of binding and printing, and the brave Missionary himself thereupon undertook this work.—C. T.]



WHITE-WINGED messenger over the sea!
The dark-browed Indian waiteth for thee.
O come with the songs of Zion, sung
In accents wild of the Indian tongue!
Come with the gospel sweet and free,
White-winged messenger over the sea!

Now foremost among that waiting band,
Their earnest pastor with bright eye scanned
The brave ship freighted with wealth untold,—
The wisdom of God—the gospel gold.
Glad is he of that wondrous spoil,
Fruit of his long and patient toil.

Weary and perilous voyage o'er,
The beautiful ship draws near the shore,
And quickly, with joyful ardour fired,
He opens the stores so long desired,
Eager to touch the storied page,
And songs of the Church's pilgrimage.
But what is this? And what have we here?
Unstoried pages, all fair and clear!
And a printer's press, and printer's ink,
('Twixt thought and thought a marvellous link,
Alas! not yet can the Word be read;
Not yet can he give the living bread!

But the hand to work, and the mind to plan,
Are blessed in the consecrated man.
There are human hands 'neath the soaring wings
Of those who minister holy things!
O human hands, ye are strong indeed
If the God of Jacob still meet your need!

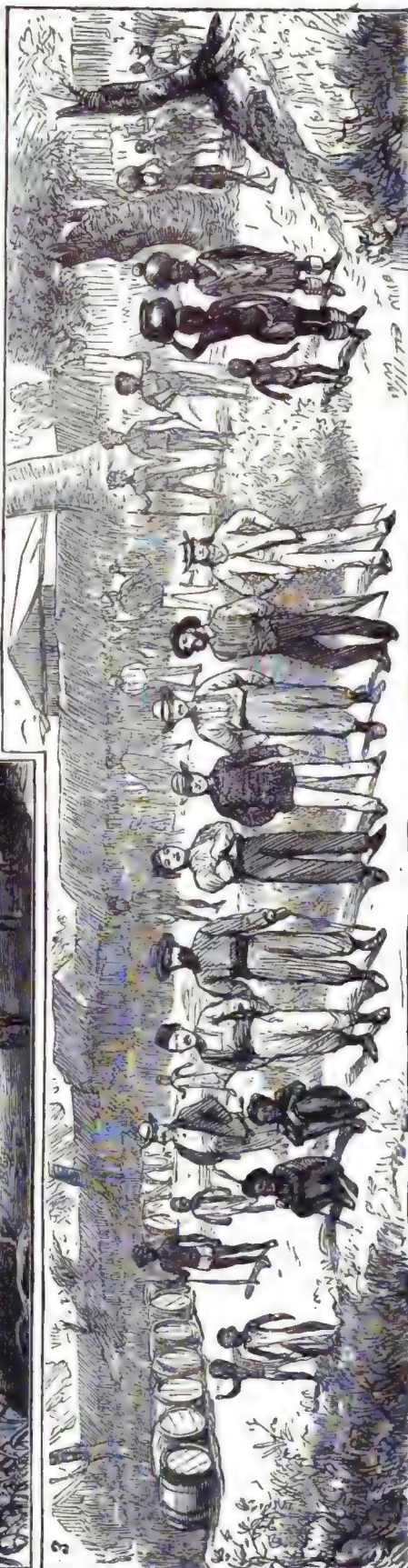
Now foot and staple, and bolt and screw,
Lever and staple, must answer true,
Piston and bar, and chill and pin,
Be fitted by cunning skill within,
And type set up: so truth shall flow
In streams through the land of ice and snow.

And as he toiled at his work of faith,
He thought of the Christ of Nazareth;
His work grew grand, so high was his aim,
He wrought in the Lord's most holy Name!
An angel, called from the Land of the Leal,
Would ply such task with a holy zeal!

He girded himself for lowly toil
When snow first fell on the bloomless soil,—
Wrought through the hours of wintry gloom,—
Wrought that the desert and waste might bloom,
The Indian read of the Lord who died,
When sunshine fell on His Easter-tide.

Now prayer is uttered, and Psalter sung,
In accents wild of the Indian tongue;
The story of old with joyful sound
Rings through the forest and hunting ground;
And the Indian prays, as he bends the knee,
"God bless the Bishop of Moosonee!"

CLARA THWAITES.



SCENES ON THE NIGER.—(1.) SHIPS LOADING AT AKASSA. (2.) IDDA: SITE OF AN EARLIER STATION. (3.) WAITING FOR THE STEAMER AT ONITSHA.



THE GOSPEL ON THE NIGER.



FORTY years ago, every month (August 1841), the Niger Expedition ascended the river of Western Africa. It consisted of three British steamships fitted out by Government, under the auspices of Prince Albert and Lord John Russell; but it took among others, two agents of the Church Missionary Society, Rev. J. F. Schön, now of Chesham, and an African Christian named Samuel Crowther. Thirteen years later (1854), a second expedition went up; again Crowther, now an ordained and experienced missionary accompanied it. Three years afterwards, Crowther, for the third time, ascended the river this time commissioned by the Society to establish a Niger Mission.

That was twenty-four years ago. Great changes have taken place in the interval. In the early days of the Mission, it was not easy to get up and down



CHIEFS OF BONNY. IN THE CENTRE, CHIEF "WEST INDY" IN HIS "DEVIL DRESS."

river. Native teachers would be stationed at some village on the banks, and many long months would pass away before Mr. (soon after Bishop) Crowther or any one else could visit them. In 1857 he was wrecked at a point 400 miles from the sea, and was detained there a year before he could get away; and in 1859-61, two whole years elapsed without his being able to go up, there being no vessel at all to take him. It is very different now. Trading steamers ply up and down, carrying English manufactures far into the interior, and bringing down the produce of the country; and at several places on the river, including Onitsha, Lokoja (at the confluence of the two branches), and Egan (which is 320 miles from the sea), there are important trading posts. One of the pictures opposite shows the motley gathering of whites and blacks at one of these posts; and another shows the steamers loading at Akassa, at the principal mouth of the Niger.

In the delta of the Niger, the



CHIEF "WEST INDY," OF BONNY.

chiefs of Bonny and Brass and New Calabar have grown rich on the trade in palm-oil with England; and at these places a strange mixture is seen of barbarism and the beginnings of civilisation. We give a portrait of one of the leading chiefs of Bonny, whose dress curiously illustrates this mixture. This same chief, "West Indy" as he is called, appears also in the group above. It is he who stands in the centre, in his "devil dress," in which he performs certain heathen ceremonies. The others in the group are all chiefs or the sons of chiefs. One chief has a large house beautifully furnished with carpets, mirrors, drawing-room tables, &c.; but he does not live in it—it is meant only for show, that he may out-shine his neighbours. A few years ago these people were cannibals!

Such a field as this is hard indeed for missionary work. In their natural state the people are terribly degraded, and their religion is nothing but gross superstition; and their trade,

though it has greatly increased their wealth, and enabled them to imitate civilised life in this grotesque way, has not tended to soften their hearts or teach them their need of a Saviour. Bishop Crowther has established eleven stations, viz., at Bonny, New Calabar, Brass, and Akassa, in the delta; at Osamare, Alenso, Onitsha, and Asaba, higher up; at Lokoja and Gbebe, on opposite sides at the confluence of the two branches (the Kworra, and the Binue or Chadda); and at Egan, still higher up, on the Kworra. At most of these there are a few Native Christians; but it is only at two places, Bonny and Brass, that there has been a remarkable blessing.

At BRASS, the position and prospects of the Mission are of a highly encouraging character. The late king, Ockiya, and several of the chiefs, gave up their idols to the Bishop five years ago; and Ockiya himself was baptized by Archdeacon Dandeson Crowther on Advent Sunday, 1879, on his dying bed, but in the presence of 250 persons and six chiefs. The Bishop now writes of the "wholesale castings away of symbols of idolatrous family objects of worship, a large pile of which, of every shape and description, of wood and clay, of iron and brass, are to be seen in the store at the Mission-house, a few selections of which will be made for Salisbury Square. The village of Tuwon seems to be almost cleared of these idols; the only priestess, an old woman whom I saw, seemed very much reduced for want of means to procure provisions, there being no applicants for divination. She seemed very much mortified at the influence of Christianity, which is annihilating the gods out of the country." The whole population of this place, which is the Native town adjoining the trading factories, does not exceed 600; and of these, 500 now profess Christianity. Bishop Crowther confirmed seventy-two of the converts in the Mission church at Tuwon on June 27th, 1880, the congregation numbering 472 persons. At Nembe, the king's capital, thirty-five miles up the creeks, which has only just been adopted as a regular out-station, and which is much more populous, the Bishop found equally large congregations gathered Sunday by Sunday. "It is indeed a refreshing sight," says Mr. Wood of Lagos, "to be present at a service on Sunday at Brass, and see the church well filled with persons listening to the message of salvation, and to remember what the past life of the greater number of them may have been. It is no secret that the Brass people were cannibals, although they do not now like to be reminded of it. Whatever it may be owing to, humanly speaking, that both at Tuwon and at Nembe so many have joined us, of one thing I feel no doubt, that the Spirit of the living God has been at work in many hearts."

Of BONNY, many accounts have before appeared in the GLEANER (November, 1879; March, 1880). It has not lost its character as a "Bethel." The two churches are thronged every Sunday, and one of them has been enlarged to hold nearly a thousand persons; a chapel has lately been built in a neighbouring hamlet by King George Pepple, who is taking a very hearty interest in the Mission, and setting a good example to his subjects; while the famous juju temple studded with human skulls is going to ruins. A village opposite Bonny, on the other side of the river, has been named by the inhabitants "the Land of Israel," because there is not an idol to be found in it; and any persons in Bonny town who may be persecuted, as some still are, by those chiefs who are clinging to heathenism, are invited to take refuge in this "Land of Israel."

At a large town thirty miles in the interior, named Okrika, which is a central market of some importance, the chiefs and people, influenced by what they had seen at Bonny, and without ever having been visited by a Christian teacher, spontaneously built a church, with a galvanised iron roof and benches to seat 800 worshippers, got a school-boy from Brass to read the Church Service on Sundays, and then sent to ask the Bishop to give them a missionary. This place was visited by Archdeacon

Crowther for the first time in August last. His account of his reception is deeply interesting:—

On the 13th of August I landed at Okrika, and was warmly welcomed by all the leading chiefs of the country. King George Pepple had got every chief of Bonny to give a boy or two to man his gig-canoes that took me; so that my going to Okrika was not an act of an individual, but of the king and all the chiefs. So glad were the Okrika people to see the first missionary in their land, that visitors poured in that evening, and though we had prayers at 10 o'clock P.M. they did not stop coming in till 12 at midnight.

The next day, Saturday, I visited the king; no less than eight chiefs with their followers and people, went with me. I there made known the object of my visit, that I was sent by the Bishop, through the help and convenience afforded me by the Bonny king and chiefs, to preach the Gospel, according to the Divine command given by our Lord. I then took out my Bible, and gave a brief address on the creation, the fall, and redemption by Christ. After this I plainly stated that they should not expect from us wealth, neither that, by our coming to Okrika, merchant ships, &c., would follow, but that our work is, and will be, to seek the salvation of souls, and whatever we teach their young is subservient to this. The king answered that what I had told them was good, and he was glad to welcome us; that every one is at liberty to embrace whatever religion he likes. I invited him to come to church; this he promised to do when we are established.

On Sunday, the church, measuring 53 feet by 19 feet, and 9 feet high, built by the Okrika chiefs, and covered over with galvanised sheeting, was filled in the morning with 403 persons, among whom were nine chiefs who are the leading ones of the country. In the afternoon there were 410, and the nine chiefs. I read prayers in Ibo, and all answered devoutly. The sermon was a double interpreting into Okrika and Ibo. David, an interpreter I took with me, as there are nearly as many Ibo as Okrikas in the country. The morning text was St. John iii. 16; the afternoon, 1 Kings xviii. 21.

On Monday I was taken round the town by all the chiefs, and shown a large piece of ground, not five minutes' walk from the town, for the Mission station. It is quite an open and good high ground, with three villages at the back, and the town in front; the furthest village about ten minutes' walk. The population of Okrika cannot be less than 10,000. That Monday evening all the chiefs were sent for, fifteen in all, to test how far they could give in support of the work. I told them the state of the funds of the Society at present, and how the funds are collected by the self-denial of many persons, and even children, of things for their own good. I went on to eradicate the idea that the Queen gives "plenty of money" to send missionaries abroad, an idea prevalent along the coast here; who the informants are we don't know. I told them how the Bonny people gave £300 at the establishment of the Mission in the country; Brass, £200; New Calabar, £200; after which the school fees came to £100 every year, being £2 a year for every boy, and no less than fifty boys to commence with. They answered, that they would consult, and let the Bishop know what they could give, as they were willing to do so. I need not add that there is wealth in the country; the only difficulty is the tutoring them to the habit of giving regularly; that with prayer, perseverance, and good management, will eventually be overruled.

I took with me from Bonny a brick-mould I brought with me on my last visit to Lagos, and asked the chiefs to show me their clay (as Okrika is a sort of promontory shooting out from the mainland, though at flood-tide the creeks are full, and make it an island). In ten minutes they sent for and brought two boxes of clay, which I got their boys to treat. The first six bricks I turned out myself, to the astonishment of all. The chiefs tried to prevent me soiling my hands, but I told them that work is one of the teachings of the Bible, and if honestly done no one should be ashamed of it.

The Lord has prepared the hearts of the people for the Gospel, as the incident will show. After the afternoon service and sermon, from 1 Kings xviii. 21—showing the triumph of Elijah's God over Baal, though Elijah was the only visible servant on the Lord's side, and Baal had King Ahab's Jezebel, the princes, chiefs, 850 prophets and priests, and the whole country, yet all had to acknowledge that his Lord is the God—a chief called Somiare, who had been hesitating, and happily was at church, came after service and shook my hands, and said, "Uka ogula ta"—palaver to-day. I asked him how. He answered, "You will know to-morrow." On Monday morning he came in a canoe, containing a large and a small box full of idols and charms; four other chiefs who are Church adherents were with me. We all stood at the wharf; and there he told me that he had decided to follow Christ, to throw away his jujus, and have nothing more to do with such folly. I answered, "Good; may God strengthen your heart!"

In view of these remarkable openings, and still more of the extension of the Mission up the Binue and the Kworra into the

interior by means of the *Henry Venn* steamer, the Committee feel that the time has come when on the Niger, as much as in other parts of Africa, the white man should take his place by the side of the black man in proclaiming the name of their common Lord and Saviour. The fact also that white traders have become numerous on the river renders this desirable; for it is not well that the heathen Natives should suppose traffic, however legitimate, to be the only motive of the white man in visiting them, and religion to be a thing for the black man only. As a first step, therefore, the Committee hope that the providence of God may direct them to an English clergyman, of some experience if possible, willing to spend and be spent in this cause. His presence and counsel would be warmly welcomed by Bishop Crowther and Archdeacons Dandeson Crowther and Henry Johnson, to whom, and to the other Native clergy and lay agents, the *Henry Venn* would enable him to be of the greatest service.

It has also become most important to provide for the sound and systematic training of the present and future teachers and ministers of the rising African Churches on the Niger; and plans have been agreed upon for the regular theological instruction of the agents by Archdeacons Crowther and Johnson, the preparation of Christian books in the languages of the Niger territories, and the establishment of small boarding-schools for the Scriptural education of promising boys; as well as for the promotion of female mission work by the wives of the Native Agents, to which important subject the attention of Mrs. Dandeson Crowther has been particularly directed. The Committee earnestly commend all these plans, and the whole future of this deeply interesting Mission, to the very special prayers of the Society's friends.

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

XIII.—The Wall broken down.

"Hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us."—Eph. ii. 14—Acts x.



HY is a wall (or railing) built round a garden? If you wished to let every one come inside, would you put a wall round? And suppose the wall is there, but you wish people to come in and see your garden—what do? Not pull wall down, but open gate. But suppose you did not want to keep it as a garden at all—wished to give up the ground to be like a common, free to all—what do then? Then pull wall down.

Eph. ii. 14 speaks of breaking down a wall—"middle wall of partition between us," i.e. in the middle between two parties, to part or separate them (like "partition-walls" of houses). Between whom? See verses just before—"Gentiles" and "Israel."

There used to be a high wall between Jews and Gentiles. Who made it? See Lev. xx. 24—"I am the Lord your God, which have separated you from other people." Why? See Deut. vii. 6—8. How? By giving Jews a land all to themselves; by sign of circumcision; by forbidding marriages with foreigners (Deut. vii.); by strict rules about food (see Lev. xx. 24, 25). These things were the wall or fence round the garden.

Did the Jews like it? Not at first—tried to break wall down—"mingled with heathen" (Ps. cvi. 35). But afterwards very proud of it—thought themselves very good, and despised others (Acts xiii. 45; xxi. 28; xxii. 21, 22; Rom. ii. 17—20).

But at last God broke down the wall. And the first person he showed this to clearly was Peter. One day Peter at Joppa (see picture in last GLEANER), on housetop: saw vision (Acts x.). Why unwilling to eat the food from heaven? Thought doing so would break down God's wall. But God had broken it down, and this was to make Peter understand. Then, Peter sent for to Roman officer—finds him ready to believe in Christ—sees Spirit poured out on him—astonished—a Gentile admitted to Christian Church without first becoming a Jew!

But when had God broken down the wall? It was Jesus did it—by His death on the cross. All, Jews and Gentiles, alike guilty; so for all He died, and all alike could come to God through Him—alike, no difference. See Rom. iii. 22—24; Eph. ii. 11—18; Col. i. 20; iii. 11.

This is our message to the heathen—"God so loved the world"—"whosoever believeth not perish"—no difference—all alike. So said Peter to Cornelius (Acts x. 36), that God "preached peace by Jesus Christ—He is Lord of all." And now, degraded Africans, superstitious Hindus, exclusive Chinese, savage Red Indians, "all one in Christ Jesus."

OUR PORTFOLIO.

TO what end has my substance been entrusted to me? Surely not to I lavish upon myself. Surely not to confine me within the precincts of my natural family and connections. Is there not a family for whom Christ died?—*Hugh M'Neile, in C.M.S. Annual Sermon, 1846.*

I HAVE travelled more than most people, and with all sorts of followers. The Christians of Kuruman and Kolobeng were out of sight the best I ever had. The Makololo, who were very partially Christianised, were next best—honest and truthful, and brave. Heathen Africans are much superior to the Mohammedans, who are the most worthless one can have. —*From letter of Dr. Livingstone to his daughter, 1870.*

COMPARISONS in Geography are now popular. The school-atlases of to-day have what are called "inlets." These are smaller maps in the corner of the greater ones, giving an outline of a familiar portion of the country on the scale of the larger chart, showing how many times the one might be embraced in the other. Try France thus on the chart of China Proper, and you may sketch the one seven times on the other. Try the British Isles, and you may overlay China with eleven of them, and have space to spare. Again, try the Chinese Empire, by this comparative cartology, and it will exceed Great Britain and Ireland thirty-nine times. It can be dissected into seventy-eight sections as large as England and Wales, or one hundred and seventy-three as large as Scotland. Lay all Europe upon it, and you will have over eight hundred thousand square miles still uncovered—it is one-fourth larger. Lay the Chinese Empire on the United States, and it will overrun into the Gulf of Mexico, and four degrees into the Pacific Ocean. Reverse the experiment, and lay the United States, including Alaska, on the Chinese Empire, and you may gem the edges with a half-dozen of Great Britain and Ireland; that is, you will have nearly three-quarters of a million square miles to add for good measure. Change it from its present shape to that of a belt of land a mile wide, and there would be room, from end to end, for a walking-match of thirty miles a day continued through more than four and a half centuries.—*Gracey's "China."*

DUMMAGUEM AND THE KOIS.

BY THE REV. JOHN CAIN.



DUMMAGUEM is the head quarters of the Upper Godavery Mission, which was begun about the year 1861 by some Madras Engineer officers who had been sent there to carry on the works which had been planned to open the River Godavery to navigation.* Large rocks crop up in the river opposite Dummagudem, and for some sixteen miles lower down, and from what is called the First Barrier, and thus greatly impede navigation. A short canal has been dug, to enable boats to avoid the most dangerous part of the river, but the complete scheme has never been carried out owing to the straitened condition of the Indian exchequer.

The word Dummagudem is said to mean *dusty hamlet*, and the reason the Hindus give for the name is as follows:—

When Rama, the seventh incarnation of Vishnu, and his faithful wife Sita, were banished from Oudh, they came to the forests on the Godavery and dwelt for some time at Parnasala, a village about six miles above Dummagudem. Whilst they were living there very happily with Rama's brother, Lakshmana, Ravana, a celebrated rakshasa (the rakshasas are certain more-than-human giants with supernatural strength and many heads), and king of Ceylon, looked with envy upon them and determined to carry off Sita. As Rama was passionately fond of hunting, Ravana cleverly drew him away in pursuit of a phantom deer which skilfully eluded him and led him far from his wife and brother. As he did not return, Sita persuaded Lakshmana to go in search of Rama, and then Ravana seized the opportunity, and swooping down, lifted up Sita and the ground on which she was standing with his trident, placed her and the mass of earth on his chariot, and began to fly away.

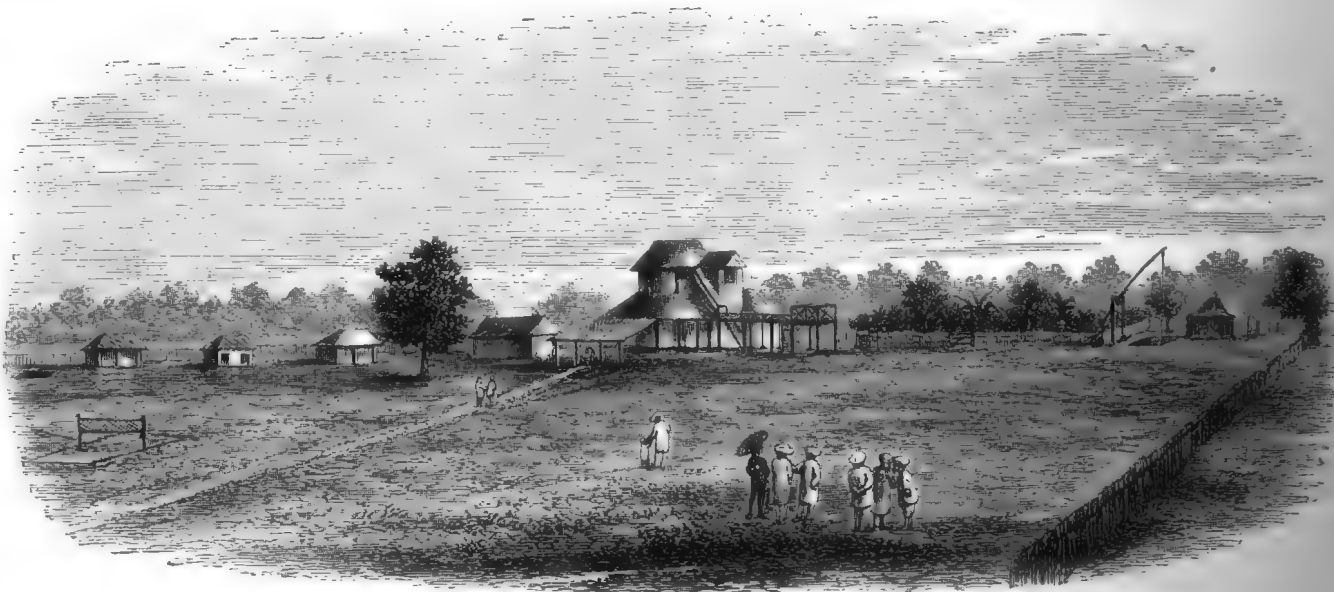
* A glance at any map of India will show that the great river Godavery rises very near the western coast, but being cut off from the sea on that side by the mountains, flows right across India eastward to the other side, and falls into the Bay of Bengal.

At that time there lived in a little village some 16 miles below Dummagudem, the famous bird Jetayudu. On hearing Sita's cries of distress he immediately hastened to the rescue, and met the chariot on the site of the present village of Dummagudem. A terrible conflict ensued, and so much dust arose that the place was ever after called Dummagudem, *i.e.*, the dusty hamlet. In the struggle Ravana's chariot wheels grazed the top of the hill on the opposite side of the river, and the hill has ever since been called Radhapu-Gutta, *i.e.*, the chariot hill. This scarped hill attracts the attention of all visitors to Dummagudem, and presents an exceedingly pretty sight when the rays of the rising sun in the rainy season fall on the summit.

The country all around is covered with dense jungle, the only clearings being round the villages. Most of the people living on the banks of the river are Hindus; and Bhadrachellam, a town sixteen miles lower down the river, is a famous place for pilgrims, who flock there in large numbers at a large yearly festival. But in the villages further inland are to be found the Kois, who form one of the tribes of the Gonds, a race dwelling in the centre of the Indian peninsula, as far north as Jubbulpore.

The district in which Dummagudem is situated used to belong to the Nizam's Government, and before it was taken over by the British Government in 1860, resembled in many respects the debatable land of England and Scotland. All the petty landholders in that district, and in the neighbouring country of Bastar, kept retainers who received but little pay for their services and lived chiefly by looting the country around. The Koi women, who were frequently stripped and then regarded as objects of ridicule. The Kois have frequently told me that they could never lie down to rest at night with any assurance that their slumbers would not be disturbed, their houses burnt and their property all carried off before morning. Since the district has been under British rule the neighbouring Bastar petty zemindars have found it prudent to avoid open violence as much as those in the British territory.

The Kois are an uncivilised, suspicious tribe, noted as a rule for their comparative truthfulness. In years gone by they used to offer human sacrifices to a goddess as bloodthirsty as Kali, and they always suspected that every death was caused by the



MISSION BUNGALOW AT DUMMAGUEM, ON THE RIVER GODAVERY.

influence of an enemy of the deceased person, and so they compelled the suspected to undergo an ordeal of dipping the hand in boiling water or oil. In many instances they still practice the custom of bride catching, at times going so far as to carry off a widow who is standing looking at the burning of the corpse of her late husband. They call themselves lords, and are very tenacious of their caste rights. Very frequently there are no other people living in their villages except some Malas, (the Malas are the Pariahs of the Telugu country), who are their labourers, employed by them as messengers, watchmen, &c., and paid in kind at the time of harvest.

The picture of the Mission House at Dummagudem has been taken from a sketch kindly made by Mr. Vanstavern, who has during the past twenty years frequently shown great interest in Mission work in the Upper Godavery Mission. The house and grounds were a present to the Church Missionary Society from General Haig. It is an upstairs house with a high platform connected with the upper floor, this is used for sleeping on during the hot season. When I had visitors and wanted a spare room, I frequently converted the platform into one by covering

the square framework with the inner part of a tent. To the left of the house are the stables, cow-shed and servants' house while to the right are the garden, garden well, and a school master's house. Over the garden well is the apparatus for drawing water to irrigate the garden, which as will be seen resembles the *shadoof* used in Egypt.

Mission work has been carried on in the district since 1860. The Rev. W. J. Edmonds was there for eighteen months, and was then followed by the Rev. C. Tanner, who was there for three years. Then from 1867—1878 there was no European missionary, but at the end of 1878 I went, and stayed until the beginning of 1880. So the mainstay of the work has been the Rev. I. Venkatarama Razu Garu, the story of whose conversion was so graphically told by the Rev. D. Fenn, at the Exeter Hall Meeting in 1875. No one can estimate the value of his work too highly; he is respected there by heathen and Christian and no one else is respected or likely to be respected; and, as I wrote in my last report, I am afraid that if I attempted to express my own personal feelings with reference to what he was to me during my six years' stay at Dummagudem, I should not

only be suspected but accused of exaggeration. I could give many instances of how his faithful labours have not been in vain, although he has not yet reaped as full a harvest of Kois as we all hoped.

In the period 1862—9, 51 adults and 60 infants were baptized. In the period 1869—79, 166 adults and 181 infants were baptized. In 1869 there was only one congregation; now there are four central congregations, the members of which are scattered in about twenty villages. In 1869 nearly all the Christians lived within five miles of Dummagudem; now the district measures at least fifty-six miles, and there are villages asking for schools lying still farther away. In 1869 there were 18 communicants; now there are 97.

Since I arrived in England I have had several letters telling me of new schools being opened and many baptisms, and the one cry of all is "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth more labourers into His harvest." In 1878 my good native brother Rāzu closed his letter with the following earnest appeal: "Do send some one, so that this place may not only be renowned for the work which the engineers have dared to do, but also for the nobler work which missionaries may dare to do."

To this interesting article of Mr. Cain's we may add that General Haig has just crowned his many noble services to this Mission by himself going out to India for a year to carry on the work in conjunction with Rāzu, until Mr. Cain shall be able to return to his post. We also append a brief narrative of Rāzu's conversion, taken from the Society's little book, "A Plea for the Hill Tribes of India:—

In 1859, Captain (now General) Haig was in command at Dummagudem. His Christian sympathies were drawn out towards the uncivilised Koi tribes of the neighbourhood, especially as, with their usual timidity, many of them moved away when the engineer staff settled at Dummagudem, and retired into the jungle a few miles off. He established a prayer meeting for the express purpose of lay-



THE REV. I. VENKATARAMA RĀZU,
Native Missionary at Dummagudem.

ing the spiritual destitution of these poor people before the Lord, which was attended by several engineer officers and men. The first answer to these prayers was given on the spot. The head of the commissariat department of the newly-established works, a Hindu of high caste (a Kshatriya) named I. Venkatarama Rāzu, was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in a remarkable manner. Captain Haig gave him a Bible. The very first time he opened it, his eyes fell upon our Lord's directions concerning prayer, in Matt. vi., and the Lord's Prayer itself struck him as being quite new and very true. He at once began to do as the Book told him by praying to his Father in secret, retiring daily to one of the locks on the canal to avoid being noticed by his wife. By-and-by, he came to Captain Haig, declared himself a Christian in heart, and asked for baptism. A month's leave of absence was given him to go to Masulipatam for that purpose. His wife accompanied him, and he sought to induce her to join him in embracing Christianity; but in vain, and she threatened, if he persisted, to leave him for ever. He knelt down and prayed most earnestly for her conversion. Next morning, she told him that his God should be her God, and together they were baptized by Mr. Sharkey, in August, 1860.

Returning to his post, Rāzu gave himself heart and soul to the work of an evangelist. A man "of gentle but dignified appearance," he was already, from the peculiar character of his occupation as purveyor-general of supplies, well known all round the country; and the reputation he now gained, as a truthful and upright business man who never took a bribe, gave him unbounded influence. Captain Haig himself wrote of him in 1863: "Since first he received the truth himself, he has never ceased to tell it to others. The whole influence of his position has been thrown into the scale of Christianity. It would scarcely be hyperbole to say that ever since he believed he has worked at his calling all the day and preached half the night. He has been a bright and shining light; a living unanswerable argument for the truth of Christianity."

A large room to hold Gospel services in was built by Rāzu at his own cost; and on Easter Sunday, 1861, the Rev. W. J. Edmonds, the first

C.M.S. Missionary at Dummagudem, who had just arrived, was privileged to baptize three young Hindus, the fruit of the earnest labours of this Native Government official. In 1863 he resigned his post, and gave himself wholly to the active service of Christ, becoming a Catechist on less pay than he had been receiving previously, and one-fourth of what he would soon have been entitled to. From that time he has not ceased to teach and preach Jesus Christ: and in October, 1871, he was admitted to holy orders by the Bishop of Madras.



GROUP OF KOIS AT DUMMAGUEM.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

AUGUST—"ALL."

At all times will I bless
The Lord, in dark distress,
Or when suns shine and skies are clear.
All day on Him I wait,
Always at mercy's gate
Praying, I'll praise, for He will hear.

A. E. M.

First Qr. . . . 8d. 4h. 45m. a.m. Full Moon . . . 9d. 9h. 7m. p.m. **AUGUST,** Last Qr. . . . 16d. 4h. 57m. p.m. New Moon . . . 24d. 5h. 45m. p.m.

- 1 M *Slavery abol.*, 1834. All the people, when they saw it, gave praise
2 T I will bless the Lord at all times. Ps. 84. 1. [unto God. Lu. 18. 48.
3 W *Speke disc. V. Nyansa*, 1858. The Lord is the maker of them all.
4 T On Thee do I wait all the day. Ps. 25. 5. [Prov. 22. 2.
5 F The blood of Jesus Christ cleanse us from all sin. 1 Jo. 1. 7.
6 S *1st stone Melakahla ch.*, 1873. All the building, fitly framed to-
[gether, groweth unto an holy temple. Eph. 2. 21.
7 S *8th aft. Trin.* The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call
[upon Him. Rom. 10. 12.
M. 1 Chr. 29. 9-29. Ro. 7. E. 3 Chr. 1, or 1 K. 8. Mat. 20. 17.
8 M All men should honour the Son. Jo. 5. 23.
9 T In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Col. 2. 9.
10 W In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Col. 2. 8.
11 T *Peel d.*, 1865. Having done all, to stand. Eph. 6. 13.
12 F Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden. Mat. 11. 28.
13 S *H. Wright d.*, 1880. My God shall supply all your need. Ph. 4. 18.
[nations shall call Him blessed. Ps. 72. 17.
14 S *9th aft. Trin. Col. Taylor inv. C.M.S. to Derajat*, 1861. All
M. 1 K. 10. 1-25. Ro. 11. 23. E. 1 K. 11. 1-15, or 11. 28. Mat. 24. 1-29.
15 M *1st Niger Ex. est. river*, 1841. He seeth all his goings. Job. 34. 21.
16 T *Hunter reached Fort Simpson*, 1858. All the ends of the world
[shall remember and turn. Ps. 22. 27.
17 W A faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance. 1 Tim. 1. 15.
18 T In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day. Ps. 89. 16. [145. 21.
19 F *Krapf vis. Rabba*, 1844. Let all flesh bless His holy name. Ps.
20 S All flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour. Is. 49. 26.
21 S *10th aft. Trin.* Praying always with all prayer. Eph. 6. 18.
M. 1 K. 12. 1 Co. 1. 96, & 2. E. 1 K. 13 or 17. Mat. 27. 1-37.
22 M They shall be all taught of God. Jo. 6. 45. [Pa. 73. 28.
23 T *Oauka Miss. ch. op.*, 1877. That I may declare all thy works.
24 W *St. Bartho. Jowett to the East*, 1815. Even all the isles. Ze. 2. 11.
25 T *Brass Miss. beg.*, 1868. From all your idols I cleanse you. Ez. 36. 25.
26 F *Japan Treaty Ports op.*, 1859. Thy saving health among all
27 S The eyes of all wait upon Thee. Ps. 145. 15. [nations. Ps. 67. 2.
[Him. Ps. 145. 18.
28 S *11th aft. Trin.* The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon
M. 1 K. 18. 1 Co. 3. E. 1 K. 19 or 21. Mk. 2. 23 to 3. 13.
29 M *China Treaty Ports op.*, 1842. Draw her, and all her multitudes.
Ez. 32. 20.] [tions. 2 Co. 1. 4.
30 T *Fuh-Chow outrage*, 1878. Who comforteth us in all our tribula-
31 W The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep
[your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Phil. 4. 7.

MISS BIRD AT A MISSION SERVICE IN JAPAN.

MISS ISABELLA BIRD, in her recent book on Japan, relates a visit, with our missionary the Rev. W. Denning, to the village of Ono, and describes an evangelistic service there (vol. 2, page 14):—

"At Ono there is a school-room with a boarded floor, and Ogawa, the catechist, lives there; but though there has been Christian teaching for a year, there has been no result. The village was keeping *matsuri*, but when the doors of the school-room were opened at eight the room filled at once with a disorderly crowd of men, women, and children, who came in like a tornado, and instead of leaving their wooden clogs at the door, as is customary, clattered them on the floor with a deafening din. Three hundred people, some the worse for *saké*, clattering clogs, shouting, clustering on the window-sills, climbing on the benches, laughing, eating, lighting their pipes at the lamp, throwing off their *kimonos*, and keeping up a prolonged uproar for an hour and a quarter, were the most unpromising audience I have ever seen. Mr. Denning has a singular aptitude for languages, and has acquired not only a wonderful command of the colloquial Japanese spoken by the lower classes, but, what is even more, the tones in which they speak; and having a strong physique, and a very powerful voice, he perseveringly made himself heard above the uproar, which was not, as I supposed, an exceptional one stimulated by the spectacle of three foreign ladies, but is the regular accompaniment of Christian preaching in Ono.

"Mr. Denning gives his time, strength, and heart to his work, with a vigour, energy, and enthusiasm which could not be surpassed, and which are unchilled by opposition and disappointment, otherwise an Ono audience would have made an end of his efforts long ago."

H. Brown, Southam, sends £1 14s. 6d. collected on a card for the *Henry Wright* steamer, and requests an acknowledgment in the *GLEANER*. E. W. Loughby, Turnford, sends £1, and requests like acknowledgment.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The ordination of C.M.S. missionaries took place, as announced in our last number, at St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Peter's Day, June 29th. The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth preached a most impressive sermon on the words of our Lord to Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" The candidates were presented to the Bishop of London by Archdeacon Hesse.

A Valedictory Dismissal of missionaries took place at Exeter Hall (Lower Hall) on June 30th. In addition to the new men whose appointments were mentioned last month, the following missionaries who are returning to the field after a visit home were also taken leave of:—The Rev. J. Brown, of the Santal Mission; Rev. W. Thwaites, of the Punjab; Rev. J. Cain, of the K. Mission; Rev. E. T. Higgins, of Ceylon; Rev. J. R. Wolfe, of Fuh-chow; Rev. A. E. Moule and Miss Laurence, of Mid-China. Also Dr. Duncan Main, appointed to the Medical Mission at Hang-chow. The President, the Earl of Chester, presided. The Instructions of the Committee were delivered by the Rev. F. E. Wigram, and the special address was given by the Rev. F. Goe.

The Rev. E. T. Higgins, mentioned above, first went to Ceylon thirty years ago. In 1873, he returned in ill-health, and afterwards became Association Secretary of the Society for the counties of Herts, Beds, Hunts, and Cambridge-shire. He now goes out to take charge of the work at Cotta, and relieve the Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin, who is coming home after fourteen years' continuous service in the field. Mrs. Higgins is a missionary's daughter, her father being the Rev. J. F. Schön, formerly of West Africa, who ascended the Niger with the first expedition in 1841. Articles by Mr. Higgins appeared in the *GLEANER* of February and June, 1875, and June and November, 1876; and a letter from Mrs. Higgins in February last.

The Rev. A. E. Moule is going to Shanghai, the great mercantile port of China, where the oldest of the C.M.S. Missions in the empire is established. He is to act for a time as chaplain at the English church there, which is regarded as the cathedral of the Diocese of Mid-China. There are at Shanghai many thousands of people from Ningpo and its neighbourhood, with whose dialect Mr. Moule is familiar, and to whom he will therefore have special access.

Dr. D. Duncan Main, of the Edinburgh Medical Mission, has been accepted by the C.M.S. Committee as a Medical Missionary to China. He will take charge of the Opium Hospital at Hang-chow, lately superintended by Dr. Gal which has been so useful an agency for commending the Gospel to the Chinese.

The Rev. H. A. Bren, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, son of the Rev. H. Bren, Principal of the C.M.S. Preparatory Institution at Reading, has been accepted by the Society for missionary work.

On July 5th the Rev. Robert Bruce, the Society's devoted missionary to Persia, and Colonel Charles Stewart, an officer who has travelled much in Persia and Central Asia, had an interview with the Committee, and gave most interesting accounts of the work done by the C.M.S. Mission at Julfa, Ispahan. It is now desired to strengthen and extend this Mission, and the Committee hope that the Extension Fund referred to on page 85 may be so supported as to enable them to do so. We hope in an early number to refer more at length to Persia.

An anonymous friend has given the Society £1,000 to send a missionary to the Eskimos of the Mackenzie River and the shores of the Polar Sea. The Rev. T. H. Canham has been appointed to this Mission, and will doubtless in a like spirit to that in which the Rev. E. J. Peck has carried on his remarkable work among the same race on the eastern shores of Hudson's Bay.

Letters have been received from Kagei to February 25th. On that date Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Stokes, with the Waganda chiefs, left in canoes for Uganda. News had reached them that Mr. Mackay and Mr. Pearson were coming away. Three Waganda boys, who had been constant pupils of the missionaries, had been "bound up" for "cleaving to Christianity"—a fact of deep interest, for persecution is ever a true sign of successful work. Mr. Litchfield has established himself at Kagei, where he has built himself a house "of mud and stone," 15 feet by 9 feet.

The Bishop of Rupert's Land lately held an Ordination Service in St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, when Mr. James Irvine, one of the Society's Native students in St. John's College, Winnipeg, was admitted to Deacon's orders, and the Rev. W. A. Burman to Priest's orders. Mr. Irvine has been appointed to Lac Seul, in the Fort Francis district, and Mr. Burman returns to his work among the Sioux, a mission which, although not in immediate connection with the Society, is subsidised from its funds.

The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, in his speech at Exeter Hall on May 30th described his visit to Salt (Ramoth Gilead), the C.M.S. station on the east of the Jordan, and spoke very favourably of the work there. The Native pastor the Rev. Khalil Jamal, reports that the congregation consists of 265 persons, and there is a school with 70 children. At the last public examination, several Bedouin sheikhs were present, and seemed much pleased. Two Native agents, named Behnam Haasuneh and Suleiman Nasser, are entirely engaged in making the Gospel known among the Mohammedan population of Gilead.

The Maori Christians of New Zealand are very active in supplying churches for themselves. Six new churches, all built at their own expense, were opened in different districts last year, and three or four others are in progress.

The number of Native Christian adherents of the C.M.S. Mission in Japan has risen in the past year from 197 to 286, while the communicants have doubled, 140 against 49. There were 50 adult baptisms.

Our March number referred to the support given to C.M.S. Missions in India by friends in Australia, through the agency of the Rev. H. B. Macartney. From a report sent to him by Bishop Sargent, and printed in *The Missionary at Home and Abroad* (a magazine published at Melbourne), we find that the funds so raised support, in Tinnevely, ninety-four children in boarding-school, two Native evangelists, five Bible-women, and fourteen school-mistresses, besides what is done for Travancore, the Telugu Mission, and the Punjab.


THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY THE REV. CANON RICHARDSON.

VIII.—THE MISSIONARY POWER.

OWER from on high" is that for which the first missionaries waited. Because the promise was, "Ye shall receive power," and the need to be supplied was met when God gave "the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." The great work requires strong men, "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." And when there is health of soul, this great work makes strong men; for it throws them back upon a strong purpose, and pushes them forward into a strong position, from which they need not be driven, and should not be withdrawn.

There is power in a missionary's prayers.

They touch the Throne of Grace, and bring down the power of God. They take hold on the Strength of the Most High, and virtue goes out from the faithfulness of God. They spread out the servant's wants before the Master's presence; and answers of peace and directions of wisdom make even the weakest heart confident that all will be right at last. There is a power of argument in prayer. There is a power of pleading in prayer. There is a power of persuasion in prayer. "In every thing, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

There is power in a missionary's presence.

The people wonder at him, for they cannot explain why he is come. He gains nothing from them, yet he is there to do them good. The wonder becomes curiosity, and when drawn to him once they are found gathering round him again. It is the power of human sympathy, the power of an unselfish love, and it becomes irresistible and unresisted, and the stranger becomes a father and a friend.

There is power in a missionary's life.

He is keenly watched, and carefully studied, and the only mystery is his love, and that becomes a power. He is temperate, and kind, and happy, and full of resources which surprise his neighbours. He works for their good, deals honourably, speaks truthfully, labours humbly. His life is seen, and it is felt. He belongs to something better than they are, and he is trusted, followed, honoured, loved, and these things form his power.


There is power in a missionary's message.

He represents the One true God. He makes known the loving terms of a glorious salvation which infinite mercy offers to do away with the misery of men. He speaks as a man who knows that the message is true. There is a power in his strong convictions, power in its earnest appeals, power in his unflinching courage and his unfailling hopes of victory. His hearers feel it. His God owns it. And the result is that the man who stood alone, and spoke against clamouring multitudes, becomes a man whom men love, and respect, and follow, because he is a man true to himself, gentle to his enemies, and faithful to his God.

JERSEY BREEZES.

III.—Our Own Selves.

"First gave their own selves to the Lord."—2 Cor. viii. 5.

UR own selves. Take away that tiny central word, and the strength is gone out of the expression with it. "Ourselves" would not be half so forcible. It must be our *own* selves, with their mysterious, indissoluble trinity of body, soul and spirit, "all that is within us," as the Psalmist tersely expresses it. And what are we to do with "our own selves"? If we read the whole passage,

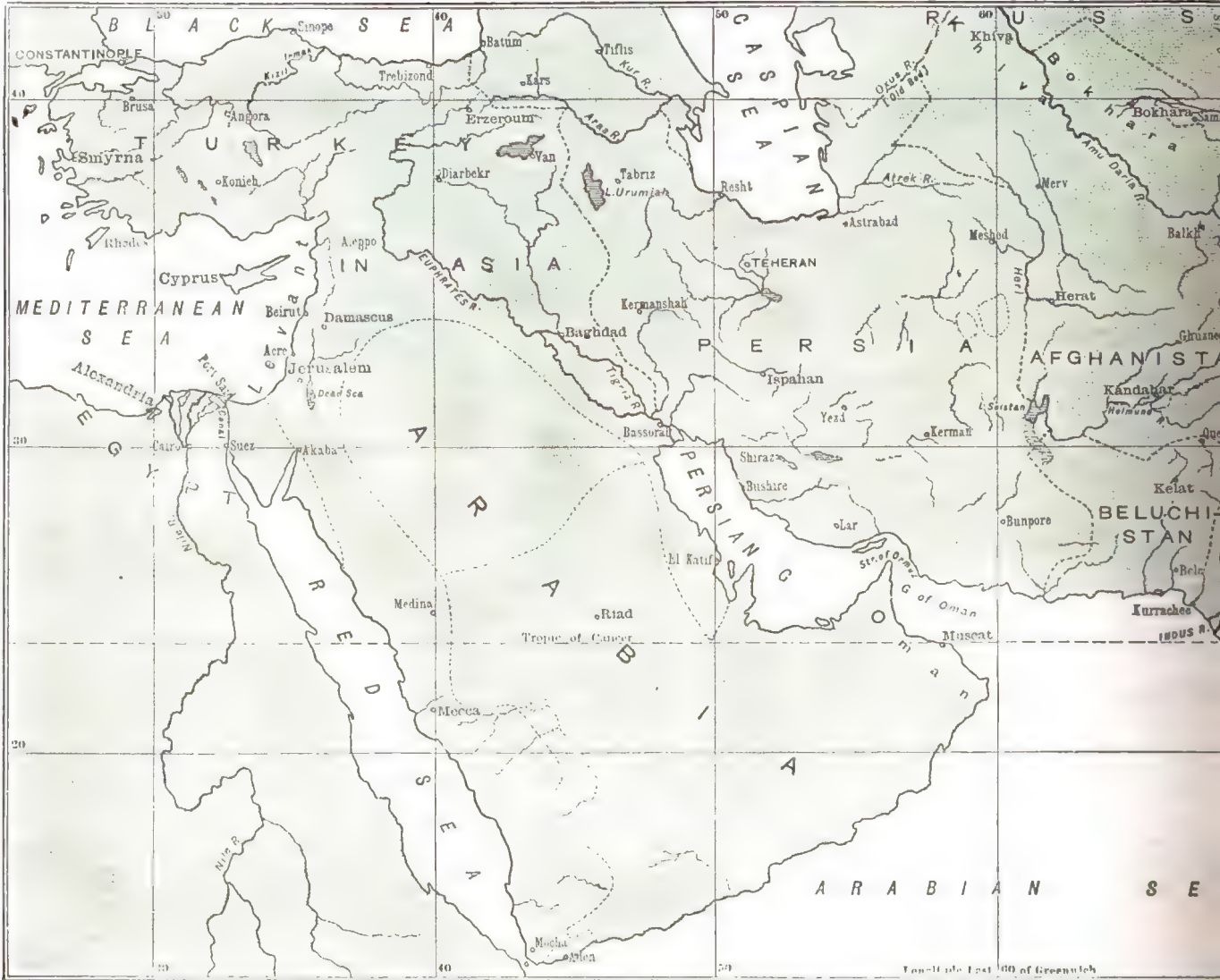
we shall see what some early Christians considered the very first step in missionary enterprise.

We find here an example to all, in every age and country, who, by the grace of God, shall have their spirits stirred within them to be up and doing in the grand battle of sin against righteousness. Their eager cry is: "Men and brethren, children of our Father, redeemed by our Saviour, renewed by our Sanctifier, what shall we do to gather in the scattered flock?" For truly, we shall ever find that the mark of sincerity in the Lord's work is intense, unflinching, indefatigable zeal. But there is a higher cry still for the willing worker, who pants to be entrusted with a little corner of the vineyard. It is this: "Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do?" And the answer is certain to come speedily, and with a sweet tone of restful decision, as if the many doubts and desires, running hither and thither in dim obscurity, were suddenly all resolved by heavenly magic into one grand clear aim, standing out beneath the electric light of God's all-piercing eye, and we hear with rapture the quick response, "Son, daughter, give Me thine *heart*."

Yes, that is the beginning of all true work for the Lord. We may, in mistaken enthusiasm, begin wrongly, and spend much strength for nought and in vain, while traversing wide circles of industry, and seeking to do some great thing. But at length we shall return, baffled and humbled, and make a fresh start from within; we shall discover that all thought of success with souls is utterly futile, unless we will consent with those simple Macedonians of old, first to give "our own selves" to the Lord. And once we have presented "our bodies a living sacrifice," all else will naturally follow. Let but the first step be right, and the second is sure to be happy.

These Macedonians longed to scatter over the world the good seed of eternal truth, which they had learnt to esteem as far more precious than much fine gold. But we are told they were in circumstances of "deep poverty." What wonderful words come in the very next line! The Apostle congratulates these cheerful givers on the "riches of their liberality." Ah, this is true faith. To give, even to the uttermost farthing, for the furtherance of the glorious Gospel, in quiet, calm assurance that "in some way or other the Lord will provide." "Or other"—what a large, limitless expression! Let us lend unto the Lord: even out of "deep poverty" let us follow the example of these good people who took God at His word, and who were "willing of themselves" to give even "beyond their power." Who ever regretted an offering laid on God's altar? Nay, rather, who that has once decided by giving himself, does not feel overwhelmed at the thought of the condescension of Him who deigns to accept? Think what we mean by "our own selves." What are we, even at best, but a sad compound of glaring inconsistencies? Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Where is there room for a particle of self-praise or self-complacency? We need His guiding eye at every step, lest we wander; His tender drops of refreshing every moment, lest our zeal wither and die. We need His wise discipline, lest we forget that we are but sinful dust and ashes, and become puffed up when He answers our prayers, and says, "My child, do this for Me."

"Our own selves." Let us think of the "selves" with reverence, as the temples of the Holy Ghost, the Lord's redeemed; with humility, as so weak and erring that Jesus alone could save them from the death they deserved; with self-consecration, as being no longer "our own," but "bought with a price." And then, God helping us, we will "from this day" give all we are and all we have, to missionary work, in whichever of its varied forms it may come to our hand, always remembering that, at the outset, we gave "our own selves" to the Lord. A. M. V.



THE MOHAMMEDAN LANDS OF WESTERN ASIA.

A CALL FROM PERSIA.



JUST one hundred years ago, Henry Martyn was born at Truro. More than one Centenary Fund has been raised in England for objects connected with his memory; but the best memorial to him is the C.M.S. Mission in Persia* ; and the best way of

honouring his name is to extend the work of preaching the Gospel in the country where he so faithfully proclaimed it amid so many difficulties. And in this centenary year our devoted missionary at Isfahan, the Rev. Robert Bruce, has come to England, and pleads for extension in Persia. We have been accustomed to think the door scarcely open there; and yet that it was good that Mr. Bruce and Dr. Hoernle should be there, as witnesses for Christ, even though they might be but as voices crying in the wilderness. And Mr. Bruce scarcely professes to be sowing the seed among the Mohammedans, scarcely even to be ploughing the soil—much less reaping the harvest—but only to be “gathering out the stones.” This, however, he strongly urges, is a legitimate branch of missionary work, and in Mussulman lands a necessary branch.

* An account of the origin and work of the Society's Persia Mission appeared in the GLEANER of May, 1879.

Yet it appears that there is more result than we thought. Colonel Charles Stewart, of the Punjab Frontier Force, who has travelled much in Persia and Central Asia, lately attended a meeting of the C.M.S. Committee, and bore remarkable testimony to the good influence of the Mission. The outward march and condition of Julfa (the suburb of Isfahan where its headquarters are) shows, he says, an astonishing improvement since he visited the place fifteen years ago; and the Mohammedan Persians have learned to understand and appreciate true Christianity, of which they see little in the Armenian and Romanist communities in their midst. Some of them attend Mr. Bruce's services, and has Moslem boys in his school.

In view of the hopeful financial position of the Society, the Committee have felt able to respond to Mr. Bruce's appeal and designate a third missionary to Persia, and the Rev. J. J. B. B. bridge, of Kurrachee in Sindh, will be transferred thither.

The map above will give our readers a very clear idea of the position of those great Mohammedan countries of Western Asia which are quite, or almost, closed against the Gospel. The mighty mountain chains that guard India are not marked, but the southern part of the British frontier can be traced. Afghanistan and Beluchistan are closed, though we have Missions



SCENE IN USAGARA, EASTERN CENTRAL AFRICA.

to both Afghans and Beluchis just within the frontier. Turkestan and Eastern Turkestan are all but impenetrable. In Persia we have two missionaries, and the Americans a few more in the north of that country. As the traveller coasts along from Kurrachee westward, and up the Persian Gulf (as Mr. Bambridge did himself last year), not a single mission station of any kind is passed. Shall we not come with humble importunity to the Throne of Grace, and taking up the words which the well-known hymn puts into the mouth of Him who is "knocking, knocking" at men's hearts, say to Him, "Wilt Thou not undo the door?"

THE FIRST ENGLISHWOMAN IN THE INTERIOR OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.



ABOUT 150 or 200 miles inland from the coast of East Africa, opposite Zanzibar, is a mountainous country called Usagara. In this country the Society has occupied two stations, Mpwapwa and Mamboia, both which will be found marked in the map given in our April number. Mpwapwa was fixed upon as an intermediate station on the road towards the great Lakes in the early days of the Nyanza Mission.

The Mamboia Mission was begun only in January last year (1880) by Mr. J. T. Last. He has established himself on a hill 800 feet above the caravan track, which itself runs over high ground in those parts. To this station he took his wife last autumn, having been married to her at Zanzibar in September. Mrs. Last is the first Englishwoman who has penetrated the interior of the country; and the readers of the GLEANER will like to read something of her journey and of her new home.

Mr. Last describes the usual routine of their daily march as follows:—

The drum is beaten about 4.30, and the men aroused. They turn out, and roll up their sleeping tents. The cook makes a fire, and gets ready some coffee. We get up about five o'clock. At 5.30 some coffee is brought in. The men then take their loads and fasten their sleeping mats to them. Coffee over, we turn out, and the men take down and pack up the tents. All the work of the camp is done, and we are ready to start generally at six o'clock. Mrs. Last goes in front; the tent, cooking things, and a few other loads follow, then the main body of the caravan. I always stay behind to see the last man start, for there are generally some who either pretend they are ill or else in some way or other try to shirk their work. It takes about an hour generally to clear the camp out after the first have started off. As soon as I have seen all fairly off I ride on to overtake Mrs. Last. When we have done about half the journey we have a rest, and allow time for those behind to come up. Then we go on again altogether to the camping place. At once men are sent for firewood and water, and whilst they are gone the tents are set up. This done, we have a cup of coffee, after which the

loads are all packed up and carefully covered. Then, if there are any sick they are attended to, which when done, it is nearly or past two P.M. Then we have dinner and a rest, after which a walk. If we are encamped near a village we go to see the Natives; if not, a shoot in the forest. We have tea about five o'clock, and as we have to be moving early in the morning we generally go to bed about seven or a little after. From this you may form some idea of our general work whilst travelling.

The next extracts notice some incidents of the journey:—

Nov. 6.—It rained heavily this morning at the usual time for starting, so we did not get off so early; but as soon as it held up I had the tents struck and off we went. It was pleasant travelling after the rain; it made the air fresh and cool, which was appreciated as much by the porters as by ourselves. The road, too, was over gentle rising and falling ground, which was not so tiring as some we had done. We reached Kwa Semangombe at about mid-day, and set up our tents just outside the village. Being Saturday, we were more particular in setting up the tents and arranging the camp, so that we might have as little as possible to do on Sunday. We had not been long in camp before the chief of the village came to see us and present his salaams. After a little conversation he went away, and returned with a fine sheep as a present to the *bibi mzungu* (the white lady), Mrs. Last. He was much surprised to see her, as, indeed, were all the Natives, she being the first European lady who had ever travelled into this part of East Africa. Soon after this his wives came to see Mrs. Last, and brought her a present of some fowls. They were surprised to see her, but much more delighted when she took notice of their little babies and played with them. This pleased the Native women very much, and she was soon named as "mama" amongst them.

Nov. 7.—This was a wet, dull day. We were hardly able to get out of our tents. The people were drenched in their little grass huts, and felt very miserable. We were in a certain sense glad when the day was over. What made it more especially uncomfortable was the strong winds which blew up under the tents, unroofed the straw huts, and made such trouble and unpleasantness.

Nov. 8.—It was very wet again this morning, and we could not get off. About ten o'clock the clouds parted, and the sun made his appearance. I then had all the wet things put out to dry, and the camp cleared of all the rubbish brought in by the wet, as it was too late in the day to make a start. At about four P.M. I had all the things collected and packed up ready for starting the next morning, should it be fine.

We had frequent visits during the day from the people of the village, the chief, his wives, and others. They were so pleased that we would let them come into the tent and talk with them, which they said was so different from what the French travellers did when they were here, for if any of the children approached the tents they used to drive them off with a whip. Many of the Natives were the more familiar with us, probably, because they had known me for nearly three years. Whenever I was passing up or down I always used to sleep in one of the houses in the village, which in time came to be called by my name.

Nov. 19.—We did not sleep much to-night, and at twelve the order was given to turn out and roll up mats. Soon after this Mrs. Last and myself got up, and had some coffee. The tent was struck, and loads given out, and by two A.M. all the things and people were out of the camp at Mkundi and in marching order on the road. At a given order the *kilangozi*, or leader, started, and all followed in single file (as is the only custom of marching in Africa). This time the moon was more favourable, and we quite enjoyed the moonlight march. We had a very prosperous march, and went on well and altogether until we came to Simbo, a watering and resting place on the road. Here we stayed for a little while to rest, have coffee, and give the donkeys some grass. After about an hour we started again, and went on until we came to Magubika. Both Mrs. Last and myself were very tired when we reached here, and were glad of both refreshment and rest. We soon had our tent up and arranged, and had a good rest. Some of the men did not get in till the evening, and all were very tired.

On Nov. 20th they reached Mamboia. At the foot of the hill is a small fort, erected by the Sultan of Zanzibar, who claims a kind of suzerainty over the local chiefs and sultans. Mr. Last writes:—

The news soon spread about that I had reached the fort and brought Mrs. Last with me. My own people came down from the station to welcome us. The Natives, men, women, and children, were in a great state of excitement; they all came down from the mountain to escort us home. Could you have seen and heard the shouts, laughing, dancing, and leaping, you would have needed no other proof that we were held in no light esteem by them. They all seemed to have cast off all care, and were resolved to give us a hearty good welcome, which they did. Some preceded, some followed us, until we reached home: then, after having heard the news of the coast and the road, they retired and left us to put the place in a little order. Our first act on the place was to thank God for His goodness in bringing us safely home.

The next day, Sunday, was indeed a day of rest, and we all needed it

much. After the service in Swahili, at which our own and two Bishop Steere's people attended, and a number of Natives, we spent the rest of the day in quiet, thankful rest, which refreshed both body and spirit.

On the Monday following the sultan came to see me again, and brought me a fine bullock, which he gave me as a token of friendship. The chiefs and the Wanyamwezi all brought something, goats, sheep, and Native corn flour, or nuts and honey—all as far as they were able. The bullock I saved till Christmas, then had it killed for a feast for my people. It was killed on Christmas Eve. On Christmas Day the church was opened; there was a good number present. We had a service in Swahili, and afterwards I gave them an address in the language on the subject of the birth of our Saviour and what He did for. After the service the feast was prepared, and all enjoyed themselves in a quiet, happy manner for the rest of the day.

Respecting the work on the Mission station, I am just beginning through a course of lessons, short and easy, on the Apostles' Creed, Wednesday afternoons from five to six P.M.; with this there is also teaching of hymns, singing, reading, and prayer. I want that they not only be able to say the Creed, &c., off by heart, but also know something of the meaning of the service. Mrs. Last is not idle; we have women on the station, wives of men who are with us; she has these in the schoolroom for about two hours, and teaches them reading, writing, and sewing. They are making very good progress. I trust before the end of another year we may be able to send you a good report of their advancement in both spiritual and mental training.

GLAD AND SAD.



My heart is glad for the gladness
That has come to the nations afar,
On whose night of sorrow and sadness
Hath arisen the morning star.
Christ's word has wakened the sleepers,
The seed has been scattered wide,
And joy awaiteth the reapers
At the coming of harvest-tide.

The gospel standard is spreading
Its folds to the eastern breeze,
Where the servants of Christ are treading
The shores of the distant seas;
They have planted the shining token
In the "Land of the Rising Sun,"
And gates of brass have been broken,
And souls for the Saviour won.

O'er Africa's long hidden waters
Christ's heralds have borne the word,
And her dark-browed sons and daughters
The message of love have heard;
And where northern lights are gleaming
O'er the pathless wastes of snow,
The light of the truth is beaming
In the hut of the Esquimaux.

Yet my heart is sad for the sadness,
The sin, and the woe, and the grief,
Where never the message of gladness
Has come with its sweet relief;
My heart is sore for the sighing
That rises up day after day
From millions in darkness lying
Without one life-giving ray;

For the precious lives that are wasting
In deeper than midnight gloom,
And the myriads onward hastening,
Uncheered, to the silent tomb;
For the sin-bound souls that are groping
To find some way of release,
And the hearts that are vainly hoping
For tidings of rest and peace.

Oh, let the message fly faster!
The time is speeding away,
And the thrilling voice of the Master
Speaks: "Work while 'tis called to-day."
Then send forth the news of gladness,
Let its echoes ring far and wide,
And joy shall banish all sadness
At the coming of harvest-tide.

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

SOME HINTS ON MISSIONARY BOXES.



WHAT is the object in view in the use of Missionary Boxes? To this simple question I reply, The collecting together of as many *small* sums as possible, and keeping them in safety until the time appointed for handing them over in bulk to the treasurer. How then shall the boxes be used thoroughly and to the greatest advantage?

My first suggestion is, that as boxes are made use of in every parish where the Society has any standing whatever, so in every parish or small association there should be a *box manager* (call him, as you please, box manager, secretary, or jack of the boxes!)—a gentleman (or lady) who is competent and willing to devote himself to the conduct, direction, and carrying on of the business of these boxes. How rarely is this the case! Do we not too often find that the duties of president, secretary, treasurer, box manager, and even collector, are centred and combined in the person of the vicar or rector and his curate (if he has one)? Centred they should and must be there; combined they should *not be*. The rector should be the centre, the main-spring, the heart of the movement; and just as the heart pulsates in the centre of our bodies, and drives the blood through numerous channels to the extremities of the body, so the missionary work should be carried from the centre, the rector, by means of various channels into the furthest parts of the parish.

What then are the qualifications necessary for a box manager? He must be one who has realised the importance of the work, the privilege of being called to assist in it, and who is able to give a humble, but hearty and willing, response to the invitation of those who call him to assist in carrying out our Lord and Master's last command. I would strongly advise that no box be given out without a collecting book to accompany it. The Society's little collecting books, ruled as they are specially for small weekly subscriptions, form a most valuable appendage to the box. If we desire to cultivate a talent for music, we do not arrange to take one lesson per annum and have done with it; on the contrary, the lessons are made as frequent as possible, so that the talent may take root downwards and bear fruit upwards. In the same way, if we desire to encourage and foster a missionary spirit (surely a talent of matchless value), we must have short but frequent lessons; the subject must not be set aside and forgotten (especially in the case of the young); let there be small weekly subscriptions. I believe that one penny contributed weekly during the year is a more valuable *missionary* subscription than the same amount, 4s. 4d., given as one sum per annum. Many people would not give 4s. 4d. per annum who would be glad to contribute 1d. per week. For collecting these small sums, and for fostering a missionary spirit, the book must be considered a necessary adjunct in the management of boxes.

The box manager, now duly appointed, will not be long before he has the opportunity of commencing his duties. Probably at the close of the meeting where he has been formally announced as manager he is asked for boxes. Surrounded by a dozen or more eager inquiries for boxes, he is only too proud of his first flash of success, and he distributes the boxes right and left with the utmost despatch, and when the applicants have retired, he is able to announce to the rector that he has got rid of *ten* boxes; but he can only add that he knows Miss Brown has one, while a second passed into the hands of Mr. Jones, and he thinks Mrs. Robinson must have taken a third, while he has no idea who have taken the remaining seven.

Is this *management*? How does this manager propose to conduct, direct, carry on the business of these boxes? Experience shows that boxes given out in this way are of little value. As a rule the close of a meeting is the very worst possible time for giving out boxes; yet, mark, it is the very best

time for receiving names of those willing to become box collectors. On such occasions there is not sufficient time for full directions to be given, there is too much hurry and haste, no words of encouragement and advice, no prayer offered for a blessing on the means about to be employed. Let the name and address of each person desiring to collect be given at the close of a meeting, and then let the manager call at the earliest possible moment at the various residences, and deliver up the boxes and books, when he will have the opportunity of setting out the working of the system, giving such explanations as are desired, such advice and encouragement as may be needed.

Are the manager's duties now at an end? By no means. They are but just commencing—in the very bud. The boxes when issued must be constantly remembered by the manager, if he is really to conduct and direct the business of the boxes. If he shows little interest in *them*, they will yield him little income. They must be constantly looked after; they must be called for, opened, and renewed, every quarter. You will readily understand that boxes opened at irregular intervals or yearly will produce much less than those opened half-yearly and quarterly. To illustrate this, let me give you one or two instances which came within my own knowledge recently, where the box system had not been thoroughly organised. At the close of a meeting M— takes a box, and at the end of the quarter is waited on by the manager to open the box. He is kept some time in the house before the lady can see him, but in the interval his ears are delighted with the well-known sound of money being dropped into a box in one of the other rooms of the house. Presently the lady enters, makes the usual apology for the smallness of the contents, but she did not expect the box would be called for under a whole year, and therefore during the four months which had elapsed since the box was given out to her she had not asked a single person to contribute, the amount in the box being entirely her own donation (the manager might have added, yes, and placed in the box since I entered the house). How much, I inquire, would you expect this box to contain in the second, third, and fourth quarters of the year after such a miserable beginning? Here was need of management indeed. At the same meeting G— takes a box, and is waited on by the manager at the end of the quarter. Miss G— expresses much surprise that the box is asked for so soon, regrets she has nothing for the manager. He, however, would like to see the box to make an entry on it, when Miss G— tells him she has given it over to a little girl who was with her at the meeting, and who so teased her about this box that she was obliged to give it over to her; and she adds, that as her brother collects for the C.M.S. in another town forty miles distant, she had better send her own subscription to her brother. The little girl is then visited, and it is found that though anxious to possess the box, she has not yet learnt to begin collecting. The box has produced between two collectors 5d. in the quarter. The manager's duties are not yet enumerated. Between the close of each quarter he must be actively engaged in looking for fresh opportunities of issuing boxes. No quarter should be barren in this respect. There are various fields to which he may turn his attention for this purpose where boxes may be utilised. No *Sunday-school* class should be without one; the teacher should set the example of a small weekly subscription, and the scholars will not be slow to follow a hearty example. *Collectors* should endeavour to introduce them where there are families, and where people are too poor to give annual subscriptions. *Private families and schools* should be encouraged to make a larger use of them. *Juvenile Associations* should be carefully watched, interested, and supplied with boxes and books. With these spheres of action before him the box manager will find ample occupation. H. M. LAURENCE.

[We shall be glad if some of our readers will give us their experiences of Missionary Boxes.—ED.]



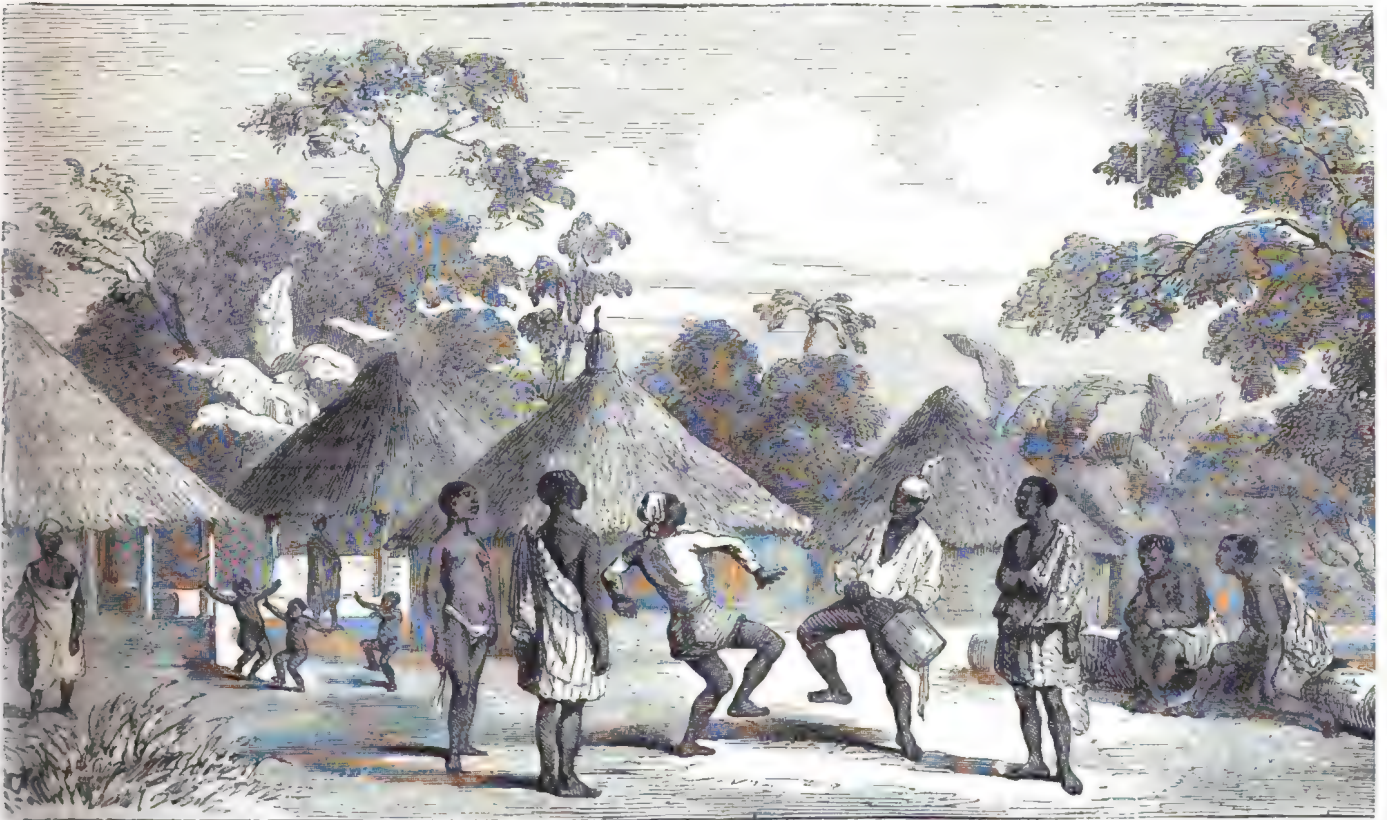
WATERLOO MARKET, SIERRA LEONE.



CHRIST CHURCH, PADEMBA ROAD, SIERRA LEONE.



THE EGUGU, SIERRA LEONE.



SHERBRO VILLAGE, SIERRA LEONE.

PICTURES FROM SIERRA LEONE.



THE name SIERRA LEONE signifies "Mountain of the Lion," and the peninsula on the West Coast of Africa which bears it was so called from a fancied resemblance of its mountain range, when seen at sea, to the King of Beasts. "Sierra" literally signifies "saw," and is applied by the Spanish and Portuguese to a serrated outline of mountain crests, and hence the name Sierra Leone.

Sixty years ago the country was in a deplorable condition. It was known as the "White Man's Grave," and dreaded by travellers and sailors. Dense forests covered the interior, and the atmosphere was very fatal to European life; but even worse than this was the deplorable heathenism of the inhabitants.

The country was selected by the early friends of the negro as the settlement of such Africans as had been redeemed from slavery. In 1808 the settlement was transferred to the British Crown, and the population for a long time continued to be increased by the living cargoes of slave ships captured at sea by English cruisers engaged in the suppression of the hateful traffic in human beings. As these negroes had been gathered from upwards of a hundred different tribes, speaking widely different languages, practising various kinds of heathenism, we can understand, untutored and ignorant as they all were, how they must have been deeply sunk in their own native superstitions and degraded rites.

But God soon began to bless the labours of His servants the missionaries. Undeterred by the deadly climate and torrid air, they came to Sierra Leone, with the message to the negroes that God had made of one flesh all nations of men, and that Jesus the Saviour had died for them as well as for the white man. The first signal success attended the labours of the Rev. W. A. B. Johnson, at Regent, between the years 1816 and 1820, who was the honoured instrument in God's hands of turning many to righteousness.

If we take our stand before sunrise on some mountain top, we shall behold, as the sun rises, peak after peak catch his early rays, while all below is still in darkness. But soon the light spreads, and valley and plain become partakers of it, and all the land becomes light. So it may be said to have been in Sierra Leone; the light spread, the mists were scattered, the Sun of righteousness arose "with healing in His wings," heathenism vanished before it, and at the present moment Sierra Leone is one of the Christian lands of the earth. Heathenism is extinct. A Native Church is planted, with Native clergymen in every parish, for the parochial system even has long been introduced; schools and institutions flourish, newspapers are published, and books printed, all by Native Africans themselves. The labourers, the Church missionaries, had been so blessed of God, that in 1862 the Home Committee thought that the Native Christians could stand alone, and therefore gradually withdrew its labourers, transferring the congregations to the Native Church, the last transfer having been made only this year; and now for the first time in the Society's Report there are no Christians registered in Sierra Leone for which it is responsible, its work now being confined only to the educational establishments. The figures of the Native Church show now a total of 17 churches, with 18 Native Clergy, 79 Lay-Teachers, 5,351 Communicants, 15,782 Native Christians, 45 Schools, and 4,381 Scholars; and last year there were 774 baptisms, of which 725 were of infants, showing how complete the profession of Christianity has now become. As far back as 1842, a Parliamentary Committee attributed the "considerable intellectual, moral, and religious improvement" of the people to "the invaluable exertions of the Church Missionary Society more especially."

Our pictures tell their own tale; one represents a scene now

almost impossible in the colony—a heathen "greegree" man. Still, even his audience do not appear to be frightened, as would have been the case sixty, or even fifty or forty years ago. The visit of a greegree man was terrible to the people. The missionary wrote: "A man covered from head to foot with his appearance this afternoon." Particular pieces of ground are held sacred to the greegrees. Their deeds of darkness and secret are as little called in question as those of the Inquisition were formerly in Europe. When the *purrah* comes into the town the inhabitants are obliged to shut themselves within doors. Should any be discovered peeping at what is going on he would be put to death." This was in 1826, but gradually the greegree man and the *purrah* man too, lost his hold of the people. In 1853 "Egugu" (devil) came into Freetown with a party of drummers and the missionary, Mr. Beale, determined to expose the charlatan. He ran out, seized the egugu, and dragged him into the mission yard. His dress made him stand seven feet high. "I tore his upper garment to shreds," says Mr. Beale, "and drew his gown over his head. Underneath were many charms. When the crowd saw that the egugu was only a human being like themselves, and known to many, they raised a loud shout. I delivered the man to the constable, not as a conjurer, but a disturber of the peace; but he so begged for pardon, that I agreed to forgive him if he would find sureties for his future good conduct." After this egugus got rarer and rarer, and nowhere they practised, the sound of praise goes up to heaven.

The other cuts show what is well-known to missionary readers as Christ Church, Pademba Road, the market at Waterloo, and a village inhabited by the Sherbro tribe.

If all Africa could become as Sierra Leone, the promise would be fulfilled that "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God." Let us pray that nation after nation may "catch the flying joy" till "earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

XIV.—In Prison and Out.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

Acts xii.



Do missionaries ever get put in prison? Not often, sometimes. Judson in Burmah; Ramesey in Asha. Once Bishop Crowther was seized by a hostile chief, and escaped. In India, Ceylon, New Zealand, N.W. America, missions are in British dominions, so are safe. But among heathen and Mohammedan rulers, Native teachers are sometimes imprisoned: in Fuh-Kien (China), many cases; in Turkey, two years ago, Ahmed Tewfik, though not a Christian, arrested helping a missionary.

But often missionaries, English and Native, in great danger of other kinds. So a good thing to see in the Acts how Peter was in danger, and how delivered; and see if we can do anything for them.

Read Acts xii. 1—5. Passover time: great joy in Jerusalem—why for? Because the new king has killed one leader of the Nazarenes, and seized another; and this one the greatest, and he to be executed soon as feast over.

While Jews rejoicing, what Peter doing? Ver. 6—*asleep!* Not at all—can "rest in the Lord"—if the Lord wills, can deliver him, and if it will, well, ready to die and be with Jesus. And what the Church doing? Ver. 5—"prayer without ceasing." Any use praying? Peter had been let out of prison before (chap. v. 19); but God had let James be killed at this time—perhaps Peter to die too now. Never mind, pray or "Lord, if Thou wilt"—"They will be done."

Night—Mary's house—many praying very earnestly, we may be sure. Suddenly a knocking—dreadful sound—is it Herod's soldiers come to seize them too? No: Peter's voice! Can't be, impossible. What impossible? Is not this just what they were praying for? Ah, never looked for such an answer: God has done "more than they asked or thought" (Eph. iii. 20). How did it happen? Read ver. 6—11.

We can do that for our missions and missionaries. What perils are some of them be in at this moment, at sea, on long march, in sickness, amid fierce Afghans or jealous Africans. God's angels always ready: God always ready to send them: are we ready to ask for them?

MAORI CHRISTIANS IN PROSPERITY AND IN ADVERSITY.

THE Rev. J. McWilliam, the C.M.S. Missionary at Otaki, New Zealand, writes:—

I have had the pleasure and satisfaction of opening another Native church in this district. It was wholly built by the Natives of a village called Ngawhakarana, about fifty miles up the Manawatu River. It is neatly and strongly built of timber, and in very good style, well painted without, and varnished within, and provided with a good bell. It will seat about 150 persons. There were nearly 200 present at the opening, and forty partook of the Holy Communion. I preached from Psalm cxxvii. 1, "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it." The collection amounted to £7 10s. The people seemed all pleased and thankful that they had been enabled to finish their church, and that they should henceforth have regular services and communions. I left them happy and prosperous, their green fields and plantations smiling around them, their flocks and herds feeding in abundance.

When I next visited them in May all was changed. They had been afflicted by a terrible flood, higher than it has been known to rise for many years. It also came on most unexpectedly in the middle of autumn, and it caused immense damage. Happily only two human lives were lost, but the whole of their crops, just harvested, were swept away. A mere remnant of their domestic animals were saved. The water stood ten feet deep over all their fields for two or three days, and the country being almost a perfect level, there was no escape, all but a few sheep and pigs saved in canoes perished in the water. When the flood subsided, the whole face of the country was changed. A deposit of sand and mud, four and five feet deep, was left over all their fields. The water had stood in the church up to the level of the communion-table, and nearly all their books were spoiled. Yet notwithstanding this severe visitation, and a prediction uttered by a Hauhau prophet, that this was but a beginning of the evils that were to befall them if they did not listen to his teaching, I was pleased and astonished to find them so resigned and trustful in God. They said, "He knows best. He can bring good out of this evil." And so it was, for He opened the hearts of their Native Christian brethren up and down the coast, and a plentiful supply of provision and seed for the next year was at once sent them, and when I last visited them in September, their fields were again fenced and planted, with the promise of an abundant harvest. Only three or four persons afraid of the prophet's prediction had joined his cause; the rest were all as earnest and steadfast as ever.

GOSPEL TROPHIES.

"Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation."—Rev. v. 9.

VII.—D'Alrew, the Buddhist Priest; or, "They shall come from . . . the East."



AR away from the snows and the great solitudes where we last met with a recruit for "the great multitude which no man can number," lies the bright island of Ceylon. Set in "dark purple spheres of sea," and fanned by the "spicy breezes" celebrated at every missionary meeting, it might seem a favoured spot indeed. In sharp contrast to the Red Indian's simple creed of a Great Spirit creating and superintending all things, of a happy hunting ground where the spirits of departed chiefs enjoy very substantial felicity, are the strange refinements of Buddhism. No personal God; no individual future; nay, no individual present; such are some of the strange negations of Buddhism. Meanwhile, do the followers of "the light of Aisia" find it a satisfactory light of life? One, at least, did not.

Charles Edward D'Alrew † was educated as a Buddhist priest, but put off his priestly robes that he might support his mother and family as a Native doctor. He came in contact with a missionary (the Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin), and in the course of conversation they frequently spoke of Christianity. The Buddhist listened, as might be expected, chiefly that he might find arguments against the new system thus obtruded on his

notice. He made no objection, however, to reading the Epistle to the Romans in Singhalese. The first chapter astonished him, as holding up to his view sins common amongst his countrymen, and even, alas! amongst his Buddhist priests. "The light of Asia," indeed, warned its followers that they had evil passions, and must by all means get rid of them if they would enjoy peace, but being only a light shining calmly above the heads of the multitude, it could never reach those who loved darkness.

But the words in the second chapter, about that law which is written in the heart, came home to the Buddhist presently. "Do you ever," inquired his friend, "feel anything make you unhappy when you have done what you know to be wrong?" "Yes, I do; it makes me very miserable." "Do you find that you have any power over this which troubles you—that you can drive it away?" "No; I have tried, but I can't drive it away." "Do you think this witness of the heart is a bad thing, or a good one?" "Bad it can't be; it tells me when I do wrong." "Do you think it comes from yourself?" "No, else I would put it away." "Then do you think that what St. Paul says may be true, and it may come from God, whose very existence you deny?" "It may be so," he answered, and quitted the room in deep thought.

At different times he renewed the subject of the law written in the heart. The missionary, very wisely, did not press him on the subject, but left his own convictions to work. At last he exclaimed one day, "Is there any peace to the conscience, and pardon of sin, in the Christian religion? I have been trying and trying according to Buddhism, but there is no pardon and no peace." Then God's messenger delivered God's message. "Emmanuel—God with us," was the substance of that message. The glad tidings reached the listener's soul: "From this day I am a Christian," he said.

His resolve caused bitter grief and anger to his family. They taunted him with interested motives; he wanted to be a paid agent of the Society, they said. But no, he continued to earn his bread by his former calling, only preaching the Gospel whenever he could. He could appeal to the Christian's strongest testimony—a changed heart and a changed life. Once, he had defrauded the people about his medicines, and practised deceit. Now, he had put away all lying, practical or verbal. Once, he had given way to anger whenever he happened to feel it, and had abused and ill-treated his wife. Now, as became the "servant of the Lord," he was "slow to wrath." He appealed to his family, above all to his wife; were not these things so? Was he not a changed man? "Yes," his wife admitted, "that was true; he had acted differently of late. But anything," she added, "was better than your becoming a Christian." She had not yet learned to know the tree by its fruits.

He continued to do all in his power to lead his family to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He had sent, and also to speak to others of the pardon and peace which Buddha knew not of. About four or five years after his conversion he fell into a consumption, and presently it became clear that he was dying. Mr. Dowbiggin came to see and to speak with him of the love of Christ, and the immortal life which death and disease cannot reach. The dying man had no doubt of the pardon he had sought years ago; in him was the promise fulfilled: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

When he could no longer speak, he wrote on a slate his last message to his friends: "Do all of you, while seeking the other world, live correctly." It was the same message which, by revealing the darkness, had ultimately brought light to his own soul. Once convinced of sin, he thought, they must seek for pardon, and he had heard that those who seek shall find. The Christian's hope in death seemed to impress those who had been apparently callous to his life. "We are satisfied that he was

* The writer evidently refers to her own last contribution in this series, in the May number.

† His name D'Alrew was no doubt that of some old Portuguese settlers in Ceylon.

happy, we believe he is happy now," said his relatives. "I was troubled when he renounced Buddhism and became a Christian. *I am not sorry now,*" said his mother. Thus was Christ glorified in His servant's death, and thus did Charles Edward D'Alrew enter the higher service, which is wrought out in joy and rest, in place of weariness and sorrow.

In June, 1870, he had been admitted into the visible Church of Christ, and had publicly acknowledged his inability to cleanse himself from sin. In August, 1874, he was admitted to the general assembly and Church of the firstborn—"a just man made perfect."

ELIZABETH SUTTON.

PICTURES FROM THE TELUGU MISSION.

NOTES BY THE REV. J. E. PADFIELD, *Masulipatam.*



THE fathers of the Telugu Mission had not long settled down to their work before they made some attempts towards reaching the Native women by means of schools. Mr. Fox took this matter in hand, and by interesting friends in England contrived to get on foot the Masulipatam Girls' Boarding School, which has continued from that time down to the present. As this school is what may be called the mother school of the Mission, a few particulars about it may be interesting.

This school was opened as early as June 10th, 1847. From the first it



SHARKEY MEMORIAL GIRLS' SCHOOL, MASULIPATAM.

was under the charge of the late Mrs. Sharkey, who with wonderful patience and perseverance continued it up to the day of her death in 1878, doing a work that has had so marked an influence for good on the whole district.

This school has always occupied an important position. The admissions register of the school shows that from its commencement, counting the present pupils, no fewer than 391 have been admitted as boarders, besides the day-scholars, of whom there is no record.

The support for these boarding-schools is obtained almost entirely from private sources; kind friends undertake to support one or more girls, and by God's blessing there never yet has been a lack of support. Many kind friends there are in England who assist us with means to carry on this work for their far-off sisters of a strange race and nation. One may, however, tell of the "Coral Fund," which has always been a valuable medium of support for these and kindred schools; and the Missionary Leaves Association, which also helps the work in divers ways.

As it is probable that many old friends of Mrs. Sharkey and her work may read the GLEANER, they may be interested to read the following from the *Madras C.M.S. Record* (January, 1880):—

On the return from England of Mr. and Mrs. Padfield, Mrs. Sharkey's school passed into their hands, and as they were anxious to perpetuate the memory of one who had been so long connected with the school, they immediately commenced to collect funds for erecting a suitable building, to



MISSION HOUSE, MASULIPATAM, WHERE ROBERT NOBLE LIVED AND DIED.

be called "The Sharkey Memorial School." So successful was the appeal that they were soon able to commence the building. The place selected was on the south of their house (formerly Mr. Noble's). (See Illustration.) A very nice building has been erected, consisting of one long hall, 68 feet by 18 feet, with four small corner rooms, and a large back veranda, 80 feet by 15 feet long, in which the children can take their meals. The school was formally opened on Tuesday afternoon, October 21st, 1880. The room was prettily decorated, and many nice presents were given to the children.

It may be interesting to mention that we are hoping to add a Female Normal class to the school for regularly training mistresses for Government certificates.

I must now say something of the efforts that have been made to reach the Mussulman and upper castes, by the establishing for them of girls' schools. It was long Mr. Noble's wish to establish such schools, but he never was able to succeed in doing so, and it was not until a length of time seemed to have come, and by God's blessing efforts were made, and were crowned with success.

About that time a small caste girls' school was opened in Ellore by Mrs. Arden; and Mrs. Clayton, the wife of one of our missionaries, with great energy and zeal, managed to open several schools in different quarters of the town of Masulipatam; from the first they were successful, that soon they increased to five. The movement spread to Bezwada, where schools were opened, and the little one in Ellore not only increased in itself, but several others were opened, amongst which one for Mohammedan girls. These schools are under the direct charge



MASULIPATAM TRAINING INSTITUTION: STUDENTS' BOARDING HOUSE.

of the ladies of the Mission, assisted by Native Christian ladies. The secular instruction is given by Native masters, who, alas! are heathen, for caste prejudices will not allow of any but caste masters, and our caste converts are yet comparatively too few for the work we have in hand. Christian instruction is given daily in all these schools by Christian ladies in the vernacular; in one of the schools in Ellore the Christian instruction is given by a Native clergyman.

Besides the boarding-schools we have several caste girls' schools for the Mussulman and upper castes. There are now six such schools in Masulipatam, two in Bezwada, and three in Ellere, with a total of 575 pupils, of whom 429 are caste Hindus, and 146 Mussulmans.

As with the boarding-schools, all the caste girls' schools are supported entirely by private subscriptions from friends in England, Australia, and India, and we are aided by money grants earned at the yearly Government Examination. The picture on this page of a Telugu girl represents one of our caste girls in full gala dress, as they sometimes come dressed for the prize distributions and other grand gatherings.

We here interrupt Mr. Padfield's paper to give an extract from Mrs. Padfield's last report of the Sharkey Girls' School, which is of special and touching interest:—

Another very interesting event was the baptism by Mr. Padfield on the 7th of March of no less than sixteen of our girls. Some of this number were old enough to receive adult baptism, and to answer for themselves, but the most of them were famine and other orphans, who received infant baptism. Even these latter had, however, learned a good deal of the Catechism and the sweet simple facts of our holy faith, and were able to answer intelligently simple questions as to the truth. All of them had been with us sufficiently long to learn to love the name of Jesus, and I think I may confidently say that in each case it was no unmeaning ceremony, but a solemn step, and a happy service. They were none of them mere infants, the youngest being six years of age, and they had long looked forward to their baptism, and had each been carefully prepared for it. It was a solemn and impressive service, and many thoughts would come into one's mind, as one after another they knelt at the font in our little church, in the presence of the whole Native congregation. They were from such widely different tribes, and had such varied histories, and doubtless had been taught to bow down before such different gods and goddesses. One was a little Brinjaree girl, a wild and strange kind of gipsy tribe that wander over India as carriers. I never heard of a single child of this caste ever being in any school. This little one has been with us since August, 1879, and was sent in to us by the district magistrate, as a poor orphan, whose mother died in Bezwada Hospital, and who was thus left helpless, none of her tribe being near. She was then about six years old, and is a most bright, intelligent, happy girl now. Another of the sixteen was of the Tank-digger caste; another of the Gollah or Herdman caste; three were of what is called the Telugu caste; two were of the Bearer caste; and eight were Malas. All except the last are divisions of the great and infinitesimally divided and subdivided Sudra caste. While speaking of baptisms, it may be mentioned



TELUGU CASTE GIRL IN GALA DRESS.

that twelve of our bigger girls are candidates for the confirmation that will be held at the approaching visit of the Bishop of Madras, while several other of the elder ones are communicants.

Mr. Padfield goes on:—

The other two pictures have reference to another branch of our work, that amongst the youths of the Mission. They show us the Training Institution at Masulipatam, and one of the former students, who is now a master of one of our village schools.

It might perhaps be more attractive to the readers of the GLEANER if they could be transported to these climes and take a peep at us in our work—the students in their Native dress, turbaned head and bare feet, divided into different classes—some of the upper division striving to master the mysteries of Euclid or Algebra, or to overcome the difficulties of English. Several others might be seen trying “their ‘prentice hands” at teaching classes, some looking very “green” and uncomfortable; and on certain days the terrible ordeal might be witnessed of some taking classes in turn before their fellow-students, to be afterwards criticised freely. A peep at us might be interesting if it were possible, but it is not a very “taking” subject to write about.

Too much weight, however, cannot be attached to the training of Native agents. It is a work, the primary importance of which cannot be over-estimated. Our hopes of the future evangelisation of the whole land, our hopes of a future thriving, self-governing Native Church in India, all rest, humanly speaking, on our Native agency.

A training class was first formed in 1868 to train Native Christian youths as schoolmasters for the little village schools scattered up and down the Mission. At present we have forty students, thirty-seven being resident boarders. They are from sixteen to twenty years of age, and a few are men of great promise. Our educational standard is not high, and most of the students merely read in the vernacular, though we have an English class which reaches a much higher standard.

The fact is, the mass of our converts in this Mission are from the “Mala” or “Pariah” race, an out-cast tribe, who, though the real children of the soil, have been despised and down-trodden by the upper castes, and it is from these that our students are drawn. Though they cannot compare in natural intelligence with the Brahmin or Sudra, I have noticed that our brightest and best students are Christian born, the children of converts.

Since its establishment in 1868, the Institution has annually sent out an average of between five and six trained teachers, and now the greater part of the agents in the whole Mission are old students. Many of them are workmen of whom we need not be ashamed. They are scattered in widely different directions, some many miles away in the jungle villages, others scattered over large tracts of country. In many districts the village schoolmasters and catechists are our old students.



A STUDENT OF THE MASULIPATAM TRAINING INSTITUTION, AND HIS WIFE. (Photographed on their Wedding Day.)

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

SEPTEMBER—"ONE."

One heart, one voice, we raise,
 One sacrifice of praise,
 To the Eternal One in Three;
 One let the Church go forth;
 East, West, and South and North
 Soon in one fold shall gathered be. A. E. M.

First Qr. . . 1d. 2h. 3m. p.m.
 Full Moon 8d. 4h. 39m. a.m.
 Last Qr. . . 15d. 8h. 1m. a.m.

SEPTEMBER, New M. 23d. 11h. 24m. a.m.
 First Qr. 3rd. 9h. 48m. p.m.

- 1 T The Lord our God is one Lord. Dent. 6. 4.
- 2 F By one man sin entered into the world. Rom. 5. 12.
- 3 S There is none righteous, no, not one. Rom. 3. 10.
 [one blood all nations of men. Acta 17. 26.]
- 4 S 12th aft. Trin. "H. Venn" at highest point on Binue, 1879. Of
 M. 1 K. 22. 1-41. 1 Co. 14. 1-20. E. 2 K. 2. 1-18, or 4. 8-33. Mk. 6. 30.
- 5 M One died for all. 2 Cor. 5. 14. [ones. Matt. 18. 10.]
- 6 T Bp. Royston at Frere Town, 1878. Despise not one of these little
- 7 W Whoso rec. one such little child in My name rec. Me. Mat. 18. 5.
- 8 T 1st Travancore slaves bapt., 1854. Into one body. 1 Cor. 12. 13.
- 9 F One Lord, one faith, one baptism. Eph. 4. 5.
- 10 S I will give them one heart, and one way. Jer. 32. 39.
 [1850. This one thing I do. Phil. 3. 13.]
- 11 S 13th aft. Trin. Ember Week. French and Stuart sailed for India,
 M. 2 K. 5. 2 Co. 2. 14, & 5. E. 2 K. 6. 1-24, or 7. Mk. 10. 32.
- 12 M One man of you shall chase a thousand. Josh. 23. 10.
- 13 T One thing is needful. Lu. 10. 42. [Jesus. Gal. 3. 28.]
- 14 W 1st bapt. in N. Z., 1825, and on Niger, 1862. All one in Christ
- 15 T Each one resembled the children of a king. Judg. 8. 18.
- 16 F Stand fast in one spirit. Phil. 1. 27.
- 17 S With one mind striving together. Phil. 1. 27.
 [beauty of the Lord. Ps. 27. 4.]
- 18 S 14th aft. Trin. One thing have I desired ... to behold the
 M. 2 K. 9. 2 Co. 10. E. 2 K. 10. 1-32, or 13. Mk. 14. 27-33.
- 19 M Bp. Croucher capt. at Idda, 1867. He keepeth all his bones, not
- 20 T One thing thou lackest, Mar. 10. 21. [one is broken. Ps. 34. 20.]
- 21 W St. Matthew. Found one pearl of great price. Matt. 13. 46.
- 22 T Bps. Stuart and Sargent's 1st ord., 1878. There is one body and
 [one spirit. Eph. 4. 4.]
- 23 F Koelle arrested by Turks, 1879. One soweth, another reapeth.
 [Jo. 4. 37.]
- 24 S J. T. Tucker d., 1866. Not one thing hath failed. Josh. 23. 14.
 [least...unto Me. Mat. 25. 40.]
- 25 S 15th after Trin. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the
 M. 2 K. 18. Ga. 4. 1-21. E. 2 K. 19, or 23. 1-31. Lu. 2. 1-21.
- 26 M I and My Father are one. Jo. 10. 30.
- 27 T That they also may be one in us. Jo. 17. 21.
- 28 W 1st C.M.S. bapt. in China, 1851. Gathered one by one. Ia. 27. 12.
- 29 T St. Mich. & All Angels. Joy in the presence of the angels of God
 [over one sinner that repenteth. Lu. 15. 10.]
- 30 F One fold and one Shepherd. John 10. 16.

ASISIPPI—A CREE INDIAN'S EXPERIENCES.

IN one of the wildest parts of the Diocese of Saskatchewan, in North-West America, the Society has a station called ASISIPPI. It was founded in 1874 by the Rev. John Hines. He is a practical farmer, and has taught the Cree Indians to cultivate the ground. Six years ago there was not one convert. In May last, the Bishop of Saskatchewan visited Asisippi, and confirmed fifty-eight Indians. One of them, named Jacob Susukwumos, at a meeting of the heads of families, addressed him as follows:—

I, too, am thankful for what I see to-day. I almost cried yesterday when I saw the Bishop and two clergymen in our church. I have been not only a heathen, but a conjuror or medicine-man. I knew every heathen superstition; I paid to be taught all the mysteries. God has seen fit to change my mind, and I am now a Christian. The change must have come from God—it could not have come from myself. God showed me that I was in the power of the Evil One, and that I could only escape by coming to Jesus. Both I and the others here were brought to the Saviour by God's blessing on the teaching of Mr. Hines. I heard in church yesterday, that heathen superstitions are crumbling away, and that Christianity is growing and spreading. I believe that this is true. I am thankful to see the church completed and the Mission growing so strong. I remember that in my heathen days I once camped with my wife and child on the very spot where the church is now built. It was evening, and I was sitting just where the church door now is. I felt very lonely—just like a beast, for I knew not God. I little thought then, though no doubt God had ordained it, that in the very place where I sat, the church would be built, and that my wife would be the first buried there. She was then, like myself, a poor heathen, but before she died she was brought to Jesus, and was a baptized member of His Church. Her favourite hymn during her last illness was:—

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed;
 And did my Sovereign die!"

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Rev. Robert Lang, M.A., Vicar of Silsoe, has been appointed a Clerical Secretary of the Society. He is a son of one of the oldest and most active members of the Committee, Arthur Lang, Esq.

The Rev. H. A. Bren, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, has been appointed Principal of the Robert Money School, Bombay, in succession to the Rev. G. Carss, who has resigned.

The Rev. James Martin, one of the Islington men ordained on St. Paul's Day, has been designated to the Fuh-Kien Mission.

The Rev. A. E. Cowley, formerly of the Sindh Mission, and latterly minister of St. Clement's, Mapleton, Manitoba, is about to return to his old post at Karachi, in connection with the Society, to take up the Rev. J. Sheldon's work.

The Rev. J. J. Bambridge, now in charge at Karachi, is appointed to Persia on Trinity Sunday, June 12th, Bishop French admitted to priest's orders the Rev. C. H. Merk and the Rev. Mian Sadiq Masih, of the C.M.S.

Canon Tristram has given the C.M.S. Committee a valuable Report upon the Society's Missions in Palestine, which are doing, he states, a very remarkable work, especially at Nablous, Gaza, and Salt.

Journals have been received from Mr. Mackay and Mr. Pearson in Uganda to January 8th, 1881. Mtesa was still acting very capriciously, and the prohibition against Christian services, and against the people coming to missionaries to be taught, continued. The Arab traders kept up a furious opposition, and had publicly charged Mr. Mackay with being a murderer who had fled from England, affirming that Mtesa's life was in danger from his presence in Uganda. No details are furnished of the persecution of the youths who professed allegiance to Christianity.

On March 25th a great gathering of Maori Christians took place at Paia to commemorate the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, in 1840, by which New Zealand was ceded to Great Britain. A service was conducted by Archdeacon Clarke and the Revs. Wiremu Pomare and Wiki Te Paa.

The British authorities at Lagos have been endeavouring to influence the king and chiefs of Ode Ondo in the Yoruba country to abandon the practice of human sacrifices. In September, 1880, on the death of the Lisa or paramount ruler, fifteen persons were slaughtered, and their corpses thrown into a grave, while two others were buried in it alive. In December, Consul Hervey steamed up the lagoons and river and paid a week's visit to the king; after much discussion, a treaty was signed providing for the abolition of human sacrifices. At the Consul's request, the Rev. C. Phillips, the C.M.S. Native missionary at Ode Ondo, held a thanksgiving service in the mission service for the success God had vouchsafed to his efforts; and the Governor of Lagos has since written an official letter of thanks to the Society, communicating the Consul's "thorough and grateful appreciation of the important assistance Mr Phillips was always so ready and always so good as to render."

In the summer of last year the Bishop of Rupert's Land travelled 300 miles (each way) to visit Fort Francis, in Rainy Lake district, where the late Rev. R. Phair has laboured with but little encouragement for seven years. Indian chiefs told the Bishop that "white man's religion was very good, but that the red man's religion came from the same God, and was best fitted for them. But Mr. Phair writes, on April 7th of the present year more hopefully. He has baptized six adults of influence among the Indians, and "quite a number" are asking for baptism. "I have good reason," says, "to hope that the days of anxious waiting are well-nigh at an end."

Bishop Stuart, of Waiapu, New Zealand, has a Voluntary Theological Class of Maori Lay Readers, which is held weekly, and is attended by some eight of these useful evangelists, who come considerable distances at their own expense, and are most regular and attentive. His daughter gives them singing lessons also, to improve the hymn-singing at their services; and some of her wives attend her class. "They are all unpaid agents," writes the Bishop, "and the class does not cost a penny to any one but the men themselves."

The Rev. Vincent C. Sim, who joined the Bishop of Athabasca in his residence two years ago, writes of a journey he took in the depth of winter to Fort Chipewyan to Fort McMurray, 150 miles over the snow, when he had slight taste of what is called in that country hard times. "Provisions were short. For ten days we lived upon flour, sometimes having not more than a small cake at a meal, so that my appetite increased alarmingly."

The baptismal register of the Mission to the Tukudh or Loucheux Indians on the Upper Youcon River, in the remotest north-west corner of Athabasca Diocese, now shows, says Archdeacon R. McDonald, a total of 1,482 names.

We have received a letter from Ningpo, signed "One who signed the protest," disputing the statement in our March number that "the missionaries who signed the protest against the use by Dr. Legge of a particular Chinese term for God are a small minority of the missionary body in China," and "the majority favour Dr. Legge's term." It was no doubt incautious of us even to touch this thorny question, for whatever statement we might have made would be sure to be contradicted from one side or another. But we can accept our correspondent's correction. Possibly (though we scarcely think he may include Roman Catholic missionaries; and our statement was meant to be confined to those of the various Protestant societies. We will, however, say "minority," instead of "small minority."

"A PRINTER (CANTABRIGIA)" should send his name and address to Rev. F. E. Wigram, Hon. Clerical Secretary, Salisbury Square, London, who will send him the directions for Missionary Candidates.

Received for the *Henry Wright* steamer—M. H. C. D., 2s.

Received for Lucknow—E. A., Dorking, 4s.

We are also asked to acknowledge 5s. collected for the General Fund for a poor woman who circulates among her friends a copy of the GLEANER which is given to her monthly, and who gets them to put a penny each into a missionary box.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

OCTOBER, 1881.

SPECIAL NORTH PACIFIC NUMBER.

NOTE.

Our usual Annual Special Number is this year devoted to the North Pacific Mission, comprising the story of Metlakahla and the interesting outlying Missions which have emanated from that famous settlement. The letterpress is condensed from a little book lately published by the Society, METLAKAHTLA AND THE NORTH PACIFIC MISSION, price 1s.

METLAKAHTLA AND THE NORTH PACIFIC MISSION.

I.—The Field of Labour.



BRITISH COLUMBIA is that part of "The Dominion of Canada" which is west of the Rocky Mountains, and borders on the Pacific Ocean.* It includes within its limits several islands, of which Vancouver's Island and Queen Charlotte's Islands are the largest.

English connection with this part of the world may be said to date from an exploratory voyage made by Captain Cook in 1776, when he landed at Friendly Cove and Nootka Sound, and took possession of them in the name of his sovereign. He was followed by Captain Vancouver in 1792; and in 1793 Alexander Mackenzie, one of the most enterprising pioneers in the employment of the North-West Fur Company, who had already discovered the mighty river since named after him, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and pushed his way westward, until he stood on the shores of the Pacific. Some years later, in 1806, Mr. Simon Fraser, another employé of the same company, gave his name to the great river that drains British Columbia, and established the first trading post in those parts. After the amalgamation of this company with the Hudson's Bay Company, other posts were established, such as Fort Rupert, on Vancouver's Island, and Fort Simpson, on the borders of Alaska. Alaska, the extreme north-west peninsula of America, bordering on Behring's Straits, then belonged to Russia, but was subsequently sold by her to the United States.

In 1858 the discovery of gold in the basin of the Fraser river, on the mainland, attracted a large number of gold-diggers from California. To maintain order among a motley population of lawless habits, British Columbia was formed into a colony, with its capital at Victoria, on Vancouver's Island.

Official returns, made a few years ago, gave the number of Indians in British Columbia as 31,520, distributed over the islands and mainland. They belong to several distinct families or nations, speaking distinct languages. Thus the Hydahs of Queen Charlotte's Islands are altogether distinct from the Indians of Vancouver's Island; and on the mainland, the Indians on the sea-board are distinct from the Indians of the interior, from whom they are divided by the Cascade range of mountains. Among the coast tribes, those to the north are far superior to those in the south. It would be difficult to find anywhere finer looking men than the Hydahs, Tsimsheans, and some of the Alaskan tribes. "They are," writes one, "a manly, tall, handsome people, and comparatively fair in their complexion."

The Tsimshean Indians, with whom we have chiefly to do, cluster round Fort Simpson, and occupy a line of coast extending from the Skeena River to the borders of Alaska. They are supposed to number 8,000 souls.

Each Tsimshean tribe has from three to five chiefs, one of whom is the acknowledged head. As an outward mark, to

distinguish the rank of a chief, a pole is erected in front of his house. Every Indian family has a distinguishing crest, usually some bird, or fish, or animal; particularly the eagle, the raven, the fin-back whale, the grisly bear, the wolf, and the frog. Among the Tsimsheans and their neighbours, the Hydahs, great importance is attached to this heraldry, and their crests are often elaborately engraved on large copper plates from three to five feet in length, and about two in breadth. No Indian would think of killing the animal which had been taken for his crest.

The most influential men in a tribe are, or were, the medicine men, some of whom were cannibals, and others dog-eaters. Things have much changed now, but twenty years ago Captain Mayne, R.N., thus wrote of them* :—

Their initiation into the mysteries of their calling is one of the most disgusting ceremonies imaginable. At a certain season the Indian who is selected for the office retires into the woods for several days, and fasts, holding intercourse, it is supposed, with the spirits who are to teach him the healing art. He then suddenly reappears in the village, and, in a sort of religious frenzy, attacks the first person he meets and bites a piece out of his arm or shoulder. He will then rush at a dog, and tear him limb from limb, running about with a leg or some part of the animal all bleeding in his hand, and tearing it with his teeth. This mad fit lasts some time, usually during the whole day of his reappearance. At its close he crawls into his tent, or falling down exhausted, is carried there by those who are watching him. A series of ceremonials, observances, and long incantations follows, lasting for two or three days, and he then assumes the functions and privileges of his office.

One of the most curious and characteristic customs of the Indians of British Columbia is the giving away of property at feasts.† Mr. Duncan gives the following account of it :—

A chief who had just completed building a house was to give away property to the amount of 480 blankets (worth as many pounds to him), of which 180 were his own property, and the 300 were to be subscribed by his people. On the first day of the feast, as much as possible of the property to be given him was exhibited in the camp. Hundreds of yards of cotton were flapping in the breeze, hung from house to house, or on lines put up for the occasion. Furs, too, were nailed up on the fronts of houses. Those who were going to give away blankets or elk-skins managed to get a bearer for every one, and exhibited them by making the persons walk in single file to the house of the chief. On the next day the cotton which had been hung out was now brought on the beach, at a good distance from the chief's house, and then run out at full length, and a number of bearers, about three yards apart, bore it triumphantly away from the giver to the receiver. I suppose that about 600 to 800 yards were thus disposed of.

After all the property the chief is to receive has thus been openly handed to him, a day or two is taken up in apportioning it for fresh owners. When this is done, all the chiefs and their families are called together, and each receives according to his or her portion. Thus do the chiefs and their people go on reducing themselves to poverty. In the case of the chiefs, however, this poverty lasts but a short time; they are soon replenished from the next giving away, but the people only grow rich again according to their industry. One cannot but pity them, while one laments their folly.

II.—The First Missionary.

It was in 1856 that a naval officer, Captain J. C. Prevost, R.N., who had just returned from Vancouver's Island, brought before the Church Missionary Society the spiritual destitution of the Indians of the Pacific coast of North British America and the adjacent islands. They were "scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd," and he, like his Divine Master, was "moved with compassion on them." No Protestant missionary had ever yet gone forth into the wilderness after these lost sheep; and in addition to their natural heathenism, with its degrading superstitions and revolting cruelties, a new danger was approaching the Indians in the shape of the "civilisation" of white traders and miners, with its fire-water and its reckless immorality.

* A map of British Columbia appeared so recently in the GLEANER (Sept., 1879), that we think it unnecessary to republish it in this number.

* Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver's Island (Murray, 1862).

† See the picture on page 118.



HYDAH VILLAGE, QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLANDS.

Captain Prevost wrote a memorandum on the subject for the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*; and shortly afterwards, in the list of contributions published monthly by the Society, appeared the following entry:—

Two Friends, for Vancouver's Island, £500.

Two or three months afterwards, Captain Prevost was re-appointed to the same naval station, to proceed thither immediately in command of H.M.S. *Satellite*; and, with the sanction of the Admiralty, he offered a free passage by her to any missionary the Society could send out.

Here was the opening, here were the means; but where was the man to go? There did not seem to be any one available; but, at length, only ten days before the *Satellite* was to sail, a student, then under training, was thought of. Who was this?

A few years before, one of the Society's missionaries had addressed a village meeting in the Midland Counties. It was a very wet night, and but a handful of people attended. The Vicar proposed to postpone the meeting; but the missionary urged that the few who had come were entitled to hear the information they were expecting, and proceeded to deliver a long and earnest speech. Among the listeners were three young men, and the heart of one of these was deeply touched that night. He subsequently offered himself to the Society, and was sent to the (then existing) Highbury Training College to be trained as a schoolmaster, under the Rev. C. R. Alford, afterwards Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong. That young man's name was William Duncan, and it was he to whom now came the call of the Committee to start in ten days for British Columbia.

William Duncan was ready. On December 19th, 1856, he took leave of the Committee, and on the 23rd he sailed with Captain Prevost from Plymouth in the *Satellite*.

The voyage to Vancouver's Island took nearly six months. It was on June 13th, 1857, that the *Satellite* cast anchor in Esquimault Harbour, Victoria. But Mr. Duncan had still five hundred miles to go. His mission was to the Tsimshians, and to reach them he must go on to Fort Simpson.

III.—Work at Fort Simpson.

On the night of October 1st Mr. Duncan landed at the Fort. Like other Hudson's Bay Company trading posts, this "Fort" consisted of a few houses, stores, and workshops, surrounded by a pallsade twenty feet high, formed of trunks of trees. Close by was the Tsimshian village, comprising some 250 wooden houses, well built, and several of them of considerable size. A day or two after his arrival, Mr. Duncan had a significant glimpse of the kind of savages to whom he was presently to proclaim the Gospel of Peace:—

The other day we were called upon to witness a terrible scene. An old chief, in cool blood, ordered a female slave to be dragged to the beach, murdered, and thrown into the water. Presently two bands of furious wretches appeared, each headed by a man in a state of nudity. They gave vent to the most unearthly sounds, and the two naked men made themselves look as unearthly as possible, proceeding in a creeping kind of stoop, and stepping like two proud horses, at the same time shooting forward each arm alternately, which they held out at full length for a little time in the most defiant manner. Besides this, continual jerking of their heads back, causing their long black hair to twist about, added much to their savage appearance. For some time

they pretended to be seeking the body, and the instant they came where it lay they commenced screaming and rushing round it like so many angry wolves. Finally they seized it, dragged it out of the water, and laid it on the beach, where I was told the naked men would commence tearing it to pieces with their teeth. The two bands of men immediately surrounded them, and so hid their horrid work. In a few minutes the crowd broke again in two, when each of the naked cannibals appeared with half of the body in his hands. Separating a few yards, they commenced, amid horrid yells, their still more horrid feast. The sight was too terrible to behold.

But the young missionary, though saddened, was not discouraged. The more barbarous and degraded he found the Indians to be, the more vivid was his sense of their need of the Gospel; and was anything too hard for the Lord? So he continued vigorously his study of the language, assisted by an Indian named Clah. At the same time he set about making friends with the people. During the winter, when the severe cold and the deep snow kept them much indoors, he visited every house in turn, and on January 14th he wrote:—

To-day we have finished our call. I have been inside 140 houses, all large and strong buildings. The largest would measure, I imagine, about sixty by forty feet. One house I was not permitted to enter, as they had not finished their sorceries for the season. However, they sent me out an account of their family. In all, I counted 2,156 souls, namely, 637 men, 756 women, and 763 children.

After eight months' patient preparation, Mr. Duncan was able to make his first attempt to convey to the Indians, in their own tongue, the message of salvation through a crucified Saviour, by means of a written address, which he had composed with infinite pains, and which he proceeded to deliver at the houses of the different chiefs:—

June 13, 1858: *Lord's-day.*— Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all creation join in chorus to bless His holy name. True to His word, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." Bless for ever His holy name.

Last week I finished translating my first address for the Indians. Although it was not entirely to my satisfaction, I felt it would be wrong to withhold the message any longer. Accordingly I sent word last night (not being ready before) to the chiefs, desiring to use their houses to-day to address their people in. This morning I set off, accompanied by the young Indian (Clah), whom I have had occasionally to assist me in the language. In a few minutes we arrived at the first chief's house, which I found all prepared, and we mustered about 100 souls. This was the first assembly of Indians I had met. My heart quailed greatly before the work—a people for the first time come to hear the Gospel tidings, and I the poor instrument to address them in a tongue so new and difficult to me. I told them to shut the door. The Lord strengthened me. I knelt

down to crave God's blessing, and afterwards I gave them the address. They were all remarkably attentive. At the conclusion I desired them to kneel down. They immediately complied, and I offered up prayer for them in English. They preserved great stillness. All being done, I bade them good-bye. They all responded with seeming thankfulness. On leaving, I asked my Indian if they understood me, and one of the chief women very seriously replied, "Nee, nee" ("yes"); and he assured me that from their looks he knew that they understood and felt it to be good.

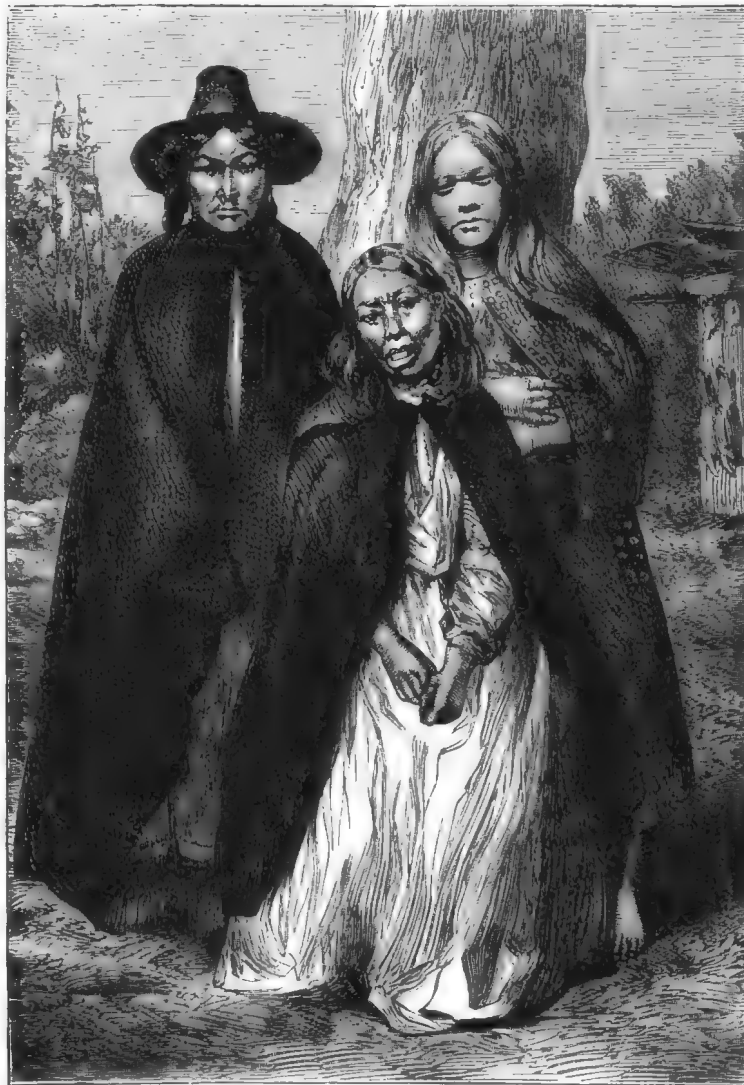
After this I went in succession to the other seven tribes, and addressed them in the chiefs' houses. In each case I found the chief very kind and attentive in preparing his house and assembling his people. The smallest company I addressed was about fifty souls, and the largest about 200.

On Sunday, July 11th, God enabled him a second time to proclaim the Gospel in another carefully-written address. He went, as on the first occasion, to each of the nine tribes separately, and began and concluded with prayer. At the concluding prayer almost all knelt, or the exceptions were rare. One man, however, sullenly refused. It was Qathray, the chief of the cannibal gang, of whom we shall hear again.

Soon after this Mr. Duncan set up a school, and then the opposition of the medicine men began. They saw that if the work progressed, "their craft was in danger of being set at nought." On December 20th Mr. Duncan wrote:—

This day has been a great day here. I have heartily to thank that all-seeing Father Who has covered me and supported me to-day. The devil and wicked men leagued to overthrow me this day, but the Lord would not have it so. I am still alive. This morning the medicine party, who are carrying on their work near to the school, broke out with renewed fury. I saw the head chief (Legaic) approaching, and a whole gang of medicine men after him, dressed up in their usual charms. I waited at the door until he came up. His first effort was to rid the school of the few pupils that had just come in. He shouted at the top of his voice, and bade them be off. I immediately accosted him, and demanded to know what he

intended or expected to do. His gang stood about the door, and I think seven came in. I saw their point: it was to intimidate me by their strength and frightful appearance; and I perceived the chief, too, was somewhat under the influence of rum. But the Lord enabled me to stand calm, and, without the slightest fear, to address them with far more fluency, in their tongue, than I could have imagined possible—to tell them of their sin faithfully—to vindicate my conduct—to exhort them to leave their bad ways, and also to tell them they must not think to make me afraid. I told them that God was my Master, and I must obey Him rather than them, and that the devil had taught their fathers what they were practising, and it was bad; but what I was teaching now was God's way, and it was good. Our meeting lasted for more than an hour. I saw a great many people at a distance looking anxiously at our



HYDAH WOMEN, QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLANDS.

proceedings, the school door being open. The chief expressed himself very passionately, now and then breaking out into furious language, and showing off his savage nature by his gestures. Towards the close of the scene, two of the confederates, vile-looking fellows, went and whispered something to him, upon which he got up from a seat he had just sat down upon, stamped his feet on the floor, raised his voice as high as he could, and exhibited all the rage and defiance and boldness that he could. This was all done, I knew, to intimidate me; but, blessed be God, he did not succeed. Finding his efforts unavailing, he went off.

It was afterwards found out that Legaic, at the moment of his most violent fury, had caught sight of Clah (who, unknown to Mr. Duncan, was watching over him with a revolver), and knew that, if he touched the missionary, it would be at the risk of his life. So it ever is: "in some way or other, the Lord will provide!"

During the following year, 1859, not a few tokens for good were granted him. In some parts of the camp open drunkenness and profligacy were diminishing, and the comparative quiet and decorum consequent on this made a great impression on the rest. Nor were only outward changes visible. It was soon manifest that the Spirit of God was at work in the hearts of some. On April 6th Legaic himself appeared at the school, not now to intimidate the missionary, but to sit at his feet as a learner.

Here are some fragments of a little journal kept by one of the Tsimshian boys:—

April 17: School, Fort Simpson.—Shooquanahs not two hearts—always one my heart. Some boys always two hearts. Only one Shooquanahs—not two heart, no. If I steal anything then God will see. Bad people no care about Son of God: when will come troubled hearts, foolish people. Then he will very much cry. What good cry? Nothing. No care about our Saviour; always forget. By-and-by will understand about the Son of God.

May 17.—I do not understand some prayers, only few prayers I understand; not all I understand, no. I wish to understand all prayers. When I understand all prayers, then I always prayer our Saviour Jesus Christ. I want to learn to prayer to Jesus Christ our Saviour: by-and-by I understand all about our Saviour Christ: when I understand all what about our Saviour, then I will happy when I die. If I do not learn about our Saviour Jesus, then I will very troubled my heart when I die. It is good for us when we learn about our Saviour Jesus. When I understand about our Saviour Jesus, then I will very happy when I die.

IV.—The New Settlement.

As early as July, 1859, Mr. Duncan had foreseen the necessity, if the Mission were not only to save individual souls from sin, but to exercise a wholesome influence upon the Indian tribes generally, of fixing its head-quarters at some place removed from the contamination of ungodly white men. "What," he wrote, "is to become of children and young people under instruction when temporal need compels them to leave school? If they are permitted to slip away from me into the gulf of vice and misery which everywhere surrounds them, then the fate of these tribes is sealed." Of one tribe more than half had been cut off in a dozen years by drink and dissolute habits. The Tsimshians who had come under Mr. Duncan's influence, themselves implored him to devise some way of escape from the ruin they saw impending on their nation. And he laid before the Society a plan for establishing a colony, where well-disposed Indians might be gathered together.

The Indians themselves pointed out the locality for such a settlement, a place called METLAKAHTLA,* occupying a beautiful situation on the coast, seventeen miles from Fort Simpson. But it was not until the summer of 1862 that Mr. Duncan found himself able to carry it out. And when the time for departure came, very few of the Indians could make up their minds to throw in their lot with the new colony. Nor can we be surprised at this, when we read the rules Mr. Duncan had framed for its guidance, admirable in themselves, and now abundantly justified

* Metlakahla—the inlet of Kahtla. Kahtla was the name of the tribe formerly settled there.

by their signal success, but still involving a radical change in the habits of the Indians, and the abandonment of some of their most cherished practices. They were fifteen in number:—

1. To give up their "Ahlied," or Indian devilry;
2. To cease calling in conjurors when sick;
3. To cease gambling;
4. To cease giving away their property for display;
5. To cease painting their faces;
6. To cease drinking intoxicating drink;
7. To rest on the Sabbath;
8. To attend religious instruction;
9. To send their children to school;
10. To be clean;
11. To be industrious;
12. To be peaceable;
13. To be liberal and honest in trade;
14. To build neat houses;
15. To pay the village tax.

Nevertheless, on May 27th, fifty Indians accompanied Mr. Duncan to Metlakahla. And a much larger number were numbered in following. On June 6th a fleet of thirty canoes arrived from Fort Simpson, bringing nearly 800 souls; in fact, nearly the whole of one tribe, with two chiefs.

Gradually the infant settlement grew and prospered; and the following March, 1863, Mr. Duncan, in a letter to the Society, summed up the results of the Mission so far in these remarkable words:—

The Lord has sustained His work, and given marked evidence of His presence and blessing. Above one-fourth of the Tsimshians from Fort Simpson have been gathered out from the heathen, and have gone through much labour, trial, and persecution, to come on the Lord's side. About 400 to 600 souls attend Divine service on Sundays, and are being governed by Christian and civilised laws. About seventy adults and twenty children are already baptized, or are only waiting for a minister to come and baptize them. About 100 children are attending the day schools, and 100 adults the evening school. About forty of the young men have formed themselves into two classes, and meet for prayer and exhorting each other. The instruments of the medicine men, which had spell-bound their nation for ages, have found their way into my house and are most willingly and cheerfully given up. The dark and oppressive mantle of heathenism has been rent so that it cannot be healed. Numbers are escaping from under its deadly embrace. Customs, which form the very foundation of Indian government, and lie nearest the Indian's heart, have been given up, because they have an evil tendency. Feasts are now characterised by order and good will, and begin and end with the offering of thanks to the Giver of all good. Thus the surrounding tribes have now a model village before them, acting as a powerful witness to the truth of the Gospel, shaming and correcting, yet still captivating them; for in it they see those good things which they and their fathers have sought and laboured for in vain, viz., peace, security, order, honesty, and progress. To God be all the praise and glory! Amen and amen.

V.—First Baptisms—Quthray and Legaic.

On July 26th, 1861, the Rev. L. S. Tagwell, who had now joined the Mission, had the high privilege of admitting into the visible Church its first Tsimshian members, fourteen men, five women, and four children. This was before the removal to Metlakahla. In April, 1863, the Bishop of Columbia, at Mr. Duncan's request, took the journey to Metlakahla to baptize as many as might be found ready. But before this, one of the most interesting converts, a miracle of grace indeed, had been baptized in the urgency of his special case, by Mr. Duncan himself. This was Quthray, a cannibal chief, one of the two men whose horrid orgies had met the eye of the newly-arrived missionary at Fort Simpson, four years and a half before, and who has also been already mentioned as the one man who sullenly refused to kneel at Mr. Duncan's second service:—

Saturday, 18th October, 1862.—Just as I was rising this morning I received intelligence that poor Quthray, the young cannibal chief, was dying. I have frequently visited him during his illness, and was with him for a long time a few nights ago. As he has long and earnestly desired baptism, and expressed in such clear terms his repentance for his sins, and his faith in the Saviour of sinners, I told him that I would myself baptize him before he died, unless a minister from Victoria

arrived in time to do it. He always appeared most thankful for my visits, and, with the greatest force he could command, thanked me for my promise. Accordingly this morning I proceeded to the solemn work of admitting a brand plucked from the burning into the visible Church of Christ by baptism. Though I was not sent here to baptize, but to preach the Gospel, yet I had no fear but that I was doing what was pleasing to God in administering that sacred rite to the poor dying man, as an officially appointed person was not within several hundred miles of him. I found the sufferer apparently on the very verge of eternity, but quite sensible, supported by his wife on one side, and another woman on the other, in a sitting posture on his lowly couch spread upon the ground. I addressed him at once, reminding him of the promise I had made to him, and why. I also spoke some words of advice to him, to which he paid most earnest attention, though his cough would scarcely permit him to have a moment's rest. A person near expressed a fear that he did not understand what I said, being so weak and near death; but he quickly, and with great emphasis, exclaimed, "I hear; I understand." While I was praying, his expression of countenance was most lovely. With his face turned upward, he seemed to be deeply engaged in prayer. I baptized him, and gave him the name of Philip Atkinson. I earnestly besought the Lord to ratify in heaven what He had permitted me to do in His name, and to receive the soul of the poor dying penitent before Him. He had the same resignation and peace which he has evinced throughout his sickness, weeping for his sins, depending all upon the Saviour, confident of pardon, and rejoicing in hope.

This is the man of whom I have had to write more than once to the Society. Oh, the dreadful and revolting things I have witnessed him do! He was one of the two principal actors in the first horrid scene I saw at Fort Simpson about four and a half years ago, an account of which I sent home, namely, that of a poor slave woman being murdered in cold blood, thrown on the beach, and then torn to pieces and eaten by two naked savages, who were supported by a crew of singers and the noise of drums. This man was one of those naked cannibals. Glorious change! See him clothed and in his right mind, weeping—weeping sore for his sins—expressing to all around his firm belief in the Saviour, and dying in peace. Bless the Lord for all His goodness!

On April 21st, 1868, the Bishop baptized at Metlakahla fifty-nine adults and some children. He wrote:—

The candidates, to the number of fifty-six, were assembled in the church, and ranged in a large circle, in the midst of which the ceremony was to take place. The impressiveness of the occasion was manifest in the reverent manner of all present. There were no external aids, sometimes thought necessary for the savage mind, to produce or increase the solemnity of the scene. The building is a bare and unfinished octagon of logs and spars—a mere bara—sixty feet by sixty, capable of containing 700 persons. The roof was partly open at the top; and, though the weather was still cold, there was no fire. A simple table, covered with a white cloth, upon which stood three hand-basins of water, served for the font, and I officiated in a surplice. Thus there was nothing to impress the senses—no colour, or ornament, or church decoration, or music. The solemnity of the scene was produced by the earnest sincerity and serious purpose with which these children of the Far West were prepared to offer themselves to God, and to renounce for ever the hateful sins and cruel deeds of their heathenism; and the solemn stillness was broken only by the breath of prayer. The responses were made with earnestness and decision. Not an individual was there whose lips did not utter in their own expressive tongue their hearty readiness to believe and to serve God.

One of those baptized was the famous head-chief—

Legaic—the same who had threatened Mr. Duncan's life four years before. He had been a ferocious savage, and had committed every kind of crime. After he first began to attend the school, he twice fell back; but the Spirit of God was at work in his heart, and when the removal to Metlakahla took place, he deliberately gave up his position as head-chief of the Tsimshian tribes in order to join the colony. Constant inducements were held out to him to return; and on one occasion he actually gave way. He gathered the Indians together on the Metlakahla beach, told them he could hold out no longer, and was going

back to his old life—that he could not help it, for he was being pulled away—that he knew it was wrong, and perhaps he should perish for ever, but still he must go. In tears he shook the hand of each in turn, and then stepping alone into his canoe, paddled rapidly away from his weeping friends. He went a few miles along the coast, and then, as darkness came on, put the canoe ashore. The night was one of such misery, he afterwards said, as no words could describe. "A hundred deaths would not equal the sufferings of that night." On his knees he wept and prayed for pardon, and for strength to return; and next day he again appeared at Metlakahla, to the joy of all.

Legaic, who before was "a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious," was baptized by the name of Paul. In him indeed did "Jesus Christ show forth all long suffering, for a pattern to them who shall hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting."

For seven years this once dreaded savage led a quiet and consistent Christian life at Metlakahla as a carpenter. In 1869 he was taken ill at Fort Simpson, on his way home, after a journey to Nass River. Presently came the news of his death, accompanied by a few unfinished lines:—

My dear Sir,—This is my last letter, to say I am very happy. I am going to rest from trouble, trial, and temptation. I do not feel afraid to meet my God. In my painful body I always remember the words of our Lord Jesus Christ.

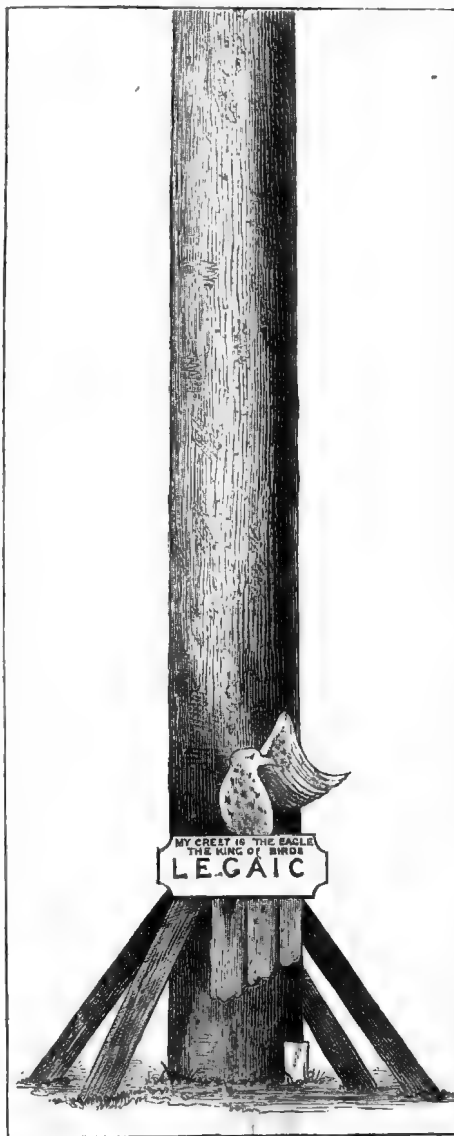
Well may we say, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

In 1866 the Bishop of Columbia paid a second visit to Metlakahla, and, after careful examination, baptized sixty-five adult converts on Whit Sunday in that year. "I truly believe," he wrote, "that most of these are sincere and intelligent believers in Christ, as worthy converts

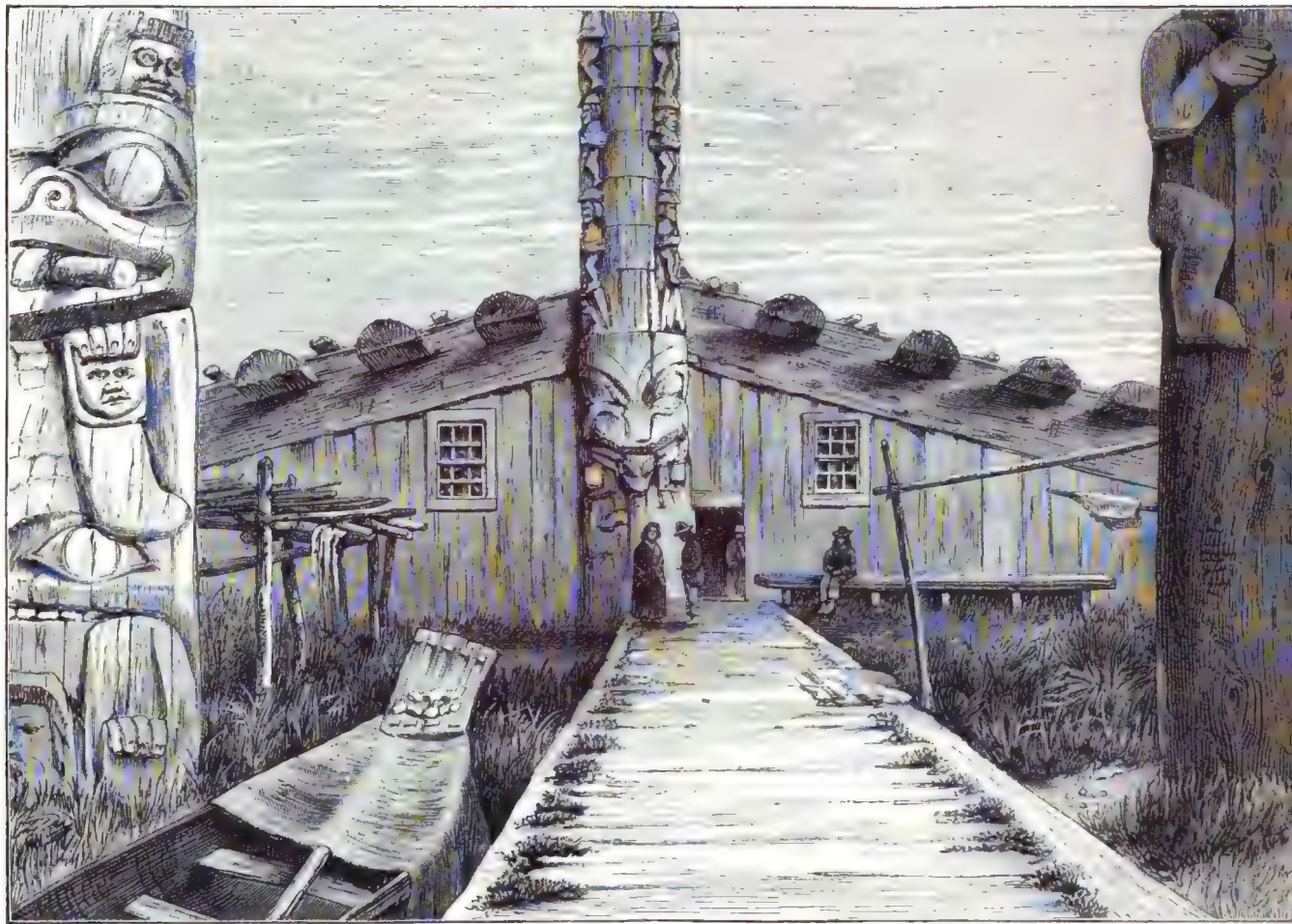
from heathenism as have ever been known in the history of the Church." And since then, scarcely a year has elapsed without a large number of baptisms.

VI.—Moral Influence of Metlakahla—New Church.

Metlakahla is no hermit's cell in the wilderness, removed far away from the haunts of men, and exerting no influence upon them. Rather is it a harbour of refuge, whose lights radiate forth into the darkness, inviting the bark in distress to seek its friendly shelter, and guiding even the passing vessel in its course.



THE POLE (LOWER PART) OF LEGAIC, THE CHRISTIAN TSIMSHIAN CHIEF.



QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLANDS: HYDAH CHIEF'S HOUSE.

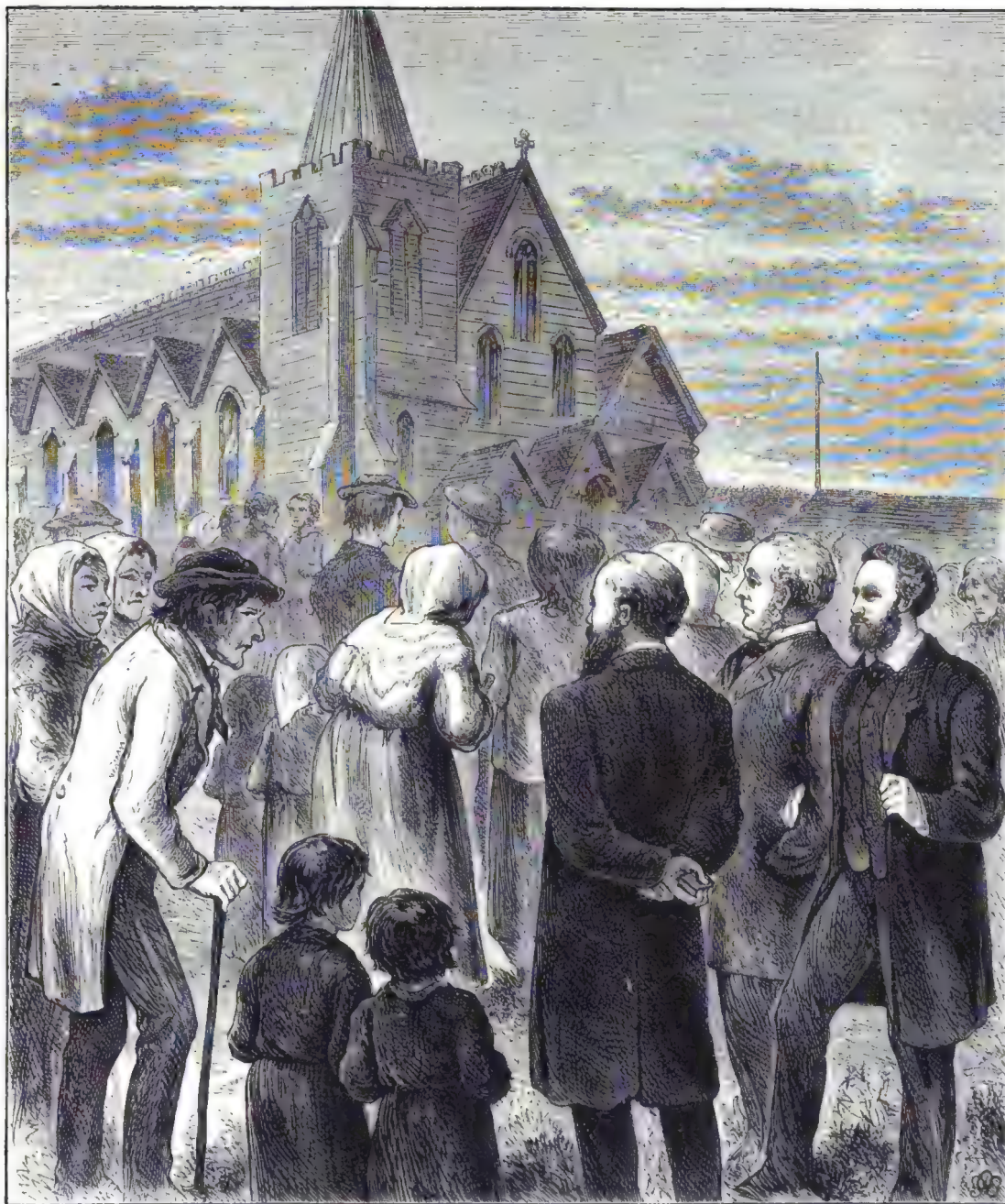


C.M.S. STATION, KINCOLITH, NASS RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Very rapidly it acquired a recognised position of importance and influence as the centre—one might almost say the *official* centre—of all good work of every kind among the coast Indians.

The growth of the settlement naturally added greatly to the heavy burden of accumulated responsibilities which Mr. Duncan found himself compelled to undertake. He was lay pastor and missionary, treasurer, chief trader, clerk of the works, head school-master, and the father and friend of the people. In addition to this the Colonial Government appointed him a magistrate, in order that he might have legal power to dispense justice, not only at the Christian settlement, but along the whole coast, wherever his influence extended.

The moral influence exercised by the Mission is most strikingly illustrated by an incident related by the Bishop of Columbia. In 1862, H.M.S. *Devastation* sailed up the coast seeking the three Indian murderers of the two white men. The Indians gave up two, but would not surrender the third. Two lives for two lives was their notion of equal justice. But as soon as the ship was out of sight, the murderer left his tribe, went to Metlakahtla, and gave himself up to Mr. Duncan. "Whatever you tell me to do," he said, "I will do. If you say I am to go on board the gun-ship when she comes again, I will go." Six months afterwards the *Devastation* again came up to Metlakahtla, and fired a gun to announce her arrival. The murderer heard it. Had his resolution broken down after so long an interval? He went straight to Mr. Duncan, and said, "What am I to do?" "You must come with me a prisoner." He went on board with the missionary, and delivered himself to the captain. "Thus," justly observed Bishop Hills, "what the ship of war with its guns and threats could not do for civilisation, for protection of life, for justice, the simple character and influence of one missionary availed to



BISHOP HILLY. ADMIRAL PREVOST. MR. DUNCAN.
SUNDAY MORNING AT METLAKAHTLA.

accomplish." In due course this man was brought to trial for his crime, when it came out that he had been an unwilling participator, and he was pardoned. On his release he went back to Metlakahtla, and was baptized by the Bishop in 1866.

In 1872 the Governor of British Columbia laid the first stone of a new church, upon which Mr. Duncan and the Indians alike had set their hearts. But laying the stone was one thing: building the church was another. The Governor and Captain Cator, of H.M.S. *Scout*, saw lying on the ground huge timbers to be used in its erection, but how these were to be reared up was not apparent. They gave Mr. Duncan a quantity of ropes, blocks, &c., but even then they sailed away in considerable scepticism as to the possibility of unskilled red men raising

a large and lofty church. In January, 1874, Mr. Duncan wrote :—

The massive timbers for framing, which Governor Trutch and Captain Cator, of H.M.S. *Scout*, saw on the ground last year, and doubted of our ability to raise, are, I am happy to say, now fixed, and fixed well, in their places, and all by Indian labour.

The Indians are delighted with the appearance the building has already assumed, and you may gather from the amount of their contributions (£176) how much they appreciate the work. They propose again subscribing during the coming spring, and I only wish our Christian friends in England could witness the exciting scene of a contributing day, with how much joy the poor people come forward and cast down their blanket or blankets, gun, shirt, or elk skin, upon the general pile, "to help in building the house of God."

By the end of that year the church was finished, and on Christmas Day it was opened for the service of God. "We had indeed," wrote Mr. Duncan, "a great struggle to finish it by that time—the tower and spire presenting very difficult and dangerous work for our unskilled hands—yet, by God's protecting care, we completed the work without a single accident. Over seven hundred Indians were present at our opening services. Could it be that this concourse of well-dressed people, in their new and beautiful church, but a few years ago made up the fiendish assemblies at Fort Simpson! Could it be that these voices, now engaged in solemn prayer and thrilling songs of praise to Almighty God, are the very voices I once heard yelling and whooping at heathen orgies on dismal winter nights!"

VII.—Lord Dufferin at Metlakahtla.

Four memorable events signalled the four years 1876-79 at Metlakahtla. These events were the visits of four important personages. First, Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, in August, 1876. Secondly, Bishop Bompas, of Athabasca, in the winter of 1877-78. Thirdly, Admiral Prevost, the founder of the Mission, in June, 1878. Fourthly, the new Bishop of Caledonia, Dr. Ridley, in Oct., 1879.

An interesting account of the Governor-General's visit appeared in the *GLEANER* of January, 1877. In reply to an address presented to him by the people, Lord Dufferin said :—

I have come a long distance in order to assure you, in the name of your Great Mother, the Queen of England, with what pleasure she has learnt of your well-being, and of the progress you have made in the arts of peace and the knowledge of the Christian religion, under the auspices of your kind friend, Mr. Duncan. You must understand that I have not come for my own pleasure, but that the journey has been long and laborious, and that I am here from a sense of duty, in order to make you feel by my actual presence with what solicitude the Queen and Her Majesty's Government in Canada watch over your welfare, and how anxious they are that you should persevere in that virtuous and industrious mode of life in which I find you engaged. I have viewed with astonishment the church which you have built entirely by your own industry and intelligence. That church is in itself a monument of the way in which you have profited by the teachings you have received. It does you the greatest credit, and we have every right to hope, that, while in its outward aspect it bears testimony to your conformity to the laws of the Gospel, beneath its sacred roof your sincere and faithful prayers will be rewarded by those blessings which are promised to all those who approach the Throne of God in humility and faith. I hope you will understand that your White Mother and the Government of Canada are fully prepared to protect you in the exercise of your religion, and to extend to you those laws which know no difference of race, or of colour, but under which justice is impartially administered between the humblest and the greatest of the land. The Government of Canada is proud to think that there are upwards of 30,000 Indians in the territory of British Columbia alone. She recognises them as the ancient inhabitants of the country. The white men have not come amongst you as conquerors, but as friends. We regard you as our fellow-subjects, and as equal to us in the eye of the law as you are in the eye of God, and equally entitled with the rest of the community to the benefits of good government and the opportunity of earning an honest livelihood.

I hope you are duly grateful to him to whom, under Providence, you are indebted for all these benefits, and that when you contrast your own condition, the peace in which you live, the comforts that surround you, the decency of your habitations, when you see your wives, your sisters, and your daughters contributing so materially by the brightness of their

appearance, the softness of their manners, their housewifely qualities, the pleasantness and cheerfulness of your domestic lives, contrasting all these do so strikingly with your former surroundings, you remember that it is to Mr. Duncan you owe this blessed initiation your new life.

Before I conclude I cannot help expressing to Mr. Duncan, and associated with him in his good work, not only in my own name, only in the name of the Government of Canada, but also in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, and in the name of the people of England, take so deep an interest in the well-being of all the native races throughout the Queen's dominions, our deep gratitude to him for thus having devoted the flower of his life, in spite of innumerable difficulties, dangers, and discouragements, of which we, who only see the result of his labours, can form only a very inadequate idea, to a work which has resulted in this beautiful scene we have witnessed this morning.

Before he left British Columbia Lord Dufferin delivered an address at Government House, Victoria, in which, referring to this visit, he said :—

I have visited Mr. Duncan's wonderful settlement at Metlakahtla and the interesting Methodist Mission at Fort Simpson, and have been enabled to realise what scenes of primitive peace and innocent idyllic beauty and material comfort, can be presented by the stalwart and comely maidens of an Indian community, under the wise administration of a judicious and devoted Christian missionary.

VIII.—Admiral Prevost at Metlakahtla.

Since the foundation of the settlement there has been no day like the 18th of June, 1878, when Metlakahtla had the joy of welcoming, for the first time, the beloved and revered originator of the Mission, Admiral Prevost. He had never been in this part of the world since the migration from Fort Simpson in 1847, and had never seen the wonderful issue of his own plan. To him he should see it now was a privilege rarely enjoyed. To all men is it given in the Providence of God to initiate successful agencies of blessing, and to still fewer is it granted to behold the far-reaching results.

Of this happy visit the Admiral himself writes :—

Three a.m., Tuesday, 18th June, 1878. Arrived at Fort Simpson in U.S. mail steamer *California*, from Sitka. Was met by William Duncan and sixteen Indians, nearly all elders. Our greeting was most hearty, and the meeting with Duncan was a cause of real thankfulness to God. I caught sight, too, of the very spot (nay, on it) where God had put into my mind the first desire of sending the Gospel to the poor heathens around here. Twenty-five years previously H.M.S. *Virago* had been repaired off this very beach. What a change had been effected during those passing years! Of the crew before me nine of the sixteen were, to my knowledge, former medicine men, or cannibals. In humble faith, we could only exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" It is all His doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

It did not take long to transfer ourselves and our baggage to the canoe, and at 4.30 a.m. we started against wind and tide, rain, too, at intervals, but having much to talk about of past events and future plans, the tedious miles of distance soon disappeared, and about noon we crossed the bar and entered the "inlet of Kahtla." On the north side of the inlet stands an eminence, "the Church of God"; on either side of it spreads out the village of Metlakahtla, skirting two bays, whose beaches are at once a landing-place for its inhabitants and a shelter for the canoes. As we approached the landing-place two guns were fired and flags displayed from house to house—conspicuous by a string of them reaching to the Mission House verandah, inscribed, "A REAL WELCOME TO METLAKAHTLA." Near to this were assembled all the village—men, women, and children—gaily dressed.

The rise and fall of the tide is very great, often 25 feet. It was difficult to land, and difficult to land, but this had been anticipated. We found a small canoe covered over with pretty mats (Indian manufacture from the cedar bark). Into this we were transferred, and comfortably seated we were lifted quietly on the shoulders of the young men, and carried up to a platform close to the entrance of the Mission House. We were surrounded by kind hearts who had been long expecting us, and the flowers and garlands had withered; but joy was depicted on their countenances. The body of constables, dressed in a uniform supplied by the Government, presented arms; the small band played; and the voices, about 250 in number (the larger portion of the population being at the fisheries), joined in that beautiful hymn—

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear,
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer."

Then came the shaking of hands, and let me remind you a Metlakahla Indian can give a hearty shake of the hand!

Rain obliged us to seek shelter indoors. We all met again in the church in the evening, changing the weekly service to Tuesday. It was my privilege to address more than two hundred from Romans viii. 31—"If God be for us, who can be against us?" It was an evening never to be forgotten. After twenty-five years' absence, God had brought me back again, amidst all the sundry and manifold changes of the world, face to face with those tribes amongst whom I had witnessed only bloodshed, cannibalism, and heathen devilry in its grossest form. Now they were sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in their right mind. The very churchwarden, dear old Peter Simpson, who opened the church-door for me, was the chief of one of the cannibal tribes.

Sunday, 23rd.—To me, all days at Metlakahla are solemnly sacred, but Sunday, of all others, especially so. Canoes are all drawn up on the beach above high water mark. Not a sound is heard. The children are assembled before morning service to receive special instruction from Mr. Duncan. The church bell rings, and the whole population pour out from their houses—men, women, and children—to worship God in His own house, built by their own hands. As it has been remarked, "No need to lock doors, for no one is there to enter the empty houses." Two policemen are on duty in uniform, to keep order during service time. The service begins with a chant in Tsimshian, "I will arise and go to my Father," &c.; the Litany Prayers in Tsimshian follow, closing with the Lord's Prayer. The address lasts nearly an hour. Such is the deep attention of many present, that having once known their former lives, I know that the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost can alone have produced so marvellous a change.

First, there was a very old woman, staff in hand, stepping with such solemn earnestness; after her came one who had been a notorious gambler; though now almost crippled with disease, yet he seemed to be forgetting infirmity, and literally to be leaping along. Next followed a dissipated youth, now reclaimed; and after him a chief, who had dared a few years ago proudly to lift up his hand to stop the work of God, now, with humble mien, wending his way to worship. Then came a once still more haughty man of rank; and after him a mother carrying her infant child, and a father leading his infant son; a grandmother, with more than a mother's care, watching the steps of her little grandson. Then followed a widow; then a young woman, who had been snatched from the jaws of infamy; after them came a once roving spirit, now meek and settled; then, a once notorious chief; and the last I reflected upon was a man walking with solemn gait, yet hope fixed in his look. When a heathen he was a murderer: he had murdered his own wife and burnt her to ashes. What are all these now, I thought, and the crowds that accompany them! Whither are they going? and what to do! If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, with what delight must angels gaze on such a sight as this!

July 10th.—Before my departure from Metlakahla I assembled the few who were left at the village, to tell them I was anxious to leave behind some token both of my visit to them after so long an absence, and also that I still bore them on my heart. What should it be? After hours of consultation, they decided they would leave the choice to me, and when I told them (what I had beforehand determined upon) that my present would be a set of street lamps to light up their village by night, their joy was unbounded. Their first thought had a spiritual meaning. By day, God's house was a memorable object, visible both by vessels passing and repassing, and by all canoes as strange Indians travelled about; but by night all was darkness—now no longer so—as the bright light of the glorious Gospel had through God's mercy and love shined in their dark hearts, so would all be reminded, by night as well as by day, of the marvellous light shining in the hearts of many at Metlakahla. When Duncan first settled at Metlakahla, even the Indians who came with him were in such fear from the neighbouring tribes, that they begged him not to have a fire burning at night or show a light in his house. The system of murder was then so general, that whenever an enemy saw a light he sneaked up to it, and the death of the unsuspecting Indian was generally the result. Thus my selection was a happy one, and I thanked God for it.

IX.—Outlying Missions—(1) Kincolith.

Both Metlakahla and Fort Simpson are situated on a peninsula which juts forth from the coast between the estuaries of two rivers, the *Sheena* to the south, and the *Nass* to the north. The mouth of the Nass River is one of the great fishing resorts of the Indians. From long distances the tribes of both the mainland and the adjacent islands flock thither every year in March and April, the season when the oolikan, a small fish about the size of a smelt, is caught.

As many as five thousand Indians gather together on these occasions, and encamp for miles along both banks of the river.

Having put up their temporary bark huts, they dig pits to store the fish in, and then quietly await their arrival. Meanwhile, hardly a sign of life is to be seen on land or water. The towering mountains, that rise almost from the banks, are covered deep with snow, and the river is fast bound in ice to the depth of six or eight feet. Slowly the ice begins to break higher up, and the tides, rising and falling, bear away immense quantities. At length a few sea gulls appear in the western sky, and the cry echoes from camp to camp that the fish are at hand.

Immense shoals of oolikan come in from the Pacific, followed by larger fish, such as the halibut, the cod, the porpoise, and the finned-back whale. Over the fish hover the sea birds—"an immense cloud of innumerable gulls," wrote Bishop Hills after a visit to the place, "so many and so thick that as they moved to and fro, up and down, the sight resembled a fall of snow." Over the gulls, again, soar the eagles watching for their prey.

The Indians go forth to meet the fish with the cry, "You fish, you fish! you are all chiefs; you are, you are all chiefs." The nets haul in bushels at a time, and hundreds of tons are collected. "The Indians dry some in the sun, and press a much larger quantity for the sake of the oil or grease, which has a considerable market value as being superior to cod-liver oil, and which they use as butter with their dried salmon. The season is most important to the Indians; the supply lasts them till the season for salmon, which is later, and which supplies their staple food—their bread."

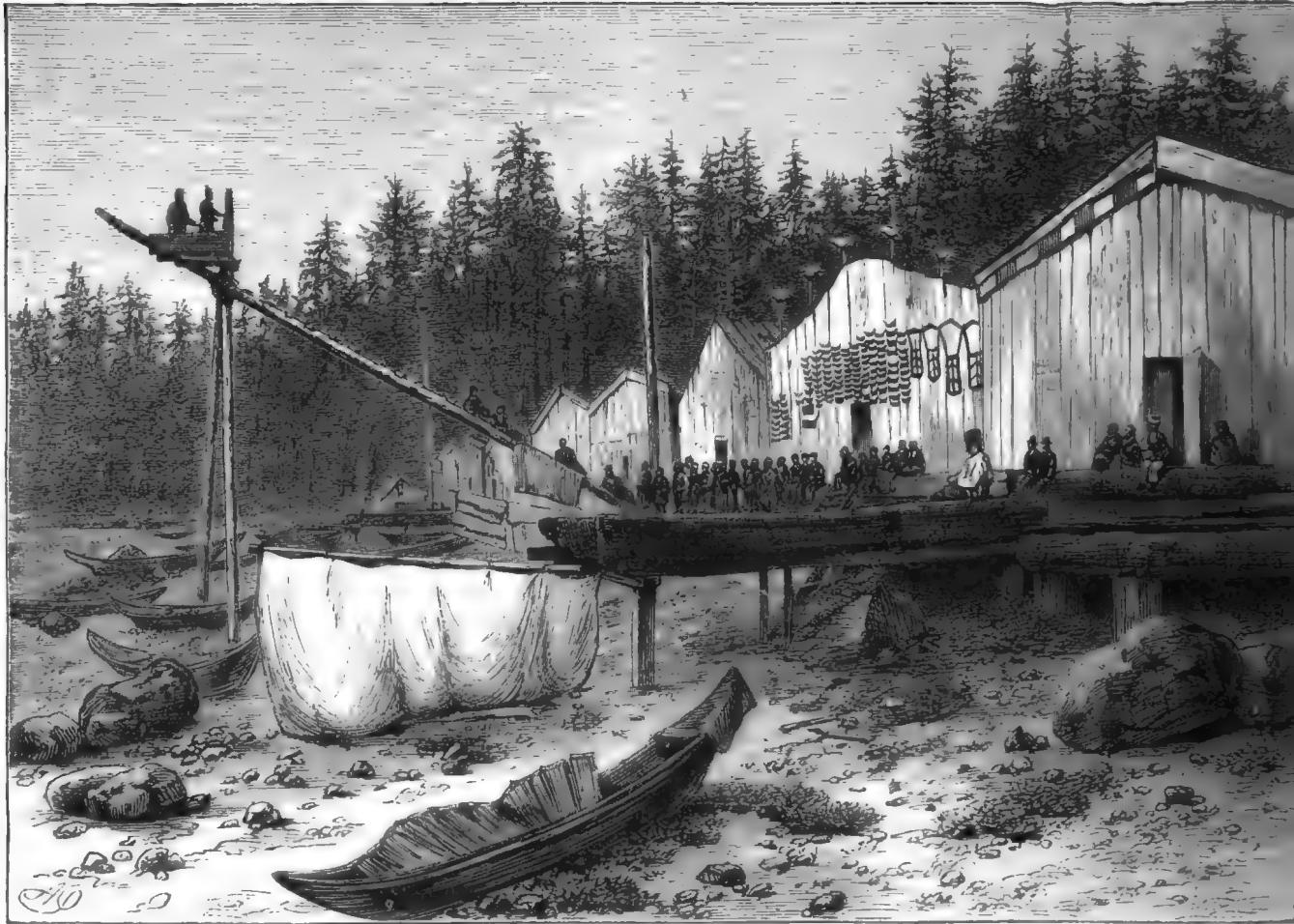
It was in 1860 that Mr. Duncan first visited the Nass River. He received a most encouraging welcome from the Nishkah Indians—one of the Tsimshian tribes—dwelling on its banks. Everywhere he found a readiness, sometimes most touchingly expressed, to receive Christian instruction. At one interesting gathering, a Nishkah chief named Agwilakkah, after hearing the Gospel message for the first time, stood up before all, stretched forth his hands towards heaven, and lifting up his eyes, solemnly said:—

Pity us, Great Father in heaven, pity us! Give us Thy good book to do us good and clear away our sins. This chief [pointing to Mr. Duncan] has come to tell us about Thee. It is good, Great Father. We want to hear. Who ever came to tell our fathers Thy will? No, no. But this chief has pitied us and come. He has Thy book. We will hear. We will receive Thy Word. We will obey.

Four years, however, passed away before regular missionary operations could be extended to the Nass River. Then the Rev. R. A. Doolan went there to establish a permanent Mission. In 1867 the work was taken up by the Rev. R. Tomlinson. By Mr. Doolan's efforts some fifty Indians had been influenced to abandon their heathen customs and to desire to live together as a Christian community; and a settlement similar to Metlakahla was now planned. This settlement received the name of Kincolith; and here Mr. Tomlinson earnestly laboured till 1878. The Mission, though not exhibiting rapid success, grew steadily. Year by year the number of settlers has increased, and now exceeds two hundred, of whom three-fourths are baptized. One chief, who joined on New Year's Day, 1877, was well known as the fiercest savage on the river. He was baptized by Bishop Bompas in March, 1878, taking, like Legaic at Metlakahla, the name of Paul. He was very penitent for his past life, and was earnestly trying to follow good ways, when illness and death overtook him. Just before he died, he gave very clear testimony that he had found pardon and peace.

X.—Outlying Missions—(2) Queen Charlotte's Islands.

On the group of islands named after George the Third's Queen dwell the finest and the fiercest of the coast tribes. The Hydahs are a manly, tall, handsome people, and comparatively fair in their complexion; but they are a cruel and vindictive race, and were long the terror of the North Pacific coast. They even ventured to attack English ships, and in 1854 they plundered an



BRITISH COLUMBIA: INDIAN CEREMONY OF GIVING AWAY PROPERTY.

American vessel, detaining the captain and crew in captivity until they were ransomed by the Hudson's Bay Company. No tribe, moreover, has been more fearfully demoralised by the proximity of the white man's "civilisation." Drunkenness and the grossest vices have spread disease and death among them.

Mr. Collison thus describes a remarkable peculiarity of the Hydah villages (see the picture on p. 110):—

In approaching a Hydah village from a distance one is reminded of a harbour with a number of ships at anchor, owing to the great number of poles of all sizes erected in front of every house. These are carved very well, with all kinds of figures, many of them unintelligible to visitors or strangers, but fraught with meaning to the people themselves. In fact, they have a legend in connection with almost every figure. It is in the erection of these that so much property is given away. They value them very highly, as was instanced lately on the occasion of the Governor-General's visit. He was most anxious to purchase one, but they would not consent to it at any price.

The principal trading post, Massett, is on the northern coast of the northern island, Graham Island. Here Mr. and Mrs. Collison, with their two little children, landed on November 1st, 1876. Patiently and prayerfully, for the next two years and a half, did Mr. Collison labour among the Hydahs. Very quickly he gained a remarkable influence over them, and though the medicine men were, of course, bitterly hostile, the tokens of the working of the Holy Ghost were manifested sooner than even an ardent faith might have anticipated.

The first Hydah to come out distinctly as a Christian was a chief named Cowhoe, concerning whom an interesting incident is related. One day he brought a book to Mr. Collison, saying it

had been given him many years before by the captain of an English man-of-war, and asking what it was. It proved to be the Testament, with this inscription on the fly-leaf—"From Captain Prevost, H.M.S. 'Satellite,' trusting that the bread thus cast upon the waters may be found after many days." More than twenty years had passed away, and now that prayer was answered.

In the autumn of 1878 some touching evidences of the Spirit's work gladdened the missionary's heart. He wrote:—

Not a few are inquiring earnestly for the way of life. At a little social meeting which I had a few days past, the principal chief said, "I was careless and unconcerned about the message which the white chief brought us, but I can be so no longer. Even at night, when I awake on my bed, I cry to God to pardon my many sins and save me. I know it is true—all true, and I want to be safe in the Ark, even Jesus the Saviour"; and he continued at some length exhorting the others to receive the Word.

Another chief also spoke with intense earnestness and feeling. He said, "A short time since I was blind, and knew nothing of these good things. But Jesus has opened my eyes, and now I see. Jesus is the way and I am in that way now. I am happy, very happy; but one thing keeps me back, and when that is over I will seek to be baptized, and live only for God."

This one thing referred to is a giving away of property on account of a deceased brother whose effects he took charge of, and promised to give away property, and put a carved pole to his memory. As he had already promised, and given notice to the tribe, he does not wish to draw back.

Another—a young man—is already obeying the injunction, "Let him that heareth say, Come"; and at the salmon fishing and elsewhere he endeavoured to gather his friends together for prayer and praise.

At Christmas (1878), when the Indians from other villages came in canoes to Massett, the usual festive custom of "dancing



BURIAL RITES IN VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

with painted faces, and naked slaves with their bodies blackened," was dispensed with, and in lieu of it the visitors were received by a choir of a hundred Hydahs, children and adults, chanting the anthem, "How beautiful upon the mountains." "The unanimous opinion of all was that the new and Christian welcome was far superior to the old heathen one."

Mr. Collison has since removed to Metlakahtla, to undertake the pastoral and school-work there. His place at Massett has been taken by Mr. G. Sneath, a zealous young missionary artisan, who twice went to East Africa to join the Victoria Nyanza Mission, and twice was ordered home by the consular surgeon at Zanzibar, and who has now essayed missionary service in a colder climate.

XI.—Outlying Missions—(3) Fort Rupert.

Fort Rupert is a trading post at the northern end of Vancouver's Island, some three hundred miles south of Metlakahtla. In that neighbourhood are found the Quoquolt Indians, and among them a Mission has lately been begun. This is, however, but a tardy response to their repeated entreaties for a teacher. It has always been a problem beyond their power to solve, why, when Mr. Duncan first arrived on the coast, he actually sailed past them on his voyage from Victoria, and went first to the Tsimsheans, who were so much further off; and on one occasion they stoutly remonstrated with the captain of a man-of-war, sent to punish them for marauding on the territory of another tribe, that they were left without a teacher, and were only visited when they had done wrong.

In October, 1875, the head chief at Fort Rupert took the three hundred miles journey to visit Metlakahtla, and once more

preferred his request. He addressed the Christians of the settlement, and said that "a rope had been thrown out from Metlakahtla, which was encircling and drawing together all the Indian tribes into one common brotherhood." Mr. Duncan planned to go and begin a Quoquolt mission himself; but it proved quite impossible for him to leave his multifarious work at the settlement, and ultimately the Rev. A. J. Hall, who was sent out in 1877, volunteered to go. On March 12th, 1878, he landed at Fort Rupert, and has since laboured there most zealously; but, he writes, "At present the Indians are only hearers of the Word, and I pray for signs of the Spirit's work among them."

XII.—Outlying Missions—(4) The Interior Mission.

The claims of the numerous Indian tribes in the interior were strongly pressed upon the Society by Bishop Bompas of Athabasca, who, on his journey across the Rocky Mountains to Metlakahtla in 1877, found them wholly neglected—there was no man to care for their souls. In consequence of this appeal, the Rev. R. Tomlinson, of Kincolith, was instructed to move up the Nass River, and establish a new station. This he has done at a place called Ankihtlast, where a mission farm is being worked, and where it is hoped many Kitikshean Indians will be attracted to settle down under Christian instruction.

Since then, the new Bishop of Caledonia has begun a most promising work at the forks of the River Skeena, where he spent last winter, entirely cut off for some months from the outer world. Interesting letters from him were printed in the GLEANER of July. The Society has sent out another young missionary, the Rev. W. G. Faulconer, to assist the Bishop at this remote station.

XIII.—The Diocese of Caledonia.

When Mr. Duncan went out in 1856 there was but one clergyman of the Church of England on the whole western coast of British America. The colony of British Columbia, however, grew apace; and in 1859 it was formed into a diocese, Dr. Hills being appointed the first Bishop.

In 1879 Bishop Hills, being on a visit to England, arranged with the Society a plan for providing its Missions with more immediate episcopal oversight. He had come charged by his Diocesan Synod to take steps for dividing his vast diocese into three—Vancouver's Island, New Westminster, and Caledonia—which would form an ecclesiastical province on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, just as, on the east side, the four dioceses of Rupert's Land, Moosonee, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan form the province of Rupert's Land. The northernmost of these three divisions, Caledonia, would comprise the field of the C.M.S. Missions; and the Society therefore undertook to guarantee the income of the Bishop for this division, provided that the Committee were satisfied with the appointment made. The scheme was happily consummated by the choice of the Rev. Wm. Ridley, vicar of St. Paul's, Huddersfield, who had been a C.M.S. missionary in India, but whose health had been unequal to the trying climate of the Peshawar Valley. Mr. Ridley was consecrated on St. James's Day, July 25th, 1879, at St. Paul's Cathedral, at the same time as Dr. Walsham How to the Suffragan-Bishopric of Bedford (for East London), Dr. Barclay to the Anglican See of Jerusalem, and Dr. Speechly to the new Diocese of Travancore and Cochin.

The Diocese of Caledonia comprises the territory lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, with the adjacent islands, and is bounded on the south by a line drawn westward from Cape St. James, at the south end of Queen Charlotte's Islands, and on the north by the 60th parallel of latitude. It comprises, therefore, the mining districts on the upper waters of the Fraser and Skeena and Stachine Rivers, with their rough white population, and many thousands of Indians of the Tsimshean and Hydah nations on the coast, as well as others in the interior.

Bishop Ridley sailed from Liverpool on Sept. 13th, 1879, for New York, crossed the States by the Pacific Railway, took steamer again at San Francisco, and reached Victoria on October 14th. There he met Mr. Duncan, and also Admiral Prevost, who had again gone out a few months before; and a few days after they sailed together for Metlakahla.

A portrait of Dr. Ridley appeared in the GLEANER of Sept., 1879, with an account by him of his new field of labour. In that letter he appealed for a mission steamer to carry him backwards and forwards along the coast, among the islands, and up the great river estuaries. This steamer has been provided by the liberality of friends, and was to be launched at Victoria on Aug. 11th.

On the 1st of this present month of October, twenty-four years ago, William Duncan landed at Fort Simpson. Now there are six stations and eight missionaries. Look at the text given for this day in the Almanack in next column. Has not the promise been abundantly fulfilled? Do not the Tsimsheans and Hydahs live at the ends of the earth? And have they not looked unto God, and been saved?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. Y. asks, "Can females become missionary candidates?" Certainly. There is a great work for women to do in all heathen countries. The C.M.S. itself only employs a few, however, and generally passes on applications to one of the Zenana or Female Education Societies. Write to the Rev. F. E. Wigram, Hon. Sec., Salisbury Square, E.C.

B. C.—Your second application would no doubt be favourably considered. Whether it would be accepted or refused, we cannot of course say. But "Try again" is always a good motto.

Received for the Society's funds—A Widow's Mite, 8s.; Woodland and Woodbee, 5s.; E. T., for Japan or China, 2s.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

OCTOBER—"ALL."

"All power in earth and heaven
Is to our Saviour given,
All nations soon shall learn His praise;
All His Divine commands
Proclaim through all the lands;
He will be with you 'all the days.'" A. E.

Full Moon... 7d. 1h. 59m. p.m. New Moon... 23d. 2h. 31m. a.m.
Last Qr. ... 15d. 2h. 26m. a.m. **OCTOBER.** First Qr. ... 30d. 4h. 47m. a.m.

1	S	Duncan landed, B. Columbia, 1857. Look unto Me, and be ye [saved], all the ends of the earth. Is. 45. 2.
2	S	16th aft. Trin. We all do fade as a leaf. Is. 64. 6. M. 2 Chr. 26. Eph. 3. E. Neh. 1. 1 to 2. 9, or 8. Lu. 6. 17.
3	M	All flesh is as grass. 1 Pet. 1. 24. [Gen. 48. 10.]
4	T	Rebnann d., 1876. Fed me all my life long unto this day.
5	W	Bp. Russell d., 1879. The God of all comfort. 2 Co. 1. 3.
6	T	Bp. Cotton drowned, 1866. All his saints are in thy hand.
7	F	These all died in faith. Heb. 11. 13. [Deu. 33. 2.]
8	S	All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth. Ps. 25. 10. [and meekness. Eph. 4. 2.]
9	S	17th aft. Trin. Bp. Hatfield consec., 1870. With all lowliness. M. Jer. 6. Phil. 3. E. Jer. 22 or 35. Lu. 9. 1-28.
10	M	Price sailed for E. Africa, 1874. In all labour there is profit.
11	T	Trust in Him at all times. Ps. 62. 8. [Prov. 14. 2.]
12	W	Strengthened with all might. Col. 1. 11. [conquerors. Ro. 8. 37.]
13	T	Miss. expelled fr. Abeokuta, 1867. In all these things more than
14	F	West at Red Riv., 1820. Unto Thee shall all flesh come. Ps. 65. 9.
15	S	D. Fenn d., 1878. He did it with all his heart, and prospered. [2 Ch. 31. 2.]
16	S	18th aft. Trin. Above all taking the shield of faith. Eph. 6. 16. M. Jer. 36. 1 Th. 1. E. Ez. 2, or 13. 1-17. Lu. 12. 35.
17	M	Noble died, 1865. The angel which redeemed me from all evil. [bless the lady. Gen. 48. 10.]
18	T	St. Luke. Healeth all thy diseases. Ps. 103. 3.
19	W	Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long. Prov. 23. 17.
20	T	Walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing. Col. 1. 10.
21	F	Do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. 10. 31.
22	S	Ragland d., 1858. Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus. Col. 3. 17. [the salvation of God. Lu. 3.]
23	S	19th aft. Trin. Peck reached Whale R., 1877. All flesh shall see. M. Ez. 14. 2 Th. 2. E. Ez. 18, or 24. 15. Lu. 17. 1-20.
24	M	Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse. Mal. 3. 10. [Pr. 3. 9.]
25	T	Honour the Lord... with the firstfruits of all thine increase.
26	W	This poor widow hath cast in more than they all. Lu. 21. 3.
27	T	The love of money is the root of all evil. 1 Tim. 6. 10.
28	F	SS. Simon & Jude. Why stand ye here all the day idle? Mat. 20. 12.
29	S	1st Sikh clergyman ord., 1854. He is a buckler to all them that [trust in Him. Ps. 18. 3.]
30	S	20th aft. Trin. All things are ready: come. Matt. 22. 4. M. Ez. 34. 2 Ti. 1. E. Ez. 37, or Dan. 1. Lu. 20. 27 to 31. 5.
31	M	Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my [life. Ps. 23. 6.]

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

We regret to have no less than four deaths of C.M.S. agents to report. C. Young, of the Female Institution at Sierra Leone, who came home on leave a few months ago, died on Aug. 3rd. The Rev. H. George, of Portia Prairie in Rupert's Land, who went out in 1854, died on Aug. 7th. Rev. Elijah Hoole, Native Tamil Pastor of Jaffna, Ceylon, died in July on board ship, on his way home after attending the Bishop's assembly at Colombo. He was originally trained by the Wesleyans, but had been connected with the C.M.S. for thirty years. The Rev. M. Perianayagaram, Tinnevely, is also dead. "He was," says Bishop Sargent, "one of our best and choicest pastors."

The C.M.S. Committee have also lost one of their own number by the death of Mr. Charles Woolton, J.P., ex-Sheriff of the City of London, who died Sept. 7th, had been a respected member for the last two or three years.

The Rev. J. W. Balding, one of the Islington men ordained on St. Peter's Day, has been appointed to Ceylon, in lieu of the Rev. A. J. A. Gellmer, who is not going out at present.

Bishop Sargent, we rejoice to say, has returned to his important work at Tinnevely, after his four months' absence from serious illness.

Bishop Moule held his first ordination at Shaou-hing on May 8th, when Rev. J. B. Ost received priest's orders.

Mr. W. Spendlove, of the Athabasca Mission, was ordained by Bishop Bompas on March 18th, at Fort Simpson, Mackenzie River.

The Rev. P. O'Flaherty and Mr. Stokes, with the Waganda envoys, reached Rubaga on March 18th, and were warmly received by Mtesa. Mr. Stokes, with Pearson, then re-crossed the Lake to Kagei, where they found Litchfield ill. Leaving Pearson there, Stokes and Litchfield then came to Uyu, where they were on June 14. This leaves O'Flaherty and Mackenzie at Uganda.

We hope many of our readers are remembering the GLEANER EXAMINATION to be held in January. Circulars respecting it can be had on application at the C.M. House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY THE REV. CANON RICHARDSON.

IX.—THE MISSIONARY SUPPORT.



HERE is great pressure upon a missionary, and he is at best but a feeble and a fallible man. He may make mistakes, and the wonder is that he has not made many more. The secret is to be found in the support which God gives to the man who can say, "The Eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." He draws his secret supplies from an unseen fountain. The lamp of his faith is fed by oil conveyed by an unnoticed channel.

There is support in the promise. "Lo, I am with you always." Friends may be far away, the heathen whom he tries to win may stand afar off, and hopes and powers may be getting low. Still, the man of God holds his post, goes on with his work, because he can stay himself upon his God. His word never fails, His sympathy never ceases, His presence is never withdrawn; and so the muscle of faith grows stronger, as the grasp of faith is on the arm of a covenant God and Father in Christ.

There is support in the possession. "I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever." The prayer of St. Paul has often become the support of his missionary followers, "that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." So "the Communion of Saints" for human sympathy, and "the Communion of the Holy Ghost" for inward strength and satisfaction, will make even a weak man firm.

There is support in the prospect. "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." Faith teaches a man to throw himself forward into the future; and helps him to think what the backward view will be when the end is come. The man who has been on the mount with God, comes down to his work in the plain with a nobler courage, and a stronger heart, and can say, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

The anchor of the missionary's soul is within the veil; the root of the missionary's faith is amongst the deep things of God's promise and power; the attraction of the missionary's heart is from the fellowship with Him who said, "I will draw all men unto Me." These things explain the holy enthusiasm with which, in all his trials, he can say, "I can do all things, through Christ, who strengtheneth me." Firm as a rock, bold as a lion, yet harmless as a dove, the man stands before the Master, and works and watches and waits.

MR. PEARSON'S JOURNAL IN UGANDA.



LONG and interesting journals have been received from Mr. C. W. Pearson of his life in Uganda. Large extracts were printed last month in the *C.M. Intelligencer*; but the readers of the *GLEANER* must have such portions of them as its more limited space will allow.

In our April number we gave a brief summary of the past history of the Nyanza Mission, with some extracts from Mr. Litchfield's journal in Uganda in the year 1879. We must now ask our readers to imagine themselves in Central Africa in July last year, 1880. How does the Mission stand at that date? Mr. Pearson is alone in Uganda. Mr. Litchfield has left on account of illness and come across the lake southwards to Uyii. (See map in April number.) Mr. Mackay, who

accompanied him, has not yet returned to Uganda. King Mtesa has, acting under the evil influence of the Arab traders, proclaimed that he is now a Mohammedan. The Christian services at court have been suspended, and the people have been forbidden to come to Mr. Pearson to be taught. Nevertheless texts of Scripture, prayers, and other short sentences have been printed in two languages, and circulated in the country, and many know something of the true God and of the Gospel message in this way, and through the former preaching and teaching.

Such is the position in July, 1880. Now let us hear Mr. Pearson. Here is a notice of the return of Mtesa's army from a war with a neighbouring country:—

July 5th.—The army is near with the spoils of Usoga—ivory, cattle, and slaves. The number of women slaves stated to be taken was 1,000.

16th.—A long file of Wasoga women and children, captives, were coming up to the palace, the king's portion. Five hundred there ought to have been, but hunger, fatigue, and ill-usage had reduced their number to a little over three hundred. I never saw such a sight before in my life, and never wish to behold such a one again. None of the women were young, many of them carried infants, some of which were born on the road. These miserable little starved specimens of humanity were in many cases tied by the arms round the mother's neck, the poor creatures not having strength to hold them. Such a sight! The women could scarcely walk, mere skin and bone; the ribs could literally be counted. They had had no food for days. All the young well-favoured women had been kept by the chiefs. These were Mtesa's share.

19th.—As I write, shrieks of women are sounding from the executioner's across the swamp, four hundred yards distant. Some bloody deed is being enacted. Oh, what a country! Sounds of revelry from Rubaga.

The following extracts give some account of two or three men and boys who came to learn about Christianity; also of Mr. Pearson's straits for want of food, and of "money" (cloth and shells) to buy it with:—

July 30th.—One by one my little luxuries have ceased; now only tea, coffee, oatmeal, and a little arrowroot remain, and they will soon end. Sugar I have not had for many months. Rice is done. Flour long since finished. However, the Lord be praised Who gives me food, plain though it be, and keeps me well. Many Baganda* have only one meal a day; a veritable famine exists. I have heard of several cases of people selling their children for cowries to buy food. Two were brought to me, but I refused.

31st.—Repaired some of my scanty wardrobe. I have only two pairs of presentable nether garments. Some clothes I sold for food, others have succumbed to constant wear.

Aug. 3rd.—Mkwenda came. He wanted a book of Kisuhili prayers. He says that he does not want Islamism. I had not a book to give him, but I offered to transcribe some prayers for him. He has several Kisuhili portions, a book of Psalms, and the whole Scriptures in Arabic. He is decidedly in favour of us, but, like all else, lacking in boldness to express his opinions.

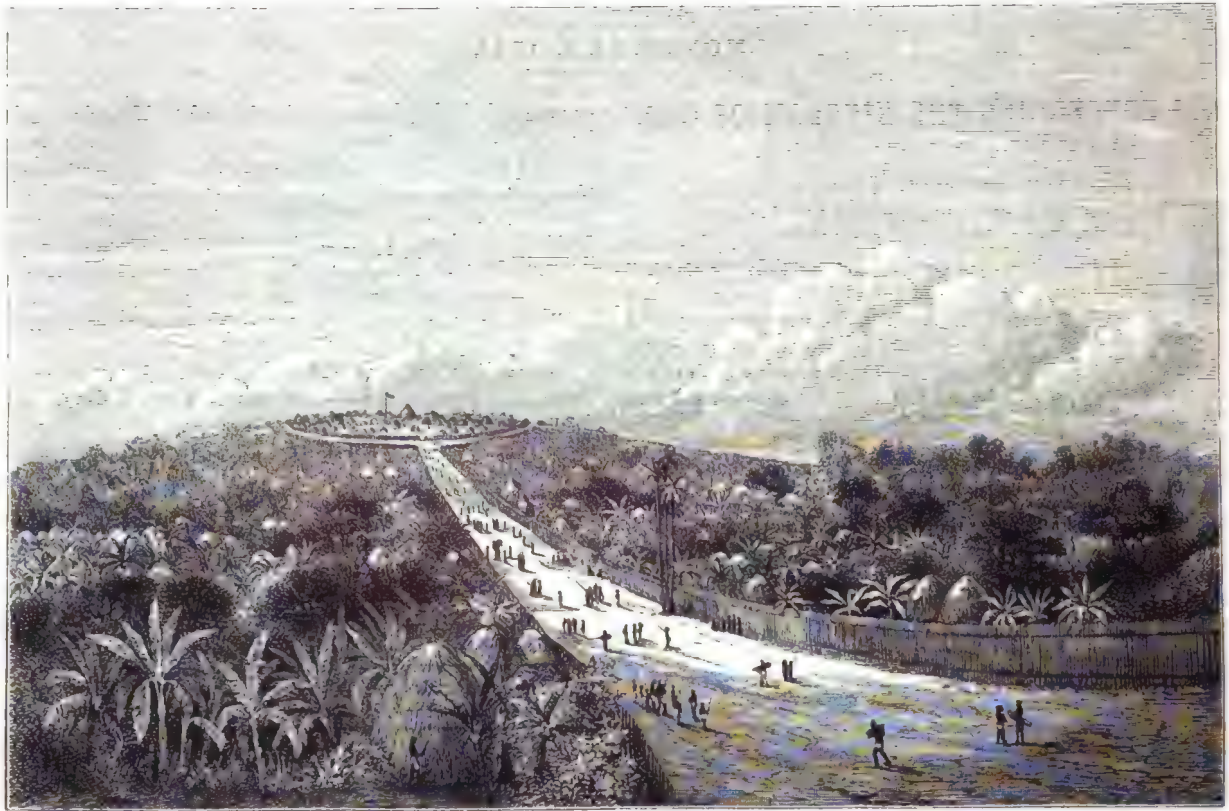
5th.—Mwanakulya came. He was begging for books. He pretends to us that he wishes to be a Christian, and yet is a most active worshipper at the Islam prayers. He, like the rest, is afraid to speak out his mind.

6th.—Two of Mkwenda's boys, Luta and Mukasa, came. They were taught to read by Mr. Litchfield, and after his departure they came to me to continue reading. They brought a *kipande* [wooden board used for writing on], and I wrote them out the Creed and Lord's Prayer in Kisuhili, explaining both to them. I wrote out a short prayer in Luganda for them to use every day: "O Father, give me Thy Holy Spirit, for Jesus Christ's sake." May the prayer be offered up sincerely, and be heard and answered!

7th.—Mwanakulya came and begged me to have prayers with him; so Mufta, he, and I went into my bedroom. I chose 1 Kings xviii. for our chapter, as most likely to influence Mwanakulya's wavering character. We read in Kisuhili, which he understands. We then had prayer. I wish I could have a better opinion of this chief's honesty of purpose.

Sunday, 8th.—I gave Mukasa and Luta a Scripture lesson, my own

* We have been accustomed to call the people of Uganda *Waganda*, according to the usage of East Africa. Mr. Mackay and Mr. Pearson now call them *Baganda*, and the country *Buganda*. The language has been called *Kiganda*, *Ruganda*, and *Luganda*. We leave the spelling as we find it.



RUBAGA, THE CAPITAL OF UGANDA. (From Stanley's "Dark Continent.")

boys listening. I have great hopes of these two youths. I find myself more able to explain the Book to them. May God open my lips more freely!

25th.—My people are getting well on with reading. I have now daily prayers in Luganda. May my efforts to lead these lost sheep to Christ be blessed by God! Had several applications for Arabic Bibles. Supplied all who came.

Sept. 26th.—Food very scarce, and nothing to buy with. For one or two days we were in great straits, but the good Lord sent enough. Mufta asked Mtesa for some of the shells owing to me. He promised to send them; but after waiting and hungering some days, he went again and told the king if he did not send me some food, or something to buy food with, I and my boys would be found dead. This frightened him, and he sent 2,000 cowries (10s.), adding that he would send all when his wife who had charge of the shells came home. Chambalango, to whom I had given medicine, as well as one of his wives, sent me a goat and a few bunches of bananas upon learning the destitute state that I was in. One of the Native workmen whom I had taught a few things brought me a goat. Two other goats came from the Katikiro for repairing and re-silvering two mirrors. I simply placed my destitution before the Lord, and He sent me food in a most marked, unlooked-for manner. To Him be all the glory!

Luta, son of Kaugao, chief of Beramesi, comes regularly to read and write. I believe the good seed has taken root in his heart. Mkwenda always comes on Sundays, and often on week-days, to prayer. I have the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Psalm xcv., the Prayer for Peace, for Grace, that of St. Chrysostom, and the Decalogue, translated into Luganda. I can thus sow quietly, as we are no longer allowed to have services at court.

Then we have the arrest of the two boys for their adhesion to the Mission:—

Oct. 16th.—I again take up my journal. I have had no heart to write it lately. Since I last wrote I have been reduced to great straits. I could get no food. Everything possible had gone for food, and I was brought to not having a yard of cloth or a shell in the house. I wrote a letter to Mtesa, and it drew three thousand shells (15s.) from him. I feel very angry with the king's thorough heartlessness.

Sunday, 24th.—Mkwenda and his protégé, Luta, came, and we had service in Luganda, and a Scripture lesson. He remained until after-

noon, and I improved the time by talking about the things in Buganda needing reform, and of the only means of having the country blessed and prosperous; of the great evils of slavery, polygamy, and attendant sins.

Mkwenda does not care about it being known that he comes to prayer. It is as well that the tender plant be nursed first. When I feel assured that he believes in Jesus, I shall urge him to confess Him boldly.

Sunday, Nov. 7th.—On Thursday I heard that Majassi, captain of the palace guard, had made an accusation to the king against Mukasa, keeper of our late church (now mosque); the occasion being that he refused to clean some guns. However, I heard on Saturday that the reason was that he had refused to go to the Mohammedan prayers. The chiefs went, and that he had said the religion of Jesus, which the white man taught, was the only true one, all others being lies. He taken before Mtesa, who said such *chejo* [pride or obstinacy] must be put down; so Mukasa was led off, and is now in the stocks. This is the case of open persecution against an Mbandaka.

8th.—News came early that my two pupils, Luta and Mukasa, had been seized, and sent off bound to the country.

Sunday, 14th.—Passed part of the day translating, and found a benefit to my own soul from seeking out the value of the words. May the Master bless and own my labour, enabling me to do it well, and to glory!

Alas! now I have no scholars. The interdict is still upon our teaching, and no one comes since Luta and Mukasa were taken off. Lord, clear away. Give me an open door. Do Thou indeed enable us to light a candle in Uganda which shall never be put out.

Sunday, 28th.—I hear that my two scholars, Luta and Mukasa, confined on an island in Lake Wamara, Mittiana, Mkwenda's country. Well, no one can take from them what they already know about the true God and His glorious salvation through Jesus Christ. I pray they may teach others even there. Some say that the king ordered imprisonment, others that it was at the instance of Mkwenda. From the diversity of reports, even from the different reasons Mkwenda has given, and from my knowledge of the lads, I cannot believe but that it was solely on account of their professing Christianity. Of Luta I am sure that the Holy Spirit had touched his heart.

On December 14th Mr. Mackay returned. It was determined to make a formal request to the king for religious

liberty for his subjects, even if he still rejected Christian teaching for himself. Mr. Mackay writes:—

Mr. Pearson asked if anything would be done to any one who embraced Christianity. Mtesa replied that there were many old people (women chiefly) in the country who had power, and these would be sure to kill any one who despised the gods of the country. Mr. Pearson replied that he (Mtesa) was King of Buganda, and that if he gave the order that men embracing Christianity were to be let alone, no one could touch them. Mtesa then said that if any one went to the *Muzungu* [European] to read he surely committed no criminal offence. "To read," he said, "is not robbery, and one could not be condemned for that." I then explained that merely learning to read was not to embrace Christianity. I said, "If a man becomes a Christian he will know that the religion of the *lubare* [demon of the lake] is false, and hence will not be able to attend court when any of the *lubares* [witches] make a demonstration there. If a man is baptized—either a chief or a common man—will he be punished for refusing to join in the ceremonies of the *lubare*?" To this no answer was given, but talk was continued on the powers of the gods.

On January 3rd of this present year another attempt was made. We resume Mr. Pearson's journal:—

I asked Mtesa again if he would allow his people to be taught Christianity, *i.e.*, if he would permit his people to come by taking off the interdict. He commenced his usual ambiguous way of talking; he wilfully misunderstood our request, and said, "Do you want to make us Christians *kwa ngavu* [by force]?" Mufta said, "No; you know us better than that." Then he said he had read all the Bible, and did he not know the Christian religion? Mufta replied, "You know it by the mouth but not in the heart." He (Mtesa) was much annoyed at my persistence, and the chiefs and Arabs chimed in. Mtesa said, using a Buganda expression, "If you want me you must fill my belly, and give me guns, powder, ball, and cloth." Mufta said the people of *Bulaza* [Europe] would be kind to him if he became a Christian; but even then they would never give him such things for nothing.

Mtesa then said, "You want us to have only one wife, but we will not agree to this." The chiefs expressed their pleasure at this. Then, after a pause, he said, "I will give you one word: Give me Queen Victoria's daughter for my wife, and I will allow you to teach my people, and will promise to put away all my other wives." We showed him again how women in England have their own choice; but he gave it as his ultimatum that unless we brought our Queen's daughter he would not

grant us our request. This may sound as a joke, but it was all done in sober, real earnest.

On January 8th the anxieties of our brethren were rendered graver by the atrocious charges brought against Mackay by a newly-arrived Arab trader, who informed Mtesa that he (Mackay) had been a murderer in England, and had fled from justice;

that he was insane, and trying to kill the king; and that on that very day he had given him (the Arab) a present, and implored him on his knees not to make his evil deeds public! It was therefore thought best to leave Uganda for a time, but Mtesa refused them permission. What occurred during the next two months we do not yet know; but they did not get away, and on March 18th arrived Mr. O'Flaherty, Mr. Stokes, and the Waganda envoys, who visited England last year. The king was highly pleased to see them, and the presents sent from England by Her Majesty, Colonel Grant, the Society, &c., and allowed Mr. Pearson and Mr. Stokes to leave, Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Mackay remaining in Uganda.

We shall look anxiously for the next letters. Meanwhile, let us not cease to commend all our brethren continually to the favour and protection of the King of Kings, Whose they are and Whom they serve.



KATARUBA.

NAMKALDI.

SAABADU.

THE ENVOYS FROM UGANDA.

THE WAGANDA ENVOYS' REPORT TO MTESA.



THE following remarkable account of the visit of the envoys from Uganda to England last year was given to King Mtesa by Saabadu, one of the three. It was repeated to Mr. Mackay and Mr. Pearson by Mufta, the Zanzibar youth who has been so useful as interpreter. It will be remembered that the envoys came to Europe by way of the Nile.

The sentences in brackets and italics are Mr. Mackay's explanatory notes.

SAABADU'S NARRATIVE.

"When we reached Rionga's [*Foureira*] we left our wives there, and were deprived of all our guns and spears and shields, and even of our

big sticks. We then made up our minds that Mtesa had sold us for slaves to the white men. Then we marched on through a desert [jungle?], which took us three months. After that we got to Khartoum. Then we crossed another desert, which took us two months; here we saw great mountains, such as we had never seen before. Then we came to a nyanja [the Red Sea*] and were put into a ship. Oh! my master, a ship is very big, as big as a hill. Then we reached the capital of the King of the Turks [Egyptians]. But there we saw that it is not Turks but Bazungu [Europeans] who govern the country; the Turks have no power at all.

"Then we came to another nyanja [the Mediterranean]. We sailed on until we came to an island [Malta], which they said belonged to the Queen, and we thought surely the Queen lives here, and now we are at the end of our journey. But no; on we went again, and we thought we should never get to the end, for they told us that we were not half way yet. Then we came to a country belonging to Bazungu, but the people were all like Arabs [Algiers]. Next we came to a high island of the Bazungu, but not of the Queen [Lisbon?]. This was in the third nyanja [Atlantic].

"Then we went on for many days till we came to England. Oh! what a lot of big ships we saw there [Mouth of the Thames?]. Their masts made us think that it was a forest with the trees growing on the water. As we went up the river the captains of the ships went to the top of the masts and cried out, 'The Buganda are coming; make way for the Buganda'; at which all the big ships fled away.†

"Then we came to London. Here the Queen sent a chief for us with a carriage and two horses.‡ The horses in London are so many that no one can even count them. And the houses, they are made of stone. Oh, my master, wonderful! wonderful!! They make two long fences of stones [sides of the street], very long, as far as you can see, and the house is inside the fence. It is all one house, but divided, so that lots of people live in it. No one can count how many people live in one house [one side of a street being continuous was supposed to be one house]. Oh, London is a very big place; nothing but houses of stone as far as from here to Buhwezi [Country of Kangao, some twenty miles from Rubaga].

"Then we went to a place where a great chief [Col. Grant?]§ met us, who held up his hands and said, 'Eh! Buganda! Buganda!! Buganda!!!'

"After two days the Queen sent for us.|| We saw a lot of ladies together, and they were all dressed alike, so that we did not know which was the Queen. Oh! my master, wonderful! The Queen's house is as large as from here to Nabulagala [a hill about two miles off].

"The day after that we went to a great open field, where we saw the soldiers. Every mutongole [captain] had his men dressed in a different colour of cloth. We were in one gari [cart or carriage] and the Queen in another. This time we saw her by herself, and knew which was she herself. Then we went to see a place where they made cannon. A great lot of cannon—very big. Two hundred kegs of powder [about a ton in all] are the charge for one cannon. It fires its ball as far as from here to Nyamagoma [about seven miles west of this]. After that we saw where they made guns—beautiful guns, and very many. One man showed us his gun, which he had just finished—it was very fine. Then we saw where they made the gunpowder. Next we went to a place where they made woollen cloth, and after that we saw them making bufta [bleached calico].

"After we had been many days in London, we went away to another place, where we remained a short time. We did not walk, but went into a wooden house [railway carriage], which went itself with us all in it.

"When we came back to London we went to tell the Queen that we

* Nyanja, or Nyanza, means sea.

† Apparently they could not resist the temptation to put in something to flatter Mtesa's vanity.

‡ They must have supposed Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson represented Her Majesty; or it is merely the natural phraseology of Uganda, where nothing is done without the king's order.

§ Or perhaps Lord Northbrook, who was President when they were received by the Royal Geographical Society.

|| The interview with Her Majesty was not so early as this. They saw her first at Aldershot, to which they refer in the next paragraph. They might well forget the order of events.

wanted to come back to Buganda. But she said 'Not yet; you have not seen my animals.' So we went to see the animals [in the Zoological Gardens]. Every animal in all the world is at the Queen's place. For we spent three days looking at lions; then we looked at leopards for three days; then we looked at buffaloes for three days; then we saw elephants for many days; then we saw birds for six days.* Every bird from every place is there. Then we saw the crocodiles. Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!!! The crocodiles are not wild. They hold out a piece of meat, and call the crocodile, which comes and takes it out of a man's hand." (Mtesa asked where they get the food for all the animals.) "They give them cows and goats." (Mtesa asked if they give the cows and goats alive to the animals.) "They always kill the beasts and give only dead meat. After that we saw elephants, and snakes, and every animal." (Mtesa said to his chiefs, "Do you hear that—how many animals Bazungu give to their Queen?" The Katikiro replied, "She must be a very great monarch." Mtesa hinted that his chiefs should make him great by giving him as many animals.)

"Next they took us to see cows, and sheep, and horses [at the Agricultural Show]. Such a lot of cows and sheep the Bazungu have. There we saw thousands of pigs, and each pig had six children. These pigs are the food of the Queen.

"Then we went to say good-bye to the Queen,† and she gave us a message to come in. We were twelve months in going to England from here, but we came back to Zanzibar in this ship in one month.

"At Zanzibar we saw Seyed Burgash, who gave us presents. Seyed Burgash has only a very little place. The Arabs tell you lies, my master, when they say they have a great country at Pwani [the coast]. The coast all belongs to the English, and the Arabs are their slaves. England is a very great country. It is an island as big as from here to Zanzibar, and there are many islands about it, so many that we cannot count them. They make bridges across the rivers, so big that a man does not need to go through the water to cross over.

"Oh! my master, we have not got a country at all. The estate of a chief in England is as large as all Buganda, and Bunyoro, and Busoga together." ("Say that again," said Mtesa. "I like to hear a man speak the truth.") "We have no country, my master." ("Do you hear that," said Mtesa to the chiefs, "we have no country at all.") "In England every man has one wife, and every wife has thirty children!" (Mtesa said, "Oh, many, many, many children.") "They have other women in England, house which are not their wives, they only do work. The Bazungu women come here have no wives, but when they go back to England they have made great chiefs, and each one gets a wife as a reward for his services."

"We saw a church which had very big bells [St. Paul's?]. When the bells ring, you can hear them as far as from here to Busoga [fifty miles]. The inside of the church is all beautiful wood and marble. The Bazungu have only one religion.

"The Queen's house is all made of looking-glasses, and gold and silver. Inside, and we sat on chairs made altogether of ivory."

(At this stage Mtesa said "Stop," and dismissed the Court, telling Saabadu he was to tell no one but himself what he had seen in England.)

THANK-OFFERINGS FOR ANSWERS TO PRAYER

DEAR SIR,—For the last six months I have kept a record, very imperfectly, of answered prayers. Yet I believe it has not been in vain. I keep a note in book or memory of things asked for, and as soon as the answer comes, or rather when I see it, I put a mark on my card. Any card will do, marked out in squares, each mark standing for a halfpenny or more; a shilling offering to the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer. I counted up about six months' answers in six months. Does not this fact make us feel and know that prayer is a reality; that God is near and giveth liberally? Should we not be grateful? and can we better show it than by giving what we can "as God prospers us" to Mission work? Ought such tokens of His goodness to be unmarked by us?

Would not many of our C.M.S. supporters take the hint, act on the suggestion, and thus see for themselves how precious a record they will have of His goodness. Thus a Thank-offering Fund might be started, composed in from the many in small sums, but making a goodly sum together.

* The envoys were at the Zoological Gardens only two or three hours. This is a figurative way of expressing the great number of animals they had seen?

† There was no second visit to Her Majesty.

A NOBLE VENTURE.

[The colour-sergeant of a Highland regiment (engaged in action during the Crimean War) carried the colours far in advance of his regiment to a height occupied by the foe. "Bring back the colours!" was the call to him. His ringing answer was this: "Bring up your men to the colours!"]

BRING back the colours! All too bold the venture,
While gallant spirits guard not the advance;
On yonder height the foe will swift surround thee,
Bring back the colours from the sword and lance!"

This to the standard-bearer. He, with ringing answer,
Flashes new courage into gallant souls!
"Bring up your soldiers to the flying colours!"
And on the tide of victory proudly rolls.

"Bring back the colours!" So we cry, distrustful,
While promises are ringing in advance.
Are we sworn liegemen of the Cross of Jesus,
And can we give one backward, faithless glance?

The promise far outstrips Faith's fleetest footstep,
Though fleet it be of foot as mountain roe,
And rings a clarion voice to bid us follow
Where we may win the land from hostile foe.

Sin is usurper over Christ's dominion!
This fair earth is the Lord's, and we may wave
Our glorious banner over wild and prairie,
And alien tribes shall hear the tidings brave.

Could we but view our witnesses, our watchers,
The chariots and squadrons of the sky,
The angel host which speed to do us service,
Encompassing our path, with succour nigh,—

But that were sight—not faith! And oft, weary,
We dream we fight, and suffer, all alone;
While angels hold their breath to see us conquer,
Our Master yearns to utter, "Bravely done!"

Ere long our brief, bright service will be over,
And hymns victorious around us roll;
What gracious guerdon shall reward the venture—
The noble venture—of a noble soul!

CLARA THWAITES.

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

XV.—A Free Gospel.

"Not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ."
Acts xv.; Gal. ii.



N Peter's time many Jewish Pharisees had become Christians—believed Jesus the true Messiah—loved and served Him. But one thing they did not understand—that the Gospel was free to all nations and all men. Did not say the heathen could not be saved; but thought they must become Jews—be circumcised and keep all the old law. See Acts xv. 1–5.

St. Paul was a Jewish Pharisee; but he knew better. Knew Jesus had done all that was wanted for men's salvation; that they had only to believe this, and take God's free gift. See Acts xiii. 39; Rom. iii. 21–23; v. 15–18; vi. 23; Gal. ii. 16; Eph. ii. 8, 9.

So a great controversy between St. Paul and the Jewish Christians. Conference at Jerusalem to settle it. Peter there, and spoke. Which side did he take? Acts xv. 7–11: reminded the Conference of his going to Cornelius, and how God gave the Spirit's wonderful gifts to Roman soldiers, uncircumcised, and even unbaptized (Acts x. 44–48). Besides, said he, how are we Jews saved? By our Jewish de-cent, our circumcision, our law-keeping? No: "we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved—even as they," as the heathen—all saved the same way, by faith only.

Some time after, Peter at Antioch, where many Gentile Christians, Gal. ii. 11–14. Peter so glad to see them, lived with them as a friend and brother. But then came some of the strict Jewish Christians—they would not join the Gentiles, could not eat with them. What did Peter do? Try and persuade them? No; was afraid of them, so did as they did! Even Peter, the Rock, so unstable! How weak the best of us! And Paul had to rebuke Peter before the Church!

No such controversy now. Nobody wants us to become Jews. No Missionary tells Hindu and Chinese converts to be circumcised. But some people still say, Except you do this or that, can't be saved; except you join my church or my sect, I can have nothing to do with you; except you keep this or that rule, God will not accept you. Don't listen

to them. Jesus paid all the debt, did all that God demands: "Salvation full, at highest cost, He offers free to all."

This is the Gospel the missionaries take to Africa, India, China, Japan. Let us pray God they may never make any mistake about it; never waver like Peter at Antioch; always teach the converts to say—

"Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling!"

MISSIONARY BOXES.

Letters to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—For about eight years I was hon. secretary to the C.M.S. in rather a poor parish near London, and I feel quite sure if the boxes had been opened quarterly many persons would have declined taking them. As it was, coppers found their way into them as work prospered; and much pleasure was experienced in December by the owners on the day appointed for counting the contents. I took care to take the *Quarterly Papers* myself, and if the owner of the box came to the door, speak of the Mission field and a few words of encouragement. And I can look back to some pleasing conversations with those who I know have denied themselves to give to God's cause.

I generally had two or three *Papers* over each quarter when they amounted to thirty. One dark evening I went to another parish, knowing that an iron church which had been opened more than a year, and pretty well attended, had not yet a Missionary Association. After service I stood outside and distributed them as each left the House of God. I expect they took the hint, for soon after I heard a Missionary Association was commenced, which has now much increased.

E. F.

I HAVE read with much interest the "Hints on Missionary Boxes" in this month's GLEANER. I may, I think, call myself "Jack of the Boxes" in the parish I live in, for though I do not open the boxes (that is done by the curate), I go round once in three months and deliver to each box-holder a copy of the *Quarterly Paper*.

There are this year 57 boxes, not including those used in the Sunday-schools. Last year £12 2s. 0½d. was gathered in by the boxes, three containing sums over £1; several had nothing in them. The distribution of the quarterly papers is found to be useful in keeping up an interest in the work, and it also affords an opportunity of asking how the box is getting on, &c.

Our great hindrance is people taking the boxes without the slightest intention of putting anything into them themselves. They place them on their shop counter, or on a table in the lobby of their houses, and think they have done all that they need to do. They are quite astonished when the collector comes and finds the box empty; and some of them are so indifferent to missionary work that they are twisting up their *Quarterly* as if it were waste paper before the "Jack" has left their door.

A JACK OF THE BOXES.

I HAVE read with deep interest the article on this subject in the GLEANER for September. Among the many means of bringing home to the masses the great work which is being carried on in foreign lands, of spreading the Redeemer's kingdom, and preparing the way of the Lord, none is, I think, capable, when properly worked, of yielding such great and good results as the judicious circulation and use of collecting-boxes. The sight of the familiar old box is often sufficient to awaken many who have fallen into a state of lethargy and apathy regarding missionary operations. But it is sometimes a difficult matter to keep it in order. Let me give an instance of what I mean. In a certain Sunday-school one of the C.M.S. boxes was used. On being opened at the appointed time it revealed a good collection; but as if to remind us that there is no pleasure without pain, I grieve to say there was found in the box a greater number of brass buttons than coins! Many of the latter were also discovered to be bad ones!

This was very deplorable, and showed a sad state of affairs, though possibly some of the donors of buttons imagined that their offerings might be useful to the "little blacks." But the question arises, How is the repetition of such a scandal to be avoided? Perhaps some reader may suggest the collecting-boxes. Experience, however, shows, I think, that they are not nearly so popular as the box. There is a kind of attraction to children about a money-box. Besides, there are those that have no objection to place a small contribution in the box, who would shrink from having their names entered in a book. And again, it is impossible, particularly in a large school, for the superintendent to scrutinise the amount in every child's hand before allowing it to be placed in the box. It is, therefore, a matter of some difficulty to regulate and insure a proper use of the collecting-box.

Much might also be done by the use of a box in every family, especially in those where visitors are numerous. But it seems to me highly objectionable that (as is sometimes the case) it should be thrust into the face of every caller at the house. Its usefulness would be increased if it were placed in some conspicuous position, say, for instance, on the drawing-room table or on the mantelpiece.

£ s. d.

DEAR SIR,—You ask for experience of missionary boxes. I have had one for about twenty years. The subscriptions from the first were mostly quarterly, varying from 3d. to 2s. 6d., but beyond these, very few coins found their way into my box. A few years ago (from a friend's suggestion) I started the plan of passing the box round the table on Sundays after dinner. This answers very well. Last year I had £2 by it, mostly in copper; an ordinary sized box being quite full in about four months.

A COLLECTOR FOR THE C.M.S.

[The contribution from "An Old Lady" we hope to insert in next number.]

THE RELIGION OF THE EGBAS.

BY THE REV. HENRY TOWNSEND.

[The Egbas are the people of Abeokuta, in the Yoruba country, West Africa. Mr. Townsend was the first missionary to them, and laboured among them nearly thirty years.]

THE Egbas believe in one Supreme Being. They have various names by which he is designated, as Olorun, the Prince of Heaven; Eleda, the Creator; Alagbara, the Powerful One; Oludomare, the Almighty; Oluwa, the Lord; Elemi, the Prince of Life. Other names may be given, but these are the principal. Some of them are used only to designate God, as Olorun, Eleda, Oludomare, Elemi; but Alagbara and Oluwa, especially the latter, are often applied to persons.

The word Olorun is most commonly used. They describe him as being everywhere present, as knowing all things, as seeing all things, as unlimited in power, as good, and as the protector of mankind. In my first journey in their country I put this question to a number of the people, "Do you know God (Olorun)?" "No, but we have heard that white man knows Him; and we have long wished that some one would come and tell us about Him." On another occasion, when leaving a town where we had received hospitality and kind treatment, our host, the chief of the town, conducted us on our way as far as the gate of the town, and then said, "I

now leave you and commit you to the care of God."

In their salutations in common use among themselves they say, "May God be with you," "May God give you a long life." In the morning the question generally asked is, "Did you awake well?" The reply is, "I am thankful to God," meaning for His watchful care and protection. It is also very common to hear them say, "God bless you." The reply to most of their

salutations is a word that probably means what we understand by the word "Amen." Sometimes they say, "I thank you." In strongly urging a suit they will often say, "I beg you in the name of God." I do not remember that I ever heard a curse or imprecation of evil in God's name. A very common curse in use among them is, "May the small-pox kill you." I think they are less accustomed to express evil wishes, for should they follow the sufferer could claim damages.

All their worship is addressed to idols, or some visible object.



ABEOKUTA: SACRIFICIAL WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS.

be, as regards the belief of the people, of one general type. They appear to differ in office only, for one is said to have power over the bodies of men, another is supposed to influence or direct the thunder and lightning, another presides over war, another is believed to possess foreknowledge and wisdom; again, they are supposed to have power in different particular places. Shango (Eshu) is worshipped by traders as the god of money; I

I don't know that they ever worshipped the heavenly bodies or any living creature. In some neighbouring countries various animals are worshipped. I can best show the nature of their worship by quoting a conversation I had with the king on this subject. Pointing to an idol of Shango, I asked, "Why do you worship that image when you know it was cut out of a piece of wood?" "I know it was carved by a man. I don't worship it." "But you have seen it and worship it." "I don't worship the image, but the spirit that dwells in it." "What does that spirit do for you?" "It is my messenger; it carries my petitions to God." "Therefore believe that the idol is in it a spirit, that spirit acts as a messenger and advocate for God."

Although there are many gods, the reputation of one may exceed that of another in the public estimation, yet they seem

regarded as evil. A stone may be seen fixed in the ground outside their houses, on which offerings are placed to the devil. The stone is not sacred; it may be stood on or walked over by any one, and I have heard them say that his altar is placed outside the house because he is too bad to be received inside it.

Many things are supposed to be inhabited by spirits, as the Iroko tree and the Olumo rock. The wood of the Iroko tree is often used for building purposes and furniture; when the natives use it they make some offering to it to propitiate the Iroko spirit. We used it extensively for building purposes and furniture; at first we were urgently entreated to propitiate the spirit to prevent any evil arising to ourselves by using it, but the use of it was never forbidden.

The worshippers of the various gods are accustomed to wear clothes of a given colour, and to abstain from the use of some articles of food; the followers of Obbatala wear white clothes and white beads; those of Shango, coloured clothes and coloured beads—red, or yellow and white.

Various sacrifices are offered to the gods, such as bullocks, sheep, goats, kids, fowls, pigeons. In some parts human beings are offered up. Cases have been known in Abeokuta, but as a rule the people object to it, and do not like to hear of it. Other offerings are made, such as money, clothes, kola nuts, and in some cases self-dedication to the service of the god. Some persons are at times supposed to be possessed by a god, and when possessed go about the streets attempting to excite attention by strange antics and wonder-working.

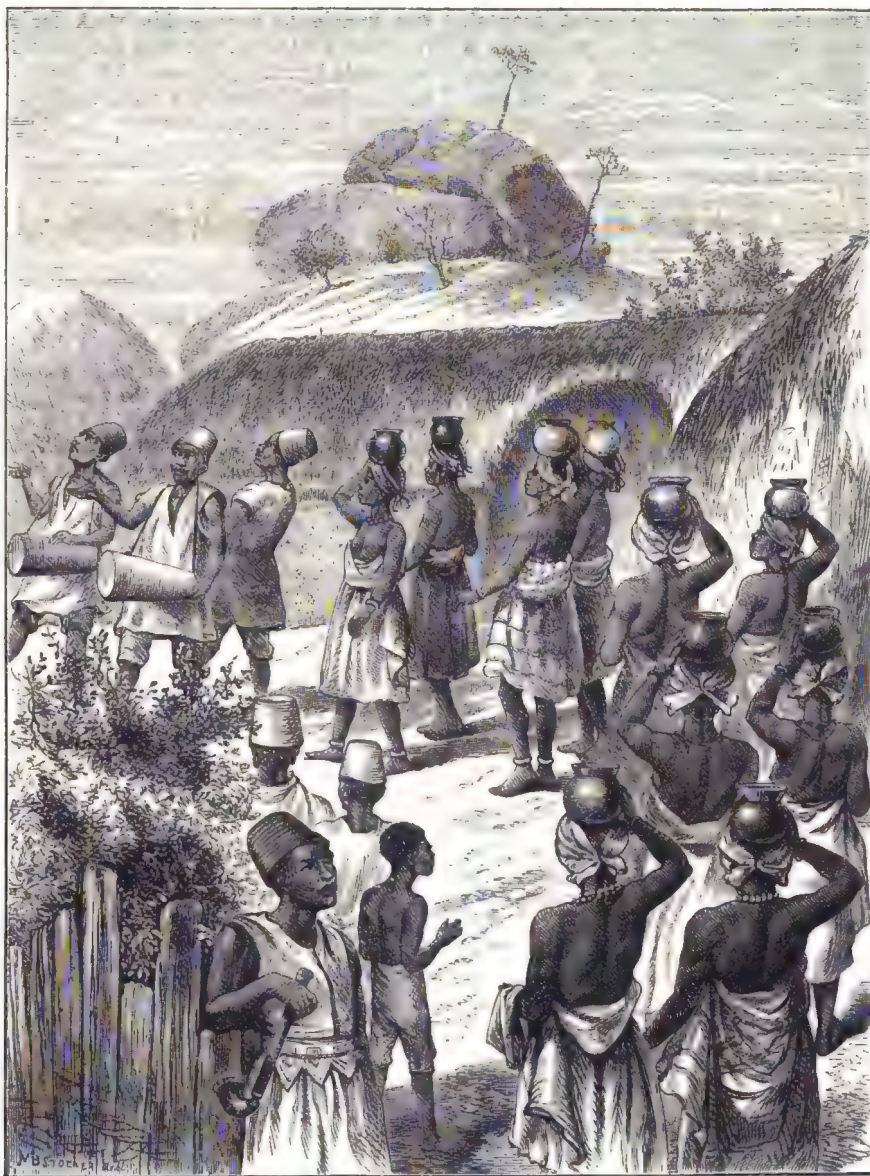
I remember being present at a sacrifice, whether to the ancestral picture or Shango I don't recollect. A large sheep was led in and placed before the object of worship; some leaves of the wild plum-tree were offered to it, which it took and ate freely: this was regarded as denoting that the sacrifice was an acceptable one. Then each one present laid his hands on the sheep, then a bowl was produced for catching the blood, then its throat was

cut with a sharp knife, then some one took of the blood and sprinkled it on the idol, and each one dipped a finger in the blood, making a mark with it on his forehead; some of the blood was sent to persons not present to be used in like manner. After this the carcase was flayed, cut up, and distributed, to be cooked and eaten as each one might fancy.

A wall picture may be found in almost every house in Abeokuta, representing their ancestors, having much the appearance of a coat-of-arms. Each has a representation of a human figure

seated on the ground, surrounded by representations of fowls, pigeons, implements of industry, and articles carried about as fans, cows' or horses' tails, the use of which indicates rank. The whole is surmounted by the signs of the Oro worship, and also zigzag lines drawn in a semicircle; two colours are used—red and white. (See the picture opposite.)

The other illustration represents a scene very often witnessed in Abeokuta, that of a number of women and girls going to some well or brook to fetch water for one of their gods. They generally go in large numbers, dressed in their best clothes of the kind or colour, and ornaments, used by worshippers of the god in whose service they are engaged, attended by a number of drummers. The procession sing as they go, in loud and discordant tones, the praises of their god, and are followed by a crowd of sightseers. Often our Church services have been much interrupted by processions of this kind; for, as the heat of the climate compels us to have open doors and



ABEOKUTA: PROCESSION TO DRAW WATER FOR THE GODS.

shutters whilst at our religious services, their noise on passing in a street hard by drowns the voice of the reader or speaker in the church.

They believe that every one that dies exists in another state; they speak of a good place and a bad place of existence after death; also of an intermediate state of suffering, out of which the souls of the deceased are delivered by rites and offerings performed by their relatives. They also believe in the transmigration of souls. A new-born infant is in some cases thought

STARVATION IN HUDSON'S BAY.

To the Editor of the GLEANER.

MOOSE, July 4, 1881.



DEAR SIR,—The past winter has been very severe for the Indians living along the coast here, owing to the failure of rabbits, on which they so largely depend. Several have barely escaped starvation, while one man actually perished before he could reach the settlement. His case may be interesting to your readers, as illustrating the Indians' mode of life during the winter, and also the wonderful endurance of which they are capable when real necessity arises.

Solomon Davy, with his wife Amelia and two little children, had been in the habit of hunting in the woods that fringe the shores of Hannah Bay, and last fall went off as usual to remain there during the winter. They were soon joined by Solomon's aged parents, and a younger brother and sister, who made the party eight in all. The old people could do but little, so the support of the whole devolved upon Solomon. For some time they contrived to find a bare living; but about February food became very scarce, and they were even driven to singe the fur from the few skins they had, and use them for food. Meanwhile, they made their way towards the settlement, which, however, was some 50 or 60 miles away, and the old people and children made it impossible to travel fast. At every place they encamped they set snares, and the two or three rabbits they thus obtained formed all their subsistence. But before long, Solomon, the food-gatherer of the party, became so weak from long abstinence that he could not stand, and had to be drawn by his mother on a sled. To make matters worse, the next day Solomon's wife gave birth to a child, which necessitated their remaining awhile stationary. But after two days hunger forced them to move on again towards the settlement, which was now about 18 miles distant. They had, however, only gone a short distance when it was discovered that poor Solomon, who was lying on a sled, had become a corpse, and was already frozen as hard as a stone. This last calamity proved too much for the rest of the party, and they returned, quite broken down, to the tent they had recently left, expecting to remain there and die.

At last Solomon's wife, Amelia, determined to make a desperate effort herself to reach the settlement, the rest remaining where they were. So, taking her child (only two days old) in her arms, and accompanied by her young sister-in-law, she set out for Moose, where they arrived late at night on the second day, having slept one night in the snow. I myself saw her the next morning; but, knowing her as well as I do, should not have recognised her in the least. Instead of the stout, round-faced young woman of 30, who left us in the fall, I saw what appeared to be a woman of 60—so thin that the outline of her teeth showed plainly through her cheeks, and her skin hung in deep wrinkles all over her face. Her sister-in-law, too, was in much the same state, but the little baby was, strange to say, apparently well and strong. Of course they were at once supplied with food, and men despatched with help to those behind. The latter were found only just alive, and none, except the old woman, able even to stand. It is invariably found that, in cases of starvation here, the women always manifest greater powers of endurance than the men.

The old people had to remain awhile where they were to recover their strength, but have since reached the settlement, and are now as well as before. Poor Solomon's corpse was also brought here for burial. The coffin had to be made nearly a yard deep, as the poor fellow had died and become frozen in almost a sitting posture.

It was indeed a touching sight, about a fortnight afterwards, when poor Amelia, clad in black, and still weak from her recent exposure, brought her little child to the font to be baptized. I may add that poor Solomon was a good man, and one of our most regular and reverent attendants at church.—Yours, &c., J. H. KEEN.

[Bishop Horden, through whom this letter comes, writes:—"This is the second time the woman Amelia, once a bright pupil of our school at Moose, and one who speaks English as well as if born in England, has been brought to the brink of starvation, her former husband having died from disease and starvation combined."]

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IT was not so easy to get to a missionary meeting fifty years ago as it is now. An old lady, who is still a hearty supporter of the C.M.S., told a missionary a short time back how, when she was young, she undertook to collect for the Society in her village. The nearest annual meeting was twenty miles off, the deputation the Rev. Edward Bicker-teth. Nothing daunted by the distance, she started at five in the morning with one of her sisters, rode on horseback into the county town, Shrewsbury, attended the sermon in the morning and the meeting in the evening, and back twenty miles again the same night. We hope Shropshire will always have collectors as hearty in their work. A. W. POOLE.

CONFERENCE OF CHINESE CHRISTIAN EVANGELISTS AND LAY DELEGATES AT FUH-CHOW.

THE Annual Conference of Mission agents and delegates from the various congregations has always been a feature of special interest in the Fuh-Kien Mission. Mr. Stewart's account of the meeting in December last cannot be read without true thankfulness for the grace of God manifested:—

Our Annual Conference commenced on December 4th, and lasted eight days; there were about 180 present, half of these being catechists, and the other half representatives from the various congregations. The first two week-days were occupied with examinations, the subjects being Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, the Acts of the Apostles, and the first five of the Thirty-nine Articles. Dividing the catechists into four classes, two of the Native clergy, with Mr. Lloyd and myself, carefully tested their knowledge, and, on the whole we perceived a marked improvement.

The other week-days were occupied, morning and afternoon, with the discussion of subjects such as Boys', Girls', and Sunday-schools, "Bible Women," "the object for which persecution and trials are sent," "the duty of catechists," &c.; and the evenings to prayer meetings, led by men previously selected at our half-yearly gathering. Listening to such men as Ting-Sing-ki, Ngoi Kaik-ki, and good old Tang, who is now with the Saviour he spoke to us about, could not but do every one good. Their deep insight into spiritual things, and the confidence with which they utter them as truths experienced by themselves, is the plainest proof of their being taught by the Holy Spirit.

But talking was not confined to the recognised "pillars" of the Church. Every meeting was thrown open, and, with the exception of the first two days, when the terrors of the examination seemed to have had a dispiriting effect, was kept up with warmth to the end. Some of the younger catechists spoke extremely well, and gave valuable suggestions; occasionally, too, an ordinary Christian would come forward, and though perhaps, in the presence of so august an assembly, there were signs of being unaccustomed to public speaking, still we always gave him a hearty welcome, and were glad to see the laymen take so much interest in their own Church, and to receive the greeting they brought down to the Conference from the congregations they represented. But perhaps the most enjoyable meeting was that at which one after another stood up and told of unmistakable signs that our Blessed Lord was with them.

The Saturday evening preceding the Conference was devoted to the subject of a club already established for assisting the destitute widows and orphans of Christians, and before separating a subscription list was started, and 184 dollars was collected there and then in the room: an average of just a dollar a head all round. This was a larger sum than the most sanguine had anticipated.

JUBBULPORE: * THE "MISSION SELDOM HEARD OF."

To the Editor.

JABALPUR, CENTRAL PROVINCES, INDIA, June 18th, 1881.



DEAR SIR,—On opening my last GLEANER I could not help feeling conscious of some prickings of conscience when I read the name of Jabalpur among a list of others "seldom heard of." It is no doubt the fault of us, the missionaries, that you have so little to tell of our work here. I immediately packed up and sent you a paper on the Jabalpur Mission, by a Native Christian, which I thought probably you would prefer having in the rough state without any polishing from my hands.

Jabalpur, though seldom heard of by our friends at home, is by no means an insignificant place out here. A population of 60,000, which in ten years has increased by one-third, shows a rate of progress which few towns in India can rival. And I am thankful to say our little Christian community has more than kept pace with the growth of the town, and with God's blessing shows encouraging signs of growth and advancement which give us much hope for the future. Our Christians, beginning from the little Mission colony round the missionaries' house, have spread into all parts of the town, and even into the neighbouring villages. A Native Christian now, from being an object of wonder and reproach, has come to be regarded as part of the settled order of things, and if impossible to be avoided, at least to

* Jubbulpore is the old way of spelling the word, and is the best guide to its pronunciation. Jabalpur is the modern and more strictly correct spelling.



MUTTRA, ON THE RIVER JUMNA, NORTH INDIA.

be tolerated. I sincerely hope that in future your readers when they hear of Jabalpur will not have cause to speak of it as only "one of the places one seldom hears of."

I am much obliged by your kindly notice above referred to, and am sorry I have not in hand a recent photograph to send you.*—Yours sincerely

THOS. R. HODGSON.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE JABALPUR CHURCH MISSION.

A paper read in Hindi by Pandit Jagannath, at the Monthly Missionary Meeting of the Jabalpur Native Church, on Saturday April 30th, 1881, and done into English by Raghu Ghuley, teacher in one of the Mission Schools:—

Blessed be God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, who created heaven, earth, and the sea. He by His own mercy laid the foundation of the Jabalpur Church Mission in the most wonderful way.

About thirty years ago—i.e., 1851—Mr. Mosley Smith, the Session Judge, who was an earnest and religious man, used to invite people to his own house, and preach them the Gospel with love and gentleness. He distributed the Bible, purchased with his own money, to the Mahajans and poor people of this station. He received people with hospitality and treated them kindly.

In 1851 there was a Government chaplain, Mr. Dawson, who also devoted his strength, health and wealth to the cause of the Gospel.

The above-mentioned gentlemen took utmost pains to spread the Gospel, and sacrificed their pleasure and ease. They devoted their hearts and wealth for the sake of the Lord. Through the instrumentality of Messrs. Smith and Dawson the Government School, which is now called the Church Mission High School, was made over to the Mission. And in 1853 Mr. Rebsch was sent to Jabalpur at the request of Messrs. Smith and Dawson. Mr. Rebsch began to preach in bazaars and teach in the City Mission School. May the Lord be gracious to all the Government officials, that they may follow the examples of Messrs. Smith and Dawson, and may spread the glory of God.

Mr. Rebsch was the means

* Not having a picture of Jabalpur (except the one in the GLEANER of May), we give one of Muttra, the scene of the Rev. Madho Ram's labours before he moved to Jubbalpur. Muttra is a populous town, and a great centre of Hindu idolatry.

converting Pandit Satairai Lall and his wife, both of whom were baptized by the Rev. Leopold [Leupolt]. Pandit Satairai Lall was a good preacher, and a poet too. The Lord graciously called away the Pandit and his wife from this vile world.

In Mr. Rebooh's time, Mr. E. C. Stuart, who is now the Lord Bishop of New Zealand,* came to Jabalpur. He used to teach in the Mission school and preach in bazars. Seconder, his wife, and Daood were baptized by Mr. E. C. Stuart; by God's mercy both the brethren are quite well, but Seconder's wife has died. The Rev. E. C. Stuart is a good preacher, and an affectionate person too. The Gulgalatal chapel was built by him for the benefit of the heathens, in which a girls' school is now held. These girls daily receive Christian instructions.

In 1860 the Rev. E. Champion came to Jabalpur. He used to teach Scripture in the City School, and preach in bazars the Word of God with love and gentleness. The City Mission School made a good progress while it was in Mr. Champion's charge. He opened six branch schools for boys and four schools for girls. In all there are twelve schools in Jabalpur.

By Lord's grace many families were baptized by Mr. E. Champion.

(1) Molvie Safdar Ali. He is now an extra assistant-commissioner in Saugor. He has written several useful works, and has done and been daily doing good to the people. Molvie Safdar Ali is a thoroughly learned man and a good poet, and at the same time a true disciple of Jesus Christ.

(2) Molvie Karim Buksh and his wife. He was a Persian teacher in St. John's College, Agra. The Lord has called them away from this perishable world.

(3) Moonsbee Kasim Khan and four other members of his family. He is now the head catechist in Muthra. His sister has died.

(4) Pandit Gunga Ram. He is now the head catechist in Raepels district.

(5) Babu Bhumajee and eight members of his family. His family is very respectable, and also good example for others.

(6) Abraham and four other members of his family. They are joyfully doing their own duties.

(7) Gazadher Singh. He marched off to his heavenly home.

(8) Rughu Ghuley. He has privately done many good works for the glorification of Jesus Christ.

(9) Prabhu Dass. He has been lately appointed a Bible teacher.

(10) And lastly, Jagannath and his wife. They are at present teachers. Besides these, several persons were baptized by the Rev. Champion. He has done many other good works—viz., he has opened two schools for Gond boys, and at Mangalpur a dispensary has been opened by him for travellers and Gonds; in this way much good has been done.

The Rev. E. Champion bought a village with his own money for the welfare of orphan boys and Gonds. Mrs. Champion has also done good to the sick Native Christian women and girls. The Rev. E. Champion has been long in this country, and has made himself well acquainted with manners, habits, and customs of the Natives. He is social beyond the ordinary standard; therefore God has done many good and praiseworthy works through him. The Rev. E. Champion is a good example for the present generation; whosoever will act according to his advice in the Central Provinces, he will never be deceived.

In Mr. Champion's time Mr. J. Stuart came to Jabalpur, who had the entire charge of the Mission while Mr. Champion was in England. By God's mercy he is now in Allighurh. The Rev. J. Stuart is an earnest teacher of the Gospel, who gives his whole heart in preaching, and persuades others to preach the Gospel. He is an earnest, a plain, and open-hearted person, who possesses a good forgiving mind for those who ask his pardon.

After Mr. Stuart's transfer to Allighurh, the Rev. G. T. Grime came to Jabalpur, who, after a short stay, was transferred to Benares. The Lord called him away from this world on account of his ill-health.

The Rev. G. T. Grime was succeeded by the Rev. T. R. Hodgson, who is now present in our midst, who takes much interest in preaching the Gospel and persuades others to preach the Gospel. He works very hard when he is out in camp. When Mr. Hodgson is in the station, he superintends the works of each master of the City School, and also that of other six branch schools. He teaches Scripture to the boys of the first two upper classes of the City High School. He always takes part in the Divine services. He took utmost pains to teach the Holy Word of God to the Native Christian

brethren, so as to enable them to perform their work more proficiently, and also in singing practice. The Revs. Hodgson and Madho Ram take much interest and pains in Divine service, for we have now daily service and weekly Holy Communion. The attendance is also increased. By the grace of God many brothers and sisters were baptized by the Rev. T. R. Hodgson and the Rev. Madho Ram.

Though Mr. Hodgson has not been long in Jabalpur, still the Lord Christ has enabled him, with the help of Mr. Madho Ram, to do certain good works. If the Revs. Hodgson and Madho Ram (the latter came a short time ago) are allowed to remain long, undoubtedly the work of the Mission will make a further improvement, and the number of the Native Church will increase under their charge in future. The Rev. Hodgson has used his talents in obtaining a Native Pastor, the Rev. Madho Ram, for the Native Church, who is liked and loved by all. He does his utmost to discharge the ministerial functions. The Revs. Hodgson and Madho Ram are trying their utmost power to improve the welfare of the Native Church, and also for the extension of the Gospel. A missionary meeting has been opened, and a love-feast was given at the end of the last year.

The Rev. T. R. Hodgson obtained a grant of 50 rupees from the local municipal committee for the improvement of the school, proving the usefulness of the work done by the Mission in Jabalpur.

Our adversaries are not satisfied with the aforesaid good works, for many people say, Why

does not Christianity rapidly spread? The Hindoos and Mussulmans, and even Englishmen who are infidels, find faults with missionaries and Native Christians, sitting in their own cloes, by reading the newspapers conducted by the enemies of Christianity. I beg to such persons to come and see how many families have embraced the Christian religion during the last 30 years. The Christian religion is not a bread of which you can take a morsel from anywhere and swallow it up, but it is the religion of God. Remember that God created this vast universe by degrees, to which no definite date can be assigned. In the same way God causes His disciples to sow seeds, and by degrees the fruit thereof shall come forth; therefore, brethren, neither interfere with His working system nor become His advisers.

Brethren, come out of your closets and see the works of the Jabalpur Mission. In the eight schools there are about 800 pupils, who daily receive both religious and secular instructions; after passing the various examinations they secure respectable posts. Some of the students of the Mission School are magistrates. There are several boys of the Hindoos and Mussulmans who have already lost their faith in their religion.

Mr. M. N. Dutt, the head-master of the City High School, teaches his pupils with diligence, and every year prepares them to pass the entrance examination. Mr. D. Thomas, the head-master of the Sadar Bazar branch school, teaches his pupils with diligence, and prepares

them to pass the scholarship examination. Messrs. Dutt and Thomas also teach the Bible with utmost diligence and care.

Misses Branch and Williamson are trying their best to carry on good works in Jabalpur and Garuh. They look after the three girls' schools, and visit many respectable families, whom they teach Scripture, reading, writing, sewing and knitting, &c.; they also distribute medicine to the sick.

The two catechists daily preach in bazars to the heathens, and with love they explain to them with proofs the way of salvation; but the Hindoos and Mussulmans persecute them. These two brethren certainly bear the cross for Christ.

Dear brothers and sisters of the Jabalpur Church, rejoice in your hearts that it is not inferior in any way by God's grace. During the last 30 years about 50 persons were admitted into the fold of Christ. May the Lord change the hearts of the figworms and open their eyes in order that they may not find fault with the Mission, but may go out and inspect the works of the Mission and its good results.

The important work which our Lord entrusted us at the time of His leaving the world was this, "You have freely received the Gospel, freely give it," therefore it is our duty, which rich and poor can fulfil, and the way is this. There are 24 hours in a day, out of which we can employ six in discharging our various duties, seven hours in sleeping, nine hours in private affairs, still two hours are remaining which we should devote to preaching the Gospel, and in doing good wherever you are. Dear brothers and sisters, it behoves us always to pray to Jesus Christ that He may give us strength to follow the example of St. Paul to spread the Gospel.



THE REV. MADHO RAM,
Pastor of the Native Congregation at Jubbulpore.

* Mr. Stuart is Bishop of Waiapu, one of the Dioceses in New Zealand.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

NOVEMBER—"BEFORE."

Before the throne on high,
Swells the glad melody
Of praise from lips which mourned before
First toil if ye would reap;
Through life's night watches weep;
Joy comes with day for evermore.

A. E. M.

Full Moon 6d. 3h. 5m. a.m. **NOVEMBER.** New Moon 21d. 4h. 31m. p.m.
Last Qr. . 13d. 11h. 1m. p.m. First Qr. . . 23d. 0h. 1m. p.m.

- 1 T All Saints. *C.M.S. Jubilee*, 1848. The smoke of the incense, with [the prayers of the saints, ascend up before God. Rev. 8. 4.]
- 2 W 1149 worshippers at Brass, 1878. We joy for your sakes before
- 3 T Not one forgotten before God. Lu. 12. 6. [our God, 1 Th. 3. 9.]
- 4 F *Usborne Memorial Sch. op.*, 1878. Which have borne witness [of thy charity before the Church. 8 Jo. 6.]
- 5 S Gave thanks before his God. Dan. 6. 10. [Me bef. men, him will I also confess bef. My F. Mat. 10. 32.]
- 6 S 21st aft. Trin. *J. Hart mart. at Bonny*, 1875. Whose shall confess M. Dan. 8. Tit. 2. E. Dan. 4 or 5. Lu. 23. 28-50.
- 7 M 1st Tamil clergyman ord., 1830. Goeth before them, and the sheep
- 8 T He is before all things. Col. 1. 17. [follow him. Jo. 10. 4.]
- 9 W Chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world. Eph. 1. 4.
- 10 T *Hang-Chow occ.*, 1865. Reaching forth unto those things wh. are
- 11 F Without blame before him in love. Eph. 1. 4. [before. Ph. 3. 13.]
- 12 S A great multitude...stood before the throne, and before the [Lamb. Rev. 7. 9.]
- 13 S 22nd aft. Trin. *H. Baker d.*, 1878. Before the throne of God. M. Dan. 6. Heb. 7. E. Dan. 7. 9, or 12. Jn. 3. 22. [Rev. 7. 15.]
- 14 M Let your light so shine before men. Matt. 5. 16.
- 15 T *Price landed at Mombasa*, 1874. I have set before thee an open
- 16 W The child grew before the Lord. 1 Sam. 2. 21. [door. Rev. 8. 8.]
- 17 T Prepared before the face of all people. Lu. 2. 31.
- 18 F *Elmslie d.*, 1872. Accounted worthy...to stand before the Son
- 19 S Before Abraham was, I am. John 8. 58. [of Man. Lu. 21. 36.]
- 20 S 23rd aft. Trin. Your Father knoweth what things ye have need M. Hos. 14. Heb. 12. E. Joel 2. 21, or 3. 9. Jn. 6. 41.
- 21 M *Lahore Coll. op.*, 1870. To bear My name before the Gentiles.
- 22 T Judge nothing before the time. 1 Cor. 4. 5. [Acts 9. 15.]
- 23 W *Nyanza Miss. resolved on*, 1875. Is not the whole land before thee?
- 24 T Before the Lord is your way wherein ye go. Ju. 18. 6. [Gen. 13. 9.]
- 25 F 1st *C.M.S. Miss. land. in China*, 1844. Sent them two and two before
- 26 S The Judge standeth before the door. Jas. 5. 9. [His face. Lu. 10. 1.]
- 27 S Advent Sunday. We must all appear before the judgment seat of M. Is. 1. 1 Pe. 1. 1-22. E. Is. 2, or 4. 2. Jn. 10. 22. [Christ. 2 Cor. 5. 10.]
- 28 M Before Him shall be gathered all nations. Mat. 25. 32.
- 29 T *Gaza Mission beg.*, 1878. O that Ishmael might live before Thee! [Gen. 17. 18.]
- 30 W St. Andrew. 1st *Santal clergy ord.*, 1878. Gave thanks, and brake, [and gave to His disciples to set before them. Mar. 8. 6.]

AN OPEN-AIR CONFIRMATION.

ON May 15th Bishop Cowie, of Auckland, New Zealand, held a confirmation of Maori Christians connected with the Church Missionary Society at Port Waikato, in the district of which the Rev. Hohua (Joshua) Moanaroa is the pastor. The *Auckland Church Gazette* says:—

Those who were present at the service on the 15th are not likely to forget it. As the congregation was too large for the Court-house and its verandah, benches were arranged on the grassy mound in front of the house for the majority of the worshippers, while the Bishop and the Rev. J. Moanaroa stood in the verandah, with the Europeans and some Maories. The day was quite perfect, with a bright sun and a cool breeze. Just below the grassy mound, at a distance of only a few yards, was the sparkling sea at about high tide, washing over the white shingle. The bright and variegated colours of the dresses of the Maori women and children added to the picturesqueness of the scene. At the laying on of hands, the candidates—old and young—knelt reverently on the grass; and the Bishop, accompanied by the Rev. J. Moanaroa, passed along the two lines, laying his hands on each candidate, and saying the words of benediction. Two short addresses were given by the Bishop and Joshua respectively in English and Maori; and when the general congregation had dispersed, the Holy Communion was administered in the Court-house, which, with the kind help of Mr. Marshall, was quickly prepared for the communicants. On the Sunday afternoons of the Bishop's visit a Sunday-school was held by the Bishop and Mrs. Cowie.

Received for the *Henry Wright steamer*—E. D. L., H. A. L., and T. L., 6s.
Received for Japan—Beta, 21.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

On the 21st of September the Revs. J. S. Bradshaw and A. D. Shaw were admitted to priest's orders by the Bishop of Sierra Leone, in All Saints Church, Derby. Mr. Bradshaw has been designated to the Yoruba Mission and Mr. Shaw to the Mombasa Mission. The Ordination Sermon was preached by the Rev. L. Nicholson, who for over twenty years laboured in the West Africa Missions as missionary and Secretary.

The Rev. John Venn of Hereford, one of the Society's oldest friends, given £500 towards supplying a Medical Missionary for Gaza, in response to an appeal made by Mr. Schapira through the Medical Missionary Association. Nearly £220 has been subscribed by other friends towards the £750 required by the C.M.S. Committee before commencing the Mission.

The Rev. E. M. Griffith, formerly of the Tamil Cooey Mission, Ceylon, been appointed to the Jaffna Mission in that island, to take charge of important educational work there.

The little steamer for Bishop Ridley is now finished and ready for Bishop's use. She was launched on the 13th of August, being christened the name of *Evangeline* by Mrs. Hills, wife of the Bishop of Columbia. Last on she made her trial trip, and is now, we hope, proceeding up the North Pacific coast on her mission of usefulness.

In the Yoruba Mission the Society has a catechist named William Doherty. He was taken captive by the King of Dahomey in 1862, and was supposed to have been crucified, but was rescued in 1866. A relative of his, Uriah Doherty, also a Native Christian, who was captured at the same time, and became one of the king's servants, has now also escaped with his wife and two children. He was a whole year getting away. He describes Dahomey as still "a scene of terrible massacre and wholesale butcheries."

Mr. H. M. Warry, who is in charge of the Institution for Liberated African Slave Children at Capucin, in the island of Mahé, writes that he has now no children under his charge, and that he is very hopeful of them. Bishop Royston stayed at the Institution on his return to Mauritius last year, and writes favourably of its condition and management.

In May and June Bishop Moule visited Great Valley, the scene of the persecutions so frequently referred to in the *GLEANER*. At each place visited he administered the Communion and examined candidates for a Confirmation to be held in the autumn. He tried also to effect a reconciliation in the family of the poor woman at San-k'e (see *GLEANER*, August, p. 89), but afterwards heard that she had again been cruelly beaten.

A new station has been established by the Rev. S. Trivett, near E. Macleod, in the Saskatchewan Diocese, among the Blood Indians, a branch of the great Blackfeet nation. The Indians number between three and four thousand, and are all heathen. In May last the Bishop of Saskatchewan, with the Rev. Canon Mackay, visited the station, and had several meetings with the Indians, all of whom expressed their gratitude for Mr. Trivett's residence amongst them.

Bishop Crowther, with Archdeacon Henry Johnson, has been visiting stations in the Niger delta. At St. Stephen's, Bonny, he confirmed 67 candidates, and at Nembe the Archdeacon baptized four women, one of them so old and infirm that she could scarcely walk to the Communion rails, and another, a former priestess to the gods, and a great persecutor of Christians.

Mr. Coplestone of the Uyu Mission, in East Central Africa, visited May the great African chieftain Mirambo. He was welcomed by chief followers alike, and had many earnest talks with them. He describes the chief as very intelligent and eager to learn. Dr. Southon, of the L.M.S. stationed at his town.

Since Mr. Warren's return to Osaka last December, he has baptized thirty adults and six children.

The Rev. H. Maundrell reports encouragingly of Kagoshima, in Japan. A new catechist, Paul Morooka San, has been stationed there, and is doing a good work. He has a school with 35 scholars, a daily class of young men, a class of inquirers every morning, and conducts two or three preachings every evening. Mr. Maundrell visited the place recently and baptized 80 persons. We hope shortly to give a detailed account of the Mission in this part of Japan (the island of Kiu-shiu).

There were 94 adult baptisms last year in connection with the C.M.S. Mission to the Hindu coolies in Mauritius. "It is our plan," writes the Rev. F. Schurr, "to instruct them well, and to look for a change of heart and before we admit them to baptism."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A new missionary manual, entitled *China as a Mission Field*, by the Rev. A. E. Moule, has just been published by the Society. A low price, 6d., has been fixed, and we would ask all our friends to promote its circulation. It is just the kind of book on which to ground a missionary speech or lecture.

A new and revised edition of *The Story of the Fuh-Kien Mission* is being printed, the first edition having been out of print some time. The history of the last five years is added, and the whole has been carefully re-rected; and nearly one-half the volume is new matter. The price, as before, is 4s. 6d.

The *Church Missionary Almanack* for 1882 is now out, and will, we trust, be largely used as a parochial sheet almanack. It has five engravings, besides the diagram of the population of the world according to religions, which appeared in the *GLEANER* of February.

The *Church Missionary Pocket Almanack and Kalendar* for 1882 will be ready early this month, prices 8d. and 1s., as last year. Besides the usual almanack features, it contains a brief historical and descriptive sketch of the Missions, occupying twenty-four pages, and a list of all the missionaries and Native clergy, statistical tables, &c.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.


DECEMBER, 1881.

The present number closes the Eighth Volume of the GLEANER in its present form. In every one of the eight years the circulation has gone on increasing, and the total number of copies printed is not far short of three millions. The Editor would ask every reader to do his best in the coming year to obtain fresh subscribers.

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

BY THE REV. CANON RICHARDSON.

X.—THE MISSIONARY SATISFACTION.

EFORE honour is humility." And God's richest blessings fall upon simple-hearted men. But the best workers are not depressed men; and God sends satisfaction into the minds and hearts of those who care most for His honour and glory. The missionary has special sources of consolation and encouragement which come to his lonely station out of the necessity he feels to keep very close to God.

There is satisfaction in knowing that God sent him.

"I being in the way, the Lord led me," is a precious thought to any man who is reviewing his own position amongst difficult work. Because the impulses of self-will soon exhaust themselves; and the stimulus of human appeals may die down into a consciousness of having mistaken our calling. But when a man thinks that God's hand was in his selection, and God's providence has attended every step in his course, there is a quiet satisfaction in yielding to God's guidance, and going forward in God's name.

There is satisfaction in believing that God hears him.

A missionary is a man often cut off from communion with men in whom he could confide, and he is yet a man who often has to settle important matters about which his anxious mind will be sorely harassed and perplexed. Things around him offer no solution of his difficulty. Things within him supply little suggestion as to what the best course in a new and perplexing situation may be. But things above him furnish an explanation and suggest a settlement which fill the soul with peace. He lays the matter before the Lord, opens his whole heart to his Saviour, remembers the promises made to prayer, and thinks of the wisdom and power that attend the promises; and sweet satisfaction comes in as a breath of holy comfort, and a word of heavenly encouragement.

There is satisfaction in feeling that God helps him.

The anxious ambassador has asked to be directed in making the message known; and the thoughts and words come by which the servant knows that he has delivered his Master's invitation. The lover of souls has endeavoured to bring the Gospel home to the mind and conscience; and hearers are attracted, and hearts drink in the precious truths of God. The servant of Christ longs to make men see how good and gracious a Saviour the Lord Jesus is; but he fears that dull understandings may fail to grasp the thought. Then intelligence dawns and love awakes, and faith fastens upon facts and offers, and holiness roots itself and spreads. And the missionary traces the prayer of God in all these grand results. So he thanks. So he rejoices. So he perseveres. The secret satisfaction is a real thing to him.

That is a blessed cause, in which so many mercies meet. That is a holy service, out of which so many blessings come. And so it is, that amongst things that offer themselves to our human affections and our earthly choice, if we are wise, we shall certainly claim

"THINGS CONCERNING THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

JERSEY BREEZES.

IV.—Our Very Present Help.



HELP." Who can exhaust the marrow and fatness contained in this four-lettered monosyllable? It is the sweet honey, lying in the depths of every flower, which only the busy bee possesses skill to extract; it is the priceless stone, whose value is unguessed till the cunning hand of the lapidary has revealed its lustre. One only word—short, prompt, and pithy. Yet it is the much in little of all effective sympathy. For there is a Divine Enchanter, who can make His words sweeter than honey and the honeycomb to the seeking, hungry soul; there is a heavenly Lapidary, whose marvellous power will not be known until the day when He maketh up His jewels. There are times in life when we yearn for help; when we seem tossing on the wide, wild sea, without a hand to grasp, or an anchor to cling around. One or other of the thousand natural ills condensed in that word "trouble" has wrapt our pathway in a thick cloud of gloom. It were vain to try to enumerate the hydra-headed ways whereby the wise Father disciplines the children of His house. But the aim of such mysterious leadings is missed, unless, when we have lifted up our eyes, we see "no man, but Jesus only." Once we have realised, in our own humble, personal experience, the wide difference between earth and heaven; between the "vain help" of man and the "strong refuge" afforded by the help of God, we shall never again take husks for wheat, nor apples of Sodom for fruits of Paradise.

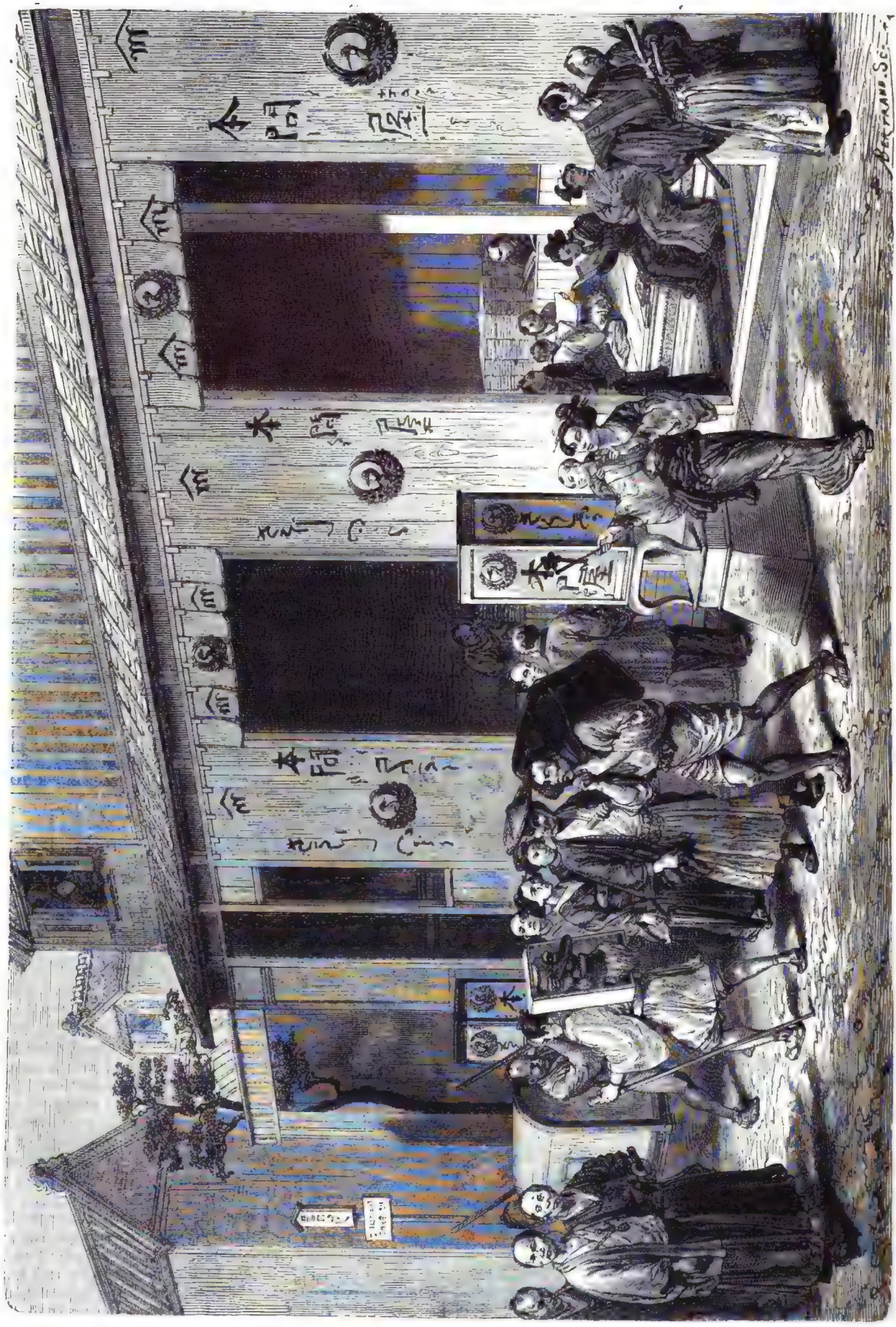
And if we, whose happy lines have fallen amid the activities of home, still need "very present help" every day—yea, every moment—what must be the feeling of the faithful missionary, far from country and kindred and "own familiar friend"? Would that it were possible to send forth our dear messengers, as Christ, with tender wisdom, sped His on their blessed way, "two and two before His face, into every city and place, whither He Himself would come." "Two and two," for mutual strengthening of the weak hand in God, the Almighty Father; for mutual love, calm hope, unshaken trust. Ah! the heart aches for those who so bravely breast the battle all alone. The harvest is so great, the labourers are so few. When will the good Lord give the word of command, that great may be the company of the preachers?

And yet, when we think truly, though we may dwell in families, and associate ourselves for the interests of business or of pleasure, what are we after all but intensely, utterly, pathetically alone?

"Not e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

We cannot fully enter into each other's secret thoughts; we cannot gauge each other's deepest feelings; and therefore it is that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." The unthinking trouble and vex and annoy those whom they would even die to shield from the world's greater harms; and even the thoughtful, whom mental suffering has refined into gentleness, can but press our hand in silence as we strive onward, making us know the inexpressible comfort of mutual comprehension.

But let us fancy the missionary standing, like grand Elijah of old, before the Lord God of Israel. Circumstances are perplexing; the world lying around him, a godless desert; his very life in peril. Even his heroic heart quails, and tears surprise his manly cheek. But see, his brow lightens, he sets his face anew like a flint; the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. He has heard the voice of the Friend who



A STREET IN TOKIO, JAPAN.

BERTLAND S. C.

sticketh closer than a brother whispering to his distressed spirit : " God is our refuge and strength, a *very present help* in trouble." The missionary has read these words from childhood ; perhaps he learnt them at his mother's knee. But now, in his dire necessity, they come to him with a deliciousness hitherto untasted ; they shine into his soul with the glory of the sun, with the beauty of the moon, with the soft radiance of the stars. He has discovered life's secret. He thanks God, and takes courage. Henceforth we need pity him no longer. Rather let us try to soar where his emancipated heart is walking with God, until it hear the welcome home-call. Close beside him, and holding his right hand, is a " strong-siding champion," who is invincible while invisible. His strength is made perfect in weakness, and He delights to honour all who literally trust Him.

No marvel that Martin Luther grew into the hero of the Reformation, if he took as his watchword this 46th Psalm. He truly found his God all that He promised to be, and that " all " summed up in the " strong Fortress," the " very present Help." And although it may not be our portion to wrestle with flesh and blood, we are nevertheless in the midst of foes. We need to put upon us the whole armour of God. This little word of mighty import shall be taken to our inmost heart, instinct with new meaning. " Lord, help me," shall be our continual and prevailing prayer. And when we would aid others, and give them of the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God, let us stand aside and point them to the great and only all-sufficient Succourer in every time of need ; to Him who knoweth sorrows, and who hath said, " I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will *help* thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." A. M. V.

A LETTER FROM TOKIO.

To the Editor.

TOKIO, 8th June, 1881.



HOSE who have read Mr. Dening's letters in the GLEANER must have been struck by the frequent mention of Ito, of Sapporo, who was the first one baptized by Mr. Dening in that town, and I am sure they will rejoice to hear that, in addition to the other members of the family who have from time to time joined the Church, his eldest sister joyfully declared herself a believer in the Lord Jesus by receiving baptism on the last Sunday in May.

She is the one to whom allusion is made in Mr. Dening's letter which appears in the GLEANER of March ; but, contrary to her first intention, she did not leave for Rome to join her husband, and has been coming to our meetings for instruction in the truths of Christianity since last November. She is the most intelligent Japanese woman that I have met, and like her brother, possesses great force of character, so that I hope she will become a really useful member of the Church of Christ. She and Mrs. Williams seemed to take to each other from the first, and my wife says she feels that she has quite a companion in her. It is a real pleasure to explain a passage of Scripture to her, she seems to catch your meaning at once, and to grasp the gist of the matter almost intuitively. She had renounced idolatry in its grosser forms before she came to me for instruction, but still retained the ancestral tablets. I pointed out to her that any act of worship performed before these was really idolatry, and it was not long before she returned the tablets to the Buddhist priest, telling him that she had no further use for them ; though I am glad to say she thought the matter out for herself, and did not simply take my *ipse dixit*

for it. She wished to be baptized some time ago, but I advised her to write to her husband and obtain his permission before taking the step. She acted on my suggestion, but said that she had fully made up her mind to become a Christian whether her husband were favourable or not. Fortunately she was not called upon to act in opposition to her husband's wishes ; in due time the reply came, and was all that a fond wife could wish. She told me some time before she heard from Rome that she prayed night and morning that God would dispose the heart of her husband to grant her request, and I need not say that we earnestly united our prayers with hers. Her brother Ito (who has been in Tokio for some time on official business) was present when she was baptized, and his presence with us at such a time lent a peculiar interest to the service.

Let me ask the readers of the GLEANER to remember Hannah in their prayers. If they pray in faith, may we not hope that she will become a woman of faith, of prayer, and of praise, like her whose name she bears ? To give you an instance of her thoughtful character, I may mention that the other day she was inquiring about the state of the departed, whether immediately after death the saved received their full portion of bliss, and the lost the full measure of punishment awaiting them. I told her that as Scripture was not explicit on the point, I could not speak dogmatically, but I explained the inferences we might draw by comparing one passage with another. I was astonished at the rapidity with which she caught my meaning.

I have several candidates for baptism, and altogether the work looks very hopeful at present.

J. WILLIAMS.

THE CHRISTIAN BOOK STORE AT LAHORE.



THE handsome building shown in the annexed engraving was built in the year 1875 at

Lahore, for the use of the Panjab Religious Book Society, and of the Bible Society. The cost was at first expected to not exceed £1,000, but it eventually amounted to twice that sum. The Church and public are indebted to the munificence of one friend for the supply of the whole of the means for the work.

At one end are the committee-rooms, which may be also used

as a lodging for a few days by any missionary or other friend requiring temporary shelter. The librarian's quarters occupy the other end of the house, and the rest of it is all used as the depository and book-shop. On entering the building the visitor finds the publications of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge invitingly arranged on the shelves at the left hand end of the front long room. The rest of this room and the whole of the next, which is parallel to it, are filled with the publications, both on view and in stock, of the Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Christian Vernacular Education Society, the Panjab Religious Book Society, and of many publishing firms both in England and America. The back room is a simple store-room for stock. The languages of the books are necessarily chiefly English and various living Oriental tongues, but Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, or portions of them, are also to be found.

It is the largest book-shop in India outside the Residency towns, and we may be thankful indeed that, while it is so, it is full entirely of pure literature. During last year no less than 26,600 books and 21,208 tracts and illustrated texts were issued from this most important institution. Much of this success is due to the efficiency of the much esteemed librarian, Babu R. R. Raha, under the wise and devoted guidance of the Rev. R. Clark.

H. E. PARKINS.



THE CHRISTIAN BOOK STORE AT LAHORE.

OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS AT GAZA.



GAZA, although one of the oldest cities in the world, is but a new missionary station. It is not quite three years ago since the C.M.S. first sent my husband there to work among the Moslems. How hard it is to gain an entrance among the Moslems, and to gain their confidence, most friends of the Mission already know. Before my husband reached Gaza he was warned by a friend of what he might expect at the hands of the people he went to live with. At first, when he passed through the streets, they used to curse and throw stones at him; they used to meet together in their mosques and market-places considering what means to adopt to get rid of us. But my husband had come there to spend and be spent for his Lord and Master, and the more they tried to make him leave the place, the more he determined not to yield. It is the Lord's work, and he must not turn from it. He set himself to gain their confidence.

Gaza has a large population of about 20,000 souls, and not one doctor among them. People get blind and die for want of medical aid. We opened a small dispensary, where the poor received advice and medicines free of charge; the only thing required of those who came for aid was that before leaving they should hear a few verses of Scripture read to them, and with the medicines they carried a tract in the Arabic language with them. He opened four schools—for Moslem boys, Moslem girls; for Greek boys, Greek girls. We are obliged to have them all in separate schools, as one dare not go in the quarter of the other for fear of a row arising. How much trouble, opposition, and anxiety, how many prayers have risen to the throne of our heavenly Father, before our schools were attended as they are now, only those can know who themselves are workers in the field. Three years ago the people in Gaza had never heard of a Saviour born to die for us; they knew not what Christmas means to us, and now I am going to describe to you how we spent our first Christmas in Gaza.

When my husband had, with God's aid, succeeded in filling our schools, he had promised the children, if they attended regularly and learnt well, that we should give them a treat at Christmas, and show them how English children keep that feast. They had seen the Greeks keep Christmas, but that was in visiting from house to house, dancing, and getting drunk. The promise we had given them was a great encouragement to the children, and a promise of a present at Christmas encouraged the parents, who are very greedy, to let their children attend our schools, which without this promise they, or some of them, might have hindered. The day before Christmas we sent invitations to the parents of the children and other high Moslem families. The evening came, and all our invited guests, and many more that we had not invited, came. Last of all our teachers brought up the children and placed them round the Christmas tree—not the one usually used for that occasion, but an orange tree laden with its fruit, and which we had the day before trimmed up with many coloured lights and small fancy things. It did look lovely, that large room crowded with Moslems and Greeks, the tree, and the children with their clean faces and hands and their best clothes. But far more lovely it was to hear them sing their Christmas hymns, to hear them tell the old, old and ever new story, to hear their bright and quick answers to Bible questions. It was a real treat. We had prepared toys for boys and girls—penknives, scissors, needles and pins, and cotton for our richer pupils, and clothing for the poorer children. How I should have liked you to see their joy at the small presents we were able to give them!

Christmas is approaching fast, and I am very much afraid, unless some kind friends come forward to assist us, our children will have to go without their treat this year. But it has been

promised them! I am trusting to friends of the Mission friends who love children and see the importance of school, sow the seed in the hearts of the young, that it may bring forth glorious fruit in the Lord's time, to help us to redeem our promise.

THERESA SCHAFFER

GAZA, October, 1881.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MISSIONARY BOY.

Contributed by its owner, "An Old Lady."



AM only young in service, but my predecessor was in many years. During the first part of my existence I had not so much thought of as I am now. Little was entrusted to my care, and for long periods I lay unused and almost forgotten. By degrees, however, I came into constant requisition, and I much prefer my life of growth, liking to have constant additions made to my weight and worth.

Now I am the constant companion of my owner. In town or country I am sure to go with her. Sometimes she promises all the "halfpennies" which come into her possession, other times, when not so off, all the "halfpennies." The words "as God has prospered me, so will he make her motto. My mistress does not much care to be given gifts to put into my ever open mouth, but would far rather receive moderate payment. Shawls, petticoats, coverlids, mits, jackets, stockings, cuffs as well as other varieties of work, help to satisfy my insatiable appetite, at least the money they bring in does.

One day a kind friend gave my old lady some money. She was to drop it into my mouth—she hesitated; she calculated that if laid in materials she might realise half as much again. So she spent 19s. in wool, and it brought in, when worked up, £1 16s. 10d.; and another 6s. trebled itself.

The proceeds of a waste-paper sack now and again is shared between me and some other missionary works; but I hear, in the future, that the whole proceeds of the next sack will go to fill my emptiness.

Once my owner got some small payment unexpectedly—it was an answer to prayer; I witnessed her thanksgiving to Him who had before putting a part into my care.

When last opened I contained over four pounds, the greater part of which had been earned. This year I hope to hold more, and if I increase every year at the rate I did last, I think and hope (if a box can be made to do such things) that I shall be so full, that my mistress will be obliged to open me before the appointed time, exchanging the silver for gold, the pence for silver, so as to make more room.

Kind friends seem still ready to help, orders are constantly dropping in, so that my mistress is seldom without an order for work, some three or four.

This is my story. I only hope that many holders of such boxes are as busy as my old lady. If she had two or even three boxes, her hands she would keep them all going; and she often wishes she could get the loan of a pair. Sometimes she does, and she keeps them going—can tell you—for she says, "The time is short."

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

XVI.—An Old Missionary's Letter.

"Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle."—2 Pet.



PLEASANT to see a young missionary just going out. I have seen of us saw nine of them ordained at St. Paul's Cathedral, June. Pleasant, too, to see an old missionary. The old missionaries still in the field, who are looked up to by the fathers of their people. Bishop Sargent in Timor, Bishop Oakley in Ceylon—both nearly fifty years' service—neither ever once been home. Two missionary Bishops died at their post long ago who had laboured more than fifty years—Williams of W. Gobat of Jerusalem. Some old missionaries have been obliged to resign. Leupolt of Bonares, Townsend of Abeokuta, each after forty years' service. Sometimes these write letters to their old converts—how welcome and interesting!

In these Lessons we have had the life of a missionary. We saw him as a young missionary; now see him in his old age. Here are two Epistles he wrote to his people (1st and 2nd Epistles). Look at 2nd.

He is soon to die, chap. i. 14—"Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle." How know?—"our Lord Jesus Christ hath so loved me." "Tabernacle"—what is that? 2 Cor. v. 1—bodily tent or tabernacle in which soul dwells. Look at next verse, too—speaks of "decease," i.e., going away, departure (literally, *exodus*), as we say "departed this life."

Why did he write? That they might "remember"—chap. i. 13; i. 15; iii. 1, 2. Why wanted them to remember? Because all he told them so true—not "cunningly devised fables," ver. 16—this he felt more and more as grew older.

What was it he had told them? Ver. 16—"power and coming" of Christ. How could he be mistaken? why, he had seen the glory of Jesus, was an "eye-witness" of His majesty. When? ver. 17, 18; see Matt. xvii. 1, 2. This is what missionaries now tell of—and teachers at home too. Christ's Power, to save; see Heb. vii. 25. Christ's Coming, to judge; see Matt. xxv. 31. See what Peter says of that Coming, chap. iii. 10—13; and therefore, ver. 14, "Seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent," &c. So say we to you now.

No more about Peter in the Bible. But we know from other books written afterwards that he died as a martyr; crucified, like his Master, but with his head downwards. See how Jesus predicted his death. Since then, how many missionaries have, like Peter, been faithful unto death! We may well pray,


"O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!"

VENI CREATOR.

A New Version by the REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

[The *Veni Creator Spiritus* is the mediæval Latin hymn, the translation of which, by Bishop Cosin, beginning "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," is so familiar to us in the Ordination Service. A new and more accurate version, by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, appeared some months ago in the *Churchman*, and the following further revision of this version is sent to us by Mr. Bickersteth for the *GLEANER*.]

"Ye have an unction from the Holy One."—*John* ii. 20.

1.  REATOR Spirit, make Thy throne
The hearts which Thou hast seal'd Thine own;
With grace celestial fill and warm
The bosoms Thou hast deign'd to form.
2. To Thee, Great Comforter, we cry,
O highest gift of God most High.
O fount of life, O fire, O love,
Baptize, anoint us from above.
3. Us with Thy sevenfold gifts endow,
Of God's right Hand the Finger Thou;
And from His pledged munificence
Enrich our lips with utterance.
4. Enflame, enlighten all our powers;
Breathe love into these hearts of ours;
Our body, strengthless for the fight,
Strengthen with Thy perpetual might.
5. Keep far aloof our ghostly foe,
And ever-during peace be-tow:
With Thee our Guardian, Thee our Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.
6. With heavenly joys our service crown;
On earth pour heavenly graces down;
From chains of strife Thy saints release,
And knit them in the bonds of peace.
7. Vouchsafe us in Thy light to see
The Father and the Son and Thee,
Our God from all the ages past,
Our God while endless ages last.
8. Be glory to the Father, Son,
And blessed Comforter, in One.
Grant we may through the Christ inherit
Thy grace and glory, Holy Spirit. Amen.

ON BOARD THE "EVANGELINE."

IN a letter from Bishop Ridley, dated August 3, 1881, "on board the *Evangeline* (his new steamer), about 160 miles south of Metlakahla," the following graphic passage occurs:—

"It is now 10.30 and my turn to be on deck. The moon shines brilliantly on a glassy sea. The Indian at the helm is singing 'Rock of Ages,' but he must go to bed. The only other person on board is the European engineer, who is fast asleep. We must go on until we reach the Skeena to-morrow morning, as there is no harbour that I know nearer. There we shall (D.V.) spend Sunday and go on to Metlakahla Monday morning."

A FAMILY TRIP ON A CHINESE RIVER.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR ELWIN, HANG-CHOW.



AVING spent the summer of 1880 in Hang-chow, when the cooler weather set in in September, we thought it would do us all good if we could get a little change before we settled down to work for the winter. Several places were suggested, but at last we decided to make a trip up the Tsién-tang river, which flows past Hang-chow. In thought I had often ascended this river; I had heard of the cities and villages upon its banks; I had heard of its scenery, almost unsurpassed in beauty, but never had an opportunity presented itself of visiting it.

The first thing was to get a boat. In some countries this would be an easy matter, but not so in China. The boatman, wishing to get as much as he can, generally asks twice as much as he expects to get, and the only way is to sit down, quietly talk the matter over, and make as good terms as we can. At length, all the preliminary matters having been arranged, and an agreement having been signed and sealed, on Friday, September 10th, we left our house to start on our journey.

Leaving home for a trip in China is a very different matter to leaving home for a similar purpose in England. We had to take everything with us—bedding to place upon the hard boards upon which we should have to sleep in the boat, cooking utensils, chairs and a table, books, bread and food for many persons for many days. When we left the house we formed quite a long procession; some of us walked, but there were four sedan chairs to carry the ladies and children, and also fifteen men to carry our things to the boat. One of these men carried little else than books and tracts, which we hoped to sell by the way, it being our intention to make our trip an evangelistic as well as a pleasure trip. Our party consisted of my wife, myself, and children five, also Miss Jennings, who assists my wife with the little ones and in Mission work; we also had with us two Chinese nurses and one cook. At the boat we were joined by Mr. Gordon, an agent of the American Bible Society, and his servant, thus making, with our Catechist, a party of fourteen in all. The boat was a very large one for the river, being about eighty feet long and fourteen feet wide, built on purpose to get over the rapids with the least possible resistance.

We left Hang-chow about half-past one, but it was seven in the evening before we stopped at Dan-de (Pond-head), where we have a Mission station. At eight we held evening service in our Mission room, which was followed by the Communion. These large boats never travel at night, so we did not leave Dan-de until six o'clock on Saturday morning. After sailing all day with a fine breeze, at five o'clock we stopped at Fu-yang, where we had arranged to stay until Monday morning.

Fu-yang is an important walled city, prettily situated in a bend of the Tsién-tang river; about four years ago the C.M.S. opened a Mission station here. The presence of ladies and children in the streets caused such excitement, hundreds of people running to see them, that thankful we were when we safely reached the Mission house. There we preached and sold books. The Catechist in charge is at present the only Christian in Fu-yang; on Sunday morning he joined us at morning service in the boat. In the afternoon we went on shore to preach to the heathen in our Mission room; while Mrs. Elwin and Miss Jennings had a large crowd of women, who had assembled on purpose to see the foreign ladies.

At six o'clock on Monday morning we were on our way again, a strong breeze taking us as far as Tong-lin by dark: here we stopped for the night. Tong-lin is about the same size as Fu-yang, and is also surrounded by a wall; it is not marked on the map, but may be placed about halfway between Fu-yang and Yen-chow. Shortly after passing Tong-lin we came to the first rapid. The Chinese say there are one hundred rapids between Tong-lin and Kù-chow, and I think they are not far wrong. Some of these rapids were very difficult to ascend, it requiring twenty men or more to get the boat over.

Two hours after leaving Tong-lin we entered the Tsih-li-long or Seven-li Pass. It is really seventy li, and I should judge that it is about thirty English miles from end to end. I shall therefore call it the "Thirty-mile Pass." I had often heard of this pass, but had not the slightest conception of its surpassing beauty. For about thirty miles the river runs through a mountain gorge. The hills nearly the whole distance rise directly from the water's edge to a great height. In many places, owing to the winding of the river, there seems neither inlet nor outlet, indeed we appear rather to be sailing through a succession of mountain-enclosed lakes than up a river. All through the pass there is a path for the men who pull the boats, this path very often being cut out of the side of the hill. At five o'clock we landed for a walk. We found a little village nestling in the hills. Upon offering some tracts a man said he had no money, but if I gave him the books he would give me some tea. To this of course I agreed. We accordingly followed the man to his home, where we were introduced to his wife, who soon brought us some tea to drink. After drinking the tea and speaking a word about the Saviour, the man brought us a packet of home-grown tea, in exchange for which I gave him a gospel and some tracts.

If the Thirty-mile Pass were beautiful by daylight, what shall I say about it by moonlight? We rested on the deep, quiet river; on every side rose the mountains with their dark jutting rocks of wondrous shapes; while far overhead the moon was slowly sailing across the cloudless sky, casting a silvery pathway on the water. And yet beneath that lovely pathway were the deep dark waters, waters that in every part of the world become to so many the entrance-gates into that unseen world to which we are all so quickly hastening. Very different would have been our feelings, I think, if we had known that more than a month before the waters of a far-distant lake in our own native land had closed over one honoured and loved not only as Secretary of a great Society, but as a dear personal friend; one whose words of council and love will no longer cheer weary workers in far-distant parts of the world; one upon whose face we shall gaze no more until the great resurrection day, when we shall all gather together in our Father's house, our everlasting home.

But we must hasten on. The next morning at day-break we were on the move, and about ten we stopped at Yen-chow, a very large and important walled city. I at once started off with the Catechist to sell books and speak to the people. About three years ago the China Inland Mission rented a house and intended to open a Mission, but the people, encouraged by the magistrates, collected together, made an attack upon the Catechist in charge, almost destroyed the house, and declared they would kill the foreign missionary if they could find him. We were well received, and many gospels and tracts were bought. At 1.30 P.M. we were on our way again. Stopped after dark at a village called Ta-yang, on the map about half-way between Yen-chow and Lan-ki. After tea, as the moon was very bright, we took a selection of books and went on shore to try and find some people. We found some shops still open; these we entered with our books, and explained to the people that, as we should have to start at daybreak, this was the only opportunity to tell them about the "precious doctrine," and that it would be well for them to buy books and examine them themselves, as it would be too late on the morrow. Some of these people said they had books, which they had bought from a foreigner two years before.

On Thursday, September 16th, we travelled twelve hours over many rapids. Stopped for night at Lan-ki (Lan-chee, "Pleasant River" City), one of the most important places on the river. The next day we went into the city and sold 1,070 cash worth of books. The China Inland Mission used to have a station here, but they have none now. I ought to mention that as a rule we always sell our books and tracts, never give them away; no one knows how much money has been wasted by so doing. We sell the tracts from one to ten cash each. The cash is a brass coin with a hole in it, the only coin the Chinese have; about twenty-four cash are equal in value to one penny. We sell the gospels for five cash each,

though they actually cost twenty-two cash each. The Chinese understand why we put a price on the books, and quite approve of our motive. If a man really wants a book he will have no difficulty in paying five or ten cash for it. Altogether during the trip we sold 5,120 cash worth of books.

We were three days and a half travelling from Lan-chee to Kü-chow. The only important place on the way is Lung-yiu (see map). We spent some hours there selling books, both by daylight and moonlight. The people were very friendly, and bought largely. We arrived outside the bridge of boats at Kü-chow on Monday evening. This is the only bridge on the T sien-tang river. On Tuesday morning Mr. Randle, of the China Inland Mission, came to the boat and

asked us to come on shore and stay with him while we remained at Kü-chow. Of the invitation we gladly availed ourselves. We received a warm welcome from Mrs. Randle and her sister, Miss Boyd. It is about thirteen years since a Mission was begun in Kü-chow by the (American) Southern Presbyterian Missionary Society, afterwards by them handed over to the China Inland Mission. There are about ten converts connected with the Mission in Kü-chow itself, but more are to be found in two outstations which are worked by the Kü-chow missionary. We stayed with our friends five days. Mr. Randle said he should be so pleased if we would open a station at Kü-chow, but I told him that we could not work the stations we had already properly, and that we had neither the means nor the money to extend our work towards Kü-chow.

We started on our return journey Monday, September 27th, at daylight, hoping to reach Hang-chow on Friday, but it was not to be. As there had been no rain the river had fallen considerably, so that we had the greatest difficulty in getting over some of the rapids. In one place we stuck fast for about seven hours; indeed I thought we should have to wait for the rain to get us off. As it was we did not reach Lan-chee until the third day after dark.

I must mention an incident that happened the second night after leaving Kü-chow. At dusk we arrived at a large village which we had not visited

on the way up the river. As we had been in the boat all day, we determined after tea, in spite of a drizzling rain, to take a walk to get some air on shore. Lantern in hand we landed beneath some immense camphor trees, and wended our way through the village out into the country without seeing a person; everything was very dark, very quiet, and very wet. On our way back in the principal street we heard the sound of many voices. We stopped to listen. Presently a door opened and a boy's head appeared. Doubtless alarmed at seeing two strange beings standing in the deserted street at night, the head quickly disappeared. The owner of the head must have reported within that he had seen, by the light of a lantern dimly burning, two men of foreign



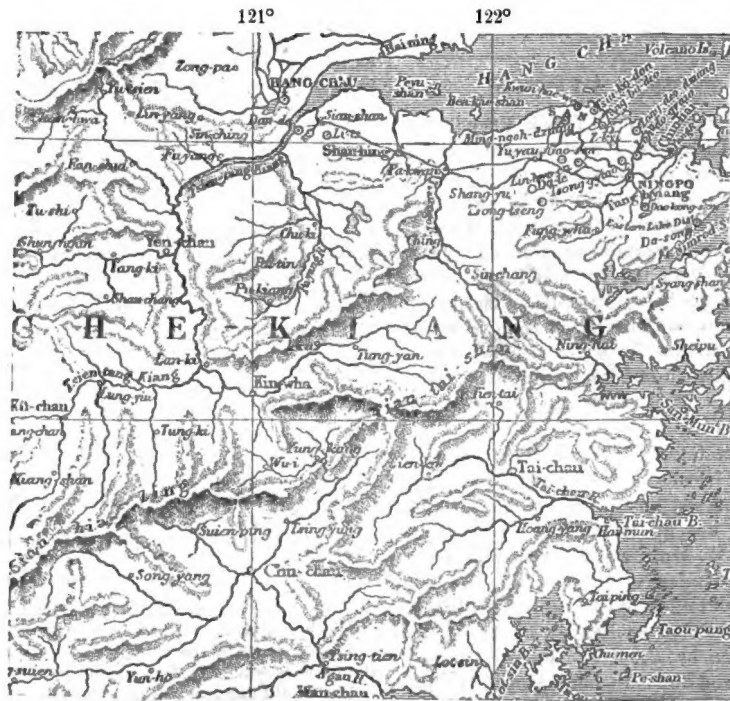
CHINESE BOATWOMAN.

appearance standing in the rain, for the door was soon thrown wide open and a Chinese gentleman appeared, who, making a polite bow, said, "Foreign gentlemen, will you please walk inside and sit down and take tea?" The foreign gentlemen, nothing loth, bowed in return, saying at the same time, "Thank you, thank you, sir." The gentleman then conducted us into a large room, where about twenty young men were studying, each by the light of his own oil lamp reading his book aloud according to Chinese custom. Upon seeing strangers enter they all stood up to show their respect. We were asked to sit down at the upper end of the room on a raised platform in the place of honour. While sipping our tea, which was at once brought, we asked the usual questions, "Your honourable name, sir?" being of course the first. He told us his name, his age, his occupation, his birth-place, etc. We told him our names, our ages, our nationality, our destination, our occupation, etc. These important points being settled, we chatted about many things. We found out that he had taken his degree, and that he now kept a boarding-school, the young men in the room being his pupils. He had heard of the doctrine of Jesus, but had not seen the books. We noticed that the part of the room in which we sat could, if necessary, be shut off from the rest of the room by folding doors. A handsome foreign lamp suspended from the ceiling lighted the room; there were other foreign lamps on the table, to light if required; on the wall was an English clock, and the gentleman in his hand held a foreign tea-cup; the walls of the room were covered with scrolls, upon which were written choice sayings from Confucius. Having sat for about an hour, we arose, begged him to accept some books, made our best Chinese bow, and left the house. The last we heard was the old man's voice asking us to call again. Who can say what may not be the result of that conversation? Was it not God Who called us to leave the boat that rainy night and directed our steps to that old schoolmaster's house?

On Thursday, Sept. 30th, we rose at daybreak, and after our usual swim in the river, we went into the city to sell books, and met with good success. By nine A.M. we were once more on our way, but being again delayed by



RIVER SCENE IN CHINA.



MAP OF CHE-KIANG, SHOWING MR. ELWIN'S ROUTE.

strong head winds, we did not reach Hang-chow until Monday, Oct. 4th, where we arrived early in the morning, having been away twenty-four days.

In conclusion, I should like to make one or two remarks. The distance from Hang-chow to Kù-chow is about 170 miles by river. Throughout all that distance there is no resident missionary; there are only two Mission stations, both connected with the C.M.S., one at Dan-de, one at Fu-yang, and these are very small, and near Hang-chow. What is to be said of the other large cities and villages with no witness for the truth, except it be some passing missionary who runs on shore with a few tracts, walks through one or two streets, and is then off again on his journey? Surely something should be done. The C.M.S. has been established in Hang-chow for sixteen years; but this is the first time that a missionary of that Society has travelled more than about six miles above Fu-yang. The fact that so large a party, including ladies and children, travelled so far into the interior so easily, is, I think, at least to be remembered. As we passed these populous places, again and again the question presented itself: Why is there not a Mission station here? To all such questions we return one answer: Where is the money? We hear of the Tinnevely Itinerancy, and we thank God for what has been done there; but as we turn to our own poor people, our eyes are dim and our hearts are sad as we think of multitudes passing away without God, without hope, with not even an itinerating missionary to point them to Jesus, with no one to tell of that Lamb of God Who alone can take away the sin of the world. May He Who hears prayer hear the prayer of His servants for this vast Chinese Empire, that soon, not only on the banks of the Tsien-tang river, but in every city of the country, there may be witnesses for Christ—Chinese who by their holy, consistent lives will be the means of leading many to join that company who one day from the land of Sinim shall join in the song of the redeemed gathered from every part of the world!—Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

DECEMBER—"ALL."

All come, O Lord, from Thee;
Thy grace so rich and free—
Thy earthly blessings day by day.
Still in Thy fear and love
Keep us, and soon above,
Thy hand shall wipe all tears away. A. E. M.

Full Moon 5d. 5h. 14m. p.m. **DECEMBER.** New Moon 21d. 5h. 7m. a.m.
Last Qr. 13d. 8h. 5m. p.m. First Qr. 37d. 6h. 41m. p.m.

- [His saints. 1 Th. 3. 18.]
- 1 T Pfander d., 1865. The coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all
2 F He shall come... to be admired in all them that believe. 2 Th. 1. 10.
3 S I say unto all, Watch! Mark 13. 37.
- [2 Tim. 3. 16.]
- 4 S 2nd in Advent. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.
M. Is. 5. 2 Pe. 1. E. Is. 11. 1-11, or 21. Jn. 13. 21.
5 M Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom. Col. 3. 16.
6 T Great fire, Hakodate, 1879. Wh. one member suffer, all the memb.
7 W All her paths are peace. Pr. 3. 17. [suffer with it. 1 Co. 12. 26.
8 T All my springs are in Thee. Ps. 87. 7. [1 K. 2. 3.
9 F Bp. Stuart consec., 1877. Thou mayest prosper in all thou doest.
10 S P. of Wales met Tinniveley Chris., 1875. All things come of Thee.
1 Ch. 29. 14.] [to repent. Ac. 17. 30.]
- 11 S 3rd in Advent. Ember Week. Commandeth all men everywhere
M. Is. 25. 1 Jn. 3. 16 to 4. 7. E. Is. 28. or 29. 5-19. Jn. 18. 23.
12 M Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Lu. 13. 5.
13 T Supposed day Smith & O'Neill d., 1877. The hairs of your head
14 W All shall know Me. Heb. 8. 11. [are all numbered. Mat. 10. 30.
15 T Bps. Russell, Royston, and Horden consec., 1872. In Thine hand
[it is... to give strength unto all. 1 Ch. 29. 12.]
- 16 F The Lord be with you all. 2 Th. 3. 16. [eyes. Rev. 7. 17.
17 S J. Welland d., 1879. God shall wipe away all tears from their
[the enemy. Lu. 10. 19.]
- 18 S 4th in Advent. I give unto you power... over all the power of
M. Is. 30. 1-27. Rev. 2. 18 to 3. 7. E. Is. 32. or 33. 2-23. Rev. 3. 7.
19 M H. Edwards inv. C.M.S. to Peshawar, 1853. The Lord preserveth
[all them that love Him. Ps. 145. 20.]
- 20 T All my ways are before Thee. Ps. 119. 168.
21 W St. Thomas. Bp. French consec., 1877. Enriched by Him in all
utterance. 1 Co. 1. 5.] [Is. 68. 9.]
- 22 T 1st Miss. lan. N. Z., 1814. He bare them... all the days of old.
23 F Spared not His own Son, but delivd. Him up for us all. Ro. 8. 32.
24 S Shall He not with Him also freely give us all things. Ro. 8. 32.
[people. Lu. 2. 10.]
- 25 S Christmas Day. Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all
M. Is. 9. 1-8. Lu. 2. 1-15. E. Is. 7. 10-17. Tif. 3. 4-8.
- 26 M St. Stephen. He that overcometh shall inherit all things. Rev.
27 T St. John. Love covereth all sins. Prov. 10. 2. [21. 7.
28 W Innocents' Day. For thy sake are we killed all the day long.
29 T His kingdom ruleth over all. Ps. 103. 19. [Ps. 44. 22.
30 F Behold, I make all things new. Rev. 21. 5.
31 S Let all the people say, Amen! Ps. 106. 48.

BAPTISM OF AHMED TEWFIK EFFENDI.

OUR readers will not have forgotten Ahmed Tewfik Effendi, the distinguished Mohammedan Ulema who was arrested by the Turkish Government for assisting our missionary at Constantinople, Dr. Koelle, in the translation of Christian books—who was condemned to death, but was saved by the interposition of Sir H. Layard, and banished to the island of Chio—and who escaped and came to England. He has long been intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity, but went through a great mental struggle before he could bring himself to confess Christ in baptism, and thus cut himself off from wife and children and country. At last he resolved to leave all and follow Jesus; and every possible care having been taken to test the reality of his faith, he was baptized on November 11th in St. Paul's Church, Onslow Square, by the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe.

The church was thronged with spectators, and near the font were gathered a large number of leading friends of the Church Missionary Society. A short account of the Ulema's history was first given from the pulpit by Dr. Koelle; and then he was led to the font by his three "witnesses," Mrs. Webb-Peploe, Sir W. Muir, and the venerable nonagenarian Archdeacon Philpotts, father-in-law of Dr. Koelle. The first part of the service was read in English by Mr. Webb-Peploe, the Ulema following by means of a Turkish translation he held in his hand; the questions to the candidate were given by Dr. Koelle in Turkish, and were answered with great earnestness and distinctness by Ahmed Tewfik; after which the act of baptism was performed by Mr. Webb-Peploe,

speaking in English. Alford's hymn, "In token that thou shalt not fear," was then sung by the whole congregation.

This baptism is a great event. No convert of equal eminence has ever been won from Mohammedanism. He was in the very front rank of the Turkish hierarchy in learning and reputation. Will not all our readers pray earnestly that he may, like the Apostle Paul, "increase to more in strength," and prove to be a chosen vessel to bear the name of Christ, by voice or pen, to the followers of the false prophet?

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

Mr. W. C. Jones, of Warrington, has contributed £2,200 to establish Training Institution at Hang-chow, and a large sum for the like purpose at Fuh-chow. Mr. Jones is the same munificent friend of Missions who has previously committed to the Society trust funds amounting to £20,000, a £35,000 for the support of Native evangelists in India and elsewhere.

By the death of the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, Dr. Barclay, on October 22nd, the C.M.S. Mission in Palestine has lost a hearty friend. The Rev. J. R. L. Hall, of Jaffa, writes:—"The blow is felt all through the country. Europeans and Natives alike, for the Bishop was so kind and genial to all, and so universally beloved. His manly, honest, straightforward, upright character won for him the respect even of those whose views and opinions did not coincide with his. He was a very fine example of the high-minded Christian English Bishop."

Sir John Kirk, who has been so well known for many years as Dr. Kirk, the British Representative and Consul-General at Zanzibar, and who has so well earned his knighthood by his great services in connection with the abolition of the slave-trade and the advance of civilisation in East Africa, is now in England, and was received by the C.M.S. Committee on November 4th, when he gave valuable information respecting the Missions and affairs generally of the coast.

Mr. Streeter having returned to England, the Rev. W. S. Price has been requested by the Committee to go out to East Africa and take charge of the Mission at Freetown for a time, and will (D.V.) have sailed before this number appears.

The Rev. A. B. Hutchinson, late of Hong Kong, has been appointed to the Japan Mission, and will be stationed at Tokio.

The Rev. Hugh Horsley, late of North Tinniveley, has been appointed to the Tamil Cooly Mission, Ceylon.

The Rev. G. Litchfield and Mr. C. W. Pearson, of the Nyanza Mission, have come down to Zanzibar, and will return home to recruit.

The Rev. F. H. Baring, late of the C.M.S. Punjab Mission, who has recently for India, will carry on an independent Mission at his own charge. He undertakes the entire responsibility of the missionary and educational agencies in the Batala district, the Society's interests there having been transferred to him. He is accompanied by Mrs. Baring, who is known to our readers of the GLEANER as Mrs. Elmslie, widow of the devoted medical missionary in Kashmir. The cause of Christ in the Punjab already owes much to both Mr. and Mrs. Baring, and we trust that an abundant blessing may be vouchsafed to their future labours.

The arrangements respecting the Sindh and Persia Missions mentioned in our September number will have to be altered. The Rev. A. E. Cowley, of Manitoba, is unable to return to India; and the Rev. J. Bambridge, of Karachi, may have to come home shortly to recruit.

The Rev. A. Plummer, Senior Proctor of the University of Durham, informs us that Mr. A. E. Metzger, B.A., of Fourah Bay College, Sierra Leone, obtained a First Class in the Honour School in the Final Examination in Theology. Mr. Metzger, we need hardly say, is an African, and has been educated entirely in Africa.

Some years ago a large hall for public purposes was projected and partially built at Freetown, Sierra Leone, to be called the Wilberforce Memorial Hall. Owing to want of funds, the building has never been finished; and the energetic Native Principal of the Sierra Leone Grammar School, the Rev. J. Quakoo, is making an effort to raise money for its completion. He lately delivered a lecture on the "Life of Wilberforce" before a crowded assembly of all classes of people, including Governor Havelock and most of the English and Native officials of the Colony. Mr. S. Lewis, Barrister-at-Law, also an African, occupied the Chair.

Archdeacon McDonald's Annual Report has been received, dated Freetown, Sierra Leone, April 20th. In January he was dangerously ill, but had been mercifully restored. Of the Takudh Mission he reports satisfactorily; but one of the best of the voluntary Christian "leaders" whose influence has been so helpful among the wandering tribes, Henry Venn King, died in October last year. "His end was peace."

"Bessie" asks if female servants can become missionaries. Certainly they are qualified, in body, mind, and spirit. She should ask the advice of some clergyman or other Christian friend. "Bessie" will, no doubt, remember the Great Master has "missionary work" for every one of His servants, whether at home or abroad, and in whatever position of life; and she can be a true missionary without going to India or Africa.

Received for the *Henry Wright* steamer—Q. E. F., 5s.

GLEANER EXAMINATION.

We would again remind our readers of the Competitive Examination in the contents of the GLEANER of 1851, to be held on January 1st. Particulars can be had on application to the Editorial Secretary.

We would ask clergymen and other friends who propose to arrange the Examination to send us their names as soon as possible.