

## OUR POSITION AND ITS DUTIES.

FROM the moment when the Lord Jesus, having completed the great work of reconciliation, sent forth the Gospel message on its mission of love throughout the world, it has met with increasing opposition. Nor can we be surprised at this. Satan is the god of this world, and holds the nations of the earth in miserable degradation. Yet he knows that his dominion is only for a time; that it shall be wrested from him, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ. He is well aware, also, that the preaching of the Gospel is the appointed instrumentality by which his rule shall be overthrown. Men despise it as the foolishness of preaching; so did the men of Jericho regard with profound contempt the solemn procession of the Hebrews, as, day by day, they marched around the walls of the doomed city. Not so the enemy. He knows that the energy of God works through the utterances of the Gospel, and therefore he has never ceased in his efforts to impede its action. His favourite plan has been to corrupt its doctrines, and thus destroy its efficacy, so that, changed into another gospel, it should work for him, instead of against him. But when this device is unsuccessful, and faithful men, contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, continue to teach and preach Jesus Christ, then he stirs up hindrances of various kinds, and, if it be possible, persecution. Willing agents to co-operate with him in such an enterprise have never yet been found wanting. The natural mind distastes the Gospel because it interferes with its pride, self-complacency, and self-indulgence; and, influenced by feelings such as these, men first dislike the truth, and then, as they can, seek to hinder it. Its progress, therefore, has hitherto been in the midst of difficulty. The Gospel cause has been as a ship beating up against wind and tide. Its course has been like that of the Indus river. That river has its source in the south-western slopes of the Gangri or Kailás mountain, at an estimated height of 17,000 feet. For a brief space, about 260 miles, it is a broad stream, rolling its waters through open, grassy plains. But soon its character changes. It enters a mighty gorge in the mountains, which, for sublimity, is perhaps unequalled, and, amidst much disquietude, the river has to force its way through this gloomy chasm, and so prepare itself for new and protracted conflicts. The whole length of the mountain course is upwards of 1000 miles, and the whole fall is 16,000 feet. Christianity, like the Indus, has its source on high, and its earlier history is like the mountain course of that mighty river. Nor has it yet emerged from these obstructions, so as to expand into the broad rivers and streams which shall so fertilize this barren earth, that "the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

And as the opposition has thus been unceasing, so there are times and seasons when that opposition becomes more violent. A ship, from the moment when it left harbour, has had to contend with unfavourable winds; but as it approaches its destination, the weather becomes more rough, until it blows a hurricane. And so along the course of its history there have been times when the Gospel cause has appeared to be in more especial peril—when the usual opposition has wrought itself up to a more determined effort.

The present appears to be just such a moment. Satan has come down, having great wrath, and that because he has met with great discomfitures. Stroke upon stroke, wound upon wound, have been inflicted upon him. Some of his choicest strongholds have been broken down; portions of his territory, where his iron rule had been so long perpetuated, that it appeared to be invincible, have been wrested from him. Especially on the Mission field has he met with reverses. Heathen lands had been long under his yoke, and he had strongly fortified them. Subtle systems of idolatry had been devised, marvellously adapted to the evil restlessness of the human mind, which, left to itself,

now yields itself to the seductions of sin, now collapses into remorse and dread. The false religions which Satan has elaborated so blunt the conscience and deaden its action, that the man sins without fear. Like the fabled upas tree, which was supposed to exhale a poison so deadly, that throughout a distance of from fifteen to eighteen miles around no life could exist, these systems are surrounded by regions of spiritual death. Under their blighting influence the knowledge of the one true God becomes entirely obliterated, and personifications of evil are worshipped in his stead.

So firmly established did Satan's sway over heathen lands appear to be, that the first evangelists were classified as insane persons, so hopeless did the undertaking seem. Abroad, idolatrous priests despised them as Goliath did David: at home, nominal Christians—who, having never felt, did not believe in the power of the Gospel—mocked them. Few as they were, there appeared to be no footing for them on the dreary shores of heathenism. The heathen did not want them: they would have discouraged them by indifference; and, when this failed, they persecuted them. But, through evil report and good report, they held on. They grappled with and overcame the difficulties of barbarous languages, and in these the Gospel found new utterances. As it spoke, and the people began to understand, it was as of old, when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Prejudice gave way; hard hearts were softened; consciences were quickened out of their benumbed state; and men began to ask, "What shall I do to be saved?" For fifty years the conflict has been going forward: it has been long and arduous, but the results are manifest. In various directions commanding points have been won, and Christianity, having entrenched itself there, is making preparation for an onward movement and for more extended victories. The enemy has become alarmed; the necessity of some counter-stroke is incontestable. Not only has he decided upon this, but has already evolved his new policy, and that so far with marvellous success. England is one of the grand centres from whence those aggressive efforts on his heathen principalities have emanated. A large portion of the operations which so disquiet him have their basis in this country. Here are the grand associated organizations which send forth the soldiers of the cross, and provide the means by which the conflict may be sustained. What, then, if, while the cause of Christianity is pressing onward in the van, it could be assaulted in the rear? What if the central citadel could be surprised and carried? What if the home basis on which the grand forward movements in the Mission field have rested could be wrenched away from them? What if England could be recovered? What if she could be induced to repudiate the distinctiveness of Protestantism, and yield herself once more to the seductions of a corrupt Christianity?

England!—to recover this would be to secure the victory. The Protestantism of England,—this is now the object of assault, and there is no device which can be conceived which is not being brought into requisition for its overthrow. This is the citadel that is to be carried *per fas et nefas*.

When, at the Reformation, England cast off with loathing that corrupt Christianity under whose demoralizing influences she had so grievously suffered, and embraced that scriptural truth which, dearer to them than life, her martyrs had professed and vindicated amidst the fires of Smithfield, a commanding position was lost to the enemy. That the Christianity of the Bible should not only be free to circulate throughout the range of British rule, but that it should be lifted up on high in a national church establishment, and thus be acknowledged and honoured before the nations of the earth, has always been a vexation to the enemy; and as, under the ameliorating influence of true religion, England rose to an extended dominion and high pre-eminence, what truth had gained and evil had lost became more and more apparent.

We are reminded of Gibraltar, when it was conquered from those who were at the time the enemies of England. To them its loss was a perpetual humiliation and dis-

quietude, and as its fortifications were improved until the rock was rendered impregnable, and the importance of its position as commanding the entrance into the Mediterranean became more and more apparent, these painful sensations grew more intense, until at last it was resolved that Gibraltar should be recovered. Hence the memorable siege, when two powerful nations put forth their utmost strength to wrest it from England, and were ignominiously defeated. England is the Gibraltar which, at the time of the Reformation, was won over to the cause of scriptural Christianity. It is this the enemy desires to recover. Romanism and infidelity are in combination for this purpose. They are making their approaches from different directions; but the influence which moves them to action, and the object which they have in view, are identical. They are antagonistic to each other; but in one feature they are alike—hatred to God's truth; and they are satisfied to merge their differences and unite until the common foe be overthrown, and English Protestantism be displaced from its high position. Until this be done they are as restless in spirit as Haman the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, when he said, "All this availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

Now, if the enemy was without the walls, and all was loyalty within, the danger, although rendering precaution necessary, could cause no apprehension. But the solemn fact, that the assailants have within the citadel numerous sympathizers, renders the crisis perilous in the extreme.

Yet just at such a crisis some of our best men, in whom we had confidence, have been removed by death. Henry Venn Elliott, able, discriminating, consistent, whose lengthened ministry at Brighton had given him such influence—John Scott, of Hull, the attached friend of the Society; both of these earnest Secretaries of important local Associations—Stowell, whose noble bearing and eloquent words of holy truth cheered and encouraged to new efforts the Lord's servants; whom God had graced with such a holy consistency during the many years in which he stood forward as a standard-bearer in the Gospel cause,—these, at their Master's summons, have entered into rest. "Merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come." Hambleton, too, wise and holy, who had gathered about him the rich experiences of a lengthened and faithful ministry,—he is no longer amongst us. Younger men, also, who were winning to themselves increasing confidences—Oakley, gifted and attractive, and rising with each year into influence; Kite, holy, devoted;—these also have put off their armour.

What are we to learn from this? There is a lesson designed to be conveyed: what is it? "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; on that very day his thoughts perish. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." The Lord would concentrate on Himself the reliance of his people. Help is needed, for the battle of the reformation must be fought over again in England; but it is from God Himself the help must come. He alone can gird us with strength proportionate to the crisis, so that we shall be faithful and enduring.

And if special help be needed it is precisely the moment in which, in answer to earnest prayer, we may expect that help will be vouchsafed. The enemy is coming in like a flood. Collecting his resources for one decisive effort, he threatens to bear down all before him. But if the moment be critical, there is a promise suited to the emergency—"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

Often on a battle-field a critical moment supervenes. The enemy, having received unexpected reinforcements, prepares himself for a final effort. Massing his troops together, he bears down on the point where the line of defence seems weakest. For an

instant, on the defensive side, there is a misgiving, a consciousness of reduced numbers, a sense of inability to resist. It lasts but for a moment. The very danger seems to call forth new efforts. Men, previously unknown, press forward into the front, lifting on high the standard which had fallen from the hand of some honoured leader. The well-known signal rallies many. Men are ashamed to desert the ensign under which they had so often fought and conquered. They think no more of giving way. Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, they stand fast. They meet and endure the shock of the enemy as the rocks which guard the shore meet the swollen tide of the storm-agitated ocean, and, like those rocks, remain steadfast and unmovable, while the enemy is broken and recoils.

Undoubtedly the enemy is coming in like a flood; then is it the time for us to expect the fulfilment of the promise. The brunt of the battle has come: there must be no compromise, no surrender. Let the Church of England cease to be evangelical, and then her usefulness, at home and abroad, is at an end. She has lost her fitness for service, her qualification for the Lord's work.

May the Spirit of the Lord uphold England's endangered Protestantism, and, by whatever hands, cause the standard of the Gospel to be lifted up more boldly, more distinctly, more extensively than at any previous period. May the importance of the crisis constrain many a man who has been hitherto timid and irresolute to decide for the Bible and its truth against the devices of the enemy! may infidelity, in its arrogance, be rebuked, and Rome, by its insidious endeavours to recover her lost supremacy over England, call forth the latent Protestantism of the country, in a protest so strong, that she may abandon the enterprise, and retire in despair.

It will be, moreover, for our encouragement to remember, that, in the present movements of the enemy, there is nothing new. In this attempt of Romanism on the citadel of English Protestantism we are reminded of the action to which she had recourse at the era of the Reformation. When defeated and humiliated in Europe, and deprived of a large portion of those territories over which she had been wont to reign, she determined on finding compensation for her losses in heathen lands, and sent forth her Jesuit Missionaries to execute her scheme. And now that, on the Mission-field, she has been humiliated; when the results which she had acquired from amongst the heathen, bulky and imposing as they appeared to be, have proved to be fictitious and destitute of permanency, and her conquests in Japan, Congo, Paraguay, have all disappeared, resembling in this respect the temporary island of Sabrina, which, in 1811, rose from the deep off the coast of St. Michael, one of the Azores, increasing until it had attained the height of about 300 feet, with the circumference of a mile, and then, after an existence of eight months, beginning gradually to disappear, so that, when a twelve-month had expired, not a trace of it was visible; while those obtained by evangelical Missionaries, in their permanency and enduring character, remind us of the coral islands, which are lasting structures, because resting on huge masses of solid rock, formed by the persevering efforts of those industrious sea-workers, which toil and spin in the midst of the waves;—when thus put to shame upon the Mission field, she turns back again to Europe, and, taking advantage of a perilous time of great prosperity, in which wealth affords to many the opportunity of being luxurious and self-indulgent, boldly attempts the reconquest of England as that which would amply compensate for all the reverses she ever has experienced.

We cannot doubt the issue of the conflict. How is it possible we could do so, if only we call to remembrance the words which Bishop Latimer addressed to his fellow-sufferer when the fire which was to consume them was on the point of being applied—“Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust will never be put out.”

## DEATHS IN THE MISSION FIELD.

Our anxieties at the present moment are for home; our encouragements are from abroad. Blessed be God for the great revival of thirty years back, and for the comparatively tranquil period which has been since enjoyed, during which evangelical Christianity has been permitted to go forth and do a great work in the distant Mission fields. At home the enemy is the assailant, and approaches in full confidence of victory; but in the Mission field scriptural Christianity is the assailant, and, having rescued many from the degrading yoke of heathenism, has reinforced herself with these, and is using them as her willing agents in reproducing Christianity among their countrymen. The native churches, alive to their responsibilities, are prepared to communicate to their countrymen the light they have received, and to occupy themselves in the illumination of the dark districts in the centres of which they have been providentially raised up. The European Missionaries, relieved to a great extent from the pastoral care of the native Christians, find themselves free to resume their proper work of evangelists, and are preparing to enter the "regions beyond." It is a moment of intense interest when the standard of the Gospel is about to move forward, and new positions are about to be taken up as a prelude to more extended conquests. If, at home, every good soldier is needed at his post, that the endangered citadel of Protestant truth may be successfully defended, equally so in the Mission field the presence of every Missionary that can be mustered is imperatively required; for, compared with the magnitude of the undertaking, they are but few in number. So far as our own Society is concerned, they were, at the time of the last Annual Meeting, one more than 200.

And yet, since then, at a time when, to human judgment, they could least be spared, we have lost several experienced and faithful men;—Peet, of Travancore; Rogers, of the Bombay Presidency; Bühler, of the Yoruba Mission;—these have died. There have been losses at home, and there have been losses in the Mission field. The lesson is the same: God would remind us of our dependence upon Him. He has gathered in these his servants to Himself. He has had a right to do so, for they were more his than ours. He lent them to us for a time, but now He desired they should be with Him, and He called them in. It is with Him to raise up suitable successors, who shall supply their place, and fill up the gaps which have been made in the Missionary ranks. Our duty is to approach the footstool of divine grace, and humbly supplicate the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest. Does it seem improbable that a supply shall be forthcoming?—and remembering how often we have appealed, and how feeble the response has been, are we under discouragement? Then let us remember the Lord's words to his disciples, "Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, that whosoever shall say to this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

To the faithful Missionaries whose names we have mentioned, and who have fallen asleep, we desire to consecrate a portion of this, the concluding Number of the year. It is becoming that we should do so, honourable to the dead, and edifying to the living. We have some brief notices of each, records of their labours, proofs of the help vouchsafed them, when those labours had reached their end. Who can tell but that these memorials of the dead may be the means, in God's hands, of leading forth the successors who shall supply their place? It shall then be as when the dead man was cast into the sepulchre of Elisha, "and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet."

OBITUARY OF THE REV. EDWARD ROGERS, OF THE WESTERN INDIA MISSION.

ON the 18th of November 1846 the instructions of the Committee were delivered by the Hon. Clerical Secretary to the Rev. Richard Martindell Lamb, M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, on the occasion of his departure to the Meerut station of the Calcutta and North-India Mission; and to Mr. Edward Rogers, a student from the Society's Institution, on the occasion of his departure to the Bombay and Western-India Mission.

Both these faithful men have now been removed by death from the list of the Society's Missionaries. They have been promoted from the ranks of the church militant to the glory of the church triumphant, but not until they had rendered good service.

Mr. Lamb was the first to go, killed by a fall from his horse at Mussoorie, June 1857.

Missions commenced in Meerut about 1814, "under the patronage of Captain Sherwood and his wife, who opened a chapel and school there: she paid the teacher at the rate of four rupees monthly, and four annas for each scholar, and by her writings showed the interest which she felt in India. She fitted up a room in her garden, in which she employed a native catechist to read the Hindustanee service to a congregation of forty persons. She gave him instruction in geography and history, and attended also to the religious welfare of her heathen servants; but she left Meerut in 1815 for England. Her last act there was to assemble her domestics, with the catechist, and hold a religious service with them. However, the same year she was succeeded in her sphere of usefulness by an individual who may be called the father of the Meerut Mission, the late Rev. H. Fisher.\* Though he came out at rather an advanced period in life, he applied himself diligently to the study of the Urdu language, became the instrument of the conversion of many Hindus and Mussulmans, and founded a native church at Meerut, which he superintended until 1832, when he became presidency chaplain in Calcutta. The circumstances which led to his coming to India border almost on the romantic: we shall give them in his own words—

I had just finished my morning Sabbath service at the village of G—O—, and was conversing in the churchyard with the gathering group of parishioners before returning to my home, when I perceived a stranger in the crowd, whose attention to the sermon which I had been preaching had drawn my eyes frequently towards the pew in which he had been seated. The villagers were pressing round with their affectionate inquiries after my health, &c., when the stranger addressed me with a courteous smile, saying, somewhat abruptly, "It is a blessed occupation for a minister of God to preach the *μετάνοια* to a sinful world." (My subject had been from the third chapter of St. John and the fifth verse.) In reply to this address, which somewhat sur-

prised me, I observed, "Very true, and blessed are the people who know the joyful sound." "Will you go to India?" said he. "If opportunity served I should not hesitate: I have often thought of it." "Have you?" said he, "then think of it again; and when you have made up your mind, let me know: I am Dr. Buchanan." We shook hands, and I mounted my horse and rode away. You remember, my dear sisters, what followed. Some little delay arose from various causes before my final decision was made; but difficulties and impediments were overruled, and finally the way was open. I bade farewell to my English home, and relatives, and friends, and set off for London, with my family, to make all the necessary preparations for my departure.

Mr. Fisher died at Mussoorie, March 5, 1845, aged seventy-three years. He was one of that class of chaplains who came under the censure of Sir J. Malcolm, when, in his

\* He entered the ministry in 1795, and was led to a knowledge of the truth subsequently, by the spiritual counsel of his excellent sister, Mrs. Stevens, who is well known for her religious writings, and the meetings she conducted for many years in Yorkshire. Mr. Fisher was eminently useful in Yorkshire, in the cottage lectures which he delivered to the poor. He took an active part in the Meerut Mission, and used to give the native catechist texts of Scripture on which to write sermons, that were corrected subsequently by himself.

"Political Sketches of India," he recommended "that chaplains should be prohibited from using their efforts to make converts.

Mr. Richards was appointed to Meerut in 1828, and was ordained in 1837. At his solicitation the same year the Begum Sumru gave 10,000 rupees for the erection of a chapel—St. Paul's—for the native Christians, and also made a grant of fifty rupees monthly towards the expense of the Mission, which was continued as long as she lived. She gave the Bishop of Calcutta 10,000*l.*, to be appropriated to the support of a native ministry, and 5000*l.* for the poor and debtors. In 1832, almshouses for Christians were built.

Mr. Richards continued his labours at Meerut until 1852, when his declining health compelled him to leave, and Meerut was left without a Missionary, the Parent Committee not having it in their power to appoint another. In 1854 the Bishop of Calcutta found nothing but the few faint embers of a fire which, a few years previously, had been burning brightly, "All is sinking into inanition—the chapel closed, the Mission-house uninhabited, the Committee desponding: I could hold no confirmation; I had no audience to address; no subscriptions were collected; no effort made."

The Parent Committee put forth appeals, and they were responded to. Mr. Lamb offered himself for Meerut, and was accepted. There was a peculiar appropriateness in his doing so, for he had been born in the neighbourhood of Meerut, and was baptized by Henry Martyn. He gave up an English incumbency for the Missionary work, for at the time when he offered himself to go forth and labour for the revival of the Meerut Mission he was Perpetual Curate of Over Darwen, Lancashire. The writer of this brief notice found him there when abroad on deputation work for the Church Missionary Society, and had much and interesting conversation with him as to the relative claims of home and foreign work. It was evident that his heart inclined much to the Mission work, and, once convinced that the door was open, and that he was free to offer himself, he did not hesitate to do so. During the ten years and a half of his Missionary life he was privileged to accomplish a great work. The Christian flock, which, at the time of his arrival, had been reduced to less than fifty, increased from year to year, rising to 100, 150, 170, until it became necessary to enlarge the church. He gave himself zealously to the work of itinerancy, and expanded the action of the Mission, establishing out-stations at Bareilly and Landour. Among the earliest of his converts was one man, who, as the ordained native Tulsī Paul, remains a living memorial of Lamb's work. He had been his munshi, and, first as a catechist,\* and now as pastor over a native flock, he shows that the stones which Lamb built into the foundation of the building were genuine.

Scarcely had he been removed by death, when, in the Meerut district, there sprung up a remarkable movement in favour of Christianity. At Mulliana and Khunker-Khera, places in the vicinity, a spirit of inquiry manifested itself; and now the native converts in the city and neighbourhood have risen from less than 300 in 1859 to more than 700 at the present time, with 300 communicants, the central station having in affiliation with it seven out-stations.

But Richard Martindell Lamb must ever be regarded as the man who, in the hands of God, raised up the Mission from its ruined state.

His name is associated with that of Edward Rogers: they received their valediction together, and how, in noticing the one, could we refuse a tribute of respect to the memory of the other? Shall the new grave be garlanded and have flowers planted upon it, while that which is some few years older, not many, is left to neglect and forgetfulness?

\* See "Church Missionary Record" 1850, pp. 200, 201.

While Mr. Lamb proceeded to the North-Western Provinces of India, Mr. Rogers reached Bombay. It was a critical moment in the history of that Mission. Two years before, a Missionary, the Rev. J. Dixon, who had rendered most valuable services, especially in the translation of the sacred Scriptures and of the Common-Prayer Book into the Mahratta language, had been removed, after seventeen years of unremitting activity; while, yet more recently, a Missionary of not so many months' labour, but who, during this short period of service, had endeared himself to every one as the exemplar and promoter of love and peace and godly unity—the Rev. A. Dredge—had been called away thus early and unexpectedly.

Reaching Bombay in January 1847, he was admitted to deacons' orders by the bishop of that diocese in the next month, and proceeded then to Nasik, just then left without a Missionary in consequence of the return to Europe of the oldest labourer in the Bombay Mission field, the Rev. C. P. Farrar. Here he had associated with him the Rev. C. C. Mengé from Junir, Mr. Rogers being as yet ignorant of the vernacular, and unable alone to meet the exigencies of the station, although at that time the baptized Christians were only nineteen in number.

But the remarkable decrease of Missionaries in the field of Western India at this time rendered it impossible that two Missionaries should long remain together at a station, and the next year (1848) Mr. Rogers was transferred to Junir, to supply the place of the Rev. J. Mulheisen, who had returned to Europe.

Junir is the capital of a hilly district of the same name in the province of Aurungabad. It occupies a central point between Nasik, Poonah, and Bombay; Nasik being seventy-two miles distant to the north-west, Poonah fifty miles to the south-west, and Bombay sixty or seventy miles to the west by south, while Ahmednuggur lies east by south forty miles distant. The population is about 25,000, of whom 2000 are Brahmins. Besides the care of the infantile results which had been raised up at Junir, Mr. Rogers had to visit two out-stations, Malligaum, a town and strong fortress in the province of Kandeish, lying about seventy miles to the north-east, and Astagaum, a village twelve miles from Ahmednuggur, where a few converts had been gathered by the Rev. C. W. Isenberg.

Mr. Rogers had now mastered the vernacular, and commenced forthwith those itinerant labours in which he persevered to the end of his life. In one of his earliest reports from Junir he says—"Accompanied by a native catechist, I made a Missionary tour in Kandeish. In some of the villages through which we passed the Gospel of Christ had been preached by a Missionary about ten or twelve years ago, but many had never heard the glad tidings of redemption before." What painful destitution, and it still prevails! Was ever a more glorious field for Missionary labour presented to a Christian nation than that which India presents to England? a vast field of heathenism over which, without interruption, the sower may go forth and sow. Yet how few the sowers!

Soon again was Mr. Rogers interrupted in the prosecution of his itinerant labours. Another death in the Mission summoned him to Bombay. The Rev. Thomas Jerrom, the Principal of the Money Institution, after three years and a half of Missionary service, had been suddenly called to his rest. With untiring zeal had he given himself to his work, so that, under his superintendence, not only had the number of scholars increased, but the school had been raised to a higher state of efficiency: above all, the communication of scriptural knowledge had occupied his thoughts, and earnestly had he endeavoured that the youths under his care might become wise unto salvation. To fill up for a time, until help could be procured from home, the vacancy thus caused, Mr. Rogers was called away from itinerancy to take part in educational work at Bombay. To these duties, however, his health proved unequal.



The new Mission in Sindh, being at this time without a Missionary, in consequence of the transfer of the Rev. C. C. Schreiber to Nasik, the Rev. A. Matchett and Mr. Rogers proceeded to Kurrachee; but Mr. Rogers' health continuing in an enfeebled state, he returned to England in May 1853. After an absence of two years, his health being restored, Mr. Rogers hastened back to his old sphere of labour at Malligaum. From this as a centre he carried forward his work of itinerancy, travelling from village to village, and preaching Christ amidst the vicissitudes to which that kind of work is specially subjected; now finding the people intently occupied in bowing their necks to the iron yoke of idolatry, and willingly practising the barbarous rites which it required at their hands—"A swinging machine," he observes on one occasion, "is set up within a few yards of my tent; and I should think twenty persons must have been suspended from it during the afternoon, many of whom were women. It is truly a painful sight to witness; painful to see the poor deluded victims in their sufferings; painful to notice the want of humanity manifested by the spectators"—now, when he told them of a Saviour's love, and his readiness and power to save, exposed to mockery; "Preached to a large congregation, but were often interrupted and very much insulted by the Brahmins. When we were leaving, they followed us through the streets, hooting after us, until they were stopped by the Kulkarani, a Brahmin and Government official." Then, again, there were seasons of encouragement, when they met with large and attentive audiences, and were followed to their tents by some whose hearts seemed to be in some measure moved, and who wished to inquire further.

One extract from the proceedings of 1858 we introduce, because it expresses so admirably the feelings of this good man, his compassion for the heathen, and his yearnings after them in the bowels of Jesus Christ.

*Dec. 15—Pasta.* This morning I walked the whole stage, and reached this place just at sunrise. The morning air was cold and bracing, the starry heavens above me clear and beautiful. In the southern heavens was visible the "Southern cross," and as the bright morning stars arose in the east, the constellation of Orion gradually sank beneath the western horizon. Many pleasing and elevating thoughts had been excited in my mind by the sight of these glorious objects, as I walked alone in the temple of God's creation. Painful indeed was the contrast, when, at the end of my walk, I found myself seated in the midst of a crowd of idolaters, in the temple of a filthy idol, which they call Mahadeva (the great god). Oh how idolatry degrades man! In vain did I point to the heavens above, and to the earth beneath, and try to awaken in the minds of my hearers the same feelings of admiration, reverence, and adoration, that had

filled my own mind while contemplating the glorious works of Him who is indeed "the great God." In vain did I try to make them feel their responsibility to Him, and thus bring home to their hearts the conviction of sin, and their need of a sinless Saviour. There were those who coldly assented to the truths we spoke to them, but there was no deep response of the heart. Their "great god," being a stone, a filthy emblem, all sense of responsibility to a superior being seems well nigh to have perished, and nothing that is great, glorious, and holy, has any attraction for the Hindu mind. After preaching, I had some conversation with an old Brahmin. He believes as firmly in the existence of Mount Meru, and its concentric seas, as if he had seen them. A shopkeeper, more intelligent, said, when leaving, he would be glad to see me again.

These journeyings were alike laborious and extensive. In the early part of 1861, previous to the monsoon, Mr. Rogers and his catechist had preached in seventy-four towns and villages, some of which had been visited before; but in regard to others, the ground broken up was entirely new. Amongst other places reached was Yeolah, now a Church Missionary station, a town with a population three times greater than that of Malligaum. Here they preached in the bazaars to a large number of people, and were engaged in conversation with persons who came to the tent from morning until evening.

The Missionary who thus devotes himself to the great work of itinerant preaching is a sower of the seed, and the sowing-time is one in which faith requires to be strong, for it is all giving forth, while nothing comes back in the way of return to recompense for the outlay. "I am grieved," says Mr. Rogers, writing about four years ago, "that I have so little to say of the triumphs of Christianity over heathenism. The Gospel of Christ has been preached in the streets of Malligaum and in the villages around, and yet we see no results at all answerable to our expectations. It is painful indeed to be obliged to write, year after year, of the small success that has attended our labours, and we can only hope that hereafter the fruit of the preparatory work which we are even now doing may be seen in the conversion of many souls to God."

Mr. Rogers judged rightly of the nature of his work. It was truly preparatory work, and, because preparatory, characterized by an absence of present results, and that is a time when the workman must be content to labour for the future, receiving nothing now. He must be content to sow that, the results of which he shall not himself reap, because, tardy in its growth, its rich harvests shall be reaped by other hands. He must be prepared to find himself toiling strenuously, laboriously, and be conscious at the same time of the gradual wasting of his physical powers, and yet be unable perhaps to communicate to friends at home the glad tidings of even one soul converted to God. He must make up his mind to be regarded as an unsuccessful Missionary, and, when so misapprehended, to say—"My judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God."

All honour be to the men who, under such disadvantages, go on with unflinching constancy, borne up by the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after certain days." Of their single-mindedness in their work there can be no stronger evidence. At home, when a man is gifted, popular, waited upon by a crowded congregation; or abroad, when he finds himself borne onward by some remarkable movement, while congratulatory letters are heaped upon him from friends in England, it is easy to go on. How shall the vessel do otherwise, when the sails are filled with prosperous gales? but it is not so easy at such times to analyze the motives by which the individual is actuated, and how much of earthly ingredients have mixed themselves with the divine element.

And these pioneers, are they not doing a grand work? How shall the superstructure be erected if the foundations be not laid? And how shall the foundations be laid if there be not labourers of this particular cast of mind, patient, yet persevering; humble, yet undaunted: men who can work without the approbation of their fellow-men, if only they have the sense of the Lord's favour in their hearts? And these little-valued, often sorrowful men, who go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall they not yet rejoice over the results of those labours which they carried forward amidst many tears? Yes; for it is promised—"He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him," and then "both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

In May 1862, Mr. Rogers lost his wife, the daughter of the late Rev. T. Jerrom, of Bombay. She died of cholera, and in the subsequent December, Mrs. Jerrom died also. Mr. Rogers was with her to the last, and witnessed her peaceful departure as, entrusting herself to her Saviour's care, she said, "He does not change."

Thus the Lord was weaning him from the world, and loosening the earth from about his roots, that he might be the more easily transplanted. Deeply did he feel these bereavements. Of his wife he spoke in terms of touching affection.—"It was said that she was beloved by all who knew her, both old and young. This is true of the European community. It was still more true of the native Christians. She had learnt their language, had faithfully instructed both the aged and the young, and by all was greatly beloved. Her sudden removal distressed them exceedingly, and I shall ever

remember with feelings of great thankfulness their genuine kindness and deep sympathy."

And now this good Christian and faithful Missionary has followed those whom he so loved. His Lord called him, and he has crossed over to the happy shore.

The following letter, dated August 8, 1865, from the Rev. T. K. Weatherhead, Secretary to the Corresponding Committee, closes this Obituary—

The sad intelligence of our brother Rogers' death reached you by last mail. He arrived in Bombay under the kind escort of the Rev. C. Laing, the chaplain of Malligaum, on Tuesday, the 18th of July, and on Saturday, the 22nd, he was called to the home of homes above. We have to mourn *our* loss, not *his*. In him we have lost a faithful and zealous Missionary, one who felt much the needs of our Western-India Mission, and who was raising up a class of native agents likely to be valuable, under God, as Scripture readers and catechists.

As an itinerator, Kandeish will bear a full testimony to our late brother's earnestness and energy. He was seldom to be found in his station when the season permitted him to be abroad in the districts. The large market-towns will well remember him, with his colossal umbrella, going out even when the sun was high—this umbrella, with its stick, resting on the ground, overshadowing him. I have been with him in the districts, and much enjoyed witnessing the character and boldness of his testimony, and at the same time that gentleness and kindness which bore with opposition.

As a watchman and pastor over the few

God had gathered out by him, he acted as a father over his children. His visit to Thanaje, who died of cholera last year, was immediately on hearing of his attack. His tattoo was mounted, and the sick man reached, just in time to have a few parting words. This man's wife and children make up a part of his crown of rejoicing, and they were all baptized by him.

He had had several attacks of fever. Not two years ago I met him at the Nandgaum station. He was then on his way to Malligaum, suffering from fever, leaving his tents behind. His good friend, Mr. Laing, received him on that occasion, and, throughout one night, when exhaustion and weakness threatened dissolution, watched him, and fed him every half-hour, and thus, humanly speaking, preserved him. In this last attack the same exhaustion and weakness followed. At first the change to Bombay appeared to benefit him. We all entertained some hope. Even on the morning of the day he died Major Candy wrote that Mr. Rogers was better; but about midday a change took place, and he sank rapidly.

His work was done; his time come; and his Lord called him home.

#### OBITUARY OF THE REV. JOSEPH PEET, OF THE TRAVANCORE MISSION.

On Sunday, December 23, 1832, two students of the Church Missionary College, Islington—Mr. Joseph Peet and Mr. George Pettitt—were admitted, by the Bishop of London to priests' orders; and on the next day they received the instructions of the Committee, delivered to them by the Rev. W. Jowett, having been appointed to labour, the one in the Tinnevely, the other in the Travancore Mission.

Mr. Pettitt, after twenty-two years valuable service in the Mission field, returned to England in 1856, and is now ably filling an important home position, as Incumbent of St. Jude's, Birmingham.

Mr. Peet died in the Mission field, after a lengthened service of no less than thirty-two years. We copy the following notice of his death from the "Cochin Western Star"—

It is our painful duty to record the death of the Rev. Joseph Peet, of Mavelicara, one of the oldest and most devoted Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in Travancore.

Mr. Peet arrived in Travancore in 1833, and was appointed to Cottayam, where for some time he had the entire charge of the Mission,

and acted as Principal of the old Syrian college; the other Missionaries of the station having been forced to proceed to Europe on account of ill-health. After a few years of incessant labour, he removed to Mavelicara in 1838, on the return of the other Missionaries, to lay the foundation of a new Mission in a wholly untried field. In the face of severe opposition

and constant difficulties and hindrances arising from the prejudices and ignorance of the surrounding Hindu population, he established what has proved, under Providence, one of the most successful and flourishing Missions in North Travancore. The fierce antagonism to his project only called forth the innate force of his character, and, without departing from the benign principles of the faith he toiled to propagate, he lived to see a contented and peaceful colony of Christians, by whom he was beloved and esteemed. With the exception of a short visit to England, the whole of his time, until a recent period, was devoted to the sacred cause for which he laboured. Besides his own immediate station, he had occasionally the charge of other Mission districts, as well as the management of a small estate called Munro Island, granted to the Mission as an endowment for educational purposes by the then Regent, Ranee Parwatee, through the interest of Colonel Munro, the British Resident at the Court of Travancore.

A few significant facts of his unwearied industry may be briefly noticed. According to the registered statistics of the Mavelicara and Tiruwella districts for 1863, we find that Mr. Peet had under his superintendence twenty places of worship, scattered over thirteen stations, with congregations numbering 3435 members, amongst whom might be found converts from all classes, from the high-caste Brahmin to the lowest Pulaya. Of the nine native clergymen in connexion with Travancore and Cochin, nearly all have, for a greater or less period, been his pupils, and many a

young man, in respectable and useful situations, owes his training to the kind care and attention of the departed Missionary.

We must not omit to mention, as an instance of his persevering industry, the unquestionably great service he has done towards the improvement of the language and literature of this coast by the publication of his Malayalim grammar, the first and only work of the kind extant in that language, and which is generally accepted as the standard authority. He also published various other original and translational works, which are highly appreciated by persons engaged in the work of education.

More than a year ago Mr. Peet was compelled, through failing health, to leave his Mission work for a time, and visit England, but unhappily he derived little benefit from the change. Whilst there, it is related that he called on a lady, who is herself much interested in Indian Missions, and whose late husband had toiled in the same cause on this coast, and, at that interview, expressed his very earnest desire to return immediately, without reference to his health, as his only wish was to live and die amongst his people at Mavelicara. Even so he returned in April last, and joined his flock, who appear to have been the first object of his care. He suffered much from an affection of the brain, attended with occasional fits, and on Friday, August 11th, this earnest and devoted Missionary breathed his last, and ceased from his earthly labours.

To this brief sketch of the long-life labours of our departed Missionary, and of the great results which he was privileged to bring about, we may add a few details.

When Mr. Peet had been in the Mission about six years he was led to break fresh ground, and to take up Mavelicara, as a Mission station, a commanding point in the kingdom of Travancore.

In a letter to the Corresponding Committee he thus describes this place—

Mavelicara is a large town in the kingdom of Travancore, situated about thirty miles north-east of Quilon, in 8° 36' north lat., and 75° 30' east long.

This town was formerly the seat of Government, and a place of great note: it is, even now, called by the natives the "Eye of Travancore." Of its ancient greatness there are still many vestiges: besides large buildings and tanks, there are the remains of a very extensive fort, in which the arsenal was kept, and the Rajah had his palace; and, what is very uncommon in a country of India with which foreigners, till lately, have had but little internal intercourse, and at a place at which, before the recent Mission establish-

ment, it is probable no European ever resided, there still remain the relics of large, and—considering the nature of the soil—well-constructed roads, leading to the several gates of the fort; on either side of which have been planted, in regular rows, a species of the lofty and majestic pine-tree, which, though fast going to decay, still, by their regularity and beauty, present quite a home-like appearance, and afford a most agreeable shelter from the scorching rays of the sun.

Mavelicara, together with the surrounding country, is very low and flat, and the soil, for the most part, is a fine whitish sand, which renders this place neither so agreeable nor healthy for the residence of Europeans as

many other parts of Travancore, the heat, from its low situation and loose soil, being excessive in the dry season; and these, together with the rising of the rivers and heavy rain, make it damp, and unpleasantly close and sultry, in the monsoon: the range of the thermometer is now, in the midst of the cold weather, from 80 to 88. With these exceptions, Mavelicara is perhaps one of the best places in Travancore for a Mission station, as it is situated within a few miles of twenty-one Syrian churches, most of which are easy of access from it; and, according to a census taken in 1837, there is in Mavelicara and the adjacent districts a population of no less than 267,352 individuals, composed of all the principal classes and castes in the country. In Mavelicare alone the population amounts to 63,652. Among this number are some of the most rich and influential people of the land. Most of the reigning Rajah's family dwell near the Mission premises; and in consequence of this place having been the seat of royalty, a vast number of Brahmins is fed and lodged at the public expense. The Nairs here are also numerous and respectable; and the Syrians, of whom there are about 900 or 1000 families, have a richly-endowed church in that part of the town where their own people re-

side. In addition to these advantages, the main road from the different parts of the country to the capital, and one of the high roads from the old "Pandyan," or Company's territories, pass through Mavelicara, close by the Mission premises: in consequence of which there is almost a continual influx of people; among many of whom I have been enabled, from time to time, to scatter a few seeds of the word of life, in the hope and belief that He, who has declared that his word shall not return void, will make it accomplish the purposes for which it has been sent.

The desirableness of occupying such a place as a Mission station has been seen and felt by the Church Missionary Society for the last twenty years; but want of agents and funds have, up to the last summer, deterred them from doing more than occasionally visiting it, and establishing one or two small schools. It is, however, with heartfelt gratitude and thankfulness to the wise and beneficent Disposer of all good that I am enabled to add, that the Society has at length been so far enabled to fulfil its wishes, as that a dwelling-house for a Missionary, and a temporary place of worship, are now erected, and a Missionary has been appointed to labour in this place, in the midst of its teeming population.

A new church was opened in May 1839.

At the opening of my church, which took place on Wednesday, May 22, the brethren from Cottayam, and two from Allepie, were present. Some of our congregations from Cottayam and Mallapalli came, by previous invitation; and, in the course of the day, between one and two thousand persons of all classes crowded in to see this new thing. A little before eleven, A.M., the bell was rung, in all probability for the first time in the midst of this dense population—this chief seat of darkness and "reign" of spiritual death, to invite the people to the worship of the only living and true God in a manner agreeable to his holy will, and best calculated to advance the growth of piety in the hearts of men. We had a full service, as usually conducted in churches at home; viz. singing, morning prayer, with the litany, commandments, &c., read at the altar by two officiating ministers, sermon, and the eucharist. At the latter service, three respectable Syrians, under previous

instruction, openly expressed their determination to join us, by partaking of the Lord's Supper with about twenty of our old congregation. This is the first-fruit of that great harvest which I do hope the Lord Jesus intends to gather in here.

My church is calculated to hold about 400 persons; and, if the porch were filled, 500 could be comfortably accommodated. With the aid of my dear partner, we have contrived to make it wear quite a respectable appearance. The inside, with the exception of pews, is altogether English. For a ceiling we have nice white mats; and the floor is covered with the grass mats of the country, such as find their way into gentlemen's bungalows. The pulpit and desks are stained with a lasting dark colour, and are well varnished. A vestry and bell make our church quite complete, and command the attention and respect of those who come only to sneer and scoff.

Converts began now to be gathered in, as well from among Syrians as heathen, Amongst others, the case of a Nair and his wife, baptized by the name of Cornelius and Mary, is especially interesting; but we can only refer our readers to the "Church Missionary Record" for 1840, pp. 223, 224, where they will find an account of them.

Having planted the standard of the Gospel at the very head-quarters of Travancore

Brahminism, Mr. Peet, like a valiant soldier of the cross, took his stand by it. "I am surrounded," he observes, in a letter written about the year 1843, "by untiring, crafty, potent foes, without a single, powerful friend, in this part of India, to whom I may look for advice and protection. I sometimes think my faith would entirely fail, but for the support of the Gospel, and from the heart-upholding assurance that I share the sympathy, and have an interest in the prayers, of those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. We must, if faithful, contend with the powers of darkness, the demon of error, and the blind obduracy of souls most deadly opposed to their own best interests. We have to cast down from its elevated position, and trample under foot with indignation, the blasphemous creed which exalts the creature at the Redeemer's seat: we must, in a word, preach, without compromise, that only panacea for the world's woes, the great and saving doctrine of justification by faith."

Such was Mr. Peet. He had a strong grasp of the doctrines of grace, and his resolve was, with the help of God, to teach them. From this he swerved not. Opposition, instead of intimidating him, called forth his energies, and he wrought the more earnestly. And such he continued to the end, so that even when the body grew enfeebled, the mind retained all its vigour and earnestness of purpose.

The interest and importance of the Malevicara station increased from year to year. The town lies just on the skirt of the low rice-grounds which stretch westward to the sea. At times, during the monsoon, the country around is completely flooded by swollen mountain streams. Beginning at Mavelicara, eastward the ground rises, and hilly jungles, interspersed with patches of cultivation, overtop each other, till they reach the ghauts. In 1846 there lay amongst these hills five out-stations, while others were in process of formation to the south and north. The Mission, moreover, had begun to yield valuable help towards its own extension, and two ordained natives, the first-fruits and pledges of a native ministry—the Rev. Jacob Chandy and the Rev. George Matthan—were rendering, in this wide and populous district, efficient aid.

Instances occurred from time to time which served to show that the Christianity introduced among the people was of an active energetic kind, and that the character of the Missionary had impressed itself upon the converts. A low-caste heathen, who had tried all the sects of Hinduism, and, besides these, Mohammedanism, Popery, Syrianism, in the hope of finding rest to his soul, obtained, at last, in the belief of the Gospel, that which he had so earnestly sought after. He desired in some way to express the gratitude he felt. He went about amongst his friends and neighbours, telling them what the Lord had done for his soul, and many of them became Christians. He wished that they should have a suitable building where they might meet to worship God. Although only a mere labourer, earning two chuckrums, or about twopence a day, he actually purchased a piece of ground for the site, at a cost of 500 chuckrums, besides paying all legal expenses, and on this a church was erected. A similar case presents itself in a woman, a convert from heathenism, a member of one of the lowest classes, but possessing good natural abilities. At the time of her conversion there was much persecution abroad against the Christians, and not only did she take patiently the spoiling of her goods, but fearlessly exerted herself in confessing Christ, and so succeeded in persuading part of her family to submit to his easy yoke. She then moved these her fellow-Christians to unite in founding a place where they might meet for Christian worship, and a neat temporary building was soon finished, covered with a mat and provided with a pulpit, the whole building, with the ground on which it stood, being the free gift of these poor people to the Gospel cause.

These notices are only fragmentary, yet are they sufficient to explain to our readers the progress of the work, and we shall now close them by a reference to one more document, a letter written by Mr. Peet in 1861, at a time when his health had greatly

declined, and his physical system, worn out by long and arduous labour, seemed as though it must collapse from sheer exhaustion. At such a moment it was just what we might expect from him, that he would take a retrospective view of the work, to which he had given himself heart and soul for so many years, and this he does in the following characteristic letter—

As to the Mission—it has, through many difficulties, gone on steadily, healthily, increasing in numbers. In 1859, the native contributions were, in round numbers, 240 rupees: last year they were 404 rupees. But how collected? All the people in the Mission (that is, church members) hold monthly prayer-meetings: the whole Mission is divided according to neighbourhoods. On each occasion the Scripture is read, or expounded, as the case may be; our Litany and prayers are used; and then a collection is made, each, at the beginning of the year, stating the amount he intends to give regularly, though at times an additional sum is added. The whole amount, then, for the year 1860, collected at these prayer-meetings, exceeds 200 rupees: the rest are fees. Of heathen baptisms, the number of adults was 108; of heathen children, 46; total baptized heathen during the year being 154. Now the baptized congregations consist of 1708 souls; unbaptized, 130; total, 1838. But this by no means shows the real number of inquirers—not here stated, because irregular. The writer has congregations from heathen and some from Syrians; and when he goes especially to some of the latter congregations he usually has a larger number than is ordinarily the case, and often excellent opportunities to communicate useful knowledge, and scatter good principles, especially among the irregular hearers, thus brought, by various motives, within the reach of truth. Of these occasional hearers the writer has had from three to 150, and more; and his usual method, when the people are quite strange, is to go outside about eight in the morning, as strangers always come early, to try and call forth their special attention to some common topic likely to interest; then to ask them to come into the porch, where all sit, and the writer in the midst, when the people, having been told of the especial object of the Sabbath, are invited, in the first place, to ask questions on what they will, by which means errors are corrected and suitable lessons imparted. In this way one most profitable service is concluded before our usual service begins, and often by the first service lasting friendships are formed that give me or my people opportunities to spread the Gospel for miles around. In this way, too, the writer had many opportunities, during the mutiny, to stop the progress of it here; and numbers,

having confidence in his veracity, regularly came or sent to know how matters stood.

In addition to this is to be told, to the glory of our heavenly Father, that after more than twenty years struggling, during which he obtained a tacit admission of some of his people's rights, he has, through the aid of the present Resident, and Madava Row, the Dewan, lately acquired a legal status for his people, similar to that of the Mohammedans in Hindu India, that is, as fellow-subjects they have now the equal public right of walking in the public road, and appearing in a court of justice; they have also obtained deliverance from the infamous system of compulsory labour, and can hold property in their Christian names.

It may be asked, How was all this? What was done, and what is the exact standing of the Mavelicara Mission?

The writer commenced the Mavelicara Mission in 1838, upon principles drawn up for his own guidance from the word of God, and a knowledge of Hindu notions and practices. These principles were—

1st. That he should not undertake any indirect labour that might unfit or prevent him doing the work of an evangelist; and therefore,

2dly. That he could not advocate Mission orphanages and similar establishments, these being the work of a Christian church; whereas his business is to raise that church from, in the first instance, the adult population.

3dly. From historical knowledge, years before he came to India he had learned to know, and, in India, afterwards saw, the practical evil of establishing workshops, &c. By this the first Missionaries in Bengal voluntarily placed their Mission, in Hindu estimation, on a caste level with the despised low classes and outcastes; and, not to speak of the folly of hoping to compete with Indian mechanics, those low castes would necessarily oppose, for trying to deprive them of the profits of labour.

4thly. Another principle has been, never, as a rule, to give temporary support to any adults, under the plea that embracing Christianity deprives them of the means of gaining a livelihood. It is a home-supported mistake, which at least generates a puny, stunted, slavish spirit. It creates a hot-bed race, usually requiring a constant dependence on Mission support, which failing, the people

are scattered to the winds; and at best it produces an unfitness to bear, or to honour, the cross of Christ in the midst of an opposing blaspheming race.

5thly. Above all, or including all, the principle of this Mission has been to repudiate and entirely ignore caste in every form.

Well! and the results? The plan has here succeeded: the number of Christians has been shown, all of whom have rights and a status similar to that of the Mohammedans of Hindu India, though our catechumen and baptized slaves, from present peculiar circumstances, are, neither in number nor standing, included in the above account. But of the others I

may add, that all gain an independent living, there not being a single Mission pauper nor dependant, of course excepting readers and schoolmasters. But all the adults, as seen above, render pecuniary assistance, and one of our churches has just paid 130 rupees and one 60 rupees for bells, and from another I hold 300 rupees for rebuilding or repairing their present church; all these amounts being partly the result of the abovenamed and similar collections.

All this is respectfully submitted to the especial consideration of those purposing to raise new Indian Missions.

#### OBITUARY OF THE REV. GOTTLÖB FRIEDRICH BÜHLER, OF THE YORUBA MISSION.

THE following paper has been forwarded to us by the widow of our valued Missionary, the late Rev. G. F. Bühler. According to German custom, after the funeral sermon, a biographical sketch of the departed one was given in the church, the particulars having been previously obtained from the near relatives. This Mrs. Bühler has translated, and in other respects adapted for use among friends in England. We give it a place in the pages of this periodical.

Gottlob Friedrich Bühler was born, the youngest of a numerous family, at Adelberg, in Württemberg, on the 3rd of July 1829. Trained by God-fearing parents, he was sent, as soon as he was old enough, to school, and remained there until his confirmation. Soon after, he expressed the wish to devote himself to the work of education, a wish which his parents were agreed to gratify, and sent him to the Preparandi Institution of the Rev. Mr. Voget, at Bonfeld, where, for two years, he prosecuted his studies with good success. In 1845 he was received into the Training College at Nürtingen, where he also remained two years, and, after passing the examinations honourably, was appointed assistant-schoolmaster in the Government school at Dürrwangen. Here he was again stationary for two years, and was then removed to Asperg, near Stuttgart. His wish to be in the more immediate neighbourhood of his relatives was soon after unexpectedly gratified, when he was appointed to Eichstatt, near Welzheim; and although his sojourn there brought him much that he would hardly have desired for himself, it was important in deciding the character of his future life. He became acquainted with an excellent man, who promoted his welfare in many ways, and through whose influence he became tutor in the Royal Educational College at Salon, near Ludwigsburg. During his residence here, a desire, which had doubtless been long growing up within him, came to maturity—the desire to go out and

preach salvation to the heathen. Possibly the example of his eldest brother, who had been sent to India by the Basle Missionary Society some years before, may have contributed to the growth of this desire. In the spring of 1851 our departed friend applied to be admitted into the Missionary College at Basle, and was received there a few months after. Here he studied for three years, and was then dismissed into the service of the Church Missionary Society in London, whither he repaired, after taking leave of his relatives and friends. The next year was spent at the Church Missionary College at Islington. After being ordained deacon in 1855, by the Lord Bishop of London, he was sent out to West Africa, and entered on his work in the Yoruba country with vigour and with enjoyment. Of his Missionary career, that part is best known to us where he was at Abbeokuta, in which town he was stationed for several years, and where, in company with other messengers of the Gospel, he laboured devotedly, preaching amongst the heathen, instructing the young, and visiting his people. His project of forming an Educational Institute, in which some of the more promising African youths might be trained to become schoolmasters and catechists in the Mission, received the sanction of the Society, and he soon had more than twenty pupils, to whom he gave daily instruction in the necessary branches of education. And while he spared no pains, and shunned no sacrifice of time and of strength to bring them through



the requisite course of study, he endeared himself personally to them by his kind and friendly bearing, and by the warm interest he took in all that concerned them, so that they learned to regard him with the love and esteem of children for their father.

In 1859 the Bishop of Sierra Leone (Dr. Bowen) visited the principal Mission stations in the Yoruba country, and, during his stay at Abbeokuta, held an ordination, when our departed brother was admitted to priests' orders. In the same year his failing health obliged him to visit Europe, where, after a time, he recovered strength, and in the next year returned to his work in the Yoruba country. Again he laboured with great energy, especially when, at the beginning of 1862, he was appointed to a fresh station, that of Igbein, in Abbeokuta, which had become vacant through the death of the native Missionary, the Rev. T. King. Here he found full scope for his exertions, and, in addition to his usual occupations, had to superintend the extension of the Mission premises, and the erection of a simple but commodious building for the purposes of the Institution.

In the month of March 1864 Abbeokuta was attacked by the King of Dahomey, whose cruel intentions were, however, put to nought in an almost miraculous manner by Him who is the ruler of princes. The king was obliged to withdraw his forces, and fled before them to his own territory, while many of his warriors, male and female, remained prisoners in the town they had hoped to possess. During the most anxious hours of this time of distress and danger, and while the battle was at the hottest, the Christians continued in prayer to God for deliverance; and He heard the cries of his children, and so plainly revealed his helping arm, that even the heathen were heard to say, "It is the God of the Christians who has saved us: He has heard the white people's prayers."

In the course of the same year it pleased the Lord to call our departed friend from his sphere of active exertion into his special school of discipline—that of sickness and suffering. A cold, caught while returning home during a tornado, was followed by repeated attacks of fever and ague, and, in the month of September, by a severe inflammation, from which it was feared that he could not recover. This was a time of sharp affliction, which was, however, to produce the peaceable fruit of righteousness. His life was spared, and as soon as he had recovered strength sufficiently, he repaired to Lagos, hoping much from a change of air, which was considered necessary by his medical adviser. The sojourn at Lagos did not, however, result in the desired improve-

ment in his health: he still suffered considerably from fever, and at this period he wrote to his relatives in their far-off home—"The last few months have been the most trying ones of my whole life. I have often longed to depart, and to be with Christ." But his earthly journey was not at an end. He returned to Abbeokuta, and, at the beginning of the present year, prepared to come home to Europe, where it was hoped he might regain his health. He left Lagos on the 7th of February, and for a few days appeared to be gaining strength; but fever again came, and for three weeks he was scarcely able to leave his cabin. Arrived in England at the beginning of March, he spent some time with his relatives and friends there, and availed himself of the best medical advice, which was not without effect; so that, in the month of June, he was able to set off on his journey to Würtemberg. On the way he suffered much from pain and weakness, and, on arriving at Stuttgart, was induced to consult a celebrated German physician. As, however, in the course of a few weeks, he began to be convinced that his illness was beyond the power of medicines to cure, he resolved to hasten home to his birth-place, where some of his brothers and sisters, with his aged father, were still living. To break the journey, he was to spend a few days in the town of Schorndorf, where he had some intimate and dear friends. He reached their house on the 27th of July. The next day he was too weak to leave his bed, and from that time it became evident that he could not recover. Not all the affectionate and considerate attentions of his host and hostess, nor the anxious care of his more immediate attendants, could stay the progress of disease. In the midst of pain and suffering, nothing strengthened and refreshed him so much as a few verses from the Bible; and he frequently asked to have one of the last chapters of St. John's Gospel read to him. Sometimes he repeated a verse from some of the beautiful hymns of the Lutheran church, which he had learnt in his childhood. Every expression that fell from his lips testified that he was looking forward with calm and happy confidence to the "city without foundations, whose builder and maker is God." After three weeks of great pain and weakness, borne with submission, and even cheerfulness, the servant was called home by his Master into the heavenly rest, and fell asleep on the evening of the 14th of August, at the age of 36.

Let us praise God for all the mercy and lovingkindness which He showed to our departed friend during these thirty-six years; but especially for having privileged him to join in the great work of extending the king-

dom of Christ among the heathen. May the Divine Comforter be with those who are left behind to mourn one so dear to them, and help them to give him up with resignation, yea, even with thanks and praise to Him who "doeth all things well!" May a blessing rest on all those who knew our brother in life, so that they may not only keep him in friendly and affectionate remembrance, but be en-

couraged by his example to persevere in fighting the good fight, and to labour earnestly, each in his sphere, to promote, whether by action or by suffering, the glory of God. Oh, may we henceforth direct our steps more unwaveringly towards the heavenly city, the city of the living God, in which are "many mansions," prepared for those who love Him! Amen.

### FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA.

A LABOURER in the Mission-field, now at home, has forwarded to us the following communication on this important subject—

The extract from the "Calcutta Christian Intelligencer," in your last Number,\* respecting the Brahma Samaj, is so full of interest, particularly when taken in connexion with the notice in the "Times of India" (August 23rd) of the establishment, in Calcutta, of a female branch of the Samaj, that I venture to draw the attention of your readers to what appears to be another most encouraging indication of the influence of "the heaven."

"The split" in the Samaj has, apparently, originated on the intermarriage question, and has led to the formation of this branch for the women. The "Times of India" says, that on August 15th an address was delivered to the first meeting, in which those present were exhorted "to cultivate their minds and souls under the shadow of the true church, looking for strength to the merciful providence of a holy God." The "Indian Mirror," the organ of the new party in the Samaj, tells us that there were thirteen ladies present, and that the sermon was on the motherhood of God.

This was in Calcutta; but in the "Hindu Patriot" of September 11th we have the notice of the formation of a new Society of men at Dacca, who pledge themselves "to promote the cause of intermarriage, widow-marriage, and female education, by all means in their power." And in the same paper is a notice of a prize of 200 rupees, which has been offered for the best drama, in Bengalee, on the condition and helplessness of Hindu females.

These, Sir, although not the efforts of Christian men, are, I believe, indications of the leaven of Christianity, which is gradually influencing the whole of the upper and educated classes of Hindus in Bengal.

To appreciate it, however, at its full value, it is necessary to remember, that for ages the condition of women generally, in Bengal at least, has been one of ignorance and degradation.

\* *Vide* "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for November, p. 352.

"Is woman to live and die,"\* asked the Rev. K. M. Banerjea sixteen years ago, "as an irrational creature, notwithstanding her capacities for improvement? . . . . "To suffer an intelligent creature," he continues, "to degenerate to the condition of the beasts of the field is to destroy her intellect by denying its nourishment; and yet such a crime is daily perpetrated before our eyes by the Hindu and Mohammedan population, who consider their females as little better than animals of burden, and, far from providing them with means of education, count them as mere slaves, calculated to render such services as they choose to demand."

"The excellence of woman," say Babu S. C. Dutt,† "unmarried or married, or widow, throughout the country, among great and small, is rated only by the scale of servile fear and capacity of endurance and toil."

Banerjea says again,‡ "The females of Hindustan are living in a state of the utmost degradation." . . . . "Half the population of India living within the purdah as victims of ignorance, and almost debarred from the light of the sun and the free air of heaven." . . . .

When the woman is a widow, her lot is still worse. "It is not from religious prejudices and early impressions only," wrote Rajah Rammohun Roy, in 1822,§ "that Hindu widows burn themselves on the piles of their deceased husbands, but also from their witnessing the distress in which widows of the same rank in life are involved, and the insults and slights to which they are daily subjected that they become in a great measure regardless of existence after the death of their husbands."

\* Sermon on Female Education, 1849, p. 7.

† Miscellaneous Essays, quoted in Dr. Kay's Sermon on Woman, p. 33.

‡ Sermon, p. 12, above quoted.

§ Ancient Rights of Females, p. 8.

Or, more recently,\* a native correspondent of the "Calcutta Morning Chronicle" (Nov. 30, 1850), wrote, addressing his countrymen—"My friends, are we so lost to every sense of humanity and justice, and even of common propriety and expediency, as not to reflect for one moment, during the whole round of our feasts and revelries, on the deplorable condition of our daughters and sisters?" . . . "We lounge and roll about on spring couches, whilst our daughter, our child, our own blood, lies down on the bare floor, withering away prematurely in the deepest agony of mind. It is a shame, a blasphemy, a sacrilege, and a murder."

Now and again an educated voice has been raised against this state of things. "The well-being of the millions who inhabit this magnificent country," said the Rev. K. M. Banerjea, in 1859,† "calls for the improvement of their female society. The nation can never prosper so long as ignorant mothers and wives exercise so baneful an influence on the rising and the present generations."

"Female ignorance,"‡ said Babu Nobin Kristo Bose, addressing the members of the Bethune Society, "stands in the way of any bold or enterprising attempt to deviate from the beaten track, and the influence of an affectionate mother, or a beloved wife holds him (the educated man) fast to orthodox practices and modes of life." . . . . "Female ignorance, like some great centripetal force, retains even well-educated men within the prescribed sphere of antiquated customs and superstitious rites;" and many an earnest spirit has longed to see that dawn of day for women which we are now privileged to behold. The difficulties to contend against have been greater than most people in England appear to understand: it is therefore necessary to remind such that it is an assumed principle of Hinduism, interwoven with the social and domestic history of the nation, that women should be kept in a state of ignorance and degradation.

"In the representations of female excellence,"§ says Banerjea, "which the Hindu classical writings contain, the images are principally, if not solely, those of beauty and bodily charms. The Hindus appear never to have entertained any notion of the intellectual and moral capabilities of the sex."

It is true some few were learned, and their names stand out prominently;|| "but the other educated females of whom we read in the

Hindu classics did not, many of them, profit much by the study of letters." Their irregular conduct "produced, in process of time, a prejudice against their improvement, the effects of which are sadly visible in the present state of society."

It would appear from many passages that the compilers of books held sacred by the Hindus never contemplated the education of women. Banerjea says, in his lecture on Vedantism,\* "The founder of the Vedant has declared that women and Sudras are not entitled to *hear* the holy sentences of the Vedas, and the Vedas themselves take this exclusiveness for granted." Certain it is,† "there stands the opinion and the practice, that it is no part of a girl's duty to study, and no part of a father's to persuade her to do so."

The ignorance and degradation of woman stand out prominently in the Hindu system. Take a text or two from Menu's Code, compiled 2700 years ago, and still the text-book of the old school of Hinduism.

"It is the nature of women in this world (ch. ii. v. 213) to cause the seduction of men, for which reason the wise are never unguarded in the company of females. . . . A female, indeed, is able to draw from the right path in this life, not a fool only, but even a sage, and can lead him in subjection. . . . Let no man, therefore, sit in a sequestered place with his nearest female relations."

Again, ch. ix. v. 15—17 — "Through their passion for men, their mutable tempers, their want of settled affection, and their perverse nature (let them be guarded in this world ever so well) they soon become alienated from their husbands; yet should their husbands be diligently careful in guarding them, though they well know the disposition with which the Lord of the creation formed them.

"Women have no business with the texts of the Vedas: this is the law fully settled: having, therefore, no evidence of law, and no knowledge of expiatory texts, sinful women must be as foul as falsehood itself: and this is a fixed rule."

Thus "bereft of the advantages of reading and observation, their thoughts seldom extend beyond the walls of the zenana, or soar above the roof under which they are secured." . . . . "Intellectual amusements and recreations are wholly unknown to them: . . . they live in a state of moral insensibility, and do not consider themselves bound, as rational and responsible agents, to perform any thing besides their assigned work in the house."‡

\* Quoted in the "Missionary," Jan. 1851, p. 55.

† Sermon, p. 8.

‡ Proceedings of Bethune Society, 1861, p. 42.

§ Prize Essay on Female Education, p. 67.

|| Ibid, p. 21.

\* Printed in the "Missionary" for January 1851, p. 51.

† Minutes of Madras Conference, p. 191.

‡ Banerjea, quoted in "Madras Minutes," p. 193.

"Secured," says Banerjea; and, as untrustworthy, they were literally secured, secluded in the inner house, and guarded by bolts and bars, and latticed windows, and able-bodied guards.

Dean Milman, in his exquisite translation of "Nala and Damayanti," has given us a picture of the past, and present too, excepting those houses into which the influence of the Gospel has extended.

He tells us how Nala asks, in wonder—

"Strictly guarded is yon palace—  
How may I find entrance there?"

And how Damayanti inquires, when she saw Nala—

"How hast entered in our palace?—  
How hast entered all unseen?  
Watchful are our chamber wardens—  
Stern the mandate of the King."

And then how Nala tells her—

"Know, O loveliest, I am Nala—  
Here the messenger of gods;  
Through their power, their power almighty—  
I have entered here unseen."

Nor is this merely a poetical description, or an account which refers to one time or person. So closely confined women were and have been, and, I may say, are still, in some places, that they are spoken of as those who have not seen the sun.

In Dr. Muir's Sanskrit texts, Part I, pp. 89—91, there is an account of Harishchandra selling his wife into slavery to enable him to pay the fee to Viswamitra; and the words of his lament are striking, "She, my spouse, whom formerly neither air, nor sun, nor moon, nor stranger had beheld, is now gone into slavery."

In modern times, Babu Brijjo Kishore Ghose, in his history of the Juggernath Temple at Orissa, says, p. 55, "It is much to be lamented that such voluptuous priests are not only supported by the respectable Hindus, but entrusted with their wives and other female relatives, who have never seen the face of a stranger."

Shama Churn Sirkar, a native pleader in Calcutta, in his Dialogues on the Manners and Customs of Hindus, says, p. 367, "Women in their private apartments wear head wrappers; they do not show their faces to their superiors, nor do they converse with them, or speak in such a way (so loud) that they should hear them." Again, "Our women never touch their superiors, and hardly even any one else; and, so far from eating with men, they do not even eat in the presence of a man."

And again, "A Hindu does not speak to his wife before his superior." (p. 377).

Mr. Murdoch has quoted, in his Indian Year Book, p. 129, a passage from the "Indian Reformer," edited by the Rev. Lal Behari De, to the same effect, viz. "In their estimation (women) a woman who has not seen the face of any other man than her husband, if such a thing be possible, is a prodigy of virtue."

Well might Dr. Kay embody in his sermon the exclamation of the native essayist when urging the re-marriage of widows among Hindus—"Woman! in India thy lot is cast in misery." (p. 24.)

With such a back-ground, exhibiting such domestic associations to contend against, it is easier to understand the difficulties which surrounded the first attempts to improve the condition of women.

Banerjea\* recorded his conviction sixteen years ago that "neither the Hindus nor the Mohammedans are likely to adopt vigorous measures for female education without the counsel and help of their Christian neighbours. . . . Having for ages immemorial debarred their females from the advantages of education, there is little probability of their spontaneously returning now to a sense of duty."

And Banerjea was right.

Babu Prosonno Coomar Tagore† was the first Bengalee gentleman who engaged an European governess for his daughter, and for years he was the only one. It was not until 1855, and then through the painstaking and energetic efforts of the Rev. Messrs. Smith and Fordyce, that the first acknowledged Christian teacher,‡ Miss Toogood, was allowed to attend regularly to give instruction in a Hindu family. She was soon joined by the first pupil from the Calcutta Normal School, Miss Marr; and with these two earnest workers commenced the public movement in Bengal in favour of female education among the upper classes.

The movement has been necessarily slow in its progress, but now, stimulated and encouraged by Christian exertion, the Hindus themselves have, as we have seen, taken it up, and are seeking, apart from Christianity, to educate and enlighten their women. The elevation of woman, however, is emphatically a Christian work, and even this effort of the Brahma Samaj must be Christian in its tendency.

"To the Gospel,"§ says Isaac Taylor, "thus

\* Sermon above quoted, p. 9.

† Banerjea's Prize Essay, p. 116.

‡ Minutes of Bengal Conference, 1855, p. 152.

§ Lectures on Spiritual Christianity, p. 117.

working reformation by the noiseless operation of its ethical principles, blessing us often unawares, and even against the bent of our perverse wills—to the Gospel woman owes every thing good, for she derives from it her power to bless indeed those whom she loves, and thus to become herself happy.”

There are, moreover, hundreds of the women of the upper classes in Bengal now under direct Christian instruction. Some have been baptized; others are not far from the kingdom of heaven.

But now that their husbands and brothers have taken up the work of their education, should we not rejoice, that, after so long a night, the day is breaking?

What incalculable blessings—what momentous consequences, humanly speaking, hang upon the emancipation of the women of Bengal from their state of bondage!

Is it not a reason why those who long for the salvation of India should pray more earnestly that the Lord himself may impart the life-giving spirit to the leaders of this great movement, and bring them, and the women they are endeavouring to teach, to the foot of the Cross, that they may find there pardon and peace, and, being cleansed from all their sins, may serve Him with a quiet mind.

It is, also, surely a call to renewed effort, that the Missionaries, both to men and women, throughout Bengal, may be so increased in number, that the good news of the true Teacher, who is the way, the truth, and the life, may be carried to the homes and hearts of all who are willing to hear it.

Apologizing for the length of this letter,

I remain, dear Sir,

X. Y. Z.

#### ITINERATION IN ASIA MINOR.

VERY reluctantly we were compelled in our last Number to interrupt the narrative of Messrs. Weakley and Wolters' itinerancy on the central plateau of Asia Minor. But the length of the document precluded the possibility of its being published in a single Number.

We left them at Koniah, the ancient Iconium, and the extreme point of their journey. The route which they pursued homeward led them by Colosse, Laodicea, Philadelphia, and Sardis. In the portion, therefore, of the narrative which we now publish, our readers will find much that is interesting.

##### *Koniah.*

After leaving the house we went to view the town of Koniah from a mound—the only elevated place in the town—upon which stood the palace, and now stands the tomb of Sultan Alaed'din. At the back of this ruin is the shell of an old Greek church, massively built, with a cupola in the centre. On knocking off some of the plaster and wash which has been roughly laid on inside, we discovered some pictures in good preservation. All the walls seem to have been painted in this manner. The Greeks have endeavoured to get their ancient edifice restored to them, but the Chelebi Effendi, the representative of an elder branch of the reigning family, and the descendant of Jellaled'din Roomi, or Mollah Hunkiar, refuses to give his consent. This person's power in Koniah is more absolute than that of the Sultan. He does what he pleases, and none dare say him nay. From the slight eminence upon which we stood we were able to form some idea of the extent of the town. It contains about 14,000 or 15,000 houses, nearly all built of unburnt brick, and having a poor aspect. The remark of a native gentleman, with

whom we conversed on the subject, aptly describes the place. “Koniah,” said he, “is the greatest of Turkish villages.” Some five mosques, the wooden residences of the Governor and the Chelebi Effendi, and a few other houses, stand out conspicuous from the general wretchedness. Here and there inside the town are large open stagnant pools, the general receptacle of the drainage, and very offensive: a part of the ancient moat serves the same purpose. The old town is simply a desolation. In it the remains of two or three mosques exhibit a massiveness of structure and profuseness of ornament which are not seen in the more modern buildings. The elaborate stone-carving and the very ingenious arrangement of coloured bricks in these old structures are well worthy of remark. Large portions of the wall, and the ruins of a castle which once defended Koniah, are still standing, surrounded by a deep and broad ditch. The wall is massive, being built of rough masonry, faced with cut stone, among which may be seen an abundance of fragments of sculpture, both heathen and Byzantine, the materials of more ancient buildings. Here and there inscriptions may be noticed, while

the symbol of the Christian faith not unselfdom stands in juxtaposition with the bas-relief of some mythic deity. Among the ruins we constantly stumbled over shot and shell, which were scattered about in great abundance. They are now the playthings of the boys of Koniah. In every available place on the walls, the old mosques, and other ruined buildings, slabs bearing the name and style of Sultan Alaed'dunya ved'din, are inserted, but they appear to be of modern workmanship.

*May 14: Lord's-day*—About twenty Greeks came in to see us. They wanted Græco-Turkish and Reference Bibles. We had none left, but we told them that in any case we should not sell books to-day, as it was the *κυριακή*. So they sat down, and I proposed reading a passage from the New Testament to them. I chose Matt. v. 1—16, and expounded at some length. They paid great attention as I set before them sin as the root of all misery, pride, strife, and alienation from God; and the felt knowledge of sin to bewail it and hate it as the true preparation and qualification for all the blessings of the kingdom of God; that the knowledge of Christ and our debt to Him, was the source of all unselfishness and humility, the very fountain of good works; and that out of Christ each one lived for himself, while in Christ each lived for all, as He died for all; that persecution would certainly come, in one shape or other, on all who would live godly in Christ Jesus, but that such persecution was one token of real discipleship, and of being a co-heir with Christ; and that, finally, the disciples of Christ must be either a light and an influence, or nothing." They asked some serious questions, and, after I had given them a parting exhortation, left, with many expressions of regret that we could not stay a long time to teach them more perfectly the way of life, and that we could not supply them with the holy word. Other people came in until mid-day, one or two of whom had a long conversation with brother Wolters in Greek. About this time a *zabtieh* (*gensd'arme*) came from the Kadi to say that our servant was wanted at the court. The reason of this summons was, that yesterday an Armenian had purchased an Armeno-Turkish Bible, which he afterwards brought back, and asked for the money, which was returned without demur; he then came a second time, and wished for the book, which our servant let him have, on the express understanding, that if he brought it back again it would not be received. The young man wished the second time to return the book, but was not allowed to do so, according to agreement; upon which he made

a complaint to the Kadi, and summoned our man in order to compel him to take back the Bible. Our servant explained to the judge the state of the case, and what the books were, at the same time handing to him a copy of the Turkish New Testament, and informed him by whom he was employed. The judge said that he was perfectly in the right, and demanded the reason why the book was sought to be returned. The Armenian said it was a bad book. The Kadi replied, that of course he must prove that, which the other professed to be able to do. The Kadi then turned to our servant and said, "You are perfectly right, but this man is ignorant: for my sake give him his money, and let the matter end." Our man replied, that he could not do so after what had passed: the Armenian had said in open court that the books which we sought to distribute were bad, and asserted that he could bring proof in support of the charge. If the money was returned there, it would immediately go forth that the books were bad, and that the Kadi Effendi had compelled the return of the money. Let the man bring his proofs on the morrow: it was not a question of money but of defamation. So it was agreed; the Kadi and functionaries round him joining in praise of the English, which, of course, every one present echoed. The Kadi said, among other things, "If it had not been for the English the throne of the Sultan would have been swept away long ago;" a somewhat astonishing confession in such a place and by such a person. In the afternoon several Turks came in, one of whom seemed a superior sort of man, and was treated with respect by the others. We learnt afterwards that he was a *Bektashi*. This person sat reading the New Testament for some time. He then asked for another copy, upon which one of those with him objected to his buying such books. His reply was curt and decisive—"Yes, I shall buy and read them: there may be wisdom in this book of which we know nothing." We allowed him to take away the books, the price to be called for on the morrow. Some other people came and went away; after which I read the evening service in Turkish with Mr. Wolters, our servant, and the young Protestant, Bedros. We felt much sympathy with this solitary one, and tried to comfort and strengthen him. It was a great source of joy to us to see that he did not hide his light. In the evening we went to the doctor's house and, upon his urgent invitation, slept there. Here we were told that the Armenian priest had preached against us and our books in the church, and had forbidden the people to come near us, or to look at our books. We were

bad, designing men, and our books were false. This will account for the affair before the Kadi.

May 15—Went out with the doctor to call upon some of the chief Turks of Koniah. We first called upon a Sheikh of reputation among the Mevlevi, who is the representative of Shemsed'din Tabrizi, the bosom friend of Mevlana, and a great saint among the Turks. The Sheikh, a very venerable-looking old man, with flowing white beard, received us very kindly, and called us his children. He told us, moreover, that he was the father of all, both Christians and Mussulmans, just as Adam and Eve were the parents of all. We did not stay many minutes with him, but before we left he had the tomb of the saint opened for us to see. On the wall we noticed a representation of Zulfakar, the two-bladed sword of Ali. Going from thence, we visited the Sheikh, who resides in the cloister of the mosque which contains the tomb of the great Jellaled'din Roomi; usually called Mevlana, the founder of the sect of Mevlevis, and the person to whose care young Othmar was committed by his dying father, Ertogrul. The Sheikh, who is known as the Ashji dedeh (chief cook), a title with a mystical signification, expressed himself as very pleased to see us, and talked very freely about our Lord, who, he said, lived four years in a monastery a few miles off, and that on this account Mevlana had spent forty days there. A grave old Turk who sat beside him shook his head at the story, and I told him that it was quite new to us, and not according to the Gospel. We then talked about our having sacred Scriptures, and the Sheikh asked for a copy, which he said he would be glad to read. We promised to send him one, and after a little further conversation he told us that he would be glad to see us again when we came that way, and requested us to give his salutations to the Governor of Sparta, "who," said he, "is one of us." He then sent a dervish to open the sanctuary for us. This is a great place of pilgrimage. The mosque and tomb are more tastefully and beautifully decorated than most other places of the kind. On entering, there is an elevated waxed platform for the dancers, and beyond that a dimly-lighted compartment, in which are numerous tombs, containing the remains of the children and successors of Mevlana. His tomb is distinguishable by its size and the breadth of turban which crowns it. Here we were presented with a metal bowl of water to drink, and invited to be present at their dances on Friday. We next went to the palace of the descendant and successor of Mevlana, the great Chelebi Effendi, but he was absent. The Pasha also,

we learnt, had gone to a distant part of his province (the Chichek Dagh) to settle a dispute with the Kurds; and two other persons whom we called on had not yet risen. Another dervish conversed very freely with us in his house, not the least part of his conversation being taken up with the distressed state of the people from taxation and bad government. In the khan we found more people to talk with, whom, in our own private place, we could address more freely on the great subject of our mission. A well-dressed Bek-tashi dervish came in, and sat for some time talking. He bade us remember a prophecy, of which the following is the substance—"Among the kings of the earth great commotions will arise, and many will fall; but England will stand. And when the Mehdi comes many Mussulmans will be destroyed, but England will recognise his mission, and be safe." We tried to talk with him about the coming of Christ, and gave him a New Testament, which he put carefully in his girdle. The difficulty—if it deserves the name—of yesterday was happily settled this morning while we were making calls. A Zabtich came from the Kadi, having several Armeno-Turkish books which had been sold under his arm, and accompanied by two or three Armenians. When they entered the room, several Turks were reading the sacred Scriptures. The demand that the books should be taken back, and the money restored, was again made, and again firmly refused, on the ground put forward yesterday. Our servant then spoke a few words to these men about their behaviour in regard to the holy Scriptures, and asked them who could believe that they were Christians when they publicly stated that the Bible was a bad book, and their priest forbid the purchase and reading of it. If the books we sold were not the true sacred Scriptures, it would be very easy to prove it by a comparison with the Bible which was in their church, but they had not done so, and thus confessed their inability to prove their heavy and unjust charge. The Armenians then became very much ashamed, and excused themselves by saying that they were ignorant, and did not understand the language of the book. "If that is the case, your money shall be returned to you immediately," was the reply; but the others said that they did not wish for the money, but would be thankful if Turkish Scriptures were given them in lieu of those they wished to return. This was done, and, besides the copies thus given in exchange, they purchased several small Turkish tracts. Up to the time of our leaving we had constant applications from the Greeks for Scriptures and Prayer-books. Just as we were

about to start, we saw another Protestant, an elderly man, who had only then heard of our being in Koniah, and came at once to see us. He was living, like young Bedros, in the belief that he was alone in Koniah, and was overjoyed to see us, and to find another brother by our means. The Cypriote whom we conversed with on Saturday we discovered to be a worthless character: he is known to be a drunkard and gambler. We saw him playing at dice yesterday morning, since which time he has shunned us, and we have had no chance of speaking with him.

#### *Sillah.*

In the afternoon we left for Sillah, about an hour and a half N.W., Bedros accompanying us to the wall of the town, and reluctantly bidding us farewell. Sillah lies just off the plain on the two sides of a narrow defile: the houses are built of stone, and, from the steepness of the hill-side, looking as if they stood one upon another. The church is very large, and is said to be the first of a number of churches which the Empress Helena built when on her pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre. We were lodged for the night in the bishop's residence, which was empty, the late bishop's successor being still in Constantinople. There is a very large population of Greeks here, and many came to see us. As everywhere, so here, the demand was for Græco-Turkish Scriptures and Reference Bibles, none of the latter having yet been printed. We were greatly pleased with the frank and manly bearing of these men, and the scriptural knowledge which some of them had. One or two, who understood Greek, readily bought copies of a little Modern-Greek Testament; and, one who understood the ancient language, pleaded so earnestly for brother Wolters' little Pickering Testament, that he felt compelled to give it him. One of the schoolmasters, somewhat of a pedant, came to criticise our Modern-Greek translation, and was most amusingly perplexed when he could not find the points he was in search of. The chief schoolmaster we found to be an old acquaintance of Mr. Wolters, sen. He seemed very glad to see us, is an enlightened man, and his daughters have charge of the girls' school. The people bade us stay with them several days, but we had no books, and the only place where we could rest on the Lord's-day, or do any work, was several days' journey distant; so we said, if it should please God to allow us to visit Sillah again, we would stay longer. They told us that they were the descendants of Lacedæmonian captives brought thither by the Sultans of Koniah, and alleged this as the explanation of the strange dialect of Greek which they

use among themselves, and which is unintelligible to other Greeks. We learnt that the same dialect was spoken by the Greeks of Fertek, several days' journey E.N.E. The preservation of their language, whilst almost everywhere else in the interior both Armenian and Greek have succumbed perforce to the language of the conqueror, speaks much for the independent character of this people, a character which they bear very visibly still. After dark a priest came in, and conversed for a long time in Greek: his soft assent to every thing that was said formed quite a contrast to the open individuality of his flock. A gentleman to whom we had a letter of introduction told us that the road we must pass on the morrow was dangerous, and that a guard was necessary for the journey.

#### *Route to Sparta.*

*May 16*—Taking our guard, a stalwart Sillahli, well mounted, and armed with a short native rifle, brace of pistols, yataghan, and with a club hanging at the saddle-bow, we pushed on, through the valleys of a somewhat hilly country, to a small village called Kizil Ouren, where we rested for more than an hour, and thence on through a pine forest and partly cultivated plain to Chukur Aghl, which was our halting-place for the night. This is a poor little village, ten hours from Sillah. The women do all the ploughing, sowing, and harvesting, and tend the cattle: of the men but few were in the village, the rest being in Smyrna as hamals (porters), compelled to go out in this way by the pressure of poverty and debt. The people cultivate only barley and wheat, and keep a few goats and sheep. The chief man told us that what they grew was barely sufficient for their own consumption. This is the only place in which we did not get enough to eat.

*May 17*—Dismissing our guard, we went on our way towards Sparta, the next place of any size, and in which we may hope to do something. As we drew near to the lake of Bei-shehr we came down into a beautiful plain, in which were several large villages, and at about the middle of which we halted at mid-day by the side of a copious warm spring, over which a cupola had been built. Inside the building we found a large swimming-bath, which all our party were very thankful to make use of. The water had no peculiar taste or smell, and leaves no deposit. A few yards off is a small spring of cold water. Three or four hours further on we passed near the head of the lake of Bei-shehr, an extensive and beautiful sheet of water, dotted with small islands and overshadowed on its western side by the lofty snow-clad Dipoiras, or, as the Turks call



it, the Anamass Dagh. Here we saw more villages, and some well-filled orchards and gardens, but we met but few people. Still further on we passed another large basin of clear warm water, and then, after another half hour, a remarkable cold spring, which gushed from an aperture in the rock, four or five feet wide and from two to three in depth, pouring forth in continuous, rapid, silent, copious flow. A little after sunset we reached Kara Agadj, a little Turkish town of 800 or 900 houses, just as heavy rain commenced falling, our horses somewhat lame, and ourselves much fatigued with the very long day's ride. Here, before we laid down for the night, an Armenian Bible was sold to a traveller, and a little Turkish boy bought a Psalter. The latter was sent back with his book shortly after.

*May 18*—Wishing to reach Sparta before Sunday, we did not stay in Kara Agadj, which is wholly Mussulman, but, next morning, rode on through defiles in the mountain which separates the plain of Kara Agadj from the shores of the lake of Egherdir. While on the mountain we were overtaken by a sudden and violent storm of wind and rain, which compelled us to take refuge for a time in a little coffee-house in the defile. Getting clear of the mountain, we came down a small semi-circular plain, which reaches down to the lake, and afforded us a glimpse of its beauty, if not of its extent. Near the centre of this plain is Gelendos, the village at which we rested for the night. There being no khan, we were guests in the travellers' room, of which a farmer was the owner, who treated us very kindly, and sat down with us at the meal which he provided. My dear brother suffered so much here from pains in the head and limbs that I feared he was about to be laid aside with fever: yesterday he was ill, but not in so much pain. We had medicines with us, however, and, through mercy, on the morrow he was so much better as to be able to proceed with comfort.

Two or three people came in to bid us welcome and to talk. The thing uppermost in their minds was the difficulty they have in getting on with the increased taxation, which, they say, is utterly beyond their power to endure. I was sorry that I could not turn their minds to the theme we so much wished to dwell upon.

*May 19*—We expect a most delightful day in riding from Gelendos to Egherdir. Shortly after starting we met a large troop of Yuruks on their way to their summer encampment. Their wealth in cattle and fine carpets was astonishing. After we had passed these people at the extremity of the plain, the whole of the journey was on the edge of the lake,

and mostly on a narrow road cut in the precipitous side of the mountain, which goes down suddenly into its waters. The woods, the multitude of wild flowers and flowering shrubs, the general luxuriance of fertility, the winding shores and beautiful expanse of water, the many-tinted intervals between the white-pebbled beach at the foot, and the dazzling mass of snow on the top of the mountain opposite to us, with many other features of fresh beauty, suffered not the day to seem long, nor the eye to grow weary, as now, with hands wreathed in the horse's mane, we scrambled up the narrow ascent, and now, on foot, we carefully descended the road, too steep for man and horse to go down together, or struggled painfully through the loose and roadless shingle at the edge of the water.

Egherdir is a little semi-ruined town, part of which is built on a promontory jutting out into the lake. The place was nearly deserted when we arrived: all had gone to their vineyards and gardens. We walked about the place, but saw no one to speak with, and our man took his bag into the half-closed bazaar with no success. Two or three Greeks asked for Græco-Turkish Scriptures. Later, we found that the keeper of the khan, a grey bearded Turk, was of Greek origin, and that, although he conformed outwardly to Mussulman observances, yet in his own house with his wife he held to Greek faith and practice still. He spoke and read Greek, and was glad to receive some tracts, and a little book of prayers in that language. He told us also of a man of some substance in Sparta who was in the same case as himself: both are Sciotes. There are two islands on the lake, one of which is inhabited, a large proportion of the people being Christians. We were told that there were several ancient MSS. preserved in the island. The people have a tradition that the lake, which is about forty miles long, from three to six broad, and having six fathoms of water in its deepest part, did not always exist, and that the valley which it now fills was called Chukur Ova, *i.e.* "the plain in the hollow."

#### *Sparta.*

*May 20*—Rode on to Sparta, hoping to get a day or two's rest for ourselves and our jaded horses, and to do something for our Master before we leave. On the road we passed by a deserted village, its mosqueless minaret standing by what seemed to be a shelter for cattle. It is possible that the people have been absorbed by the growth of a large village at no great distance off. Sparta is situated at the foot of a high mountain, and looks over a narrow sandy plain. About the

town are many gardens and orchards, which are well watered, and give the place a beautifully embowered appearance. We alighted at a quiet khan near the entrance to the town, and very soon afterwards our servant found out, and brought with him the Sciote of whom we had been told at Egherdir. We had some little talk with him, but others coming put a stop to the conversation. However, at this time, and subsequently, we learnt that he was a very ignorant and depressed man; that while he adhered secretly to his ancient faith, the members of his family—who were all strict Mussulmans—would be his greatest enemies if he ventured to act and speak otherwise than as a Mussulman; and that, although he wished very much to have Christian Scriptures and other books, yet he dared not take one home: indeed, he feared that his visiting us would arouse suspicion, and get him into trouble; still he hoped to find an opportunity of taking a Testament before we left.

A Greek gentleman, to whom we had a letter of introduction, took us to his house: we found him to be the chief of the local Greek community, and a wealthy, active man. He treated us with great respect, and showed a great deal of sympathy with us in our work as Missionaries among the Turks, and expressed himself as being very glad indeed that something was being done for them. He told us, moreover, that one or two copies of the *Mizan-ul-Haqq* had been brought to Sparta by Greeks who had read the book, and handed it about among their friends, but not as yet among the Turks, for fear of disturbance. Still they were glad to know something of the controversy, and were much interested in the spread of Christianity among the Turks, to help which good work they would do what they could, and would like us to visit Sparta now and then. During the whole of our stay in this house the conversation was mainly on questions of scriptural doctrine and practice. Our host told us that he had brought Scriptures occasionally from Smyrna, which were sold to the people; and that now, with the exception of certain appointed days on which the lessons were read in Greek, the Scriptures were read in the church in Turkish, so that all might understand. Several persons came to bid us welcome, and it was late ere we laid down for the night.

*May 21: Lord's-day*—Went down to the khan and had service with our servant: no one else came. After this, our host took us to the Caimacam (deputy governor), to whom I delivered the message from the Sheikh at Mevlana's tomb. He seemed in bad health,

and so weak as hardly to be able to keep up the conversation. In a very short time we took our leave, when he told us that he was much gratified with our visit. We then called upon the Bishop of Pisidia, who seemed very much occupied with secular business. After lunch, the bishop sent a messenger to say he would be very glad if we would go and sit an hour or two with him. We found him seated in the corner of the divan in a large room, at the door of which one or two priests and his archdeacon were standing. He rose as we entered, and bade us sit down beside him. The conversation, which was for the most part in Greek, turned freely upon the Gospel, and our work of trying to win Mussulmans to Christ, the state of the country, &c. When we left, the bishop greeted us very heartily, and told us how happy he had been to see us, and that he hoped to see us often. Whilst sitting with him we had an opportunity of witnessing the homage which the Greek priests pay to their bishop. Four or five of these men came into the room, and crowded up to the corner where the bishop was sitting: the latter then leaned forward and held out his hand, when each in turn crouched forward till his knuckles touched the ground, went forward, still in a bent posture, kissed the extended hand, and then crept away backwards to the door. The whole business seemed painfully servile. The rest of the evening was spent in conversation with various persons, all Greek.

*May 22*—Went down to the khan and conversed with a few persons, but no Turks. Græco-Turkish Scriptures were in great demand, but, alas! no supply. One or two inquiries were made for the *Mizan-ul-Haqq*. Several Turks in the bazaar asked that the New Testament might be left with them for an hour or two, which time they spent in reading it together: however, they did not buy the book, although they praised it. A New Testament, bought by a Turk, was sent back again: some expression had given offence. Unhappily we cannot go into the bazaar to explain difficulties: controversy would ensue in public, with no other result than disturbance. However, a respectable Greek tradesman, who said he had a great deal of intercourse with Turks, expressed a wish to buy the whole of our remaining stock of Scriptures, as he thinks he can dispose of them all in Sparta. He told us, what we have heard elsewhere, that if there were an established assurance of liberty many Turks would freely inquire, and some would at once renounce Islam.

*May 23*—The person mentioned yesterday came in the morning and purchased all our

Turkish and Arabic Scriptures, and the few copies of Modern Greek which remained. May the Lord bless this seed! There were left then only a few Hebrew Psalters and Pentateuchs, and an Albanian New Testament: thus the chief means of our intercourse with the people was exhausted, and there remained but little probability of our being able to do any thing until we reached those places which we had visited before, and in which we were known.

*Route to Denizlee.*

Our object was now to push on as quickly as possible to reach Denizlee, in order to spend the Sunday there. So we started from Sparta about midday for Buldur, *via* Aghlasoun, the Caimacam having furnished us with a mounted guard, as the pass over the mountains was a favourite resort of robbers. After riding for some time along the bottom of a deep ravine, often in the waters of the stream which nearly covers it, we suddenly commenced the ascent of the rocky zigzag which took us to the summit of the pass. Here we rested for a few minutes to breathe the horses at a little guard-house, and then began the descent on foot of a declivity, without exception the most difficult and dangerous we had yet seen. But the vast tossing ocean of mountains before us, bounded, far away to the south, by the mighty snow-clad Taurus, reminded us that we were among the mountains of Pisidia, and most probably on the very road by which St. Paul went up to Antioch and down to Attaleia on his first Missionary journey. Doubtless it was among these mountains that he was in perils of robbers, and suffered from weariness and painfulness. In such a place, as Missionaries, how many reflections, comparisons, and hopes filled our minds and hearts, and furnished us with solemn, pleasant themes of conversation. At the foot of the steepest part of the descent we rested at a fountain, beneath a solitary tree, and took our dinner of hard goat's flesh and bread; and then, having sent on the horses to the little village four or five miles distant, where we should sleep, we struck off to the left, to wander awhile among the ruins of Sagalassas, once *ἡ πρώτη τῆς Πισιδίας*, but now, with the exception of the theatre, and here and there a broken gateway, or a piece of massive wall, level with the ground. It must have been a fine city in the days of its glory, and, from its situation so high up on the side of the mountain, and the whiteness of the marble of which its large edifices were built, must have greeted the eye of the traveller from the south a full day's journey or more ere he reached its gates.

One is led involuntarily, when traversing these and so many other silent and desolate witnesses of the former wealth, power, skill and population of Asia Minor, to reflect with astonishment upon the disappearance of it all. Remove the ruins of buildings and fragments of sculpture with which the whole land is sown, and who would ever dream, as he rode through the towns and villages of Asia Minor, that it had ever been great in art, or wealth, or intelligence. We arrived at the village about sundown, where we were guests, but had none of the usual visitors. This was explained in the morning by the Mudir, who came to see us before we started, and said that he thought we must have been too tired by our excursion to care about seeing any one to keep us from our beds.

*May 24*—Went on with another horseman, both guard and guide, to Buldur. This is a closely-built town, somewhat larger than Sparta, and near a lake of water, so brackish (we were told) that no fish could live in it. Here, for the first time since leaving Cassaba, we met with two or three Jews: at the latter place there are many. They looked at our two or three Hebrew books, but would not buy any. Without sacred Scriptures, and knowing no one, we could do nothing here during our few hours' stay.

*May 25*—Having obtained another man from the Caimacam to take us on to Denizlee, we started early, and, skirting the lake, passed through a village called Yasakeuy, thence across a plain but very scantily cultivated, to another lake of fresh water, in the neighbourhood of which we were overtaken by a violent storm, and obliged to ride hard to shelter in a village called Yarisly Keuy. The storm soon passed over, but the road had been so obliterated in some places, and was so sodden in others by the great rush of water, that it was with much discomfort that we managed to reach, by sunset, Kayadibi, a little place of thirty houses, very poor, and all Mussulman, where we rested for the night. From the Agha we learnt that the sandjak (subdivision of province), which is eighteen hours' journey across, contains only 900 houses.

*May 26*—Rode round part of the pretty lake of Kayadibi, and then through pine forest, down into a narrow and fertile plain; then another hill, and then a plain, and so on, till we reached the foot of the Cadmus, which we ascended at the pass called Kazik Bely. Hitherto each plain seemed slightly lower than the preceding one; but now from the pass we descended to a very considerable depth lower, and began to experience painfully a very different temperature. The pass looks down upon a most lovely valley, formed

by spurs of the mountain, which nearly meet at their further extremities, the higher parts being clothed with dense pine forest, which runs up as far as the bare rock, patched with snow, which forms the summit of the mountain itself, while below in the depth are the walnut and other full-foliaged trees, watered by full and flowing streams. At the very bottom we arrived at Chukur. It began to be dark ere we arrived, and it was some time before the inhospitable people would show us a place where we might rest.

*Colosse.*

*May 27*—Giving instructions to our men to go on with the baggage-horse to Denizlee by the direct road down the valley, we started some time before them by a more circuitous route, in order to pass by the ruins of Colossæ. To do this we crossed the spur of the mountain to our right, and in little more than two hours of riding we arrived at Khonas, a prettily situated village on the declivity. Here the Mudir, seeing us pass by, called us to come in and rest a few minutes. He was seated, with two or three of the chief men, on a platform about seven or eight feet high, built in the middle of a yard. We ascended and sat down with him, told him who we were, and that we had come a little out of our way to see a place noted in ancient history, but still more interesting to us on account of its being mentioned in the Gospel as a place where, not many years after the ascension of our Lord, the Gospel was preached, and many turned from idolatry to faith in Christ. The Mudir hardly paid attention, and turned the conversation. He would give us a man to show us where the ruins were, and a few minutes after announced that the man was waiting to take us. So we took the hint and bade him farewell. From the village we went straight down towards the Lycus, and near the middle of the valley, on both sides of the river, we found what is left of Colossæ. A great part of the ruins—which are merely scattered blocks of stone, much worn by the weather—is on the main road which runs up the valley towards Dinair, the ancient Celenæ. The platform-topped mound on the south of the river, on which stood some large buildings, was now covered with barley, which some reapers, mostly women, were cutting. The massive stones which were once piled there now form the fence which protects the fields on each side of the road. The people of Khonas know nothing of Colossæ, and, alas! no more of Paul, Philemon, and Archippus. We noticed a very large gush of water which falls into the Lycus close by, and which, we are told,

comes up out of the plain but a short distance off: it was like a full millrace. Our attention was also attracted by the hollow sound which the tramp of our horses produced, as if we were riding over empty vaults; and by the peculiar water deposits, similar in character, but not in colour, to those at Hierapolis. Little runnels had left their deposits in such abundance, that from a channel in the ground they had grown to a low wall, on the top of which the hollow still remains, though the water has ceased to flow. From thence we went on to Denizlee, a most painful ride to us, as both man and horse were suffering from the sudden change we experienced in our descent from the breezy plateau to the close burning atmosphere of the low valley.

*Denizlee.*

We arrived at Denizlee in the afternoon, and met with a hearty welcome from one of our Protestant friends, who is now the landlord of the principal khan, and who gave us his own furnished and carpeted room. From him we learnt that the Persian with whom we conversed last year was dead; and that some of the tracts (Sermon on the Mount) we had distributed to the Turks had been torn and burnt, but that there was a growing desire among the Armenians for scriptural knowledge: each one, however, feared the other.

*May 28: Lord's-day*—Several Greeks came in who, with our friend, his brother, and an Armenian, made a little congregation. By a great oversight we had sold every single copy of Turkish Scriptures, so that we had not one to read. We read, however, the morning and evening services in Turkish, and our servant had a little Testament in Modern Greek, so I read the Litany with them, and brother Wolters read a chapter from the Testament, and addressed them—as nearly all present knew something of the language—in Greek. All showed the deepest attention. After service we had a good deal of religious conversation, and then two respectable Turks came in, one of whom told me that last year he had heard of our being in Denizlee, and wished to see us, but that when he came to the khan we had left. When in Constantinople some time ago he had seen Mr. Williams (Selim Effendi, now deceased), and heard something of Christianity from him. He now wanted a New Testament, and instruction. He said, however, that in about twenty days he would leave for the capital, and that then we might converse at greater length and more fully. He gave me his address in Constantinople, and asked for mine. We then had some conversation on the death of Christ and the integrity of our Scriptures, which he considered as beyond

controversy, in opposition to the doubts of his friend. One of the Greeks present began to make objections to parts of the Old-Testament narrative in such a carping manner, that the elder of the Turks took him to task severely, and gave so true a description of the sensual, worldly, godless life he led, and wished to lead, that he became ashamed and silent. As it happened, we had met with this Greek gentleman before, and knew something of him; but the utterance of so much that was good and true from the lips of a Turk astonished all present. Another Greek, who keeps a khan in Denizlee, was deeply attentive, and asked some interesting questions. In the afternoon we saw more people, with whom we conversed till near evening. At night we had one young man present at our prayers.

*May 29*—Rode down the plain, and, crossing the Meander, not far from its confluence with the Lycus, proceeded up the beautifully-wooded pass which leads into the northern valley, and rested for the night in a little village called Derbend, situated in a valley between the ascent from the Meander and the opening of the deep rocky ravine which runs down into the valley of the Cogamas, and through which probably the head of that river runs. We saw no one to converse with here.

#### *Philadelphia.*

*May 30*—Passed through the ravine, and, after a mid-day halt at Ainegöl, passed on to Alla Shehr (Philadelphia), which we reached just in time to escape a severe thunderstorm. Our friend, the young Arab doctor whom we saw last year, called upon us, from whom we learnt that he was a Bektashi, that there were several more of his sect in Philadelphia, and that the sect was increasing, but secretly, for fear of the other Turks, who would quietly put them out of the way if they knew what doctrines were held by them. In reply to an inquiry what their doctrines were, he said that there were some mysteries connected with their teaching, but that they held the doctrine of one God: they believed that there was no difference between the prophets and other men, and that man was a cycle, and never really died. On leaving, he invited us to call upon him. A Turk also, whom we saw last year, and who was then a Softa, came in to see us, and told us that he had lately lost his father, and had inherited his farm. With him we had some conversation upon the way of salvation. As soon, however, as brother Wolters began to speak of Christ the way, the truth, and the life, he rose hastily, and bade us good bye.

*May 31*—A Greek doctor and a very re-

spectable Turk came to see us in the khan. The former conversed in Greek with brother Wolters, while I talked with the latter. He told me he had bought books of us last year at Salykly, and that he had read them; that subsequently, when in Smyrna, he wished to go to a Turkish service, and was taken with one or two friends of his, also Turks, to the American Mission chapel. That he wished to speak with us freely, and would look after us for that purpose in the evening. We then went into the bazaar to see the Arab, and sat conversing with him in his shop between the visits of his patients. He told us that he had read the New Testament, and that the Bektashis were exceedingly near of kin to Protestant Christians, an idea which I sought to disabuse his mind of, and to show him what true Christianity is. He told me also that he was our advocate with the Greeks, many of whom had looked with great suspicion upon us at the time of our last journey, and that now they had satisfied themselves that our Scriptures were genuine and uncorrupted, and had obtained more copies from Smyrna. This latter particular we knew to be the fact. After our mid-day meal we sat in the room for a while, and as no one came in, we went to call upon the Bishop of Philadelphia, who received us very cordially. Then he conversed with us very pleasantly about the work of Christ among the Turks, and several other topics of Christian interest. He did not think there was much hope of their doing any good to the Turks, although he thanked God they were not oppressed as in former days. Just as we were leaving, a messenger came to say that the Turkish gentleman whom we saw in the morning was in the khan waiting for us. When we arrived he was gone, but we found an invitation to his house, whither the messenger would conduct us. A thunderstorm was gathering, but thinking the house to be near, we went on. Our guide, in answer to our frequent interrogations as to the whereabouts of the house, answered, "It is quite near," and posted on, although we left the town, and were threading narrow lanes, where the rain came upon us in torrents, and the lightning was fearful. It was no use to think of returning, as we might be much nearer a shelter in the house than in our khan, so we persevered, until we reached a coffee-shop under some trees. Here we sat in suspense for a while, waiting for the rain to cease, and then another messenger came to conduct us to our friend's house, to reach which we had to go back again into the town. When we arrived, the whole was explained. He had wished to give us an entertainment, and had ordered musicians to go

to the coffee-shop, a favourite rural resort, to await us, but the rain had come on before he could stop our going thither. I need not say we were thankful for the rain in this case. The entertainment would not have been such as we should think proper in itself or suitable to our office and work. He then gave us Turkish robes to replace our sodden coats while they were drying, and ordered two large braziers to be lighted and brought in. When he had made us thus warm and comfortable, he began to tell us his mind. He had been much influenced by reading the *Mizan-ul-Haqq*, which he said had really opened his eyes. Indeed, so much did he value what he had learnt from it, that he had made his eldest son, a youth of sixteen or seventeen, and also his wife read the book. The latter we understood to be as much or more affected by it than himself. He said he did not wish his children to grow up in darkness as he had done, nor be the dupes of Mohammedan teachers, who were (might God give them sorrow) blind leaders of the blind. He therefore wished to hand over to us his younger son, when he was old enough, to be educated, and would gladly go to any expense for that object. We told him that we knew where to place his son, and would be very pleased to look after him; that we wished him to consider that religion was not merely a set of opinions or doctrines, but a new life, and so on. We also gave him the address of the Smyrna Missionaries, that he might call when in town. Shortly afterwards another Turk was announced, when our friend cautioned us not to say any thing about religion before him. This was disappointing but not surprising, as we well knew how the Turks fear one another. The two, however, drank a great deal of raki together; indeed, our friend had been drinking at intervals previously, and became now too excited to talk very sensibly. Seeing we could do no good by staying longer, we rose to depart, as it was after dark; but our host detained us by force, saying that he had already been humbled by the way in which we had got wet on his account, and that we should by no means leave his house till we had eaten. So we sat down until a huge tray was brought in, laden with nearly half a sheep and sundry other viands, around which we sat on the floor. When we had finished he dismissed us, with a servant bearing nearly all the contents of the tray to provide for our wants on the road on the morrow, and, besides this, a present of a large quantity of tobacco, his own growth, which we knew nothing of till we arrived at the khan. This evening's adventure only served to confirm our impression,

which has been again and again made on our minds, that, in Asia Minor, one of our chief foes, as Missionaries, will be the love of raki. Our servant told us that he had been frequently asked during the day for sacred Scriptures, both by Turks and Christians, in the bazaar, a cheering token of the influence of our visit last year.

*June 1*—Rode on to Salykly. On the road we were overtaken by a Greek gentleman of Smyrna, who wished to go down to Cassaba in our company. Stopping at a farm on the wayside for rest at midday, the proprietor, a Turk, called our servant aside, and talked with him about our work, and made special inquiries whether there were really any Christian Turks. He did not converse with us, nor did we learn this till after we had started. There was quite a crowd of travellers resting there. Our companion made himself exceedingly agreeable on the road, and in the evening seemed glad of the opportunity of joining us in prayer, after which, till we went to rest, he was very thoughtful and silent.

#### *Cassaba.*

*June 2*—On to Cassaba. The view of Sardis, always affecting, seemed still more so as we passed it from the east. From that side we see more of its greatness and more of its ruin. It has not even a name to live now: that which it seemed to have has been taken away. Our friend has been opening his mind to brother Wolters. He seems to be deeply impressed. The Lord bless him, and make him a blessing to his own people! We felt as if our toils were over, and all our dangers past, when we alighted at the house of our agent in Cassaba, who received us with great joy. The evening was spent in hearing what had been done in Cassaba. Montesanto's report was very encouraging, and our visit does not appear to have been without an influence on the people.

*June 3*—Visited, with Montesanto, the house of our old friend, the Sheikh, who was not at home. Afterwards we went to see a Turkish gentleman, who was formerly Mudir of Cassaba. He was unwell, and we did not stay long with him. In the course of our conversation he remarked upon our visit to Koniah, "You can go there and everywhere: you have an open door before you now: every man, according as he thinks best, may become what he wishes: a Jew may become a Mussulman, a Turk a Christian: there is liberty for all." He himself, however, is a rigid Mohammedan, and stoutly defends his creed; he is also a dervish, as, indeed, many of the better Turks are. In the afternoon we sat for awhile in the bookshop, and then visited Ibrahim

Effendi, who was delighted to see us again. Since we left Cassaba he had obtained a copy of the Mizan, and had been reading it. A Turkish officer, and another person, were sitting by, so we conversed on general topics until they left. He then told me how much he had been interested in the book "which," said he, "has opened my eyes not a little. The author does not speak without proof; but it would make the Softas wild if it were to fall into their hands; and even the gentleman, whom you called upon this morning, would be ready to tear it up." I told him that the design of the work was to lead men to think of the way of salvation, and then to point out the way to them; and that to know ourselves, and what we really needed as sinners, was of the last importance to us. I begged him therefore to be in serious earnest about his inquiries. To all this he paid the greatest attention. He then, in the course of conversation, told us how a new dervish Sheikh had come to the town and commenced holding worship. Several Turks of his acquaintance had joined the man, and he was persuaded to go on one occasion. They sat perfectly silent and still for a very long time, until at last he became uncomfortable and vexed; so he spoke out in the meeting, "We have been sitting here a very long time and not a word has been spoken. I have learnt nothing, and my soul is vexed." They only motioned him to be silent, but he would not. "If you have any good thing, of which I am ignorant, why do you not tell me: of what profit is your silence to me?" He was told at last that if he would be initiated he would then know. I then drew his attention to the restless craving after something better which produced all these strange dervish sects. "Men cannot find what they want with the Softas and Hojas, so they go to the Sheikhs, and from one Sheikh to another, seeking rest and finding none. Each one has a fantastic theory, the fruit of his imagination, and, having no root or foundation, like the trees and houses in that picture," said I, pointing to a painting on the wall, in which were trees, houses, and other things floating about confusedly in vacuo. He laughed, and said it was quite true. I continued, "When God speaks, and we listen and obey, leaning not to our erring understanding or imagina-

tion, but to his infallible wisdom and knowledge, we have rest from doubt and security from fear." I then spoke of the Gospel and the love of God in Christ Jesus. We left soon after this, our friend begging us not to forget him, and to send to him whatever Christian books we might have. He said, when we parted, "Oh that we had a leader to bring us out of our darkness." To which I replied, that he must seek the light for himself, and be a leader to others as far as he could. God would certainly bless him.

*June 4: Lord's-day*—How glad we were of the day of rest. In the morning brother Wolters held service in Greek with the family. The remainder of the day was spent in conversation with Protestants, whose account of the state and prospects of the Cassaba outstation was very encouraging. The work in this place, like that which we have been endeavouring to commence in other towns of the interior, may, with constant attention, be developed very much, and, when supported by efficient services in Smyrna, whither residents of all parts of the country are constantly going, will form a scheme of Missionary operations which, under the guidance and blessing of the Holy Spirit, will do much to spread abroad in the vast plains and mountains of Asia Minor the light and power of the Gospel of salvation.

*June 5*—Started early for Boujah, which we reached in about eleven hours, safe and well. Thus, through the protection and blessing of our heavenly Father, have we accomplished a long and fatiguing journey among a people, the greater part of whom have never been visited by any Missionary, and who have the reputation of being among the most bigoted and ignorant in the empire, and through a part of the country but little traversed by Europeans, and often dangerous on account of robbers, without having met with an insult or seen a robber, and without having been retarded a single day by accident or illness. To Him be glory, thanksgiving, and praise!

*June 10*—Started from Smyrna by the Austrian steamer, "Archduke Maximilian," and joined my dear wife and children safe and well, through mercy, in Scutari on the 12th.

## Recent Intelligence.

### NORTH INDIA—AGRA.

WE have just received the Twenty second Report of the Agra Church Missionary Association, and, as our duty is, we proceed to glean from it a few points which may be interesting to our readers.

There are in the Agra Mission field four congregations of native Christians; one at the city of Agra, consisting of 142 adults, besides 107 children; one at Secundra, consisting of 45 adults, besides 332 children. There is another little flock of 26 at Muttra, with 27 children; and another at Allygurh of 10 members, with four children.

Of schools, there is at Agra, St. John's College, with 270 pupils, of whom 32 are Christians, 70 Mohammedans, and 167 Hindus. At Secundra there are the Orphanages, containing 122 boys and 163 girls: there are, besides, two girls' schools at Agra, and schools for boys at Muttra, Hatras, &c.; altogether containing a total of 747 children under Christian instruction.

Engaged in this work are four European Missionaries, two European laymen, and one European lady. But besides these are thirteen catechists and readers.

"In the important work of preaching to the heathen," observes Mr. Hœrnle, "I have been ably assisted by my two faithful and zealous catechists, Lowther and Peter Wazir. Four or five times in the week I accompanied them to fixed preaching-places in the city: they, however, used to go out also every morning except Wednesday, when they attended morning prayers in the church. Upon the whole, I can speak favourably of the bazaar preaching this year. We met frequently with large and attentive congregations, and not seldom had interesting conversations and discussions on religious subjects. According to the places we visited, the majority of our hearers were either Mussulmans or Hindus. With the former we could not always avoid controversial subjects. The preaching to the Hindus is generally less interrupted by objections. We have, however, often to refute the errors of Pantheism and the new form of Deism which is spreading in Bengal, and finds adherents also in the North-west Provinces. We have met this year with less violent, sneering opposition than in former years: objections and inquiries were generally made with civility, and attacks with a certain reserve, which, in many cases, seemed a sign of their own weakness.

"In January last I made a Missionary tour to Bhurtpore and Futtehpoore Sekri. In the villages near the road we found many opportunities to preach the Gospel. In Bhurtpore, where we spent six days, we met with very much encouragement: the people were eager to hear, and great multitudes listened with attention. Twice, morning and evening, we

went to the bazaar to preach. Wherever, on the first day, we went and stood, the crowd was overwhelming, so that we found it more convenient to take our preaching-place in our book-shop, which had an elevated position. We could thus be seen and heard better by the people, who assembled in great numbers, and we had also more rest, in sitting down when we had done preaching.

"I visited also, in October, the mela in Goberdhan; in November, the fair at Batesur; and in December, the mela at Baldeo. We spent thus nearly five weeks in those places, which were crowded with devout worshippers of idols. In the first place we stayed three days, and had plenty of work, for the mela was attended by an unusually large number of people, and I and my two catechists were the only preachers. In Batesur, where we remained five days, the congregations were very large and very attentive, so that it was quite a delight to preach to multitudes which were anxious to hear, and very gratifying were the expressions of many on the approval of our blessed religion, and the condemnation of idolatry. In Baldeo, which is a very bigoted place, where we had always met with much opposition and great frivolity, especially from the Brahmins connected with the temple, we found this year very favourable opportunities of preaching the Gospel. We had also an evening service in the house of the inspector of police, who is one of our former Secundra Christians. With his numerous family and our native-Christian servants we formed quite a little congregation."







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