

## THE RECENT ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE Sixty-sixth Anniversary Meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall on Tuesday, May 2. The hall was well filled, although we think there have been anniversary meetings at which we have seen it more crowded. The Report of the Society's proceedings during the year which had just ended was listened to with much interest. The healthful growth and consolidation of the native churches, their advancement in all the important elements of self-ministration, self-support, and reproductive action, afford satisfactory proofs that they are no exotics, artificially reared, and liable, whenever exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, to fade and perish, but healthful plants which have taken root in the land, and which will not fail to increase and spread.

These results of past labours constitute an important basis for new operations, and, backed up by the native churches, the Society is called upon to prosecute vigorously the aggressive movement, and to press onward into the "regions beyond," in the full belief that as we do so we shall be permitted to see the Gospel of Christ accomplishing still greater victories. Every thing, indeed, is favourable for such a movement: the Missionaries are anxious to break up new ground, and doors of opportunity are open in various directions; but there is one difficulty, and because of this the Society, at so interesting a crisis, is compelled to pause—the increase in the income of the Society by no means keeps pace with the increase in its expenditure. Year after year a deficiency has occurred which has been met by payments from the Special India Fund; but that fund is now exhausted, and the Society enters upon a new year of labour without any thing to fall back against, in case the current year, after the example of its predecessors, should yield an insufficient income. The Society, then, is compelled to arrest its steps. The opportunities are inviting, but, if entered upon, expenses will accrue, and there are no means of meeting them. This is the anxious point in the present position of the Society. She is like a vessel that, in entering a bay, has grounded on a shoal. Will the tide so rise as to liberate her? All on board are earnestly watching whether indeed it will be so. Have the contributions of English Christians to this great work reached their maximum? We cannot think so. We look for a spring tide, which, coming in with freshness and power from the great ocean of Christian love, will lift the Society over its difficulties, and enable it to go on.

The addresses delivered on the occasion were well calculated to stir the hearts of Christian friends, and move them to fresh effort. It would be impossible to introduce them into the pages of our periodical, as they would necessarily exclude all other matter, and leave the friends of the Society without that monthly supply of Missionary information which is as necessary to the maintenance of the Missionary spirit as the oil is to the light which the lamp emits. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury moved the first Resolution, and, in doing so, bore his testimony, so weighty and influential from one in his position, to the value of the Society—

It is a very great satisfaction to me to have the opportunity of once again in this hall publicly testifying my great admiration and my deep sense of the invaluable services to the church which this Society has rendered, and of assuring you of my most cordial sympathy in the work in which it is engaged. It is now very nearly fifty years since, in the

earliest days of my ministry, I became associated with this Society, and I used then to listen to the ardent advocacy of the cause by those holy and devoted men who founded the Society, and who have now gone to their rest. And unquestionably in those days the Society, though conducted upon the same principles which it now advocates, was one



which was in no respect received with that favour by the great body of the Church with which, I am thankful to say, it is now accepted. It was a sort of slight and reproach to a person to be associated with it, in some quarters at any rate; and thanks be to God for the great change which He has permitted to take place. Among those who were the original founders, or, at any rate, the original supporters of this Society, I should imagine there is scarcely one who still survives; and I believe that, during the past year, we have lost one who was associated with that noble and devoted band—I refer to the venerable Dr. Marsh. I well recollect him in years past, and I can figure him to myself standing here as the advocate of the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and addressing the children of Hebrew converts in words of wisdom and love, his countenance beaming with benevolence. It was my privilege to be present when, for the last time in public, he addressed his parishioners and neighbours, charging them to adhere to the faith delivered to the saints, to love the word of God, the Bible, which he held to be the word of our Lord Jesus Christ, and alone able to save the soul. It was a scene and a spectacle which assuredly I shall never forget. With regard to this Report, it is undoubtedly, in some degree, of a chequered character; but there is much to encourage and cheer us in the great and glorious work in which we are engaged. If I am allowed to fix on the one feature which strikes me as especially encouraging, it is that of the increased efficacy of the native agency. Why, what an answer is that to the sneers and scoffs of those who assert that there have been no results, or next to none, from Missionary exertions. Take the case of the Niger district, and the fact of a Native Bishop having been there appointed for the first time. What an answer that again is to those who pretend to say that the African is incapable of being converted to true Christianity; that he is only capable of a religion like Mohammedanism. It is not merely that we have so many native deacons and native priests, but among them one has been found perfectly competent to superintend the interests of the church of Christ in that quarter—one who undoubtedly, from the short intercourse I have had with him, convinced me that he does possess, in an eminent degree, those qualities which specially fit him for that office. I have seen in him a calm wisdom, a humility, a firmness, and a full comprehension of the sacred and important nature of his office; and, in short, I am satisfied that he really does possess most, if not all, of the qualities which specially characterize the office he holds. Now, it is not

only in the chief pastor of the church of the Niger district, beyond the limits of the colony, that we have an answer to the scoffs of the sceptic; but let us take the condition of the church of Sierra Leone itself. There you have proofs enough of their zeal in extending their own church without calling upon the aid of this Society. You have also proof that they are willing to follow the apostolic rule of weekly collections, according as it has pleased God to prosper them; an example, I think, that might perhaps be followed elsewhere. You have proof, also, in a colony of only 40,000 natives, of 9000 persons being under instruction—children, and perhaps some adults. What proofs these are of real Christian zeal. Then, again, if we pass to New Zealand, although there, unquestionably, we have less encouragement, yet allow me to say that I have some means of knowing the condition of the church there, and also the circumstances attending some of the different tribes. There is a wide distinction to be drawn between the tribes of the north-east and of the south-west. It appears that many of the tribes of the south-west are of a disposition much less humane, and (whether converted to Christianity or not I cannot say) they have committed atrocities of a dreadful character. But, as regards the Maoris of the north-east, I can bear testimony to their condition; and I may mention an anecdote besides that which has just been read of the Christian who administered water to the dying soldier. I believe it is true that they abstained from all spoliation of those whose bodies remained with them during that night; and, in that camp or pa, when entered afterwards, were found some beautiful forms of prayer, used previous to the engagement. We thus see that a spirit of true Christian love prevailed even among those warriors, and that they were warriors civilized by Christianity. Another anecdote I may relate to prove their excellent spirit. Some of our young officers, from the camp in the neighbourhood of Tauranga, were in the habit of making excursions for amusement and sport, when the chief in a camp two miles off sent a message to the commander, desiring him to warn them not thus to expose themselves, as it was likely they might be cut off by some rifleman, and then the tribe would be accused of murder. Now I think that was a most friendly act. Then, again, there was a chief who became a prisoner in our hands, and so grateful was he for the treatment which he met with that he sent this message to his friends in the opposite camp—"Mind you treat your prisoners well, for I have been treated kindly." I delight to



tell these anecdotes, because it proves the influence of Christianity over the mind of these people, and is again and again an answer to the calumnies which state that our Missionaries do nothing. With regard to the native organization, it is so important, that I think we should encourage it to the utmost of our power. You see that it is utterly impossible, considering the millions, not only in India, but in so many other quarters, who are still without the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the inhabitants of this small island to send out English Missionaries to meet all their wants. You must perceive the absolute necessity, therefore, of the work being carried out, to a great extent, by a native agency. We, of course, will still send out our Missionaries to plant the seed there. That seed will spring up and bear fruit, but that seed, we hope, will be planted in a field beyond, and that the native soil will produce additional native fruit. I do not know that there are any other parts of the Report on which it is necessary that I should specially dwell, excepting the somewhat discouraging fact of the great deficiency in our funds. I am sure there

is wealth enough, and more than wealth enough, in England, among those truly devoted to the service of their Saviour, to supply that deficiency, if we really set our hearts to the work; and I earnestly hope and sincerely pray that at our next meeting we may testify that the appeal made to us has not been without its effect, but that we have all been impressed with the duty we owe to our blessed Lord and Saviour, to those souls which He came to redeem, and which are still without his saving knowledge. Let there be more labourers sent into the harvest, and a more abundant supply of the means of supporting them. At any rate, I am sure you will all join most fervently in the prayer that the Lord of the harvest may again come, that his kingdom may come; that He may soon take the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; that his saving health may be known to all nations; that He who is Lord of glory may speedily come to rescue his church from her trials, and to lead the church to that kingdom the gates of which He has opened to all believers.

#### BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MISSIONARY LABOURS OF THE LATE REV. C. W. ISENBERG.

MR. ISENBERG'S first sphere of Missionary labour was Abyssinia. The circumstances which led to the commencement of a Mission in Abyssinia are so remarkable that they ought not to be forgotten. M. Asselin de Cherville, French Consul at Cairo, having conceived the idea of translating some well-known European book into one of the Oriental languages, in the hope that it would attract the attention of the literary world, selected for this purpose the Bible, and, for the language, the Amharic. Amhara is the western part of Abyssinia, its capital being Gondar. Although the province is small, its dialect is spoken throughout at least half Abyssinia. In carrying out his object, M. Asselin employed a learned Orientalist named Abraham. For forty years he had been a traveller, having accompanied Bruce in his explorations, and afterwards having resided in India, where for three years he had studied under some Englishman of learning. Born in Abyssinia, he was not only master of his native tongue, but of Persian, Italian, Greek, and other languages. For ten successive years the work was prosecuted, and at length it reached its termination. Two Abyssinians were employed as copyists, and the following portions of the work were distributed—Genesis, in quarto, to the Prince Regent; Exodus to the Rev. M. Renouard; Leviticus and Numbers to the Pope; Deuteronomy to the French Institute; Joshua and Judges to the King of France; and the Book of Genesis, in small quarto, to the Rev. William Jowett, for the British and Foreign Bible Society. Eventually the work was purchased by that Society. Abyssinia was thus brought before the attention of British Christians. The Rev. W. Jowett, moreover, in his work, "Christian Researches in the Mediterranean," introduced a chapter, entitled "Thoughts on a Mission to Abyssinia;" and this no doubt led to the commencement of a Mission to that country by the Church Missionary Society.



On August 15, 1825, the two first Missionaries to Abyssinia received the instructions of the Committee. It was a remarkable day that: we wish we might be privileged to see like ones in our time. No less than twenty-four Missionary agents were on that day dismissed to their respective spheres of labour—seven English clergymen, five Lutheran clergymen, three laymen, and nine females—some for India, others to West Africa, Jamaica, and the Mediterranean. Gobat and Kugler were the two Missionaries for Abyssinia; and in the former of these we recognise the venerable Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem. They entered Abyssinia December 28, 1829. One year after, Kugler was removed from his earthly labours. When aware that he was going to die, he said, "I could have wished to live longer, that I might proclaim the salvation which is in Jesus to these poor people; but the will of the Lord be done." After that he repeated several times, in the Tigré dialect, "I do not at all fear: weep not for me. It is far better for me to die than to remain here." He then began to pray in Tigré—"Lord Jesus, bless me! Show mercy on me! Receive me to thyself! Thou, O God, art my Saviour—my Father! I have no Father but thee! I come to thee! Receive my spirit! Prepare a place near thyself!" He then began to pray in German, saying the same words. He added, "I give thanks to thee, O Lord, for all the mercy which thou hast manifested towards me! Thou hast been favourable to me to this very hour!" When his voice began to fail he said to his brother Missionary, "I can speak no more. Tell these people (there were many standing by) that Jesus is my portion; and that they must on no account weep for me, as they are accustomed to do. Perform no Tescar"—a sort of gathering of priests and people to pray for the soul of the departed. Soon after, he fell asleep in Jesus.

After his death, the country being in distraction from civil war, and the chief, Sebagadis, who had befriended him, having been slain, Mr. Gobat was compelled to seek shelter in the monastery of Debra Damot. At length, after much sickness and many dangers, he left Abyssinia, where he had been for three years, reaching Cairo in February 1833, and proceeding thence to London and Germany.

Meanwhile the Committee at home had provided a successor for Kugler. Mr. C. W. Isenberg, a native of Prussia, entered the Church Missionary College, Islington, in 1830. He was admitted to deacons' orders by the Bishop of London in June 1831, and, a year subsequently, to priests' orders. Having been appointed to the Abyssinian Mission, he left immediately afterwards for Cairo. There, in August 1834, he was joined by Mr. Gobat, and, setting out from thence, they reached Massowah December 20, 1834.

The translation of the Scriptures into the dialect of Tigré first occupied the attention of the Missionaries, and towards the end of 1836 the work was fast approaching completion. Mr. Isenberg also commenced the translation into Amharic of the Book of Common Prayer; and, in August 1836, was enabled to report it nearly finished. Portions of the Ethiopic and Amharic Scriptures were distributed, and earnestly did the Missionaries impress on friends in London the desirableness of having the whole of the Amharic Scriptures printed, and that speedily. Painful evidences were indeed presented to them of the great spiritual destitution of the people. The cholera entered Abyssinia for the first time, and pitiable was it to hear the crowds, as they went in procession through the streets, imploring—"For Christ's sake, have mercy upon us, O Lord! For Mary's sake, have mercy upon us, O Lord! For Christ's sake, have mercy upon us, O Mary!" In the autumn of 1836 the Rev. S. Gobat was compelled, from ill-health, to leave Abyssinia; and the Rev. C. H. Blumhardt, having been appointed by the Parent Committee to the Abyssinian Mission, reached Adowah May 18, 1837.

In the beginning of 1838 the emissaries of the Church of Rome succeeded in prejudicing the minds of the Abyssinian ecclesiastics against the Missionaries, and exciting against them so formidable an opposition, that Oobeah, the chief who had hitherto



protected them, finding himself no longer able to do so, desired them to leave the country, eight days being granted them to make the necessary arrangements, during which their enemies were prohibited from coming near them. "Thus," as Mr. Isenberg observes, "we were turned out of the country into which we had considered ourselves happy to have been called to proclaim the Gospel in the midst of a fallen church, and concerning which we thought we had several indications implying that the time of its salvation was near."

At Cairo, in September 1838, they were joined by Dr. Krapf, who, having been attacked with fever while collecting information at Mocha, on the Red Sea, with a view to attempt an entrance to Shoa, the southern province of Abyssinia, had been obliged to return to Cairo.

Having resolved on endeavouring to reach Shoa from a point south of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf proceeded to Tadjurra, which they used as their starting-point into the interior, and, after many difficulties, succeeded in reaching the frontier of Shoa. By the king they were favourably received, remaining there for five months, during which they were diligently occupied in conversational preaching and discussion, and in obtaining a great variety of information. Mr. Isenberg having made considerable progress in the translational department, revisited Europe, with the object of printing the works he had prepared, reaching London on April 20, 1840. Various Amharic works, and others in the Galla language prepared by Dr. Krapf, were thus carried through the press.

Mr. Isenberg left London on his return to Abyssinia in the spring of 1842, the Rev. J. Muhlheisen being associated with him, in consequence of Mr. Blumhardt, his former associate in Tigré, having been transferred to the North-India Mission. At Cairo they met Dr. Krapf, and the three Missionaries, with Mrs. Krapf, sailed for Tadjurra, with the view of re-entering Abyssinia. But the door was closed. A series of obstacles presented themselves, which they found to be insurmountable. Dr. Krapf proceeded to Aden, in the hope of reaching the Galla tribes of South-eastern Africa from the Indian Ocean, an attempt which issued in the present East-Africa Mission amongst the Wanika. Messrs. Isenberg and Muhlheisen, landing at Massowah, penetrated into Northern Abyssinia, distributing copies of the Scriptures to the number of 2000. At Adowah their steps were arrested. The Abuna, to whom they addressed a letter, vouchsafed no encouragement. Oobeah, the ruler of Tigré, refused to see them, and commanded them to quit the country. Accordingly they retraced their steps to Massowah, and, falling back on Cairo, awaited there the further instructions of the Committee.

Just at this time the Bombay Mission had been visited by sickness. The Rev. H. Mellon, bereaved of his wife just at the moment when he was himself prostrated by sickness, had been placed by his brother Missionary, the Rev. G. M. Valentine, on board the mail steamer for England. The steamer, after buffeting tempestuous weather for five days, was obliged to put back to Bombay, disabled. On landing, Mr. Mellon found that Mr. Valentine was dead, having been carried off by cholera two days after his departure. A prompt reinforcement, to sustain the Mission work, was necessary, and Messrs. Isenberg and Muhlheisen were at once transferred to Bombay.

Into the details of labour presented by his new sphere Mr. Isenberg heartily entered, but without losing his sympathies for East Africa. Slaves liberated from Arab vessels in the Persian Gulf were brought into Bombay from time to time, all from the coast of East Africa. On behalf of these poor strangers Mr. Isenberg addressed himself to the Committee, praying that he might be permitted to devote a considerable portion of his time to them. He had with him at the time of his first application five boys and twenty-three women from the Galla country, thirteen women from Gurague, some from the Suaheli coast, and one boy from the kingdom of Zindjero, south of Gurague. The



projected arrangements were cordially sanctioned by the Committee, and friends on the spot were anxious to improve to the uttermost such an opportunity for good to Africa; but the Government refused their concurrence, preferring to place the boys, some in the Mechanics' Institution, others in the Indian navy, while the females were distributed indiscriminately among Christians, Mohammedans, and other families in the island.

Still, however, Mr. Isenberg had opportunity for giving Christian instruction in the Amharic as well as in the Mahrathi language. God blessed him in both. Waifs and strays from Abyssinia drifted to Bombay, and he watched for them, and became their friend.

In 1852 Mr. Isenberg was compelled, by ill-health, to visit his native land, remaining there until October 1853, when he returned to Bombay. Immediately after his arrival he was called upon to take part in the baptism of thirteen Africans, liberated from slavery, who had been under instruction for nearly two years.

Some of the most important papers connected with the Bombay Mission work were furnished by Mr. Isenberg, for, energetically identifying himself with every branch of it, the Money school, the native congregation, the itinerancy, the translation department, he knew it all. We would particularly refer to the "Church Missionary Record" for 1857, in which will be found large extracts from his journals. We refer the more specially to these papers, because some of the places which stand out with most point and freshness in the Bombay Mission at the present time are there adverted to. Yeolah is described by him as an important place, with a population of 10,000, with much traffic and industry. "It was," he observes, "a place of peculiar interest to all of us, and, when arriving there, I prayed with fervent supplications that the Lord would be pleased to make our short visit instrumental for the spread of his Gospel and the salvation of many souls." This town is now among the recognised stations of the Society, a native minister, the Rev. Appaji Bapuji, being located there. Jalna and Aurungabad are also mentioned. Speaking of the latter place, he says—"I offered tracts for gratuitous distribution. I had with me in my cart three bundles, one of which contained Hindustanee and Persian, a second Mahrathi, and a third Guzeratee tracts and books. I went into the cart to distribute them, directing Appaji to stand behind me, to assist me. No sooner had we commenced distributing, than a complete rush was made by the people on the cart, one being more anxious to get tracts than another, and in less than five minutes the whole of the three bundles were distributed. A number of applicants remained unsupplied, whom I requested to come to the bungalow, where I would give them whatever tracts I had to spare. The people raised a loud shout when we left the place, and we lifted up our hearts to God for a rich blessing on the seed sown."

And may not this be the seed which is now springing up? Our Missionaries inform us of a spirit of inquiry which has sprung up amongst the Mang population of Aurungabad and the surrounding districts, not universal, but confined to a few families and relationships; and thus we read of ten individuals baptized at Aurungabad, the first-fruits to Christianity from amongst the population of that part of India.

That these itinerancies and the instructions given are not altogether lost is not unfrequently shown by incidental circumstances. The Rev. E. Rogers was itinerating in 1858, accompanied by Appaji. They came to a place called Jalgaum, where Mr. Isenberg and Appaji had been on the occasion of the tour to which we have already referred. On entering the town, Appaji was immediately remembered, and a little girl, about eight years of age, evidently sent by one of her own sex older than herself, came and asked him if there would be preaching, and, when evening came, she was seen among the hearers.

In 1861, during the absence in England of the Rev. W. S. Price, Mr. Isenberg took charge of the Christian village of Sharanpur, near Nasik, and here, amongst other branches of work to be superintended, he found an African asylum, commenced in 1860,



in which were twenty-nine boys, belonging to different nations. Most of these boys and youths retained a certain amount of the knowledge of their own tongues, conversing in them among themselves, especially in Galla, Kihiao, and the Zanzibar languages. They were apprenticed to different trades, blacksmiths, carpenters, weavers. Mr. Isenberg was enabled to report favourably of them. They conducted themselves well, some of them giving very good hopes of future usefulness: of two or three he entertained the hope that a work of grace had begun in their hearts. "Is it," he asks, "too much to hope that they may in future materially assist in the spread of the Gospel in their native country?"

In the "Church Missionary Record" for 1863 will be found some very interesting accounts by Mr. Isenberg of baptisms at Sharanpur. Among them were five East Africans—two youths and three girls. During the year 1862 no less than thirteen East-African boys and four girls had been baptized.

Some of these Africans—four youths and three girls, the most reliable, and who have been considered best fitted to be useful—sailed from Bombay some months back, to join Mr. Rebmann at Kisuludini.\* They left Bombay about the time of Mr. Isenberg's death. He had reached Stuttgart, Germany, on the 5th September 1864, and died there October 10th, aged fifty-eight. For results such as these he had earnestly prayed and laboured. Although transferred to Bombay, he had never lost his deep sympathy for the East-Africa Mission; and although compelled to leave Bombay before the departure of these youths, he knew of all the arrangements, for he had himself prepared them. He succeeded in implanting in the Bombay Mission a deep solicitude for Africa, a sympathy which, now that Bombay has sent back to Africa some of her own sons, whom she had received and instructed in the Gospel of Christ, until they were fitted to go back and help in the evangelization of their countrymen, will, we doubt not, deepen and strengthen; and that the more so, as the Rev. J. G. Deimler, one of the Bombay Missionaries, was originally intended for East Africa, and, like Mr. Isenberg, feels himself prompted to do all he can to hasten the time when "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God."

Thus faithful men, having done their work here, the measure of work which their Lord meted out to them, are transferred to their rest. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

#### MISSIONARY ITINERATION IN THE PUNJAB.

In our Number for February we availed ourselves of the Governor General's Durbar at Lahore to place before our readers the land of the five rivers, now awaiting a conquest far different from any which it has yet experienced. Many are the vicissitudes to which this

\* Their arrival at Kisulidini is thus referred to in the following extract from a letter written by the late lamented Missionary, the Rev. J. Taylor, a short time before his death—"I have to mention the return to this land of six Africans, originally slaves, but liberated and trained at Bombay. They are, two married couples, and two girls for two of the Christian young men. It is a sad fact that we have only one female convert here, and she is the wife of Mr. Rebmann's housekeeper at Mombas. These Africans who have come have done so with a simple desire to benefit their countrymen. The late lamented Mr. Isenberg had the choosing of them, and he wished to send only those in whose hearts he thought the work of grace had at least commenced. With God's blessing they will be a real blessing to the station. One is a smith, the other a carpenter, and a mason is shortly to follow. Mr. Rebmann is greatly rejoiced to receive them. He feels that this of itself is an ample reward for all their labours. The Mohammedans of Mombas are astonished. They have before said that the poor Wanika converts were becoming better (*i.e.* superior) than themselves. Now they meet Africans who speak English and Hindustanee, in addition to their own language."



country has been subjected. Wave after wave of invaders, compelled, from various causes, to leave their old ancestral homes on the uplands of Asia, have forced their way through the passes of the Suleiman range, and swept like a deluge over the Punjab, on their way to the Gangetic plains and the rich tropical lands of India. Alexander the Great, resolved on universal empire, crossed the Indus more than 2000 years ago, and, overthrowing the native princes who attempted to withstand him, was at length arrested, not by hostile armies, but by his own soldiers, who, appalled at the prospect of deserts, and marshalled hosts which awaited them, refused to follow him any further. Towards the commencement of our era the Getes, or Jats, a Scythian race, bearing down the resistance of the Indian kings, established in the Punjab successive dynasties.

In due time followed the wild scourge of Mohammedanism under various forms—Arabs, Turks, Mongols. By these successive strokes the power of the Hindu dynasties was completely broken. In 1526, Baber, a prince of a nominally Mongol house, became possessed of Cabul, and from Cabul, invading India, laid the foundation of the Mongol empire.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century the Sikh religion rose like a misty exhalation from the turbid flood of heathenism and Mohammedanism which prevailed around, and by the Hindu Jats the new faith was eagerly embraced.

“The Jats are seated along the Jumna from Agra to the Himalayas, to the west of that river and throughout the Punjab.” From the Jumna to the Ravee they constitute the great mass of the population, and, in smaller numbers, extend much further. Towards and along the Indus they had been, in common with other agricultural tribes, converted to Mohammedanism; but in the country between the Jumna and the Sutlej, called the Malwa, and again in the country between the Sutlej and the Ravee, called the Manjha, they had remained lax Hindus, and were rapidly absorbed by the new religion. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the execution of their high-priest by the Mohammedan governor, who ruled the country as a dependency of Delhi, changed the Sikhs from an inoffensive sect of religionists into a band of fanatical warriors. Under Guru Govind they assumed a military organization, and engaged in frequent and sanguinary contests with the armies of Delhi. Rising up as a local power between the Affghans on the one side and the Mongols at Delhi on the other, while these races were contending for the mastery of the Punjab they increased in strength, and, as the Delhi empire declined, and the Affghans, wearied out by the pertinacity of the Sikhs, retired within their own boundaries, the followers of Nanuk were left undisputed masters of the Punjab. In the beginning of the present century Runjeet Singh appeared upon the field, and, under his rule, the Sikh power reached its zenith, only to be crushed upon the banks of the Sutlej by the strong arm of Britain. On March 24th, 1849, the Punjab was annexed, and the last fifteen years have constituted an era such as that territory has never known before. There has been rest throughout the land, so far as it is possible for a nation still in heathenism to be at rest. But an equitable and firm administration has done all that has been possible to give security to life and property, to improve the character of the people, and develop the resources of the country.

And now a new element has been introduced into the Punjab, one which, amidst the alternations of former times, was altogether unknown, and, in the days of Runjeet Singh, had no permission to cross the Sutlej. Yet is it the true remedy for nations, without which there may be indeed outward glory, but no internal peace, no true, no lasting prosperity. The American Missionaries had been in the Cis-Sutlej territories since 1834; but, with the termination of the first Sikh war, they crossed the Sutlej to Jullundur, and, so soon as the Sikh armies were defeated, occupied Lahore. But England had annexed the Punjab, and the British soldiers who had wrestled for the victory felt that the Punjab must have English Missionaries. They desired to present a thank-



offering to God, and to erect a memorial of a great national crisis and deliverance, and they decided that both could best be done by the establishment of a Christian Mission. They subscribed largely; they memorialized the Church Missionary Society on the subject; and our first two Missionaries reached Umritsur in 1852.

What has been done during the thirteen years which have passed away since then? Not much numerically. We see that Dr. Mullens, in his "Ten Years' Missionary Labour in India," sets down the native Christians in the Punjab at so high a number as 1579, of whom 416 are communicants.\* Admitting such to be the case, let us compare it with the population, viz. 19,500,000! and how infinitesimal it seems. Notwithstanding, however, this disproportion, a great foundation work has been accomplished: the language, the Punjabee, has been acquired; the Missionaries are no longer strangers; the people, in the vicinity of the Missionary stations, have become familiarized with their presence and labours; they purchase books, they listen to their addresses, delivered at the bazaars, at the melas, in their villages; they begin to know the distinctive truths of Christianity, and to converse about them; there is but little opposition, the instances being rare in which the Missionary is not kindly received. Little flocks of Christian natives have been raised up here and there. They are very small, yet, small as they are, they have yielded to the Missionaries several valuable and persevering helpers, one of whom is in holy orders, and acts as pastor to the native flock at Umritsur, while others help in schools or itinerate with the Missionary. In short, the leaven has been introduced into the lump, small indeed in bulk, but genuine in quality, and, by the blessing of God, it will work.

Our most central station for the upper portion of the Punjab is Umritsur; for the lower portion of the province, where the rivers converge to the Punjnad, Mooltan, Peshawur and Dehra Ismael Khan are frontier stations, both commanding the passes which, through the Pathan and Belooch tribes, open into Affghanistan.

Umritsur constitutes a most important centre for Missionary action. It is situated in that division of the Punjab which, with the exception of Jullundur, is the most densely populated. There are five districts in the Lahore division—Lahore, Umritsur, Goondaspoor, Sealkote, Goojranwalla. Of these, Sealkote has a population, according to the last census, of 475 to the square mile; Goondaspoor, 470; Umritsur, 436. In this division, moreover, is to be found an unusually large proportion of that section of the population to which our attention ought to be specially directed—the Sikhs—there being within its limit not less than 200,000 Sikhs. It must be remembered that the Sikhs, notwithstanding the supremacy which they have exercised, and the prestige which has attached to them, constitute, after all, but a fraction of the Punjab population, the calculation being that the total of Sikhs is not more than 500,000. They require attention; first, because of their manliness of character, so that they frankly avow their convictions, and, if brought under the influence of Christianity, appear well adapted to supply a valuable native agency; and, secondly, because Sikhism is dying out. The British conquest broke the power, not only of the Sikh rule, but of the Sikh creed. Other religious systems are still vigorous enough to proselyte, and aware that the Sikh religion is dead, they come like vultures to feed upon the carcass. It is astonishing how many native itinerators are at work in the Manjha, diligently endeavouring to gain Sikhs over to some of the various forms of Hinduism. The old Sikhs are dying out; the new Sikhs initiated are but few; the children of Sikhs become Hindus. Thus they lapse back to their original root; for Sikhism rose out of Hinduism, and to this it is disposed to return. Precisely at such a juncture Christianity, in its Missionary action, is providentially introduced into the land, in order to prevent such an

\* See "Mullens' Ten Years in India," p. 93.



issue. As yet, however, little has been done. Two years ago, the Rev. W. Keene expressed, at the Punjab Missionary Conference, his conviction that at that time not more than sixty Sikhs had been baptized. The character of Sikh converts is thus stated by him—"They are docile, easily attached, out-spoken, and warm-hearted. They are not generally so quick and intelligent as the Mohammedan and Hindu converts, but they are pains-taking and anxious to learn." We must, then, awake to the importance of the crisis. It is an opportunity which will soon have passed away, requiring a strong Mission and energetic effort to use it while it lasts. The Sikhs present a glorious field of operation, and it is indeed surprising that from among the Christian men of England there are not more volunteers for this service.

Our staff of Missionaries at Umritsur is at present reduced to three, who, with such native help as they can obtain, are thus placed in the midst of a division comprising a population of 3,458,694, the city population *per se* being not less than 122,184. Within its limits, besides Umritsur and Lahore, there are 6 towns, containing more than 10,000 and less than 50,000 inhabitants; 11 containing more than 5000, and less than 10,000; 436 with more than 1000, and less than 5000; and besides these, 4273, containing less than 1000.

Besides Umritsur, another centre of operation amongst the Manjha Sikhs has been formed at Narowal, some few miles distant from the capital. Here, residing in their own homes, there is a little flock of Christians, of some position among their countrymen. A native catechist, Paulus, is at present in charge, but a Missionary bungalow has been erected, and we hope soon to hear of its being occupied by a European Missionary.

For so extensive a sphere of labour, and with so few Missionaries, but one mode of operation is available—that of itineration; and perhaps it is well that we are forced away from centralization, and constrained to adopt this, for it is the most effectual. Mr. Keene and Mr. Brown have both been employed in this way, and we have their journals and reports before us, from which we would select some few extracts calculated to inform our readers as to the nature of the work, and thus draw forth interest and sympathy on behalf of those who, in these far-off lands, are bearing the heat and burden of the day. Perhaps, too, there might be some who, as they read, will feel it to be a personal reproach that there are so few in a field where so much may be done, and who will find it impossible to get rid of this feeling of self-reproach in any other way than by offering themselves for the work. We find Mr. Keene, shortly after the Lahore Conference, starting in itineration from Attari, a railway station mid-way between Lahore and Umritsur. This tour lasted forty-nine days. "Nine times," observes Mr. Keene, "I struck my tents, while my native brethren and myself visited 105 villages, sometimes on foot, generally on horseback, in the time specified." In the heart of the Manjha, surrounded by the villages of the Sikh Jats, he found himself welcomed by the various classes. Such was the preponderance of Sikhs, that, during the whole tour, only two Mohammedan villages were visited. At a village, Gidari Bhagyari, he found in a dharmasala an old fakir, whom he had met on a former occasion, and to whom he had given a copy of Barth's "Bible Stories" in Gurmukhee. This the old man had read through several times, and now he received a Gospel.

In the Punjab Conference, held two years ago, D. F. McLeod, Esq., C.B., suggested that attention should be particularly directed to the devotees and separatists that are to be met with throughout India. He referred to the fact that one of the members of the Conference had himself met with a sect which acknowledged and used the Bible as their book of devotion, and he expressed his conviction that there are scattered throughout Hindustan many such sects of separatists similarly disposed. He then proceeded to observe—"I have often been inclined to think that these sects, scattered through the plains, and the aboriginal races, scattered through the hills, may be intended by the



Almighty as nuclei, round which it will be for us to build up a really indigenous evangelization; and, until very lately, I believe neither of these classes have received the attention which both seem to me to deserve at our hands." . . . "I know of no class in India that seems to me so likely to afford men suitable for future pastors as the various tribes of religious devotees and separatists, who abound on all sides, especially those that have abandoned idolatry. Amongst these devotees, Mohammedan as well as Hindu, I believe two very different descriptions of votaries will be found; one, those who adopt the mendicant's garb, as a cloak for idleness and profligacy of every description; the other, men weary of the world, or disgusted with the priesthood and the absurdities of a false religion, and searching for something which shall give peace to their souls. To this last section belonged Nanak, Kabir, and other founders of sects professing various forms of Deism; and to the same appears to me to belong the Ramaya, now settled at Chakkia, under the auspices of the Sagra Missionaries."

Referring to the report of the Rev. J. M. Brown, we find that on one occasion, being unable, from the press of other engagements, to go out himself, he sent out two of his Christians on itineration.

Edward and Sadiq, two Christians, went out in December, returning in February. Unable to go myself on account of station duties, I sent out the two Christians I had then in my care. They returned with a good report, and I trust their work has not been unproductive of good, sent forth as it has

been in faith with prayer. They preached freely, no man hindering, and were heard gladly; going more than fifty miles distance from Umritsur, and returning by Narowal in time to attend the large yearly mela held there, having sold some rupees' worth of the Holy Scriptures and other religious books.

We find Mr. Brown on one occasion at Dehra Nanak, where the descendants of Nanak reside. Of his reception in this place he says—

*Feb. 13, 1865:* Dehra Nanak—People in my tent all day. During my stay I gave new books to all who could show any which they had received before. One showed me a large portion of the Bible in Gurmukhi, given by Colonel — many years ago. Some of the

people are anxious for an English school. The place is about thirty miles from Umritsur, in a straight line. Visitors crowding the catechist's tent all day. When here with Mr. Bruce, in the spring of 1861, the people could not be persuaded to buy a single book scarcely.

The Gurdaspore district had particularly attracted Mr. Brown's attention, and he was anxious to traverse it with itinerations. From Narowal, therefore, he advanced into the Shikargarh portion of it, accompanied by three native brethren, Elias, Sadiq, the second son of Paulus, the aged catechist at Narowal, and John.

The mode of proceeding is thus stated—

While it continued hot in the middle of the day I generally went to two or three villages in the morning, and two or three in the evening, and sent John and Sadiq together to two villages morning and evening. Returning to my camp this evening I found it all illuminated, it being the time of the Dewali mela—the favourite season for the Sikhs to make a pilgrimage to Umritsur. The Diwali is the festival of lamps. The pilgrimage to Umritsur this year threatened to be something more than common, if the reports which got about are to be relied on. Ram Singh, the leader

of the movement, was prevented from paying his respects to the Sikh temple, by being officially detained on the other side the river Bias, and several of his followers were well taken care of by the police till the festival was over. An incarnation from the east is expected to bring deliverance to the Sikhs, and the man alluded to above, according to the report of the Loodiana Mission, probably thought, since he bore the name of Ram Singh, that he must be the expected avatar.

The numbers who gathered round him at the different addresses may be collected from the following paragraph—



*Dec. 5*—Marched to Nyna Kot. The Gospel has frequently been preached at this place. It lies on the high road from Sealkote to the hills close to Trimmee Ghât, the spot where Nicholson, with his column, marching from Umritsur to Gurdaspore (forty-four miles) in one night, cut a large body of rebels to pieces. Round about this town there are villages in numbers. The people listened attentively in the bazaar. The village audiences now begin to be very large. Seldom less than sixty or a hundred come together, the chief part of their field work being over.

Mr. Brown then refers to some of the native itinerators, who, taking advantage of the relaxed state of the Sikh system, and the little hold it has upon its followers, are perambulating the country to make disciples—

*Dec. 31*—One of my native brethren met the Rattar Chattar Maulavi yesterday. He is well known round about, and has a very great name amongst the people. They were flocking in bands to pay their respects to him. His name is Imam ali Shah, and he lives near Baba naull ka Dehra, keeping open house, when at home, for all who like to come. To-day I met Bhagwan Das, of the Ram Das Math, or college, like Imam ali Shah, going from the village to visit, receiving the homage

*Dec. 8*—Marched to Iklaspur. This was our first halting-place last year, when commencing this village to village itineration. In the evening, at one of the villages, I had a very large congregation of full 150 men, women, and children, owing to a wedding-feast that was going on. I told them the parable of the prodigal son. Amongst the villages preached in the next day was Buqa. I recollect failing to reach it last year. About 200 people came together and heard what I had to say.

of his disciples, and their gifts; and two days afterwards another great man, whose name I have not noted, from Ramnagar, on the Chenab, who appeared very intelligent, taking my side against a Mussulman disputant. I have alluded to these to show that we are not the only aggressors, the only itinerators, even in this district, during the cold season. I have already alluded to Ram Singh and his new sect of followers.

We shall now run on with such extracts as we think embody points of interest—

*Jan. 6, 1864*: Gamraula—I have got back into the Shikargarh pergunnah to-day. At one of the villages a Lambardaress showed me no small politeness. I found afterwards that the Lambardar, her husband, was dead, and, in the absence of her son, she undertook to officiate, a more pleasant work than most widows in this country perform, and will continue to do so till the elevating and saving power of Christianity has rent the land in twain, severing living humanity from the shackles of a dark superstition and a living death. It was a new sight to see a woman holding my horse—a new sound to hear a woman arguing the question of salvation through the Saviour, acknowledging her guilt as a sinner, but also maintaining her confidence in Mohammed as a vicarious absolver.

*Jan. 9*—Marched to Fugwal. At one of the villages which I preached in to-day I had just mounted my horse, when a man came after me, and asked for a Gurmukhi book which contained any thing about Jesus. I replied, "How do you know that there are Gurmukhi books which speak about Jesus?" He answered, "At a certain village (Dynot) a man has got some." On reaching the village of Fugwal—a very small place, which I should not have gone to in preference to any

other, only I went to it last year, and it breaks the march better—I was at once beset with visitors. One man stayed with me several hours, showing me some Gurmukhi books he had got last year, and evincing a knowledge of their contents, well borne out by their worn appearance. He also brought his two brothers. These people turn out to be of the same caste as the man who asked for the Gurmukhi book. Their chief man's name is F—. He is of the weaver caste, and a Kabir Panthi. He and his brothers eat my bread. I have asked him to come with me and learn all about Christ, and afterwards to return and tell his disciples. His disciples are scattered over a great number of villages.

*Jan. 11*—In the direction of some of the villages where F—'s disciples live. At one of these a man seemed to listen very attentively. I asked him what he thought of Christ. The crowd said, "Take him with you;" and to him, "Go and be a Christian." He followed me about two miles to Dynot, where I found G—, the man with the Gurmukhi books, very ill. He showed me what he had, and said he had got them from one of the Sealkote brethren. This man believes in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour. I would fain hope, from what I have seen, that there is a movement going on amongst



the weaver Kabir Panthis round about, and amongst the Chamars.

*Jan. 13:* Tera—Met another Kabir Panthi. He came from a distant village for books. I told him the Lord's Prayer, and made him repeat it after me.

The Kabir Panthi's history Professor Wilson has given, in his work on the Hindus. Kabir was a weaver, said to have been found, when a child, floating on a lotus in a pond near Benares, by the wife of a weaver named Nima. He flourished about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and succeeded to the estates and doctrine of Ramanaud. Kabir's successor was Nana Shah. Hindus and Mussulmans alike claim him for a teacher, and vie in honouring the resting spot of his remains. It is no part of the religion of the followers (Kabir Panthi) of Kabir to worship any deity, or to observe any rights or ceremonies. They render their homage chiefly in chanting hymns, exclusively to the invisible Kabir. They admit but one God, the creator of the world; and, in opposition to the Vedanta notions of the absence of every quality and form, they assert that he has a body formed of the five elements of matter, and that he has a mind endowed with the three gunas, or qualities of being. Of course, of infallible purity and irresistible power, he is free from the defects of human nature, and can assume what particular shape he will: in all other respects he does not differ from man, and the pure man, the Sadh of the Kabir sect, is his living resemblance. The essence of all religion is to know Kabir in his real form.

The Kabir Panthis, whom I have met, seem very simple and well-disposed. I could have wished to leave a Christian amongst them, but have none to spare.

*Jan. 18:*—Marched to Bambiyal in the Pathankot Tehsil. In leaving the Shikargarh pergunnah I find that, through the good providence of God, we have been able to reach 491 villages in that thickly-populated district. My map exhibits sixty-one which we did not reach. We have missed some we preached in last year, while others missed then have been reached now. This gives 552 villages in all. I am told, however, that there are 739 in the district. I cannot help thinking there is an error in the calculation. I know almost every foot of ground contained in its 500 square miles of surface, and am able to see from the map each village we preached in. Our reception has, on the whole, been very favourable, and we may hope, under the divine blessing, for good and blessed results.

*Jan. 19:*—The pergunnah we are passing through is not a large one. Being situated

near the foot of the hill, and on lower ground than Shikargarh, it is full of rivers and nullahs, and the people lie in scattered, thinly (apparently so) populated hamlets, and are eminently stupid, even when making every allowance for my own inaptitude at speaking and understanding their tongue.

*Jan. 20:*—Marched to Ragubili towards Umritsur, working down the hither side of the Ravee to several small villages in the morning, and to others in the evening. At one of these latter ones (Ghila Chuh) I found myself able to speak very fluently, and not at all tired or weary in proclaiming the word of my blessed Lord and Master to-day. The people in this last village were extremely attentive (chiefly Sikhs), one of whom was almost persuaded to return with me.

*Jan. 23:*—Marched yesterday and to-day. Encamped at Dostpur. Spent Sunday at Dostpur: went to three villages in the afternoon, all within a mile of my tent; and as it will give an illustration of my plan of working, I will here relate what occurred. At the first I sent my salaam, as usual, to the Lambardar, or headman, and having found out the dharm-sala where the people collect, asked for a charpoy, or bedstead, and sat down under the shade of the village pepul-tree. In about ten minutes I had got a good congregation—between twenty and thirty persons—one of them evincing, as is generally the case, more intelligence than the rest, and evidently appearing more anxious too. I had spoken for about half an hour, and arose to go. The people, however, requested me to stay longer. The man alluded to said the people were very hard of understanding, and that I had better stay a week or so, and then some impression might be made on them. In about another half hour I got up to go again. They still wished me to remain: this I said I could not do, as an east wind had begun to blow, and I should get ill. They then assisted me to the village hut close by, and we all went in, and sat down there for a long time. The native brethren with me mark a very friendly feeling in the villages (Gurdaspore Pergunnah) we are now visiting. I asked the man in the first village to-day if he would come and be my guest, and learn about Jesus, in order to be able to tell the village people, since I could not well stay so long as ten days at his village. Dostpur is about forty miles from Umritsur.

*Feb. 10:*—We are now itinerating in the Gurdaspore Pergunnah, and marching along a line parallel almost to the route we followed when leaving the Shikargarh district for Umritsur. This time towards the hills again, and we are in the very heart of Sikh hamlets.



*Feb. 18*—Marched to Lakhawal. At one of the villages to-day I met a respectable man, who said he had several books, obtained some years before at Gurdaspore. He came to my tent in the evening, bringing some of them. I gave him others.

*Feb. 29*—At Gunja, a village on my way, the good people requested me to remain longer, which I did, and they gave me a rupee: this, having touched it as usual, I requested the Lambardar to remove; but he said, "No, you are a padre, and it is right that padres should be cared for by us." And, after a long talk, finding I could not refuse their gift, I took the rupee, saying that I would distribute it in alms. At a village in the afternoon I met two respectable Sikhs, who were shortly joined by a Nanak padre on an itinerating tour. He had come from Umritsur, and knew about the Saviour, having often heard the word preached in the bazaars, naming Mr. Keene as the Missionary he knew, and mentioning a favourite preaching spot and resort of his. He endeavoured to maintain some long and foolish arguments, and afterwards followed me to another village, when I got him to tell the people what I had already said to him. I afterwards invited him to come and live with me, and be a padre of Jesus Christ. "We are both padres: live in my tent, and eat my salt, and ride my horse, and go with me every day to tell the people about the Lord Jesus Christ." Of course he promised to do so. Not yet, however, not yet: it is too soon to expect to have a half-naked mendicant, with a great coronet of plaited hair, riding side by side with one, and preaching Jesus. Still fakirs have the real Missionary element within them, and I am only happy to bow to the long experience and sage council of our beloved Financial Commissioner, in his Essay on a Native Pastorate, read at the Lahore Conference in 1862-63, when pointing them out as the class from which we may hope and long for our evangelists and pastors. For we must not be led away by the view that they are all of them most wicked and depraved. Doubtless it is the case with a great majority, but there are many really in earnest after the one and the true, the real and the unseen, and the heavenly and undefiled. Oh that they might find the Lord Jesus Christ to be the way, the truth, and the life! I have omitted to mention, in its proper place, that an inquirer from Suhba Singh ka Qila, one march from Narowal, joined me at the beginning of the month. He appears very anxious to learn, and very willing to do any work that I may have. He has left his mother at Umritsur, and is himself a shawlmaker

by trade, a Mussulman by religion, and a partial Cashmeree in tongue.

*March 10*—To Undouri, a large Hindu town in the Kangra district, which I visited two years ago. The people remembered my visit, and one brought me a book I had given him. Another told me I had given him a book about Jesus, which was very good, and it also told him the right way to live. The people did not flock so much to my preaching, but the boys were very attentive. It being a holiday at the school, I got into a portion of a temple, and made them all sit round about while I spoke. In the evening to Mirthal bazar. One man did his best to stop my preaching, and partially succeeded. He turned out to be the school moulwee.\* We have now left the Pathantot Pergunnah. It extends over a surface of 167 square miles. We have preached in nearly every village. I am now marching down the Gurdaspore district, which lies between the Bias and the high road. Spent Sunday at Sirkia, going in the morning to a village where there was a math. I called on the Mohant, but he was away. His followers showed me no small kindness, and offered to put me up when I came that way again. I preached to them in the court-yard of the math, and gave them some books.

*March 14*—Hitherto the native brethren have worked heartily, readily, and willingly: in truth they are getting strong on the whole, and seem to take a real and lively interest in it. Paulus, who is always ailing at Narowal, confesses that his bodily strength has been wonderfully renewed, and finds no difficulty in preaching in four villages daily, which generally includes seven or eight miles riding; and sometimes, when I go off in an evening on foot he comes after me.

*March 16*—Reached Kanowar. Sent Edward and Sadiq off in a slightly different direction. They were absent four days. This is my third visit here. I found the Brahmin, Hai Dyal, to whom I had lent a Hindu Testament last year. He had been reading it, and knew a great deal of its contents. He said that he understood the Gospel, and believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. He had been making inquiries for me whenever he met any Sahib. I had a large congregation in the bazaar. Hai Dyal offered to accompany me, having influence with the people, and to show me how willingly they received the truth of the book which I had given him. One evening he took me in his pant, on a

\* This class of men are the chief disputants and principal opposers of the Missionary.—(Ed.)



jhil close by, and we conversed together about the Redeemer. He is one of those who seem not far from the kingdom of God. I promised to send him a Satmat Nirapan, which I have since done. In connexion with my visit to Kanowar two years ago, I may mention that, while at Sakia, a bricklayer came to me for some Punjabee books. He said I had given him the Psalms in Punjabee at that time, and he and his family read a portion of them daily.

*March 23*—On my road to Sugovindpur two villages were inhabited by Sikhs. At the first of these (Kathan) one of the men went some way with me, conversing as we went, and said, "I believe, as you say, that Jesus is the Son of God, and that I must believe in Him, and seek to have repentance for my sins." I made him repeat the Lord's Prayer, and promise to worship the Saviour. At a second village the Lambardar offered to accompany me to a third, whose headman was very sick. It is a mark of these people that they are always ready to let you know when any one is sick. I found the sick Lambardar under the treatment of a native doctor. A fine lot of Sikhs came together. I told them, as I had often told others, that my own impression, from reading the life of Nanak, is, that if he had lived now, and heard as much as they did of the Lord Jesus Christ, he would at once believe, and therefore it was their duty to do so too. Arrived at Sugovindpur about eleven o'clock, having started at sunrise. Ganga Rawi, the old Brahmin alluded to in the last report, is still alive. He called on me in the course of the day. Other people from this city tell me that he wishes to receive the Saviour. He stayed with me continually till we left. I pray the Lord Jesus to draw him unto Himself. If spared to lie down and die quietly on his bed, I should not be at all surprised by his sending to be baptized. Many called to see me—old acquaintances—expressing their joy. I would fain hope and earnestly pray the Lord would begin a work in this place, the people are so evidently well disposed to hear the word.

*May 4*—In bringing these journal extracts to a conclusion, I am further conscious how little they contain of an exciting nature: no wonderful deliverances, no providential escapes, and no extraordinary exploits; nothing of the romance of Missionary labours; and many will say, on perusing them, very little to encourage. They contain enough, however, of material which, if worked by a better hand, might be interesting to those who love so much to hear what Missionary

labourers are doing in various parts of the Mission field. As a simple record of an attempt to carry out the late lamented and beloved Ragland's plan of working, they may not, to some extent at least, be of an unattractive nature.

And, 1. I would notice, that with all the trouble and labour of continual marches, my native brethren, Paulus, Edward, (catechists), and Sadiq, Daniel, John, Nazrat, Allah (readers), have striven to work willingly as unto the Lord. What with striking our tents in the early cold morning, then preaching, and often arriving after all before our baggage, and getting no food till late in the day, they have never complained to me.

As often as possible they went two and two, which is much the best plan, as one helps the other.

Every morning and evening we had service: and while my tent was open at all times for them to come and read, or ask questions, yet my teaching was chiefly at the morning and evening services. In the mornings we have gone through the Psalms, with Mr. Owen's, of Allahabad, Commentary. They have lasted the whole journey. In the evenings I have taken them through St. Matthew's Gospel. I am in hopes that each of them can give a satisfactory answer to any Mussulman respecting it. This Gospel sufficed for our evening expositions. On Sundays I have taken St. John's Gospel, and we have got to the end of the eleventh chapter. It has thus been my object to keep up a sort of Scripture class in camp; and though it has required preparation and study, it has been of equal benefit to myself.

2. For the first two months I had a Christian colporteur with me. I am sorry not to have kept an account of the number of books parted with, but the total sum received has been about ten rupees. Of course a large number was distributed gratis, and to all who could show any which they had received on any former occasion.

3. When time allowed it I made a point of sending for or going to the village school, and, after a short examination, to give them books.

4. My plan, when reaching any village, has been to send a salaam to the Lambardar, or headman, or to find out his house, and then adjourn with him to the village dharmasala, or gati, a pepul-tree, or musjid, and then wait for the people to collect. My seat has more frequently been the root of a tree or straw matting, unless the villagers brought a charpoy (bedstead). The people seemed always glad to welcome me, though an utter stranger, in the majority of cases.



5. The avidity with which the people receive and read our books is remarkable. A large number were sold or otherwise disposed of. We realized ten rupees during the itine-

ration from this source. I really think that they value the books. Our thanks are indeed due to the Loodiana Mission.

Such is a specimen of the itineration which is going forward in the Punjab. It is as yet but the sowing time; but how important this, for the divine seed is incorruptible, and, if the sowing precede, the harvest in God's time will surely follow. But how marvellous is it not that the vast territory of the Punjab should thus be open to the labours of Christian Missionaries, and that they can itinerate amongst its population, not only with safety, but with a welcome. And how many are there not that appear to be thoughtful, inquiring, buying Christian books, reading them in private, and able to produce them on the next visit to the Missionary, whole, but well used. We see why England has been permitted so extensive an empire. Where English rule prevails, there is room for the entrance of the Gospel. To our Missionaries in the Punjab we would apply the words of the prophet—Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass!"

#### OUR MISSION IN VOHIMARE, MADAGASCAR.

WHEN British Columbia was discovered to be a gold-producing country it began forthwith to be diligently explored, and journeys were made into the interior with much difficulty, and no slight amount of danger, in order to ascertain its capabilities, and the places where the industry of the miner was most likely to be repaid.

Many of these explorations have been published, and, no doubt, have been perused with much attention by those who were interested in that particular matter on which they were intended to throw light.

We enter new Mission fields in search of that which is more precious than gold. We seek to rescue immortal souls from the degradation of sin, in which they have been lying, and to present them to the Lord, that in them He may be glorified. But, like the miner, we must explore, in order that we may understand how we may set to work with most prospect of success. We have to acquaint ourselves with the people, their character, superstitions, prejudices, habits. We must ascertain how the gold lies, whether imbedded in the quartz, or deposited on the bars of the rivers; whether the return will be eventually rich, although requiring the expenditure of much previous labour, or whether it be only surface gold, easily obtained, but likely to be soon exhausted. With some races the Missionary process is slow, with others there is more rapid development. Thus we must also have our explorations and prospectings.

Such we conceive to be the position of our two Missionaries on the north-east coast of Madagascar. They are, so to speak, prospecting—examining the country and its people, and endeavouring to ascertain where and how they may, with most prospect of success, settle down to Missionary work. In this initiative state of things their journals surely will be as interesting to us as reports of exploring parties to gold speculators; and therefore we publish them as they arrive. We shall thus best excite interest on behalf of Madagascar and its people, and obtain for our Missionaries that support of earnest prayer which is a felt thing with them in a distant land. The annexed journal is by Mr. Campbell—

Nov. 17, 1864—In the evening I attended the Governor's dinner, which was served up at half-past six o'clock. Covers were laid for twenty persons, and that number sat down.

There were sixteen men and four women—the Governor's wife, and three others. The plates were nicely arranged, with a glass, knife and fork, and spoon, beside each. There



were several bottles of beer, claret, and rum arranged along the middle of the table, and four candlesticks. There were two long bottles, which were placed upon plates to prevent the grease from spoiling the table-cloth. The first dish was soup, then beefsteak; afterwards roast beef; next, curry and rice; then stewed fowls; and, lastly, cutlets. As I was pretty hungry I enjoyed a little of each of these dishes. Before dinner and after it there was a toast drunk to the Queen of Madagascar. It was drunk with the greatest solemnity, while the troops outside presented arms at the word of command from one of the officers, who bawled out to them from the dinner table. The other toasts drunk were, "The Governor and his wife," "Captain Rosalie, of the 'King Radama,'" and "The two Missionaries." The toast-drinking was not such an extensive business as it is at home, as one small bottle of beer was quite enough for eight or ten persons, and the same might be said of the claret. The Governor is a very abstemious person, and drinks scarcely any thing but water. Mr. Maundrell and I were placed by the Governor at his right hand, while the captain of the "King Radama" and a French gentleman were placed at his left. During the whole time we were sitting at dinner the band strummed away outside, and I felt it to be the greatest relief imaginable when the fiddlers stopped for a moment to rosin their bows. At nine o'clock the Governor suggested that it was time to retire, which we did, after spending a very pleasant evening.

*Nov. 18*—Engaged in writing letters, and making preparations for living as comfortably as possible in our new home, as the "King Radama" leaves in the morning, and we shall be obliged to look after ourselves when she goes.

*Nov. 19*—The Governor sent for us this morning in order to bid us good bye. He also visited us as he passed our house, the soldiers drawing up before the door. He goes to prepare a house for us at Amboanio, and will send for us and our baggage in three or four days. In the evening I visited a number of houses, reading to the people the word of God, and striving to explain it: they listened with great attention, and thanked me greatly for my visit. I paid a visit to the Romish catechist, and found him reading the Malagasy Testament which I gave him the other day. He seems to love it, and used one of the strongest words in the language to express his delight at having it. He promised to come to our service to-morrow. May the reading of the word of God lead him out of the mazes of Romanism into the freedom of the religion of Jesus Christ!

*Nov. 20: Lord's-day*—Our first Sunday, I may say, in Madagascar, for although we were here last Sunday, yet we had no house, and were living on board ship. At eleven A.M. I sent my servant round to inform the people that there would be a service in our house at twelve o'clock noon. At that hour about twenty-four women, six men, and a number of children, came, and seated themselves very quietly upon the floor. We had a regular Church-of-England service in Malagasy. Mr. Maundrell read a portion of the morning service and the Litany in his surplice, while I preached in my gown. We began with a hymn: Charles Le Bon and I responded, as the people had no Prayer-books, nor could they have read them if they had had them. I lent the Romish catechist a Prayer-book, and set him beside Charles: he joined in the service, and expressed himself much pleased. He told me that he should like some instruction from me, which I promised to give him daily. Who knows whether this man may not do a great work among his countrymen when he returns to Nossibé. As I did not feel competent to preach a regular sermon in Malagasy, and as I did not wish to be stumbling and stuttering, I thought that the best thing I could do would be to give them Christ's Sermon on the Mount, which was listened to with as much attention as if they had been used to such things. I interspersed a few remarks in the course of my reading, and tried to illustrate the sayings of Christ by something which was familiar to them. We have reason to be thankful to God for this beginning of his work.

In the afternoon I sat down in our verandah, and seeing two men sitting at the door of a house opposite, I called them, and read Revelation xxi., about the new Jerusalem. Before I had finished, half a dozen persons were round me. I spoke to them for about half an hour, and then retired, leaving them to think about what I had said to them. In the evening I visited several houses, and read and spoke to the people. In one house I found half a dozen young men, and read to them Matthew ii., concerning the birth of Christ. One of them, who sat by me, repeated and explained to his fellows every word that I said. They were pleased when I told them that I had left home, friends, and country, for the sole purpose of preaching Jesus to the people of Madagascar. It is my firm belief that this people will yet be brought to a knowledge of Christ. May the Lord hasten that glorious time!

After dinner Mr. Maundrell and I sang some Missionary hymns, which reminded us of our Sunday evenings at dear old Islington,



As we sang my favourite, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," I thought of poor Madagascar.

Nov. 21—Rose early this morning, and about the first thing that I saw was the Romish catechist sitting at his door reading his Malagasy Testament. This seems to be almost his constant occupation since he received it. He came to me for instruction, and I spoke to him for an hour and a half on the commandments, drawing his particular attention to the second, which I showed him was omitted in his catechism. I explained to him the reason of this, which appeared to satisfy him. I also spoke to him on saint-worship and Mariolatry, and caused him to read to me Revelation xxii. 8, 9, at which he was quite astonished. I told him that the priest at Nossibé would burn his Testament, as the Romish Church does not like it, because it exposes her own departure from its doctrines. He replied "that he would guard it jealously, and keep it safely in his box; and that he would read it night and morning to his wife and friends."

In the afternoon and evening I visited, as usual, a number of houses. The people always listen most attentively, and I hardly ever fail to find one person at least who repeats and explains every thing that I say.

In my walk I met with two Sakalava fishermen, who were arranging their canoe, in order that it might be ready to start early in the morning. I saw one of them mixing something, and asked him what it was. He replied, *fanafody*, "medicine." Having asked him what it was made of, he said, "sand," and showed me how he made it. He had a small piece of sandstone, which he scraped with a piece of iron, mixing the scrapings with a little water, until he had made it into a paste on the stone. Then, taking his forefinger, he dipped into the paste, putting some on the forehead, temples, and neck of his companion; then, holding forth the stone, the man whom he had anointed licked off some of the paste, and swallowed it. The remainder he put upon the bows of his canoe and on his spears. I asked him why he did it, and he told me that it was to enable him to catch many fish. He showed me other things about his canoe which he called medicine—little pieces of wood, bones, and beads strung together, not very unlike the old rags and rotten bones which the Church of Rome calls relics. I told the man that his boat did not require these things, as it could not be sick like a man. He laughed at this, and took all my remarks in good part.

May this people soon be led from their vain superstitions by the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ!

Nov. 22—This morning I gave a Sakalava, who is able to read, a New Testament, on condition that he would give me a Romish book he has in exchange for it. I told him that the book which he had contained many falsehoods, but that the contents of the Bible were written by God, and that, therefore, every word of it was true. I have been studying the language the greater part of the morning, and visiting in the evening. The people are always pleased to see me, except perhaps the little children, some of whom cry tremendously, and run away, hiding their faces in their mother's lambas. If I happen to touch one of these fearful ones, they yell, as if my hand were a red-hot poker.

Some time ago, the Sakalavas stole about forty bullocks from some of the people who live here, about thirty of which, I have been told, belonged to the woman from whom we have rented our house. Her bullocks were found yesterday in the forest, and brought home to her. She is now living in a house opposite to ours. This evening about forty or fifty women came before her door, and began singing lustily and clapping their hands, the noise of their hands keeping time with their voices. They stood in this way for about an hour, and then sat down, when rum was served out to them by the mistress of the house. They seemed to relish this after their singing, and sang for about half an hour longer; then, rising up, they went to the enclosure where the bullocks are kept, and sang there for a short time; after which they dispersed. They came, according to the custom of the country, to rejoice with their neighbour, who had found that which she had lost. It reminded me forcibly of the parables of the lost sheep and the lost piece of money.

I gave the Romish catechist, whose name is Jean Louis, a lesson on Christian doctrine to-day. He is not the only gainer by these lessons, as he is well up in Sakalava and the other Malagasy dialects, and I get him to give me the Sakalava equivalents for Hova words. The Sakalava dialect is as different from the Hova as is that of the *patois* of Yorkshire from the language of the best society in London. Jean Louis tells me that he is afraid that his superior, the Père of Nossibé, will be displeased with him, because he has made no converts since he came here. If he should be displeased with him he says that he will return here again, as his mother is in this place. He also told us that he never saw the whole New Testament until I gave him one, and the French priests only gave the people little bits of it, and kept back the best part.

Nov. 23—Studying the language during the



earlier part of the day, and in the afternoon had a long conversation with Jean Louis. I gave him a good deal of instruction in doctrine, and marked with a pencil in his Malagasy Testament a great number of texts, which strike at the very roots of the Romish system. I got him to read them to me; after which I read and explained them fully, showing him how antagonistic to the word of God were the doctrines and practices of Romanism. Though a comparatively young man, he has seen a good deal of the world. He has been at each of the Comoro islands, at Seychelles and Mozambique, as well as at St. Mary's and other places about Madagascar. We have just heard that we are to start for Amboanio in the morning. "Lord, make our way plain before our faces!"

Nov. 24—Began very early this morning to make preparations for our departure for Amboanio. At six A.M. a number of men came to carry our luggage; and, as it had not been packed, we had to begin at once and pack up what we really wanted, leaving the heaviest of our things behind us, and a servant to look after them. Twenty men carried what we wanted, besides eight more for our filanzanas. We started, without breakfast, at nine A.M., and were jogged along for about an hour, when our bearers rested under a tree, where we ate a biscuit and a piece of cold meat, which we had brought with us. We were then carried along till we came to a Frenchman's, called Guinet, which we reached at eleven A.M. As he had heard that we were coming, he had a good breakfast spread out for us on a mat, under the shade of a tree. As we were hungry, we did justice to his oysters and his curry. When we had finished we rested in his hut till nearly two P.M., when we pushed on to our destination. We had to cross a broad and, apparently, deep river, called Mauambery, and there we found a canoe, which brought us all over in a very short time. We went on for about half an hour after crossing the river; and when we reached the brow of a high hill, Amboanio burst on our view. It is built upon the top of a little hill, and is not unlike pictures of Antananarivo which I have seen, only on a very small scale. When we got near the town four officers met us, and bade us welcome, after which we pushed on, and were carried to the door of our house. It is a fine house of the kind, built entirely of raffia. It has only one room, about thirty feet long by about eighteen broad, with one door, and three small windows, *i.e.* holes in the sides of the house, with shutters to fill them up. It pleases us very much, and will do for us well until we can get a better one. The Governor's wife and several others came to bid us welcome, and also to

tell us that His Excellency would be with us shortly. In about an hour he appeared, accompanied by about twenty soldiers, and as many officers, preceded by a fiddle and drum band. The soldiers presented arms, while the band struck up "God save the Queen," at which the Governor and officers took off their hats. When I heard our own national anthem played in this distant land my heart almost danced with joy. I of course took off my hat; but it was our own Victoria—whom may God preserve!—that I was thinking about all the time. After the usual salutations the Governor and all his officers came into our house, and sat and talked with us for about two hours, during which time the band played *sans cesse*. When the officers left, the Governor, his wife, and the other Christians, remained behind. They had provided dinner for us, which was soon served up. Eight soldiers guarded the house while the Governor was in it—two at the door and two at each window—with guns and bayonets crossed. This is always done when the Governor enters a house. For so far we are well pleased; but we do not yet know whether we shall be permitted to remain here, as the Hovas must hear from Antananarivo before they can permit it.

The country through which we passed this morning was really beautiful. For about three miles the whole of the country to our left was a forest of large trees, while that to the right was hill and dale, covered with grass, upon which immense herds of cattle were grazing. It still reminded me of home scenery: it was altogether English. I saw nothing to make me think that I was not in England, except the black backs and curly hair of my bearers. There are none of those unhealthy swamps here which are so numerous on the coast in the southern part of the island. We only saw one lake of any consequence, which our bearers told us was *Rano Zanahary*, "Water of God," and that it was a kind of medicine. As soon as we had passed the trees on our left, the sea appeared, and we went almost parallel with it for about four miles. From this to Manambery, a distance of about three miles, the country was almost devoid of trees, but still beautiful. When we got up to the top of a hill, and looked back, the hills, mountains, valleys, and sea looked charming: my pen is quite unable to describe it. After crossing the river we had to ascend a pretty steep hill, after which we had a comparatively level road till we got to Amboanio.

It was my first ride, and I enjoyed it much. It was made of two pieces of wood, like shafts, with a piece of canvas fastened to each, upon which I sat. There was also a small piece of



wood tied to the shafts with a cord, which made a kind of stirrup to put my feet on. I was very proud of my bearers, as they had carried Radama II. They sang, and ran along at a nice trot, which kept me laughing almost till I got to my destination. When they came to a sandy place, they cried out that it burned, and ran along quickly, until they got out of it. I felt it needful at times to be careful, as there was danger of being thrown upon the ground; but my bearers were as sure-footed as mules.

Nov. 25—Numbers of people called to visit us this morning, and we were obliged to talk with them for hours. This will help us much in the acquisition of the language, as we must listen to them, and answer all their inquiries. The Governor, having much business with his officers, was unable to visit us till late in the day; but he sent his wife to us in the morning, and she remained the greater part of the day, and saw that our dinner was properly cooked. In the afternoon the Governor came, with his officers, soldiers, and band. They called us out, and presented us with a fat little ox, in the name of Rasoherina Mpanjaka, for which we gave them our hearty *velomas*, "thanks."

The Governor, his wife, and four officers, dined with us, and His Excellency, at my suggestion, said grace, in Malagasy, in a most solemn and impressive manner.

We are not yet certain of being permitted to remain here, as the Hovas are very jealous of foreigners, especially Frenchmen. They are to hold a "kabary" on the subject to-morrow. May their conclusion be the right one!

Nov. 26—The officers, or "Manamboniahitra," as they are called, were engaged all day in debating the question, "Whether the two Missionaries should remain here, or at Hairana, until the messengers which are being sent should return from Antananarivo?" We know not yet to what conclusion they have come; but we are inclined to think that we shall be permitted to remain where we are. We know that the Governor and one or two officers are our staunch friends; but if even one should obstinately refuse to sanction our remaining here, the chances are against us. The Governor sent a messenger to us this morning, requesting that, when he and the officers came, we should ask their permission to remain here for the present. I asked the officer, or aide-de-camp, what I should say to them, and wrote down with a pencil all that he told me; and when they came I read it out to them. They seemed perfectly satisfied, and nodded assent to every word, and when I had concluded, they shook hands with Mr. Maundrell and me, and went

off to finish their deliberations. I am now under the impression that the best thing we could have done would have been to go to the capital first, and get permission from the queen to go wherever we pleased. It would have saved us from much present annoyance, and perhaps future also, for aught we know. We may have difficulty in getting ground to build houses, schools, and churches, when we want them, and unless a very satisfactory answer comes from the capital, one of us may have to go there yet.

The Governor, to show his respect for us, treated us to a Malagasy dance. In the afternoon he, and all his officers and guard, came, accompanied by nearly a hundred women, and almost the same number of men. They were all dressed in their holiday attire; and the different colours of their lambas had a very pleasing effect. They danced on the level ground opposite our house. In the first dance there were twenty women, in four rows of five each. They hardly moved their bodies, and only their feet very slightly: the chief motion was made by their hands. I had some difficulty in suppressing my laughter, but I succeeded, however. In the next dance there were twenty men and twenty women: they each had a pocket-handkerchief, with which they coupled themselves by one holding the end of that of the other, and with which they manœuvred in a very nice way. After this there were several other dances of a somewhat similar kind. Though I am, on the whole, opposed to dancing, yet I saw nothing objectionable in the spectacle which I have seen to-day.

In the evening we had a great dinner given to us; and as we are not permitted at present to enter the battery, it was served up in our house, or, I should say, in the house which the Governor has kindly lent us, until such time as he hears from the capital, when we hope to be permitted to build one for ourselves; and then we shall ask him to give us our present house for a school. As the dinner was a *fac-simile* of the one given to us at Hairana, it needs no description.

Nov. 27: *Lord's-day*—Almost as soon as we opened our door this morning the people came flocking in to us. One man, who came late last night to be taught reading, was about the first here this morning. I told him, if he came to me daily I should teach him; but, as this was Sunday, I could not begin to-day. He wished me to read to him. I complied with his request; but before I had finished reading about a dozen men were crowded around me, to whom I spoke for some time. One man I found was able to read well, and I therefore promised him a prayer-book.



We had no regular church service to-day; and I question whether we shall be able to have one for some time to come, as the Governor is afraid to take any decisive step until he hears from Queen Rasoherina.

The Governor came to us at about two o'clock, and remained with us till seven in the evening. The greater part of this time we sang hymns and chants, the string band leading us. Occasionally Mr. Maundrell electrified the natives by his performances on the harmonium. The only part of the church service which we had to-day was the Litany, to which the Governor, and all who were able to read, responded. His Excellency expressed his admiration of this part of our service.

We had a very long conversation with him on Acts xv. 29. He wished to know why Christians were to "abstain from things strangled, and from blood," especially the latter. We endeavoured to explain it to him by references to other parts of the Scriptures, especially 1 Cor. x., and also by telling him something of the characteristics of the ancient idolatries. It was a difficult business to explain all this in Malagasy; but I believe we succeeded in satisfying him. In speaking of the "Pilgrim's Progress," he told us that that book was the means of leading him to Christ. I was much pleased at hearing this, as I am much indebted to the same book for my own conversion to God.

Before we separated the Governor proposed that we should have prayer. I requested him to pray, and told him that I should conclude with the Lord's Prayer. He knelt down, and prayed in a most solemn manner before all his soldiers and attendants.

Nov. 28.—The Manamboninahitra came to us this morning, and informed us that we might remain here until the messengers returned from the capital. As the greater part of our baggage is at Hiarana, Mr. Maundrell went down to see it packed, and will return to-morrow. I visited to-day most of the houses on one side of the town, and the people were pleased with the visit of the *Vazaha*, "European." I read and spoke to them a good deal, and came home very tired. After dinner the Governor's wife came, and brought me some little insects, which, she said, were good for eating. I had them cooked at once, and found them very nice. I did not much like their ugly appearance; but, when I tasted them, I forgot all about that.

She asked me to teach her to read, which I promised to do with pleasure. When she left, knowing that I was alone, she sent her minstrels to keep me company, and they played to me for about an hour, when I told them they might go. The Lord seems to be

making our way plainer than it has been hitherto, although we shall not be able to do as much as we should like till the messengers return from Antananarivo.

Nov. 29.—Visited many houses, and conversed much with the people to-day. I had a long visit myself also from the Governor and his wife. He showed me the letter which he had written to the Queen, requesting her permission to allow us to live here, and go wherever we please to preach the Gospel, and teach the people. It was signed by himself, the Manamboninahitra, and the chief judge. I gave the chief judge, whose name is Fojia, a New Testament some time ago, and I find that he reads it daily. Several of those who came to us to-day were much pleased when I told them that Matthew x. 28, "Fear not them which kill the body," &c., was a great comfort to the persecuted Christians in the days of Ranavalona. They read and repeated it often enough to have it by heart. One man drew my particular attention to Romans viii. from the 31st verse to the end. He appeared to think much of these precious verses. I was reminded at the same time of the words of an old Christian woman about this same chapter. "Oh," she said, "I love the 8th chapter of the Romans, for it begins with no condemnation, and ends with no separation."

Nov. 30.—Had a most wonderful visit from the Governor and his wife to-day. They came before breakfast at 9 A.M., and did not leave till 8 o'clock P.M. I gave the Governor's wife her first lesson, which lasted for about three hours. I also had a good deal of conversation with the Governor himself, and with those who came to visit us. The Governor himself once knew a little English, but he has forgotten it; and he will much appreciate any lessons that we may be able to give him in that language. I stole out in the afternoon for about an hour, and visited a number of houses, and tried to teach the people a few simple truths, such as are taught to infant-school children at home. May the Lord open the hearts of this people to receive his own word!

Dec. 1.—Visited for about four or five hours to-day the houses of the Sakalavas. They appear to be really a fine race, and many of them are anxious to learn. It is my earnest desire that this people should know the Gospel. They are perhaps the most numerous tribe in the whole country—almost twice as numerous as the Hovas. They are fine, tall, well-made fellows, and very brave. They might be called the Saxons of Madagascar, while the Hovas might be properly termed the Normans. If several of the Sakalavas were really converted and



sent among their own people, blessed results might follow. I shall always keep this prominently in my mind while I am here. I hope to master the Sakalava dialect, and then itinerate amongst them. In all the houses which I visited to-day I received a hearty welcome: the people thanked me for my visit, and wished me to come to them again. The Governor's wife had her lesson to-day. She is a very good pupil. I believe she will be able to read in about a month, and, if so, I shall try and get her to teach some other women. She has not much to do during the day, and I think she could not be better employed than in teaching her own country women.

*Dec. 2*—The messengers from the Governor start for Antananarivo shortly. I sent three letters to inform some of those in authority there that we intend commencing Missionary operations in this place. I sent one to each of the ambassadors who went to England, and who saw me at Mauritius on their way thither. I also sent one to Mr. Ellis, as he is likely to be asked who or what we are. As I have seen long since, we shall be crippled in our work until we get news from the Queen of Madagascar.

I visited the bazaar to-day, and read and spoke to about twenty people for three-quarters of an hour. They listened most attentively the whole time. I read to them a little Malagasy catechism, on some of the most simple truths of Christianity. I promised to visit them again and again, and was told I should be most welcome.

*Dec. 4: Lord's-day*—Had a very happy time at home to-day. The Governor and his wife visited us at a very early hour, and remained with us the whole of the day. As we shall not be able to have a regular service for three or four months, we must content ourselves by doing all the good we can under our present circumstances. This may be a good preparation for our future work, as we shall get well acquainted with our Malagasy prayer-book before we are called upon to use it in a regular full service. We shall make all who are able to read acquainted with the responses, and then, when we have a church, we shall have a small congregation prepared to respond. By visiting the people, and encouraging them to visit us, we get a good insight into their character. This will enable us to manage the different races, and break down any prejudices that may exist among them.

The Governor wished to-day to have Luke xvi. 9, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," &c., explained to him. Both Mr. Maundrell and I gave him

our opinions upon it, and he appeared to think that we were right. He seems very anxious at times to have knotty points discussed: I believe he does it solely to get information.

We had six or eight persons in our house the greater part of to-day. We began our little service by my giving out a hymn, after which I read the first lesson for the day—Isaiah v. Mr. Maundrell then prayed the Litany, and those who had books, and were able to read, responded. This being finished, hymn-singing commenced, which was continued till I was quite exhausted. I think the Malagasy could sing from six o'clock in the morning till the same hour in the evening, and be almost as fresh at the conclusion as when they commenced. They have good ears for music, and excellent voices.

*Dec. 5*—The messengers to the capital did not leave till this morning. The Queen's messenger, Ranjany, called to say good bye before he started. I gave him the Proverbs of Solomon in his own tongue, and when I read him one or two of them he almost jumped with delight, saying, "That is good and true." He left, well satisfied with his book, which he intends studying on his way to Antananarivo. The Governor's wife, whose name is Reniketaka, came as early as seven o'clock this morning for her lesson. I had her again in the afternoon. She seems most anxious to learn, and I am only too glad to teach her.

The Governor's attention having been directed to-day to Acts xvi. 26, he told us an anecdote about himself. Once, when he was compelled to drink the "tangena," his judges were all assembled around him. He had just finished the drink, and laid down the cup, when the house rolled and shook, almost like a ship in a storm. His persecutors were terrified, and trembled like the jailer of Philippi. The "tangena" ordeal failed to convict him, and he was permitted to return to his own house. After dark, numbers of Christian friends came to visit him, and remained with him, reading, singing, and praying, until cock-crowing, when they stole to their respective houses.

Ranavalona has been likened, by a Malagasy whom I shall not name, to "Bloody Mary" of England, and I think the likeness is striking: certainly the effects of Mary's and Ranavalona's persecutions have been somewhat similar. The blood of our English martyrs has been the seed of England's Protestantism, while from the blood of the Malagasy martyrs thousands have sprung up who love their Saviour and their Bibles. "The noble army of martyrs praise thee, O God."



Dec. 6.—Visited for about four hours to-day, and tried to explain some simple truths to the people. Most appeared to listen attentively, but some “cared for none of these things.” I find that I have a great deal to learn yet. I know something of the Hova language, but little or nothing of Sakalava, or Betsimisaraka. The Hovas here are in the minority, and we are debarred, for the present, from doing much with them, as they nearly all live in the *rova*, or “citadel,” as we should call it, which we are not permitted to enter. The Queen’s reply to the Governor’s letter will, I trust, be the key which will open its gates to us. In the mean time I intend to look after the Sakalavas and Betsimasarakas, and make myself acquainted with their language. I had some difficulty to-day in trying to explain a few truths to some women. These people seem neither to understand nor to like the Hova dialect. It is rather too much to expect that people will sit or stand listening to a man prating away in a strange language. The Hovas generally listen attentively, because they understand what I am saying. Lord, loose my tongue, that I may be able to speak thy truth to this people.

Dec. 7.—Started this morning for Hiarana. After breakfast I visited several houses, and was teaching a woman the Lord’s prayer, when a person came to the door and said that a ship was coming. I ran out and looked, but saw nothing, as the trees were in the way. Suddenly a ship turned the corner, and walked—I had almost said—into the bay, like a thing of life. I almost at once recognised her as the “King Radama.” She was anchored in about five minutes, and in five minutes more I was on board. I found several letters; some from my dear parents or relatives, and some from dear friends in Mauritius. I was very pleased with the valuable and handsome present which the Bishop of Mauritius sent to the Governor of Vohimare, and am sure he will prize it much. Captain Rosalie also brings the Governor a little pony.

Dec. 8.—Engaged a great part of to-day in sending luggage up to Amboanio.

Dec. 9.—After sending off some more of our baggage, I went up to Amboanio with it, intending to remain there and write my letters; but I found that the Governor had earnestly requested Mr. Maundrell and me to accompany him to Hiarana to-morrow morning.

Dec. 10.—The Governor called early this morning and breakfasted with us. He pressed me so earnestly to accompany him to Hiarana, that I did not think it prudent to decline. I presented him with the watch, in the name of the Bishop of Mauritius, and some good people in England who love Mad-

agascar, and wish all its people well. I translated the bishop’s letter, which was not difficult, as he wrote it in a style which he knew would be easily translated into Malagasy. The Governor was delighted, and wished us to write out the translation of the letter. He thanked the Bishop and us about a dozen times, and then shook hands with us most warmly.

The presentation finished, we started for Hiarana. As the Governor and the others preferred walking, and as Mr. Maundrell and I went in filanzanas, we were at the rendezvous before them.

Before I started I threw my great coat upon the filanzana, as I expected we would have a shower of rain, and was about to sit down upon it, when the men called out that there was a scorpion on it. It was soon taken off and killed, and we proceeded on our journey. When we had travelled for about three hours, my bearers sat down to rest under a tree, and I took off my hat to enjoy the cool breeze in the shade. Imagine my astonishment when I found another scorpion quietly sticking to the inside lining of my hat. I wondered that it did not fall upon my head with three hours’ jolting, but the Lord mercifully preserved me. My bearers were frightened when they saw it, and cried out to me not to touch it with my hand, which I had not the slightest notion of doing. One of them took it out with a piece of wood and killed it. When I told the Governor, he quoted the passage, “they shall tread upon scorpions,” &c.

We got a very fair insight to-day into the manner in which a Malagasy Governor travels from one town to another. The people left Amboanio in their old dresses, carrying bundles and boxes on their backs, until they got to a place about a quarter of a mile from their destination. Here they sat down and had a drink of something, water, or cocoa-milk, or what they seemed to relish most, a little rum, or “toaka,” as they call it. After this they went into the houses about, and changed their garments, which they did in an incredibly short space of time. Then they “filed off,” the Hova women taking the lead, with their white lambas. After these came the Governor’s wife, then some soldiers, and then His Excellency, who was followed up by the Sakalava and Betsimisaraka women, singing and clapping their hands. To-day Mr. Maundrell and I had the honour, if I might call it so, of heading the procession. We pushed on rather quickly on our filanzanas, and as soon as we got to our own house we turned in, and left the processionists to wend their way to the Governor’s house. The sun was very hot to-



day, and I had a good scorching, although I was under a thick umbrella.

Dec. 11: *Lord's-day*—We had a nice little service to-day in our house at Hiarana. The Governor, his wife, and about a dozen Mala-

gasy, including the Romish catechist, composed the congregation.

I left Hiarana in the afternoon, for Amboanio, to prepare letters, &c., before the ship left.

### EXPLORATION EAST OF THE JORDAN, BY THE REV. JOHN ZELLER.

OUR Missionary at Nazareth, the Rev. John Zeller, has recently forwarded to us letters detailing various efforts for the spread of the Gospel in different directions; amongst others, an interesting discussion with a Druse Sheikh, and a new attempt at exploration beyond the Jordan.

Mr. Zeller's sympathies have been much drawn out towards the numerous Bedouin tribes, whose homes are in the once populous, but now desolated and neglected lands which lie eastward of the Jordan. These tentative efforts are of importance: they are preparing the way for some more settled and duly-organized plan, with a view to the introduction of Christian truth amongst these wanderers of the desert. Hitherto they have been regarded as so wild and prejudiced, that to attempt any thing of Christian effort on their behalf has been looked upon as a hopeless undertaking. By degrees, however, as they come to know our Missionaries, to receive them as their guests on occasional visits, and impart to them Arab hospitality, and as our Missionaries come to understand them better, we shall find a more ready access than we had anticipated, and the Bedouins of the desert will begin to understand the simplicity and suitability of the Gospel message. Mr. Zeller writes—

In August I went with Seraphim Bontaji, catechist of the Bishop of Jerusalem, to Yerka, a Druse village splendidly situated on the top of a hill to the north of Acca, overlooking the plain of Acca and the sea. We went there to the house of the Sheikh Said Monaddy, who received us with hospitality and evident joy. He is a man of rare intelligence, and perfect in his manners. His house is a model of an oriental household, with its remnants of truly patriarchal customs and virtues. After having rested a little in a cool and spacious hall, from our ride up the hill under a scorching morning sun, we began to converse about grammar, history, and geography, for he takes a great interest in these things, and then we came to speak about religious subjects. Among other questions, I asked him, "Do you really believe that there are, among the initiated of the Druses [Okâl], people who strive for holiness, and who obtain peace for their souls through their religion?" His answer was, "I am persuaded that all of them enjoy perfect peace of conscience, for they are convinced that their religion is the only true one. In respect to purity of heart, I must confess I have seen many Druses who really strive for holiness, who fast, who are humble and kind in the highest degree, and never say an angry or bitter word." I said, "How is it possible

that the initiated Druses should have perfect confidence in their religion, as it can not be hidden from those, who only look even a little into their books, that the same contain evident falsehoods? For instance; the striking deceit practised in the spelling of the words كذب and صدق [lie and truth]. [The Druses write these words wrongly كذب and صدق.] The orthography of these words has been absolutely settled in Arabic literature, by the Korán and other old books written before the books of the Druses, and by common consent of all learned men. How does it now come that the middle letter of the word كذب [mendacium] is written by the Druses with *dal* [د] instead of *thal* [ذ], and the first letter of صدق [veritas] with *sin* [س] instead of *sad* [ص]? The books of the Druses, in order to deceive their disciples by their interpretation, have spelt these words wrongly, namely, كذب with *dal* [د] and صدق with *sin* [س], in order to prove that the same contain a certain symbolical number. The word كذب, *kethib* [lie], indicates, in their religion, the devil and his agents; the word صدق, *sedcum* [truth], symbolizes the true religion and its agents. The devil and his agents make, according to the Druse doctrine, twenty-six persons, therefore they change the *thal*



into *dal*, for thus they make out the number of twenty-six. If they had spelt it rightly it would make a higher number than they require; namely, according to the value of the letters, the ك [k] amounts to 20, the ذ [th] to 700, the ب [b] to 2. The whole is therefore equal to 722. This is not the number the Druses require; they therefore have changed one letter for another, in order to prove the symbolical character of these words, and thus they have made out the number of 26. For the ك is 20, the ذ 4, and the ب 2. In the same manner, and for the same purpose, they have changed the orthography of صدق, 'the truth.'

The Druse Sheikh answered, "What you say is perfectly correct. I myself had my doubts about this subject, and asked several of the initiated Druses about it, but never obtained a satisfactory answer."

"In that case," said I, "you must confess, that if you have doubts, the peace of your mind cannot be real, but must be illusory. With regard to purity of heart, I must say, that true purity is only taught in the Gospel, whilst other books, whatever religion they may pretend to teach, teach only a shadow of sanctity produced by the observance of certain outward laws, ceremonies, and works. We find, therefore, many who fast, pray, practise humility, and speak honestly; but if we scrutinize the depth of their souls we find them full of worldly lusts, thoughts, and desires.

"How can an initiated Druse really obtain sanctification of heart, when we see that the Druse religion permits and prescribes deceit and falsehood, in religion and worldly matters, freely to be practised against all unbelievers for it is known that in the first chapter of the book called 'The Seven Parts,' the Druses are ordered to be truthful to their brethren only, and deception towards others is permitted to them, if such deceit is profitable. Likewise, if a stranger should have obtained a knowledge of their religion, and should question them about their doctrines, they are allowed to deny every thing. Is it, under such circumstances, possible that the heart can become really pure, if the same is taught to hate and deceive their enemies? Can such doctrine come from God, who has created all, and lets his sun shine upon the good and the bad? How different is this from the laws of the Bible, which teaches us that lying is a sin in itself against every one, and in every case; and that hatred is a crime, even if committed against our enemies; and which distinctly declares that liars have no portion in the kingdom of God, but receive utter damnation; which also says that we have rather to choose death than to obtain any worldly advantage

by a denial of our faith. The Gospel teaches us to love our enemies, and to bless those who curse us, not to return injury for injury, but by returning good for evil to heap coals of burning fire upon the heads of our adversaries. These precepts alone can teach us what kind of purity the holy God demands; and as God in his dealings with sinful men shows us so much longsuffering, kindness, and love, it is evident that the true religion must make the same claims on its disciples."

In the afternoon we went to a hill east of Yerka, covered with beautiful vineyards, and met on our way a Moslem Sheikh from Acca, whose father had been Mufti, and who is the Imâm of one of the mosques there. The Sheikh Said invited him to come with us to his vineyard, and so he accompanied us. In this vineyard are some large old fir-trees: in the branches of the biggest of them we found a little arbour, affording sufficient room for the whole company. The view from here over the country before us, and over the sea, drew forth our admiration, and we entered into conversation about geography and astronomy. But the Sheikh said he could not believe all our assertions about the movement of planets, especially not the motion of the earth and its consequences; and if I could prove it to him he would leave his religion and become a Christian, because all this was against the Korân and Mohammedan tradition. Of course he could not at once be convinced by the proofs I gave him; but it was very gratifying to see how greatly he interested himself about these subjects.

In the evening, at dinner, we asked the Imâm about the object of his journey, and he told us that he had come from Safed, where he had bought a mare, which he considered to be of peculiar value; upon which Seraphin said, "We men trouble ourselves so much to obtain always the best things of this world, though they are transient, whilst we do not care for obtaining eternal and lasting goods. From the first objects men can never obtain enough, from the last we ask but little: indeed our human nature is in opposition against those spiritual and divine things. But we have to strive against such worldliness, and to be satisfied with what God gives us of earthly things."

The Imâm said, "It is true, self-denial is not to be found in this world, even not with those who pretend to teach the same. I myself, when I address the people in the mosque on Fridays, teach them self-denial, but do not practise it. Is it possible that we should do ourselves what we demand from others?"

The Sheikh said, "With regard to Seraphin, I can testify that he practises self-denial, for



he left the wealth of his father's house, and is content with little for religion's sake."

Upon which Seraphin answered, "I confess that my heart is deceitful and inclined to evil as others: however, the self-denial I practise is not performed by my strength, but by the grace of God, by which I have obtained the knowledge of the way of truth, which forces us to deny ourselves."

*The Imâm*—"What way of truth is this?"

*Seraphin*—"It is the Gospel."

*The Imâm*—"Many Christian doctrines are quite to my taste; but not what Christianity says about the crucifixion of Christ, whilst they teach that He was God"

*Seraphin*—"This doctrine is really against our nature, and against credibility; however, if we learn the reasons why this was so, we are obliged to confess that it is nevertheless the truth."

After dinner we went to the top of the house, where there was a fine arbour, as every house has one, for conversation at night and place for sleeping. There we continued the conversation about the necessity of the incarnation of the Word of God in Jesus, and his death for us. We tried to show that sin, since the fall of Adam, is an evil of indelible character, as committed against an eternal, unchangeable God, and therefore has caused endless condemnation in accordance with the justice of the eternal God. Thus came upon Adam and his seed the judgment of death and eternal punishment, not only on account of Adam's sin, but on account of the inherent corruption of human nature. But as God's mercy wishes the salvation of humankind, and God's justice is condemnation, what can reconcile between justice and mercy to save man? Are repentance, sacrifices, good works, enough to obtain this object? By no means, for all these works are works of a terminable character, and are in themselves imperfect, and therefore insufficient to satisfy the eternal justice of God, so that all these works are unable to balance the weight of the sin of human kind. Even if we suppose that it would be possible for any one of the Prophets, or the righteous men, to atone for sin by sacrificing himself, we would deceive ourselves; first, because such a man could not be exempted from the judgment passed over all the race of Adam; secondly, because the creature cannot give an atonement for an offence committed against the majesty of the Creator; neither can this be done through the highest angel, as they are all created, and as there is no equality between them and the eternal majesty of God. For these reasons the Word of God was made flesh, that, by becoming one with us, Christ might be our representative, and thus give to his

work the dignity of an eternal, indelible character. Thus it was possible that the Word of God should, in our stead, bear the shame, the suffering, and the death which we deserved, and thus redemption and atonement was obtained."

The Imâm answered, "Even if we concede this, what does it prove? for this Word, is it itself God?"

We answered, "Yes, it is."

And the Imâm asked, "How is it possible for God, that He should leave heaven and be on earth? Does this coming down mean that heaven was left without his presence?"

We answered, "No," but it is Christian doctrine that He came down from heaven upon the earth, not absolutely, but relatively, for there are many books which, in speaking of the nature of God, have to use expressions of a relative meaning, and even the Korân itself uses, in many instances, similar expressions. Thus the words do not mean that God had left heaven and came down upon our earth, as if He had been limited absolutely to a certain spot; for we believe not only that God is present in every place, but also that every place exists in Him and through Him."

He said, "Very good; but how is it possible that God should be united to man?"

Seraphin answered, "In order to indicate such a possibility, we are told in the Bible, as it is also acknowledged by you, that God was present in the fiery bush on Mount Horeb. If that was possible for God, as you believe, that He should be present in the bush in a mysterious manner, how should it not be possible for Him to be present as man? And if the Bible tells us that God was thus present, why should it be impossible for us to say that God was in Jesus in a mysterious manner, as your own books testify that it was the Word of God and his Spirit who was thus present?"

At last the Imâm said, "This explanation is very good, but it is difficult to understand and difficult to believe." He then stood up and went to his place to sleep. Then we prayed that these words might not have been spoken in vain, and that the work of Christ, once wrought on Calvary for the salvation of mankind, might have its effect on the Mohammedans and idolatrous Christians of this land.

#### *Tour to Jebel Ajtân, March 1864.*

The land of Jebel Ajtân, with its steep and rugged mountain side towards the Jordan, and its fine hills and valleys covered with splendid oak forests, has for many years been daily before mine eyes, and often excited the wish to examine these mostly unknown regions, and to see whether the Gospel of peace might be proclaimed among a wild popula-



tion, constantly at war among themselves and with everybody else, rebellious against the Turkish Government, and, as circumstances prompt them, either friendly with the Bedouins or fighting against them, whilst the latter are accustomed to treat the peasantry as their vassals. This mountainous country is principally in the hands of two rival clans: the head of the one is the Sheikh Joseph Shreide, residing at Tibueh, possessing the northern half of Jebel Ajtûn, called El Kûra; the other half, properly called Jebel Ajtûn, is under the authority of Hassan Barakat, in Kefreujy, and the Adwân. On account of these divisions, the utter absence of any government, and the invasion of all possible Bedouin tribes, travelling is connected either with great risks or with great expenses, for lately travellers paid enormous sums to the Adwân to escort them through their country. Having been urged by the Rev. H. Tristram to accompany him, I resolved to join his party, and on March the 11th we started towards the east. Our first encampment was with Agyh Aga, east of Mount Tabor, who provided us with an escort and a letter of introduction to his friend, the Sheikh Joseph Shreide. In the evening I went to some of the tents. In one of them, belonging to the Sheikh of the Sakker, I found a large number of Bedouins, some of them of much reputation, and much too proud to speak or to stir. After other conversation, one of them asked me about my religious opinions; and when I had explained them to him, he said, "Tell us, do you think the Korân to be the word of God or not?"

I answered, "There are many religions, and each of them claims to be the true one: the Jews, the Christians, the Druses, the Hindus, believe each that their religion alone contains the truth. How can we know which of them is truly inspired?"

All said, "Speak, thou knowest better."

I continued, "I consider that religion the best which gives unto us a perfect atonement for sin, and thus reconciles us with one God. The Korân imposes alms, fasts, prayer, and pilgrimage, as necessary works, but such works are not sufficient to atone for sin; and the Korân contains so many contradictions, that it is difficult to believe in its inspiration. For instance, it says that the Tora, the Psalter, and the Gospel were sent down from heaven, and yet it requires the persecution of Jews and Christians who believe in these books. Further, Mohammed gave the law that a Moslem should only have four wives, and afterwards, when he himself had taken more, he received a revelation that the prophet of God was exempted from that law, and might

have as many wives as he liked. Mohammed, at the beginning, exhorted his disciples to patience and forbearance towards their enemies, and afterwards he himself preached war and persecution."

This was certainly the utmost they were capable of enduring. I therefore left them. Next day we pitched our tents near a Bedouin encampment at Um Keis (Gadara), where I had a conversation with some Bedouins, who asked for medicine. When I inquired from them why the peasants, whom I had found last year comfortably settled in the splendid rock-hewn tombs, had left the place to the last man, the Bedouins replied, "On account of the burden of the Government." But when I asked the peasants at Tayibeh for the cause of the desertion of Um Keis by the villagers, they said, "On account of the burden of the Bedouins." The people of Tayibeh were, some years ago, for several weeks besieged in their village by a host of Bedouins from the Weled Ali and Beni Satchee; they lost, however, only four men, the Bedouins twelve. Their crops were of course totally destroyed.

From Tayibeh we proceeded to Tibneeh, but unfortunately the Sheikh Joseph Shreide, to whom we had an introduction, was absent: his brother, however, received us very kindly. We staid there over Sunday, and I had much conversation with some Christian families, who had come to see me. These Christians are scarcely to be distinguished from Mohammedans, as they adopt their habits and expressions as much as possible, for the Moslem Sheikhs are very fanatical, and have absolute power over them. They deeply bemoan their condition, and feel their degradation, but they see no hope of changing their circumstances, as they are perfectly without knowledge and without spiritual guidance. The words of Christ our Saviour seemed to them like sounds from another world, which can have no reference to them in their condition. These poor Christians even begged me by no means to speak to the Sheikh about the oppression they were suffering, as he would not fail to revenge himself if he suspected that they dared to complain about him.

Sheikh Diah, the brother of Joseph Shreide, procured guides for us, and wrote a letter of introduction to the Sheikhs of Soof, near Jerash. March the 14th we set out towards the south. After having passed several hills and valleys, covered with luxurious vineyards, whose owners were busy in ploughing, we entered the primeval oak forests of Bashan. The beauty of the forest, affording a delicious shade against the burning rays of the sun,



greatly delighted us, and we only wished to stay in this beautiful country, filled with game and swarming with wild pigeon: suddenly, however, our thoughts were turned in another direction, by the report of two guns in the distance. Our guides became alarmed, and brought one of our party, who had gone in pursuit of gazelles, nearly by force back to the road. My dragoman had ridden to the top of a hill, to look out for the supposed enemies, and soon afterwards reported that we had to prepare ourselves for a probable attack of robbers, as he had seen passing in the valley before us twelve horsemen, driving a herd of goats before them at full gallop. A few minutes afterwards we heard the war-cry of the shepherds, and several of them passed us, firing their guns, and running after the robbers.

Towards evening we arrived in Soof, in the hope of being out of danger, but this proved otherwise. My letter of introduction was of no avail, as the Sheikh was not at home, and the people of the village showed their evil disposition by gathering in large numbers around the tents, and picking up quarrels with our muleteers and servants. They declared that we should not be allowed to go to Jerash without the permission of Goblân, a Sheikh of the Adwân. Thus we spent a very uneasy night, scarcely able to avoid an attack. As one of our party was suffering from fever, we had to decide upon a hasty retreat; but when

the people of Soof learned our intentions they declared that we first had to pay a ransom, and when this was refused, one of the inhabitants took hold of a mule, and led it away, and drew his knife against the muleteer who tried to prevent him. The whole village was gathered around us, preparing their arms, and telling us that we could not go without paying the money. All my reasoning with the villagers was of no avail, and our guides from Tibueh were threatened to be killed first in case we should attempt to use force. At last, however, the Sheikhs were satisfied with a sum of 14*l*. On our way back we came on some Bedouins, driving away three oxen, which they evidently had just then stolen, and we saw here and there little bands of robbers, lurking behind the trees of the forest like beasts of prey, but we reached the west side of the Jordan without further accident. Some weeks afterwards I happened to find Goblân and some other Sheikhs of the Adwân in Jerusalem, and made him disgorge the black mail taken from us, and they, on their part, did not fail to make themselves paid by their partners and vassals, the robbers of Soof.

This shows sufficiently the difficulties in connexion with Missionary excursions to the east of the Jordan. Only by paying very large sums of money to the Adwân and other Bedouin tribes is it at present possible to travel in those regions.

## Recent Intelligence.

### INDIA.

#### HYDRABAD—SINDH.

IN this Mission field, hitherto slow to receive impressions, there appear to be openings for usefulness in the direction of zenana work, which is referred to in the following paragraph, from a Sindh Missionary—

“The Ameer’s ladies and their household are willing to be taught the Scriptures, if ladies are to be found who will go to them. My monitors have told me they would gladly have their wives put under instruction if I could send them anybody. There are excellent openings for zenana work.”

#### MASULIPATAM.

Our readers will recollect the hurricane, and irruption of the sea, with which this town was visited in November last, and the sorrow which our Mission sustained in the loss of many precious lives: more particularly the case of the ordained native, the Rev. A. Bushanam, who lost on that fearful night his wife and child, was deeply affecting. The following letter has been just received from him—

March 10, 1865—I have to convey to you, in deep affliction and sorrow, according to flesh and blood, the Lord’s dealings with me

on the night of 1st November 1864. That was the memorable night which I shall not forget in all my life. Though we had heard



nearly twenty days before that a part of Calcutta was washed away by the sea, yet we did not experience any material change in the weather on our own coast, even one or two days before the first. This made us not to suspect any such terrible calamity and loss of life. The morning was cool; a gentle breeze was blowing, first from the north-easterly direction, and in the afternoon it blew a little stronger, and the sky was more cloudy. But towards the evening we perceived that, by the force of the wind, the weak branches of some weak trees only were falling off. This was nothing at this season to what we have been accustomed to see. And at seven P.M. my dear wife and children, and myself, took our usual supper, which was their last meal on earth; and not being able, on account of a strong north-easterly wind, to sleep in our usual bed-room, we removed our cots into the hall. But Raghavayya, a relative of mine, and my servants, were in my bed-room I had deserted. Not being aware of the danger, I was tempted to sleep a little while, but my poor wife was sitting on her cot, not being able to sleep. And about half-past ten o'clock in the night my relative, who was sleeping in the other room, came running to me, and said that salt water was coming into the room. Immediately I got up, and went to call the servants, who were fast asleep. In the mean time dear Ratam Ganam, who occupied the other side of the house, came out also, and confirmed what Raghavayya had said: and then we did not know what plan to pursue. We said—not knowing the large quantity of water that had already come into the compound—that we would surely perish if we were to stop in this old house, but let us go to Mr. Noble's house, which is at some yards distance. We ventured to open, with great difficulty, one of our doors; but my wife, in her fright, not knowing what to do, took the little boy while sleeping into her arms, and came rushing to the door, and delivered the child to our maty, and stepped out with him and with the other two servants, to go to Mr. Noble's, while I was just at the door to help dear Ratam Ganam and his children to come out. And when I went out I found none, and the sea-water in our verandah about waist-deep already. Being sadly disappointed, I returned into the house, and got upon one of our cots, and then upon a book-shelf, tore the *chaudini*, and got up upon one of the large beams that lie under the roof. My hand trembles and my heart faints to describe the scene. I expected every moment the roof to come down: the house shook most fearfully. I thought every moment that I should join my beloved wife and child in the courts

above. But God had mercy and pity on me, and spared my life. I did not know till the next morning what had become of dear Ratnam Garu, his wife and children, and other servants, except my mother's brother, Raghavayya, who had got up, like myself, upon one of the beams of the roof. In the morning, when we came down, we found all except my dear wife, child, and a servant girl. All the outhouses in the compound were levelled to the ground, and some of the walls of the bungalow itself came down: the roof was standing on pillars, which were built with chunam. So we made efforts to go to Mr. Noble's, in the midst of pouring rain and in waist deep of sea water. We reached the house in great anxiety, not knowing what had become of Mr. Noble and his dear children in Christ. We found them all safe, and they received us all very kindly, and supplied us with dry clothes, &c., which they could get. Mr. Noble's escape was very providential. He attempted twice to come out, but God did not suffer his honoured servant to be swept away by the sea water. All those who attempted to come out on that night were either drowned or escaped death by holding to the branches of trees. In this way the most of them that perished were children and women. But, on the other hand, many were also hurried into eternity by stopping in their houses: the roofs came down, and they perished. In one house both the husband and wife, and one infant in the middle, were lying on a cot: the roof came down, and they were supposed to have perished by the fall of it. But in the morning the relatives of the deceased removed the roof, and found the husband and wife dead, but the child in the middle alive. And in another house, a very respectable woman was sitting and nursing a little baby: one little boy was standing on her right-hand side and another child on the left, and the husband was at her back. They were all found dead by the fall of the roof. Such were the many scenes at Masulipatam: each family has to tell its tale of woe or miraculous escape. When, one or two days after the flood, we went out in search of food and water, we found all orders of men, women, and children, lying dead in the open streets, perfectly naked. The sight was most touching and heartrending.

I have told you before how we all deserted our house, and went to Mr. Noble's on the following morning: we had nothing to eat but wet rice, boiled with rain water. We spent the day most miserably. Towards the evening we came to know the loss which Mr. Sharkey had sustained, and the loss of our dear young excellent Christian brother, Mallayya Gam



and his newly-married wife. It was not yet quite four months since he was married. God's ways are very mysterious, and we cannot understand them. And on the next morning, that was, the third day after the storm, I ventured to come to my house, when I found some of my furniture was gone out of the house, and some boxes with clothes, &c., brass vessels, and my wife's clothes, &c., were floating in water. With tears and sighs I gathered them all, and was only able to leave them in one of the corners of the house. The boxes being very heavy, I could not carry them to Mr. Noble's. My servants all deserted me. I left the things in the house, and went again to Mr. Noble's. Dear Mr. Noble had no proper food the previous day, and had not even rain water this morning to wash his mouth with, so he was obliged to use salt water. A few minutes after he had done this, he told me he was fainting, and asked me whether I could not go into the town, and get him some boiled rice, or any eatables. I at once ran into the pettah, and got him some boiled rice and doll, and after he had taken this he said he was feeling a little stronger. And I was once more obliged to go into the town to get us some provisions for the day. After we had our meals, &c., my relative, Raghavayya, and myself, came to the house to see and to carry some of the clothes, &c., which were in my house. Not a single useful article was left in the house: all were stolen by thieves, who came to the house in the middle of the day. There was lying in one corner the pieces of my dear wife's beautiful work-box, which was given to her by our late good old Bishop Dealtry. When it was lying in the house, covered with mud and water, the thieves saw it, and broke the box into pieces, and stole all the valuable things in it. And as for my books, I have lost all.

The town of Masulipatam is in a very confused state. It is in appearance totally different from what it was. As I pass along some streets, I see nothing but a mass of ruined houses from one end of the street to the other. The distress of the town is still very great. The people are suffering from want of good water. The authorities have taken measures to let the Kristna water come into the middle of the town. There are still dead bodies lying

beyond the town. No spot in the town is free from impure and destructive air; no house is scarcely free from sickness; diarrhoea is the chief complaint of all. Dear Mr. Noble was laid up for several weeks by the same complaint. His health, I am afraid, is very much shattered, but the good old father of the Mission still never thinks of going away for a change.

What shall I say for God's dealings with his unworthy servant on the night of the 1st November 1864? I can say nothing. My hand trembles and my heart faints to think of the sudden loss of my dear wife and child. But, however, they are not lost, as other heathen who perished in great numbers, but gone before. It was the Lord who did it. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." When I came out from heathenism I never, humanly speaking, expected that my dear partner would have been restored to me. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, naked shall I return thither." My afflictions, however great they may be, cannot be greater than those of the patient Job; and one who is greater than Job, who patiently endured the cross, has taught us how to suffer. He hath done what is right; He never makes a mistake: all will end in good. My dear wife has not left me without leaving behind her a cheering hope. She is gone to her happy home, where no sorrow, no trouble, no anxieties or distractions can molest her rest and happiness. If I call to my remembrance the sweet consistent character of my wife's Christian life, the love with which she had loved her Saviour, and the sweet and touching prayers which she offered when we both knelt down before our common Lord and Saviour, I have every reason to believe that my dear departed ones are now perfectly happy in heaven with our dear Saviour. Truly I cannot wish them to be in a better place, or in better hands. But according to flesh and blood in our present state, the departure of our dearest and nearest relatives causes us the greatest sorrow and the deepest affliction. But blessed be God for all the consolations He grants us, even in the midst of our fiery trials!

#### NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

The details of Mission work in the distant Youcon were placed before the friends of Missions in a recent Number of the "Church Missionary Record." Since then it is with deep sorrow we have been made acquainted with the failing health of our devoted young



Missionary, the Rev. R. McDonald. This is one of the mysterious dispensations which run concurrently with the history and development of Missionary work,—the failure of health on the part of valuable European agents, and that not unfrequently at the moment when, according to our view of the case, they can be least spared. At such times it is our part to remember that Mission work is the Lord's; that which He oversees and directs, and that He will not fail to overrule all for the furtherance of his Gospel. One important lesson has been learned in this school of affliction, the necessity that much pains should be bestowed on the development of a native agency.

To the distant Youcon post the Rev. R. Phair, who, since his arrival from England, has been stationed at Islington, has been appointed. He volunteered for this work on hearing of Mr. McDonald's illness, and his request has been acceded to. His proffered aid is indeed most opportune. So soon as the Romish priests ascertained that ill health would compel Mr. McDonald to return to Red River this summer, they declared their intention of forthwith occupying the Youcon, should it be left vacant. The notification of Mr. Phair's appointment is dated March 14th, and he was then on the point of starting for the Youcon. We trust therefore that he will arrive before Mr. McDonald leaves.

With reference to the Sioux Indians (of which tribe we purpose shortly to give some account), and of the recent visit of Little Crow's band to Red River, Archdeacon Cockran observes—

“The American war with the Sioux has perfectly paralyzed all our benevolent efforts here among the Saulteaux. The Sioux have visited us in such numbers as to frighten off all the native-Indian population. In August we were visited by 350 lodges of Sioux, about 1500 souls. The two parties made peace, but they have no confidence in each other, consequently the weakest side is always unhappy and anxious. We have had more Sioux about us this winter than Saulteaux. I have two of them for servants, who behave exceedingly well. I could have filled my schools with Sioux children, but the Americans have succeeded in filling the minds of our people with prejudice against them, so that at present I dare not show them all the kindness which I feel towards them. The Sioux are a brave people, and they are still loyal to the English. I saw a band of thirty warriors unfurl the Union Jack which their forefathers fought under in 1814. We have had sixty-three Sioux tented among us through the winter: they have conducted themselves very peaceably; and they inform me that 2000 of them intend to visit us in the spring. Should this be true they will starve us out. We could not feed such a number for a week.”

From the Fairford station the Rev. A. Cowley reports—“Our good old chief Papamas, otherwise Walter Webb Woodhouse, died last night from what was supposed to be a stroke of paralysis. Ten days since he was brought home from his hunting-grounds by a train of my own dogs. His speech and understanding were a good deal impaired from his arrival to his death; but he once told Luke Caldwell, who visited him, that he was still ‘holding on to the good way;’ and he also told George Bruce, who has visited him night and day, that all he could do was ‘to trust in the mercy of God.’”

#### DEATH OF THE REV. J. TAYLOR, OF THE EAST-AFRICA MISSION.

We have experienced a severe loss on the east coast of Africa. European Missionaries are difficult to be obtained—increasingly so. Indeed if it were not for the aid afforded by native Christians, Missionary operations would be in a great measure arrested. When therefore a promising European Missionary, after careful training, has been sent out, we rejoice in the prospect of the help that, by the blessing of God, he will



be enabled to render. And yet how often are our expectations blighted! for scarcely has the new Missionary reached his field of labour than sickness befalls him, and he dies.

The Rev. J. Rebmann has now for many years been the sole Missionary on the dark and dreary coast of East Africa. He and Mrs. Rebmann have borne with intrepidity the trials of their isolated position, and we admire and marvel at the way in which they have been upheld. We have long anxiously desired to send him a fellow-labourer, and at length succeeded in doing so, the Rev. J. Taylor having reached East Africa some few months back. But he is no more. He was on his way to the Mauritius to meet the lady to whom he was to be married, when he was attacked by sudden illness, and died at Zanzibar. The particulars are communicated in the following letter from Bishop Tozer to the Secretaries, dated March 9, 1865.

When writing to you, a short time since, an account of my very interesting visit to your Mission station at Kisuludini, I little thought that I should so quickly have to write again, for the sorrowful purpose of acquainting you with the death of one of its devoted clergy. My dear young friend, Mr. Taylor, has been taken from us, under very sudden and painful circumstances. We have been daily expecting his arrival here, *en route* for Mauritius, and I was looking forward with pleasure to having him as my guest for a few weeks, and of renewing an acquaintance, the memory of which is still full of interest; but it was ordered otherwise.

The particulars of his illness and death are as follows—He had left Mombas in a Bombay dhow which had touched there, and was on his way to Zanzibar, when, about noon, only the day before yesterday (March 7th), he was suddenly taken ill, and so rapid was the progress of the attack, that he lost consciousness during the course of the afternoon. In this state, from which he never rallied, he was landed at half-past seven in the evening, and brought at once to the English consulate. Dr. Sewart, of Zanzibar, and the physician who is attached to Baron Von den Decken's expedition, was in immediate attendance, and never left our friend until the very last. Indeed, the kindness and attention of both these gentlemen deserve one's warmest admiration. I feel sure that every thing was done which their united professional skill could suggest, yet nothing seemed able to effect any change, or even to restore, for a single moment, the sufferer's consciousness.

A short half hour before his death, which took place a few minutes before one o'clock, I offered up the commendatory prayer from the visitation service, and committed him to the care and protection of the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort.

It was thought best to bury him at sunrise, and at six o'clock we carried him across the harbour to the English cemetery on French Island, where a deep grave had been prepared.

Many, unknown to him in life, stood around his tomb, while my chaplain, Dr. Steere, and I, shared between us the burial service of our church. Our sorrow was great, but, thank God, we had a deeper feeling, one of firm, trusting confidence that our brother was with the Lord.

I have already written to Mr. Rebmann and to the Bishop of Mauritius, and to the young lady, who is, we believe, even now on her way from England, expecting to become the partner of our departed friend's hopes and joys.

A sun-stroke, in all probability, was the immediate cause of death, but the medical men suspect that latent inflammation, or some derangement of the stomach, intensified its effect.

On first hearing of this sad event, you may be disposed to doubt the wisdom of filling up the vacant post. You will, not unnaturally, connect the loss of Mr. Taylor with others which occur in the chronicles of the East-Africa Mission, and you will call to mind the very recent death of Mr. Butterworth, the Wesleyan Missionary. But while admitting that all Europeans may encounter much risk and danger in coming here, it is well to bear in mind that that which just happened here is by no means peculiar to East Africa, or even to tropical countries. Sun-strokes occasionally prove fatal even in England. I trust, therefore, that your Committee will make another venture of faith, and send, at this critical moment, another Missionary to Kisuludini. The very existence of the Wanika Mission seems now to depend on Mr. Rebmann's most valuable life; and were he to be removed, I know of no one capable of taking up and carrying on his work. Indeed I feel this so strongly, that I have written and urged him to send me down one or two of his most promising young men for training and Christian instruction, with a prospective eye to their ordination. In a case of spiritual life or death, we need not be very exacting in our qualifications for the ministry.