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THE OTAGO BRANCH.

1895.

The Olive Branch

A Monthly Record of the Work of the Strict Baptist Mission.

Subscriptions or Donations to the Mission will be thankfully received, and Collecting Boxes or Cards supplied by the Hon. Secretaries: MR. JOSIAH BRISCOE, 58, *Grosvenor Road, Highbury New Park, London, N.*; MR. I. R. WARELIN, 33, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.*; *and* MR. F. J. CATCHPOLE, 11, *Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E.*

VOL. X., No. 114. JANUARY, 1895. ONE HALFPENNY.

A New Year's Blessing.

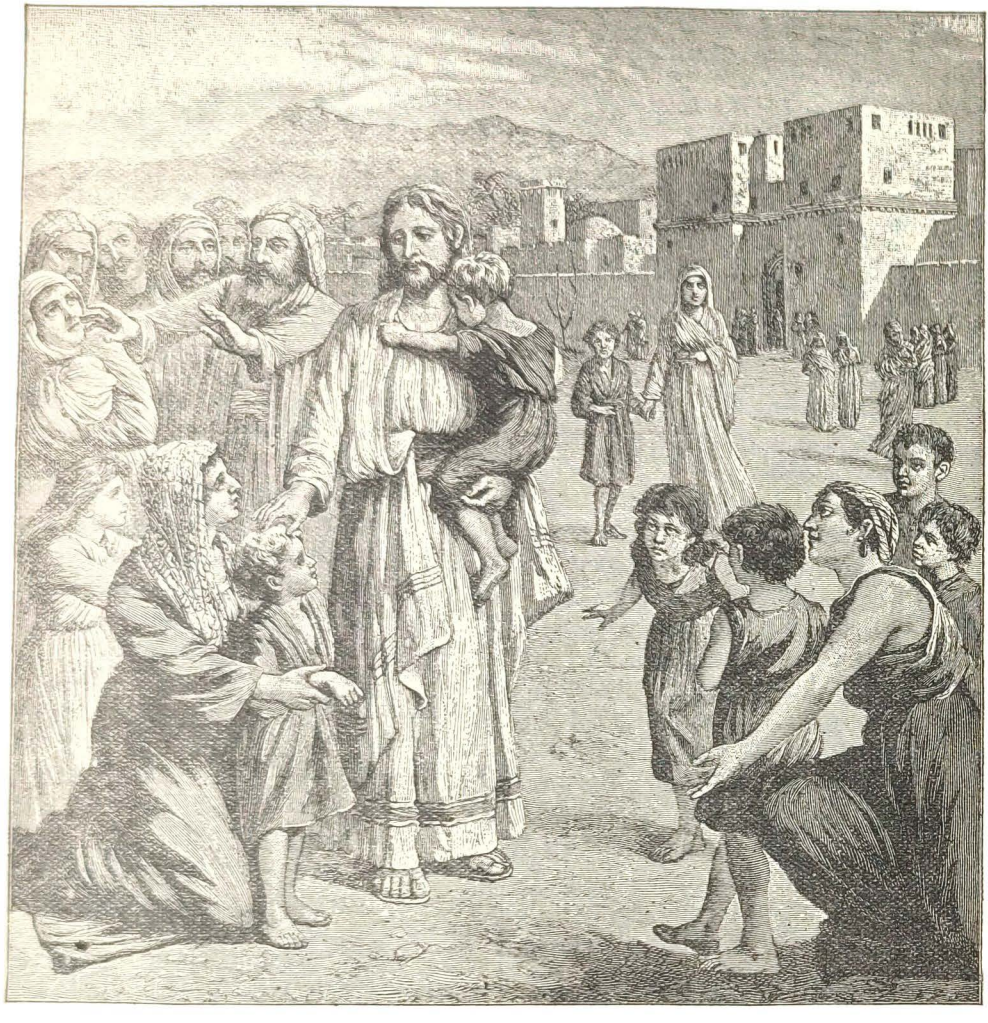
LET us begin the New Year with JESUS. We hope you love Him. If you do not, the fault is yours; for He is "altogether lovely,"—the most loveable Person in all the universe of God. We have just been celebrating the greatest of all wonders, that He who is "Lord of all" was once a little babe. This is a mystery which angels cannot fathom; yet they sang His praise, and so should we: nor can we be better employed at the commencement of this New Year: for although it is now eighteen hundred and ninety-five years since Jesus came down from heaven, He has not forgotten that He was once a little child.

The subject of our opening picture is a very familiar one. It is a beautiful representation of a beautiful incident in the Saviour's life, which shows His tenderness towards little children. How like the "Good Shepherd" thus to take the lambs in His arms, and carry them in His bosom!

His disciples—perhaps even the loving John—would have driven the children away: not so the Lord Jesus. Perhaps the apostles had forgotten, like some good persons now-a-days, that they were once children. But Jesus remembered. and still remembers, that He was *once a child.* Although He is now surrounded with all the glories of heaven, He has not forgotten that He lived on earth. Hence you may pray to Him with the full assurance that He will not only understand all that you desire to express, but will sympathize with you in all your sorrows.

His was a prophetic blessing. He knew all the future of those children, and His blessing influenced their future. His whole life was full of blessing. He commenced His ministry with the beatitudes of His sermon on the Mount, and when He ascended to heaven, He lifted up His hands and blest His disciples. And He has been blessing ever since. How sweet to be blest of Jesus at the commencement of life! Some of us are living witnesses to the fact that He still blesses children.

He blesses both in providence and in grace —*within* us and *without*—in "the things that are seen," and in those things which we cannot see. Thus He blest good Joseph in days of old, so that whatsoever He did, God made it to prosper.



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

May He thus put His hands upon every reader—His *arresting hand* to stop them in the downward road; His *leading hand* to constrain them to forsake the world, as Lot did Sodom, and not to look back with regret, as did Lot's wife; His *controlling hand*, when difficulties beset their path; His *directing hand* in all doubtful circumstances; His *sympathising hand* to wipe away their tears; His *preserving hand* to keep them from all evil; and His *delivering hand* to save them both now and for evermore. EDITOR.

Strict Baptist Mission.

THE DAY OF PRAYER.

"WHAT God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." *Faith* can always meet her old foe, *unbelief*, with the promise of her Lord. He who hath said, "I will be enquired of," hath equally said, "I will do it for them." Led of His Spirit to rest here, the Committee of the S. B. M. set apart Monday, November 19th, as a day of unceasing prayer that the Lord would raise up one to take the superintendence of our loved Mission in India and Ceylon. The place fixed upon was Soho Chapel. A circular was issued far and wide, convening this meeting—and truly it was a day long to be remembered.

Despite the dense fog with which London was enveloped in the early morning, the meeting commenced at 8 a.m. and was continued till 8 p.m., and was so arranged that fresh interest was kept up throughout the day.

By 8 a.m. our beloved President was at his post, and opened with a few words of earnest prayer to God for His presence and blessing throughout the services. The arrangement was unique. The twelve hours were divided into four threes, and each section placed under the superintendence of one of the pastors of our churches interested in Mission work. These again were sub-divided into an hour's presidency by twelve different brethren, who each, on taking the chair, read a short portion of the word, and led on in prayer. Some few remained for several hours through the day, while many came only for a short time in the midst of business engagements, to join the hearty petitions to the mercy-seat. From a few minutes after 8 a.m., to the close of the meeting at 8 p.m., prayer and praise were offered without ceasing unto God, and it was noticed that while once or twice during the day the last brother present (who had not previously engaged) was praying, a fresh voice came in before he had finished, to carry on the devotion. And when the time to close had come, seventy brethren had petitioned the mercy-seat and fourteen Gospel addresses had been delivered, besides the reading and exposition of the word, and then there remained yet seven brethren present who had not engaged in prayer when the hour of parting came. Will not the many lovers of the Mission-field continue in prayer with one accord for the further out-pouring of the Spirit on the work, and the supply of all our needs?

Hymn-sheets were provided, which were used alternately with "Stevens' Selection." Let us look, dear readers, for the appearance of our Lord's own servant to meet the present urgent need in the work of preaching the Gospel in "the regions beyond." E. M.

"He Must Reign."

OUR Lord is enthroned. He has taken His seat and His sceptre, and waits with no uncertain mind the issue of His glorious conquest over sin, death and hell. The promise of Jehovah the Father is held to-day in the hand of our blessed Mediator, and Captain of our salvation. "The reward" that was "with Him" when the work lay before Him is read to-day, sealed with His own crimson blood. The voice of Jesus is the victory of His faithful servants. It is written :—

"Ask of Me, and I shall give *thee* the heathen *for* thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." (Psa. ii. 8.)

Leaving out the italics, the promise is even more forcible, declaring the purpose of Jehovah in the gift of "the heathen" and "the uttermost parts of the earth" to be "the inheritance" and "the possession" of His dear Son, whom He hath appointed "heir of all things," and to whom He hath given "all power, both in heaven, and in earth."

We are often reminded, "Ye have not because ye ask not;" but *He* never! He does ask. He has.

In the face of this promise, declaring the present possession of our Lord, what an important lesson is given, and stimulus afforded to our dear brethren labouring among the heathen in far-off lands.

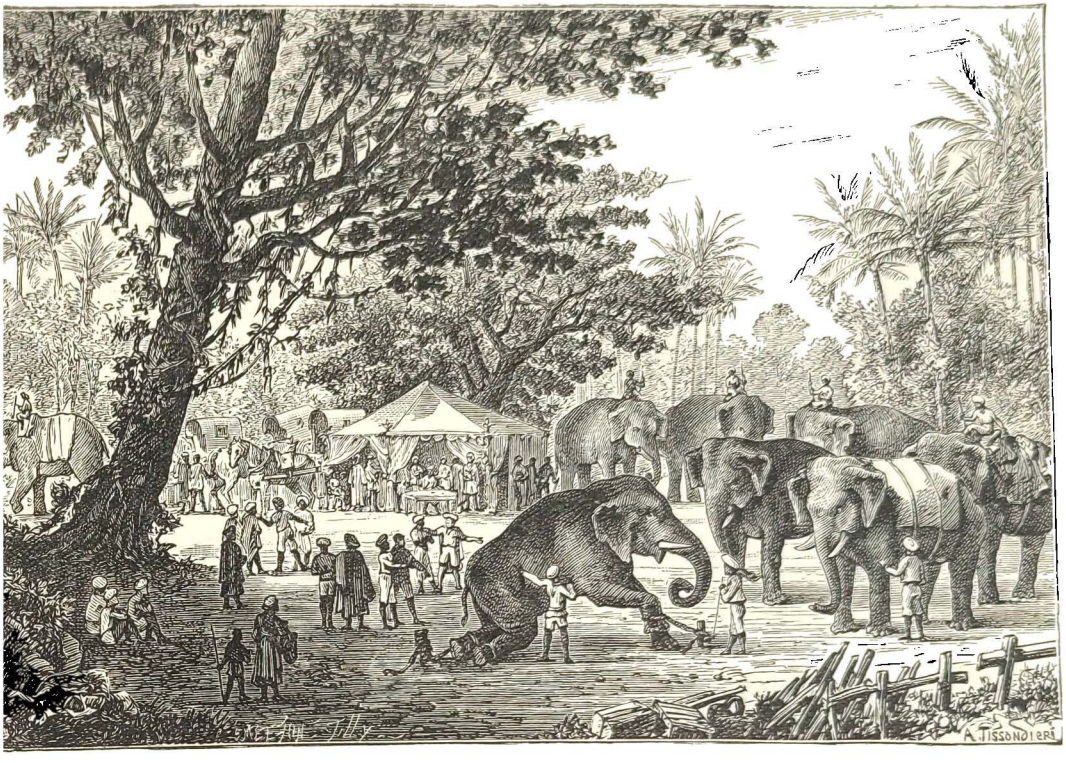
AN IMPORTANT LESSON. *God will not depart from His own order, even where the dear Mediator Himself is concerned.* "I will be enquired of...to do it" reaches even to Him whose right it is to rule.

His living confidence in God's purpose, and loving obedience to His rule avails for us to day. He asks with authority, and receives as His right. Oh brethren, what authority is in that request! The fulfilment of all His Father's will, the sorrows and sufferings of that sinless life, the perfect atonement made, and the righteousness brought in. The conquest of the cross, and the victory of the grave is the force of that voice on high that asks and cannot be denied. If He, our Lord and Master asks, and always receives, who shall deny our requests when *according to His will?* Well may our loved Mission maintain the *purposes* and *provisions* of Jehovah, for it is sure ground of success. "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." He will be asked. By prayer He will accomplish His own mind; and while "prayer shall be made for Him continually," the pleader must prevail, and join the songsters of those by whom "daily shall He be praised." In the face of this promise, too what a STIMULUS is afforded for all in His service!

The means shall not be wanting to accomplish His own mind. Our pre-conceived notion of *what is necessary*, may widely differ from that *by which He will work.* The best of workmen will *sometimes* make their own tools. God *always* does so. He fits His servants for the field, and suits the sphere to His workmen, and the heart-concern to know *He sent me*, with *the waiting for proof*, is His own method of preparation—and how precious a stronghold this is in after service His servants know full well. To "wait on the Lord" is no waste of time. He will make it plain.

The labour cannot be "in vain in the Lord," for Christ asks that for which we labour. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Our young brother Booth, whom our Mission has accepted for foreign service, put in a Sunday-school report recently, "*Difficulties arise only to be vanquished.*" Even so. And the spirit that meets difficulties thus is the spirit that conquers.

Thus did the dear Saviour read every difficulty in His life of deepest sorrow, and, as difficulties arose, mowed them down by the spirit that was within Him "above measure." As His servants partake of the self-same Spirit, glorious shall be their achievements in the kingdom of their Lord. O Lord, increase our faith, Thou hast asked —Thou art asking still—Thou shalt have. As far as our labour is in *Thy cause* it cannot fail. The Lord bless His faithful servants in India and Ceylon. E. MARSH.



The Capture and Training of Elephants.

THE capture and training of the gigantic elephant affords one of the most striking instances of the power of patient firmness and kind treatment in subduing the brute creation to the service of man.

It is of the Indian Elephant, who is distinguished from his African brother by smaller ears and tusks, that we wish particularly to speak. It is found wild in the mountainous forests throughout India, and more particularly in Travancore, Mysore, and some other parts. As at one time wild elephants were very destructive to the harvests, the Madras Government used to give rewards for killing these animals. Of late years the wiser and more humane policy has been adopted of capturing the elephants, and training them as beasts of burden. A certain number are kept for the Army transport service, and the remainder sold by auction.

A good saleable elephant should be between twelve and forty-five years of age, and stand at least seven feet in height. Even to his eightieth year the animal will work well. The age is indicated by the edge of the ear, which turns over as the animal grows older. Each elephant will carry at least six times the load of an ox. It requires daily 20 or 30 lbs. of rice, mixed with 3 ounces of salt and 2 ounces of oil, or instead, either 1½

cwts. of dry forage, or 2½ cwts. of green stuff.

The elephant sales are very curious spectacles, and generally attract a crowd of purchasers and onlookers. Especially is this the case with the elephant markot at Mysore, which is represented in our illustration.

The elephants of Coorg, Mysore, and Coimbatore are of considerable value, but those most preferred are from the island of Ceylon. Of the capture of herds of elephants in this island, Sir Samuel Baker, Sir Emerson Tennent, and others have given graphic accounts. The first step is to make what is called a corral—an enclosure surrounded by strong stakes, interlaced with "jungle-rope." This makes a solid fence, which the natives are very clever at constructing. The enclosure is formed where a considerable growth of trees and underwood will at once hide the fence and assist in after operations. A portion of the fence is left open; the native huntsmen then track and surround a herd of elephants, and with hideous outcries and barbarous music drive the affrighted animals into the corral. As soon as the elephants have fairly entered, the entrance is closed behind them. Sometimes, however, in spite of the noise that is made, and the fires that are kept burning, the elephants charge wildly at the fence, and succeed in bursting through and escaping.

If repulsed in their attempts to break through, the elephants after a time seem to feel that escape is hopeless, and become less frantic in their efforts. At a favourable moment the natives enter the corral upon the backs of tame elephants, which show the most remarkable skill in assisting to capture their brethren. Two of them will stand, one on each side of a wild tusker, and engage his attention, whilst the native slips underneath, and fastens ropes about the legs of his prey. These ropes are then fastened to neighbouring trees, and the animal is left to feel its absolute powerlessness.

The taming and training of the elephant when captured is a long and careful process. Little by little he is taught to associate extra liberty with obedience. As soon as the elephant is found to relish his food and fatten upon it, he may set to work. The first task is generally to tread out clay in the brick-field, or to be harnessed along with a thoroughly tame elephant, and assist in drawing a waggon. When quite broken in, so as to be trusted to work in perfect freedom, the enormous strength of the elephant renders him exceedingly serviceable in moving heavy materials—for instance, in dragging or piling timber, or in conveying stones. When the elephant is made to understand what is required of him, he prefers to do it in his own way, and resents interference with his plans.

Engineers charged with the construction of new roads in Ceylon, state that the wonderful sagacity of these animals needs to be seen to be believed. The elephants bring the stones and place them so carefully, that very few adjusting touches are required from the workmen. When an elephant wishes to turn over a very large block of stone, he pushes it up with his forehead as far as possible, and then presses his knees against it, and so continues, causing it to roll over to the place indicated by the person superintending the work. When attached to waggons their intelligence is remarkably manifested. If the weight seems too heavy to be easily drawn, along, the huge animal will balance his body two or three times, and then press his weight forward against the collar and set off at a trot. In raising piles of timber, elephants have been seen, as the pile grew, to place two poles against the side and form an inclined plane, up which they pushed the remainder.

The trunk is the main implement of the elephant in the prosecution of his labours, but his tusks (when he has them) are often made serviceable. The following anecdote illustrates the use of the tusks, as well as the sagacity of this extraordinary animal.

"One evening," says Sir J. Emerson Tennent, "whilst riding in the vicinity of Kandy, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation *urmph! urmph!* in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery, by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant. He was labouring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks, but the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his head on one side, to permit the load to pass endways; and the exertion and this inconvenience combined, led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitred us for a moment, then flung down the timber and voluntarily forced himself backward among the brushwood, so as to leave a passage of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse hesitated: the elephant observed this, and impatiently thrust himself still deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of *urmph!* but in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to advance. Still the horse trembled, and anxious to observe the instinct of the two animals, I laid the rein upon its neck, and forbore any interference. Again the elephant, of its own accord, wedged himself farther in among the trees, and manifested some impatience that we did not pass him. At length the horse moved forward; and when we were fairly past the elephant, I looked back and saw the wise creature stoop and take up its unwieldy burden, trim and balance it on its tusks, and resume its route as before, hoarsely snorting its discontented remonstrance."

Mission Notes.

THE TINNEVELLY.

FROM a letter recently received from Mr. Noble we learn that there are still many more candidates waiting to be baptized, but that, owing to the monsoons, which have now set in, the ordinance cannot at present be administered. The following totals of a tabulated statement for the month of October indicate the general activity of the agents in that district. At 19 stations 182 Sunday-services have been held, attended by 4,207 persons. There have been 397 prayer-meetings, attended by 6,244 persons. In the villages, the Gospel has been preached 270 times to 6,982 persons. The number of Bible-readings by two Bible-women has been 33 to 270 persons. The total number of persons (or rather of attendances) to hear the word of God has been 17,683.

We are grieved to learn that Mrs. Noble has bean suffering from sunstroke, and that for a time her life was despaired of. We are glad, however, to report that by God's goodness she is now recovering, though still very weak. This affliction is the more trying from the fact that she is still at Jaffna, in charge of the Mission-station there, while her husband is at Koilpati. Both need much grace from our sympathising Lord, and a special interest in our prayers.

Pastor Murryan has also been called to pass through great affliction of late, by the prolonged illness and subsequent death of his wife. May the Lord sustain and comfort him.

MADRAS.

Dr. Narayanaswamy is very diligent in inspecting the various stations. He has been out with the pastors in their preaching tours, and finds that it is not always easy to gather a congregation. In many cases the heathen will not listen to the Gospel. The following is an account of one of his tours with Pastor Abel Michael:—

"The pastor commenced, after a lyric had been sung by four of our school-children, whom I took to help us. The singing attracted about twenty boys of seven or eight years of age, and three or four old villagers; but none of the respectable and the so-called intelligent and caste section of the Hindhus. As Abel Michael was preaching, a seemingly respectable and enlightened man stepped forward and interrupted our preacher with sarcastic remarks and a question concerning Kharma philosophy, which has become a part and parcel of the Hindhu nature. I requested him not to disturb the preacher, but to come to me, and I would be glad to help him as much as I could. The same question was repeated to me, which touches the incarnation and re-incarnation theory — transmigration. I put to him one question, and requested him to answer. The question was: "I wish to know," I said to him, "what you were during your previous birth or life. Were you a reptile, insect, bird, beast, man, or a mountain? What were your sins as well as your righteous deeds of your former birth? What circumstances in your previous life are you now in this present life a product of?" and so forth. He could not answer, as he confessed himself that he was perfectly ignorant of all that pertained to his previous life. Here, I think, he is more honest than Mrs. Annie Besant and Swami Vivekananda of Chicago Parliament of Religions fame, who say by practising certain yogas, and by concentration of some—yet unknown—spiritual powers, even the life-history of the previous birth could be made transparent and read, as we do now in full effulgence of the bright noon-day, tropical sun, without the least effort. I explained to the man that if God wants us to learn anything He must make us conscious beings to understand the difference between right and wrong, and to be conscious of the results for having done the same. Why are laws and jails in our lands? To make us learn to do what is right, and hate what is wrong. The man at last was glad to get rid of me, and requested me to let him go, as he had some important bussness to attend to, and that he would meet me on some other convenient day. We returned to Madras the same night at 9 p.m.

Pursawalkam.

Dr. Narayanaswamy refers to a service a which brother Pandian gave a short address, and says that he had the pleasure of presiding at a meeting convened by Mr. Pandian "to distribute the prizes of Sunday-school children in England sent so very kindly through Mr. Pandian. Half-a-dozen cloths, and sweetmeats and plantains were distributed. Our children were very glad and thankful."

Black Town.

Paul Williams feels very much the loss of Durgiah, who died on 12th September last. Solomon, of Pursawalkam, occasionally accompanies him, and assists in open-air services.

Postscript.

WE have the pleasure to announce that the Committee have accepted the application of Mr. E. A. Booth, who will be sent out to India as speedily as possible.

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J. Briscoe, Printer, Nanner Street, Finsbury, E.C.

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Vol. X., No. 115. **FEBRUARY, 1895.** One Halfpenny.

Our Forward Movement.

WITH a thankful heart we write of God's goodness and mercy. Our Day of Prayer will never be forgotten by those who were present; and especially by the brother who proposed it. We had no doubts respecting the answer. All the prayers—seventy in number—were for one object: *we sought a man of God's choice, to go out to superintend the work in India and Ceylon.*

Those prayers God has answered, and we praise Him! At our *first Committee Meeting* after the day of prayer, the answer came:—an offer of service from a brother well-qualified for the work. It may seem strange, but so it is: many of us had been looking round, and we had thought of many brethren, but *not one of us had thought of the brother who was constrained to offer himself!*

The offer was, at once, gladly and unanimously accepted; and our beloved brother,

Samuel Hutchinson,

a member of the church at Chadwell Street, has been appointed *Superintendent of the Mission in India and Ceylon.* Mr. H. is in the prime of life; he is an acceptable preacher, and he loves our principles and practice as free-grace Strict Baptists. He has also first-rate qualifications for all the business part of his undertaking. May God preserve him in health, and grant him a prosperous career.

But our Superintendent is not—thank the Lord—to go out alone. Our young and devoted brother,

Ernest Alfred Booth,

has been accepted as a Missionary for India. He is a member of the church at Homerton Row, and is beloved by all who know him. May God keep him, and make him a long and lasting blessing in yon distant land.

The Farewell Meeting

Will be held on *Monday, February 11th*, 1895, at Keppel Street Chapel, Russell Square, W.C. The *afternoon* meeting will be for *special thanksgiving* to God; and the *evening* meeting will be of a *special dedicatory character.*

For full particulars we refer our readers to the notice of the Meeting on the last page.

We hope *all our churches* will be well represented on the occasion; and that from the provinces many will come to the interesting gathering.

Strengthened by answered prayer, we look

forward with hope. We pray for a godly enthusiastic meeting, that shall abide in the memory of our brethren when far away. They know that difficulties are before them; they know that patient perseverance will be needed to acquire the language; and that times of trial will come when it will be a precious cordial to them to think that all our churches are praying for them; and that everything that can be done will be done to help them.

Our dear brethren are leaving their friends *for Christ's sake:* and *for Christ's sake* let us give them a hearty parting cheer on Monday, February 11th.

R. E. Sears.

50, *Grove Road, Bow, E.*

Brother Pandian's New Year's Greeting.

[The following letter from brother Pandian has been printed, and sent to many of the churches at home; and we have much pleasure in giving further publicity to it.—Ed.]

Dear Brethren in Christ,—

It is four months since I left your country. When I took leave of those few friends who came to the Victoria Station, London, to see me off, my heart was really overwhelmed with feeling, and tears were running down on my cheeks as the train moved. I thought then, is there any probability of seeing these people of God once more in the flesh? But the promises we have in the field of the revelation of God comforted me much. And we know, brethren, that probably we may not see one another again here below; still we rejoice to know that we shall meet in the "Palace of Eternity," and sing the endless song of praise to the Lamb of God.

I convey my best thanks from the bottom of my heart for all the kindness you showed me when I was with you. You comforted my heart, and strengthened my hands. You gave me a home to live in, and provided me with other necessaries of life. The sweet conversation we had on things pertaining to the kingdom of God is ever memorable.

On my arrival here I found that a great change had taken place during my absence. Some have passed away from the land of adoption, some have become cold and indifferent in their religious course of life, some hearts are hardened to turn a deaf ear to the gospel trumpet; some are still thirsty though the stream is flowing nigh from the "Rock of Ages;" some have become weary in doing good; some have become infidels by inhaling the poisonous air of Theosophy, Pantheism, Unitarianism and other human errors; and some have become active preachers of Hinduism, travelling about in South India. But in spite of all these unfavourable changes, it is my personal conviction that truth is eternal; conflict with error makes many really happy in the Lord; quickens the lifeless spiritual faculties; and attracts the souls heavenward. In this land of idolatry, the sufferings of Gethsemane and the death on Calvary, gain ground day by day.

I am not satisfied with what little I was able to do, while in your country, in the interest of the Pariahs, my fallen countrymen. But I am now endeavouring to lift up among them Christ and Him crucified. I have already started a poor school, in which the waifs and strays of this out-caste people drink deep in the love of God which flows from the Fountain of Life. Whenever I go to the school the children sing the sweet name of Jesus and His love. How glad I am to hear the words come from the prattling lips of these heathen and neglected children!

The Printing Press and the Magic Lantern presented to me by some of you are greatly useful in my work. I carry the lantern with me whenever I go to give religious and social addresses. It is remarked by the people that these meetings are impressive and instructive. All those who have helped me to purchase these two instruments will be glad to hear that they are usefully employed.

I am often asked by several friends to address in different quarters of the city. There were some large public meetings in the month of December, attended by respectable Hindu men and women. And the blessing of God was really felt, both by the speaker and the hearers.

In my work I find encouragement and discouragement side by side. I go along with those who encourage me, and pray for those who discourage me, remembering the breath of prayer which proceeded from the trembling lips of Christ to pardon the sins of His murderers. Nothing could gladden my heart more than seeing my non-Christian countrymen raising their voice with the redeemed children of God: "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

Finally, brethren, pray for me, and hold fast the rope of sympathy for Jesus' sake.

I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.

Please read this letter to your congregation, and pass it on to your friends.

Yours in the best bond,

T. B. PANDIAN,

Vepery, Madras. A Servant of God.

16*th December*, 1894.

PLEASURE is like a cordial; a little of it is not injurious, but too much destroys.

The Plunge into the River.

SOME years ago a gentleman, well known to the writer, was employed by the Government of India in the survey of a wild mountainous country beyond the Punjaub. The region which Philip E—— was exploring is called Spiti, and through it flows a river, swollen by mountain snows, which bears the same name.

While on his travels the English gentleman saw a sad accident take place. Two native women fell into the river. The current ran fast, the waters were numbingly cold, and the struggles of the poor creatures were vain; both of them were being rapidly swept down the rushing torrent. The husband of one of the women was present, but he made no effort to save her; he was probably aware that to try to rescue her from drowning would be but to share her fate.

But the young Englishman, full of activity, vigour, and spirit, could not stand still and look on two women perishing in the water, without making at least an attempt to save one. Philip sprang towards the river, and dashed in, hearing but not heeding the loud "No! no! no!" of his travelling companion. who saw the fearful risk of the plunge into those icy cold waters. The swimmer was bold and active, but he had undertaken a task almost beyond his powers, and as no one could give him the least help, he was in imminent danger of drowning. The struggle became desperate; Philip felt his strength giving way; he all but sacrificed his life in trying to save that of a poor aged heathen stranger. Fiercely swept on the torrent; one of the women perished beneath it; but Philip's numbed hands had their grasp of the other, and he would not let go. Almost exhausted, the Englishman with great difficulty



struggled back to the shore with his living, though insensible, burden.

Philip felt that his own escape from a watery grave had been so narrow, that he afterwards built a simple bridge near the place, as a thank-offering for his preservation rom drowning.

And the poor old native whom he had saved, was she not grateful too, not to the Christian's God, for Him she knew not, but to her gallant preserver?

It seemed so to Philip, when, after recovering from the effects of her accident, the old native brought to him a jar of milk—a simple offering indeed, but it might be her all. The woman poured forth a torrent of words, which the Englishman could not understand, but which he naturally supposed to be words of thanks. But his companion, who knew the language, soon undeceived him as to the meaning of the words uttered so eagerly and fast. The woman was *not* thanking her preserver. She had lost a head-ornament in the river, and she was beseeching him to pay for it! On the Englishman declining to grant the unreasonable request, the disappointed woman turned away, and actually *carried off with her the jar of milk!*

Strange ingratitude was this, even in a heathen; and yet, can we see in it no shadow of our own? To Christ, our Lord, who, to save us from eternal death, not only *risked* but *sacrificed* His most precious life, what can we bring but thankful love? It may be little, but it is the best that we can give, and our Preserver is willing to accept it. It is, like the woman's jar of milk, no *payment* for an act of free mercy, but a token that such mercy is prized. But how often do we forget the act of salvation itself, in our unreasonable disappointment, when earthly things are denied to us! We have not, perhaps, the money, or the health, or the pleasures that we desire: like the woman who lost her head-ornament in the river, we have lost something which we value, and we are impatient because Providence does not at once replace it. "I do well to be angry!" exclaimed Jonah, when his gourd had withered away. In the pride and ingratitude of our hearts, too often we have turned with murmurs from our Divine Preserver, and refused Him that grateful love which was all we had to offer! The angels above must indeed wonder when complaints and tales of sorrow are all that arise from our hearts, that should be constantly full of the thought, "THANKS BE UNTO GOD FOR HIS UNSPEAKABLE GIFT!" A. L. O. E.

Missions—a Reflex Blessing.

AT a recent meeting in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Bishop of London, who presided, gave utterance to the following remarkable words. In opening the proceedings, the chairman said it might be asked, "Why, when so many are at your doors needing your administration, are you raising money to maintain ministers for teaching the Gospel to those with whom you are not in immediate touch?" The answer was, that Missions were part of the work of the church, and that no Christian had a right to withdraw himself from it, and that in proportion as the church did her work abroad, in that proportion would she be enabled by the Lord to do her work at home.

This noble utterance is in harmony with the teaching of our Saviour—"Give, and it shall be given you." "Freely ye have received, freely give." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The spirit of benevolence (and this is essentially the Missionary

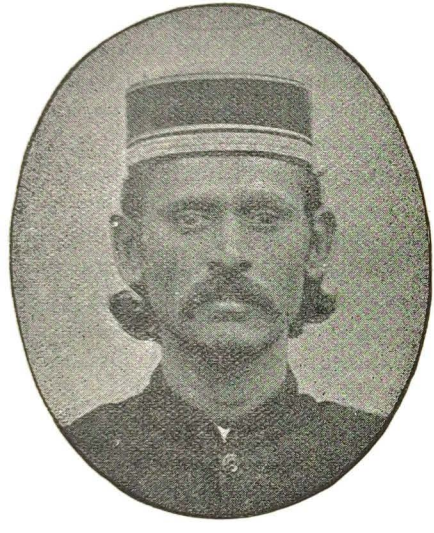
spirit) has a benign influence upon its subject as well as its object.

The present age is pre-eminent in Mission work. Millions of pounds have been spent, and thousands of lives also, in shedding abroad the light of Revelation: but are our churches at home the less evangelistic? Are they any poorer? Nay, we verily believe they are richer, for "He that watereth others shall be watered also himself; and "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

We are glad to know that the Christian church at large is awakening to her privilege and responsibilities in connection with the Saviour's last commission; and we earnestly unite in the Apostolic benediction: "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Yet as Baptists, we are proud of the honour which God has conferred upon us as pioneers of modern missionary enterprise. And we desire not only to be first and foremost in Missions, but also in earnestly contending for "the faith once delivered to the saints."

As *Baptists*, we dare not foist upon the heathen a mere Popish ceremony in lieu of an ordinance of Christ. As *Particular* Baptists, our consciences will not allow us to teach the heathen that Christ died for all mankind, and yet that all men are not saved; as *Strict Communion* Baptists, we recognize but "one Lord, one faith, one baptism,"—that baptism being "the door of the church," as in apostolic days. Thus we "contend earnestly for the faith," and "keep the ordinances as they were delivered," believing both of them to be rich in symbolic teaching, and of equal importance, because instituted by Christ. "What, therefore, God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

Upon these uncompromising principles the Strict Baptist Mission has held its ground—nay, has been steadily advancing—for thirty-four years. The necessity for its existence is intensified when truth is sacrificed at the shrine of popularity. And we are thankful to say that the support it now receives is greater than ever. The Lord of the harvest is smiling upon the fields abroad. May the same Lord grant a reflex blessing upon the churches at home who have thus honoured Him with their substance, so that sowers and reapers may rejoice together.—Ed.



Something about Brother Swamidas.

By S. Gray.

AT the time of my visit to the Tinnevelly, brother Swamidas was the only high-caste Hindoo convert upon the Mission staff there. He is of Naidoo extraction. There is as much difference between him and some of his yoke-fellows, as between the upper and lower classes in England. Born high up in the social

grade of India, he was "born from above" upwards of ten years ago, and is one of the best-fitted agents acting in the Mission interest. He speaks English fairly well, and what I repeat of him I had from his own lips in English.

He was a nominal Christian for a time, being among the Episcopalians. He affirmed to me very emphatically that he had not experienced a change of heart while in their midst.

"Swamidas" means "servant of God." Our subject became the true-hearted servant of the Highest through the instrumentality of brother Gurubatham, of Ellivarasanenthal. Gurubatham (who is now the adopted of the church which it is my honour to oversee) getting the ear of Swamidas, informed him of our distinctive principles, and suggested to him to enquire into them by perusing the word of God. This was done, and the Holy Ghost wrought savingly upon the reader. "It was just the Holy Spirit working by the Holy Scripture," as a godly tourist expressed himself to me, when I visited Sakkarah Pyramids in Egypt, and chatted with him on the return journey.

But listen to the very words of Swamidas: "I received my Lord into my heart, and was baptized. I remember a special time when I felt my sins forgiven me. The text, 'He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved,' led me into the clear knowledge of Christ as my Saviour, and brought the felt forgiveness of my sins."

He has served our Mission for about eight years. I transferred him from his former sphere of labour to Koilpati. Up to the time of my visit he was stationed at Kursilpati; but his labours were not limited to the place, as his own tale will disclose.

"I preach twice on Sundays, 7.30 a.m., and 4.30 p.m. I conduct Sunday-school at 12 o'clock at noon, and hold prayer-meetings in the members' houses at 7.30 p.m. I am in the day-school teaching from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., with a noontide interval. I preach twice and thrice a week on week-days at Kursilpati. On Saturday evenings I preach in the villages round about my station, twice and thrice the same evening."

His labours have been markedly owned by God. I saw eleven brethren at Paniyadipati, who all ascribed their conversion to his preaching. Brother Daniel, who was stationed there, was likewise a fruit of his ministry. Daniel said to me: "A change has taken place in me. I am believing in Jesus Christ now...I pray now; *I feel and pray*. I am daily anxious to please Christ. Scripture represents a religious life to be a war; I find my religion answers to it."

Examining the Sunday-school at Kursilpati, I had the gratification of hearing every child recite a verse of Scripture. Among the rest, the following verses were quoted: (1) "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." (2) "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men; for that all have sinned." (3) "The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works." (4) He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

My ears were thus greeted by sounds with which they were very familiar. My Sunday-school now supports Swamidas, the Officers and Committee having attached him to the school by his own consent. May God the Lord very richly and very widely dower the boys and girls of India with His saving grace. Amen.

I spoke with the few church members who were pastored by Swamidas, and the spouse of our brother displayed considerable intelligence in her replies to my queries. She was tattooed, as were others of them. These indelible reminders of a former state, were considered forms of beauty at the time the skin was punctured. God be thanked that the Spirit

of grace has made marks upon them which are beauteous indeed to a spiritual eye.

Brother Swamidas narrated to me the hatred to which he and his wife are subjected by their blood-relatives, zemindars among them. "But," said he, in sentences pearl-like for comeliness and worth, "we do not care; for Christ is our Friend, and our Brother, and our Saviour, and our God." I fancy that I can hear him speaking thus. My heart leaped within me, as the words fell from his lips.

At Malaputhur, I arranged for him to address a promiscuous gathering of saints and sinners. The subject was the parable of the sower. He spoke of the four kinds of hearers in a clear and telling way, ascribing to electing and omnipotent grace the reception of the good seed by the "honest-and-good-heart hearers."

It was brother Swamidas who read the welcome addresses to me at Koilpati, on the day of my arrival there. The second address was in Tamil, and he translated it into English as he read it. A frown was on his brow, and I was not a little affected by that frown at the time. It was an outward and visible sign of an inward and invisible disaffection. The frown was interpreted by after events. Referring to those important matters, he said, "God works all things wisely. God will open another door."

One day he said to me, "How many children have you, sir?" I replied "Nine," and enquired why he wished to know. "Because," said he, "I want to be your son and you must henceforth reckon me as number ten." He enquired the names of his brothers and sisters, and sent his love to them. Writing home to my beloved wife, I informed her that Swamidas would henceforth regard her as "ma." He asked me for his new mother's portrait, and I gave it to him. My daughter Alice wrote letters to brethren Gurubatham and Swamidas several weeks before Christmas; and "number ten" wrote an affectionate and hearty reply to his sister.

The photo. which is copied at the head of this sketch, reached the writer on Christmas day.

God be very gracious to the intelligent, serious-looking, and consecrated Swamidas!

STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.

Important Dedicatory Services and Farewell Meetings

WILL (D.V.) BE HELD ON

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1895,

AT

KEPPEL STREET CHAPEL, RUSSELL SQUARE,

In connection with the appointment of

Mr. SAMUEL HUTCHINSON,

As General Mission Superintendent,

AND

Mr. ERNEST A. BOOTH,

As Missionary to India.

In the Afternoon, at 3 o'clock,

A THANKSGIVING MEETING

WILL BE HELD:

MR. R. E. SEARS, Vice President, in the Chair.

A Special Address will be given by

MR. S. GRAY,

And several Ministers and other friends will take part in this and the Evening Meeting.

TEA WILL BE PROVIDED AT FIVE O'CLOCK.

In the Evening, at Six,

MR. JOHN BOX, the President,

Will take the Chair, and give the Dedicatory Charge.

Mr. E. MITCHELL & Mr. S. T. BELCHER,

(The Pastors of the two designated brethren,) will each deliver a Special Address.

These will be followed by a few valedictory remarks by

MR. S. HUTCHINSON & MR. E. A. BOOTH,

And the Meeting will be closed with

A DEDICATORY PRAYER, BY MR. S. K. BLAND,

(Of Ipswich.)

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The Olive Branch

A Monthly Record of the Work of the Strict Baptist Mission.

Subscriptions or Donations to the Mission will be thankfully received, and Collecting Boxes or Cards supplied by the Hon. Secretaries: MR. JOSIAH BRISCOE, 58, *Grosvenor Road, Highbury New Park, London, N.*; MR. I. R. WAKELIN, 33, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.*; *and* MR. F. J. CATCHPOLE, 11, *Jerninghum Road, New Cross, S.E.*

VOL. X., No. 116. **MARCH, 1895.** ONE HALFPENNY.

Dedicatory and Farewell Services,

KEPPEL STREET, RUSSELL SQUARE.

SPECIAL services were held on Monday, February 11th, when our brother, *Samuel Hutchinson* was publicly recognized as General Mission Superintendent, and brother *E. A. Booth*, as Missionary.

The service began punctually at 3 o'clock, the Vice-President, Mr. R. E. Sears, in the chair. After a hymn of praise, and prayer by Mr. H. T. Chilvers, the Pastor elect of Keppel street, the Chairman said :—

"We are all thinking just now of the meeting held in Soho Chapel, on Monday, November 19th, when for twelve hours unceasing prayer was made to God that He would send us the men we needed for our Mission, and especially one to take the superintendence of the work. We are here to-day to return our thanks to God for His gracious answer to our cries, and publicly to set apart the dear brethren He has raised up."

Psalm lxvii. was read, and briefly commented on by the chairman, after which the following brethren took part in the devotional service : *Northfield*, March ; *Upsdale*, West Ham *Jones*, New Cross ; *Morling*, High Wickham ; *Abbott*, Chadwell Street ; Brett, Homerton-row ; *Wilson*, Mount Zion, Hill-street ; and *Cattell*, Bessel's Green.

The prayers of the brethren were earnest requests, with thanksgiving to God. It was a blessed fellowship of heart at the mercy-seat. The reading of portions of Scripture, with hymns of praise, interspersed the prayers.

At the close of this part of the service, the Chairman called upon MR. GRAY, of Brighton, to address the meeting.

Drawing attention to the exclamation of the lepers when the Syrians had abandoned their tents, "This day is a day of good tidings," Mr. Gray said :

"We are here to say the same one to another to-day, for indeed *this* day is a day of good tidings. *Once* the greatest day in America was a *fast* day, *now*, it is a thanksgiving day. To-day is the greatest day in the history of the Strict Baptist Mission, a day of thanksgiving and joy for the tokens of blessing from our God,—a day of joy and happiness.

I count our *President* a happy man. Others have desired to see and hear what he does to day, but have not seen and heard. They wrestled with God for these blessings, but passed to their rest leaving us to receive the

answers to their prayers. These brethren have made up their minds to devote themselves to God in India, and to-day we recognize the goodness and grace of God in them, and toward us in His work.

"I count our *Vice*-President a happy man. He rejoices that ever the whole day of prayer was suggested,—a day long to be remembered.

"*I*, too, am a happy man. To be in any way connected with these dear brethren going out is cause for gladness. I am happy in being the instrument in bringing it about. When serving you in India I could see what was wanted, and I believe just that which is needed our God has supplied us with in these brethren.

"Our dear brethren, *Mitchell* and *Belcher*, as the respective pastors of these brethren, I count happy men. The pastors will feel a fatherly interest in them: while the churches where they stand connected will feel a loving maternal care for them, and they say to-day, like the Spartan mother to her son as she handed him his shield, 'Now, *with* it or *upon* it.' Either die with it fighting, or be carried back upon it dead.

"The *dear brethren themselves* are happy men. God designs honour for them. He has done it, saying as of old, 'Separate *Me* Saul and Barnabas to the work, whereunto I have called them.'

"I wish I were going with them. Had my way been clear, I should have asked the Committee to send me also. I almost envy them. A wide door and effectual is opened up before them. They are undoubtedly *the* men for the work. I think I have reckoned our brother Hutchinson up. He is just the opposite of a man I read of, one of two tramps that fell asleep by the roadway, and woke up in fearful fright, saying to his companion, 'Oh, I've had an awful dream, such a fearful fright.' 'Why, whatever's the matter?' 'Why, I've had an awful dream, I tell you; I dreamt I had some *work* to do, and it has made me sweat.' Our brother is just the reverse of this. Neither himself nor brother Booth will be among the unemployed. There is plenty of work to be done. They are happy men. They are going where God's elect are. God is saying to them, 'I have much people in the Tinnevelly.' He will soon be seen to lay His hand on many, and say, 'Thou art Mine, I have redeemed thee.' He will claim His own, and in India there are many who belong unto the Lord.'

"Encircled with the rainbow of believers' prayers they go forth to the work of the Lord, happy men in the service of our God. I know I had those earnest prayers when I went. I valued them. And God both sustained and guided me in answer to them. They have much uphill work. They have to acquire the language by dint of study and hard labour. This will take them a time, but they will soon accomplish it by perseverance, and be well rewarded for the task when they can proclaim the Gospel to the natives in their mother tongue.

"I managed to get just a word or two, and you should have seen the astonishment and delight too of my sluggish old bullock-driver, as I said to him in Tamil, '*Ame too*,' (drive on:) '*Sekarram po*,' (be quick.) I set myself the task of climbing the mount *Dolly-wagon-pike*. It *was* a labour, but well was I rewarded when I reached the top, and viewed the beautiful scene. Our brethren will have many a "Dolly-wagon pike" to climb, but great will be their reward.

"Our brethren will need our prayers, and all the help we can render them. I should not like to live where brother Noble does, nor see our brethren in such a wretched hovel.

we must care for them. We must make some sacrifice for them who are sacrificing so much for our Mission.

"When the Scotchman was asked something about heaven, he said, 'Oh, I know it well; I have lived there for the last twelve years.'

"Our brethren will find it heaven to dwell in His employ, and serve their Lord among the heathen. May their whereabouts be the very gate of heaven. They are going to dwell where God is, and where He is already making His glory seen.

"My dear wife, in visiting one of our absent friends the other day, found she was again confined by affliction; but the happy saint said, 'Tell Mr. Gray I'm took again into my banqueting-house.' Our brethren will have their afflictions and trials, but their Lord will be with them in all.

"Again, I count *our own denomination* happy. The warm shoulder has too long been given to Juggernaut, and the cold shoulder to Jesus Christ. The churches are arousing more every year to the privilege and joy, yea the *duty*, of sending forth the Gospel to foreign lands. A person once offered a fine cow for sale—good in every particular but one—and the one fault was it would break through from its own pasturage, and destroying the hedges, get into a neighbour's field.

"I am content to graze in my own field—the pastorage is good—we need no breaking out. Nothing better can be our own food and message too in the distinguishing doctrines of grace.

"I count the *Committee* happy too. Troublous times have been passed through, but the Lord has appeared. We shall soon see the much-needed chapels erected out there (they are wanted badly), the circulation of the Word of God, and shall we not yet see a good institution erected, a kind of boarding-school, for the training of gracious, gifted young men for missionary work?

"I asked every agent on our staff out there if they would contribute to the work we were doing; and poor, intensely poor as they are, they said they knew the people would be willing to do all they could.

"I reckon the *natives* of India are happy men. They are having the best of news brought to them. When at Koilputti I saw the idols and idol worshippers, and saw too the effects of the Gospel in the casting of the idols for ever away. God grant that through our dear brethren many may turn from these, to serve the true and living God.

"My visit has filled my soul with anticipation.

> "And a new song is in my mouth,
> To much-loved music set:
> Glory to Thee for all the grace
> We have not tasted yet."

God-speed the work.

Brother BROUGHTON, of Guildford, followed this excellent address with fervent prayer.

The collection was then taken, and after another hymn of praise, brother *Holden*, of Limehouse, closed the soul-stirring service of the afternoon by prayer.

Then came the *Tea*. The spacious school-room was packed, also the vestries with an overflow party in the chapel, but, notwithstanding the numbers were larger than anticipated, the willing workers at Keppel-street laboured with a will, and everything was done for the comfort of the company, and though in separate apartments, the whole were able to have tea together, and were well served.

THE EVENING SERVICE.

By 6.30 the chapel was full, and it was soon evident that we were going to have a

crowded gathering, the seats in the aisles being speedily filled, while some were standing. Who could look through this well-filled building without breathing the prayer that dear old Keppel-street may often be so filled under the labours of the newly-chosen Pastor, and that a glorious revival may be seen in the place, where, for over a century, the Gospel of free grace and dying love has been proclaimed.

The chair was occupied by the *President*, Mr. John Box.

After the reading of Psalm cxxvi. brother Beecher, of Shouldham-street, prayed.

The Chairman gave a hearty greeting to all present. He said:

"We are glad to meet you in this time-honoured sanctuary. The Lord is great, and His greatness is unsearchable.

"It is in the name of the great God we are met; but for His greatness we had not been here, and had never had such an occasion as the present.

"It was a sweet fact expressed in brother Beecher's prayer, '*We desire to trust our God.*' We have great encouragement so to do. We each had a design when we made our confession of faith in Christ. We would have *others* know our love to Him, and determination to follow Him only. When moved by the workings of love to Christ nothing was too great to undertake in the cause. God has given us a work to do, and He will give us strength to do it.

The Mission was commenced by the church in this place, in concert with two others; and to-day we are here entering into these labours, and rejoicing in the prosperity and blessing of our God."

The two missionaries removed from the platform to the table-pew that they might face the chairman, who proceeded to deliver

The Charge.

Disclaiming any official dignity or authority over his brethren, but rather to offer fraternal greetings, brother Box said:

"Beloved brethren,—You are God's gifts,—called by His grace; He has moved your hearts to undertake this office, and given you to the Mission in answer to hundreds of earnest prayers. You have prayed to Him, and sought His guidance. With due deliberation you have both well considered the important step. You go to those with darker skins, but with immortal souls like yours and ours.

"God is a God of order. Jesus Christ is Head of His own kingdom, and order reigns in all His government.

"We have no apostles now; but other officers we read of, and by reason of the Greek-speaking Gentiles in the early church, terms became altered. We have Presbyter—overseer—evangelist. *All* were evangelists, but *the* evangelist was not an apostle, but a missionary. Missionary and evangelist are synonymous terms. You are missionaries. Your first business is with the trust God has given you. He has endowed you with gifts. Cherish His gifts, as you prize and value His grace given to use them. By these you will find out those who are 'partakers of like precious faith.' If you think on these you will find the importance of your work, and discover He has given you a trust, and that is the word, the Gospel of God. You know it, you have perused it, wept over it tears of sorrow and delight; you know the value of the Gospel to a human soul. Christ is here in full portraiture. The word is His; He reveals His thoughts, expresses His person and wonderful work. The whole record is called 'the Gospel of the grace of God.'

Remember the *sacredness* of the charge. No message can be compared with it. God will be with you. Be bold as lions. You will need to be courageous. I would remind you that while you go forth with this trust, you must often look up to the Master. Imitate your Lord in demeanour, in preaching, gathering around Him men, women and children. He is your strength. Like the laurels which retain their verdure through all this bitter weather, so you will come off unscathed, strong in the strength which He supplies.

"Have frequent contact with Christ; then will you not be like the timid hare that starts at every sound, but bold as a lion. You will need to be much in prayer. Indian sinners are like, yet unlike, those you have ministered to at home, for they are sunk in *idolatry*. You will need the power of the Holy Ghost, and He will be with you. Missionaries! salvation by the Cross will be often in your thoughts, and on your tongues. Seek to adorn the Gospel in all things. Never avoid it. Lift up a crucified Saviour and an enthroned Lord. And remember, when you go about your work, wearied, tired, seeking fruit. but mourning because you see not the fruit you desire—that the seed cannot be fruitless—the word of God will accomplish the will of God. Let God be your trust and your stay.

Then, addressing our Superintendent in particular, Mr. Box said: "Brother Hutchinson, you know what you are going into. We place the utmost confidence in your needed talents, to regulate, organize, and superintend the work. Watched over, and properly conducted, a great blessing will attend our Mission. You are a man of a meek and quiet spirit; but it will be greatly tested. Be courageous. Flinch at nothing. We at home will stand by you. You will tell these heathen we love them, and seek their truest welfare. Churches are to be formed. How will you act? Study the Acts of the Apostles and in the steps of the primitive Disciples be it yours to tread; and men and women will see the despised sect are doing no mean work. God be with you, and bless you, and make you a blessing and a great joy one to another. May you and our dear young brother SEEK GOD TOGETHER.

After a hymn of praise,

MR. MITCHELL

ascended the pulpit. He said:

"I owe my position to-night to the fact that I am the Pastor of brother Hutchinson, —not his spiritual father; this was the privilege of the late beloved *John Hazelton*. The fact is worthy of notice that a former President of the Mission was the spiritual father of him whom we now dedicate as our Superintendent. If I were given to sentimentalism, I might draw on your imagination in this interesting fact; but I will avoid any such sentimental picture as the joy of the translated soul of the departed pastor over the present scene of his son in the faith going forth to this service of his Lord.

"Our hearts have all gone with brother Box in the excellent charge he has delivered. We start on a new era. No such meeting has ever been held before. The long-cherished desire has been granted by the Lord. The year before last we sent out our brother *Gray* and now we see the fruit of that visit. The object of the Mission is not to plant something exotic. We want native churches, under the care of native pastors; but foreigners are necessary. There must be for a time European supervision. Churches are to be raised that will be self-supporting, hardy, and of natural growth, bearing fruit to the praise of God's grace.

"This is an epoch in the history of the

Mission. The present meeting augurs well; but we are incurring grave and great responsibilities. Perhaps these brethren may to-day part with many dear friends, never to meet them again.

If *they* go down the mine, *we* must hold the rope. We are bound to help them by our prayers, our sympathy, and our money. I have often noticed money has been a test of spirituality. Some friends in the north, collecting for the cause in hand, brought the box to one of the promoters of the effort, whose excuse for not giving was, "Oh! I'm one of them;' and that is the reason why we are bound to aid it all we can, and should frame no excuse for withholding our help. Words are cheap. Men will speak and pray, but speeches and prayers become tested by practice. God weighs our acts. The confidence of our churches at home will be established by our brethren now going out. Men of truth on whom we can rely, and who will faithfully report to us from time to time the progress of the work. The fields are white to harvest. Our brother Noble is a man of God on whom we can rely, and he will welcome the helpers now going into the field. Numbers are already waiting for baptism. Our brethren have work to go out to. The Lord is going before them, and His blessing will attend them. Let us pray for them, and help them in every way.

"Though not brother H.'s spiritual father, our relations have been most cordial and happy. I have loved and appreciated him, and often wondered he had not been at work continually in the vineyard. Like Moses, he has been in training, and now comes forth at the Lord's time and call.

"The Lord abundantly bless you, my brother, in this great work."

A hymn of praise followed; then

MR. S. T. BELCHER

Was called upon to address the meeting. He said:

"Brother Gray's address must have made all happy. Personally, I could not feel altogether happy, and have felt rather rebellious than grateful in the departure of our brother Booth. Some have said to me, 'Don't you feel proud?' I have replied, 'I am thankful to God He has called him by His grace, for the great gifts God has given him, and the use and blessing He has made him; thankful, too, for his steadfastness to the truth which has made him free; but I could have wished He had kept him amongst us at Homerton Row.' I have felt rather sorry than glad that the Lord should have called him to India; but, if I were to address his dear mother, who is called to part with him, I should say, "Did you not pray for his conversion, and that the Lord would make him useful in His cause? And now He has answered those prayers, and called Him to do His own work in His own way, and where He has appointed him; He has answered according to the purposes of His love, and the desire of His heart, and now, with this large congregation, we are here to wish him God-speed.'"

Then, addressing his own son in the faith, Mr. Belcher said:

"The words that have rested on my heart for you are, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' The Lord seal home the words as His message, and may each honour the profession made.

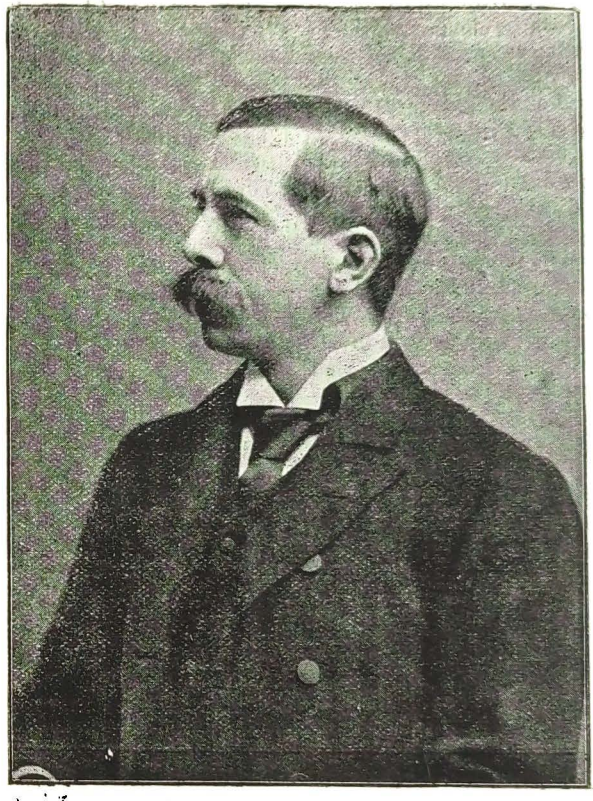
"There is great need for faithfulness to the Gospel which sets Jesus Christ upon His throne. Be thou faithful for *India's* sake. India needs *the* Gospel for its *morally elevating influence.* The world lieth in the wicked one, and God's elect lie there, and if He had not His elect in India He would not have called you to go out and proclaim there the Gospel of His grace.

"When engaged as a City Missionary, I found many who loved the Lord who did not think as I did. There are many such as these who are right at heart. We cannot come down to them, but must, by clear teaching, seek that they might come up to us. Be thou faithful, then, preach the Gospel, and be faithful to it for the sake of the souls of God's elect in India. Be faithful for *your own sake.* Let it be seen that you believe in the Gospel you preach; speak that you do know, and that which is your own salvation. Be faithful for *the sake of the Mission.* You are put in trust; the Mission receives you heartily and sends you forth to declare and defend our

principles,—be thou faithful to them and us. Lastly, 'be thou faithful' for the sake of *Homerton Row*, the church where your spiritual home is, and from which you go forth with the hearty good wishes of all. Homerton Row has stood high in the defence of the truth; let its reputation be maintained by your faithfulness to truth, and the God of all grace abundantly bless you." At the close of Mr. Belcher's address, the chairman said:

"We all want to hear our Superintendent and brother Booth, but before doing so we will receive your free-will offerings. In every way we have guarded against expense, so that all that is given for Mission work should be spent entirely for that end. We have God looking down upon us, and we must be just to His servants. Give in prayer, that the Lord will accept your gifts, and make the same a blessing in His service.

After the collection, (which, with that in the afternoon, amounted to £46), the meeting was addressed by



MR. SAMUEL HUTCHINSON.

Who was greeted with long and loud applause. He said:

"I thank you very much for the hearty reception you have given me. I do not use this as a mere customary phrase. It is the feeling of my heart. This is a unique occasion. I must beg your kind sympathy, while I try to speak for a few minutes. My heart seems inclined to get the mastery of my head.

"Brother Gray said he counted us happy men. I beg to add another word, *solemnly* happy.

"I cannot think of your kind words to-day, without feeling how great, solemnly great, are the responsibilities laid upon me. I am happy as I think of the work that lies before me.

"I have learned to love the brethren around me. I know something of their *hearts*. Who shall say we are a stiff and cold-hearted people? You have shown me you have right warm and loving hearts for the Master's sake.

"It has been suggested I should say something about the way the Lord called me by His grace: this can soon be done. With me there were no particular means used. I grew gradually to have a distaste for the world; though, thanks to the influence of godly parents, I did not go so far into the world as I *wanted* to; but somehow was always restrained, and there gradually came over me a feeling that my *heart* was desperately wicked. There was a feeling, too, that the blood of Jesus Christ shed for sinners was precious. At the age of nineteen years I came before the church at Chadwell-street, where I was well known. I remember some brother said to me at that meeting, "Do you feel an aching void the world can never fill?" I knew the answer that would be acceptable, but I could not so express myself; I felt *in* the world, and felt to want what I could not get there, but I never had the deep experience that I have heard some speak of. Upon my testimony at that meeting I was received by the church, and the beloved pastor, Mr. Hazelton, whose ministry had been such a blessing to me. I would say to you, dear friends, give God the honour and glory of every joy you feel; praise Him for what He has done, the joy He has given—*don't fritter it away*.

Call to the Work.

At twenty years of age there came a sort of impression that I should be a preacher. No such marvellous *call* as I have heard some dear brethren speak of, no voice speaking so loudly, or solemn response of "Here I am, send me;" but a continual impression of mind. About seven years ago I was asked to preach. Doors were opened, and then for a time closed. I was anxious to preach, but *when* and *where* God would have me. I weighed each application over carefully,—shall I or shall I not go? My mouth for a time seemed shut. I felt obliged to refuse applications, for God had laid me in silence, and I concluded I was not to preach. Some of you will remember reading of Samuel Rutherford's *dumb* Sabbaths. Only a few days before your prayer-meeting at Soho, I made my last application for a situation; then I met our brother Abbott, who, as you know, spoke to me about the Mission and its need, saying, 'I wonder if you are the man.' I could not get away from his words, and eventually applied to the Committee, with the result you all know.

"From the time I accepted the post, God has continued to open the door wider and wider, while every other door has seemed closed. I have had in this matter no such visions as those of Isaiah or Ezekiel, but a firm conviction that it is of the Lord, and that I am here by His will. I am overwhelmed by the consciousness of your kindness to me. This afternoon was a praise meeting. My heart praises God for that prayer meeting,—that day of hearty prayer. *You* are thankful for His help out of your difficulty. *I* am thankful for His call to the work, and believe He will be my help. Now about *the work itself*. If I had known all about the character of the work, I should probably have burnt that letter instead of sending it to the Committee; but when I think of the glory of that Gospel I am called to proclaim, there is a joy indeed that fills my heart. I cannot, of course, conceive of *what* lies before me in the scenes of idol-worship; indeed, I cannot collect myself to think at all calmly. I long for the leisure of the voyage for quiet thought, and the moments when I shall feel more free to look over the dealings of God with me of late. But you will say, "What Gospel are you going to preach?" So far as I know my heart, the Gospel of free grace—the Gospel that saves. What else could I preach? I know no other. The Gospel that saves a pauper. The declaration of 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"In closing, I do not think it right that so much should be said about the sacrifice I am making, without calling your attention to another, viz., the dear wife and child I am leaving behind. *She* is making a great sacrifice, and I earnestly commend her and our dear child to your prayers.

"Brethren, pray for us. Pray for us in the daily routine of life,—not simply at special prayer-meetings.

"If, as brother Mitchell says, you are thus going to "hold the rope," hold it so that we shall feel the tight-pulling. If it becomes slack, we shall soon know the influence; let us feel the rope is tight—that you *continue* in prayer.

I would say with Paul, "finally, brethren, farewell." Oh, how human he was; he had a hard nature, but a heart tender as a woman's. *Farewell*, and again FAREWELL." "PRAY FOR US."

The Chairman then called upon Brother BOOTH, and taking him by the hand, said:

"May God's Spirit richly rest upon you, and the love of Christ, and the conscious presence of our Father in heaven be with you."



MR. E. A. BOOTH

Then rose to address the meeting. He said:

"The *work of grace* in my soul was very gradual, almost imperceptible. The Lord has been very gracious to me; not so much by *terrors* as by the softening influence of His love have I been led to Him. I well remember the dislike I once had to sermons, and then how I was gradually brought to delight

to listen to the word as preached by my Pastor, Mr. Belcher, whose ministry has been made a great blessing to me. I always saw believers' baptism to be God's command to those who loved Him; and, constrained by His love, I was baptized by Mr. Belcher, on Jan. 31st, 1892, at Homerton Row, where I still stand a member. I well remember the words he said to me when he received me into the church, 'The Lord had need of thee, or He would never have called thee.'

"I will now notice God's dealings with me in the matter of Mission work. *Why I wish to become a Missionary.* If you will hear *how*, you may, perhaps, understand *why* I have devoted myself to this work. I was first led to think of missionary work while hearing a sermon preached in Bow Church, Cheapside, by Rev. E. A. Stuart, from the words, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' This was on February 2nd, 1893; since then the desire has never altogether left me. December 6th, 1893, I count the happiest day of my life, as, upon that day, God drew me so near to Himself, and so overwhelmed me with a sense of His love, that I was constrained to joyfully surrender my whole being to Him and His service, and say with a full knowledge of the depths of the words, 'Lord, here I am, send me. I am willing to serve Thee wheresoever Thou shalt apppoint, *though it should be in some foreign land.* I only ask of Thee two things: *first*, let me clearly know Thy will; *secondly*, undertake to do *through* me, *in* me, and *for* me, all Thy good pleasure. About this time I was greatly impressed by a sermon by my Pastor, from the words, 'This God is our God for ever and ever.' It came to me thus: 'Yes, He is, and ever will be, *your* God, but what about the three hundred millions who know Him not, nor have ever heard His Gospel? I went to a missionary meeting at Exeter Hall; my mind was greatly wrought upon, and I longed to go forth to the work. I may have been a little excited; but I well remember coming home, while on the 'bus, these words were powerfully applied to me, 'Our sufficiency is of God.' And there and then I pleaded with Him to send me. Then I went to Hill-street, and heard brother Gray, and felt greatly tempted to open my heart to him; but I kept carrying it to the Lord, and He gave me these words: 'I will guide thee with Mine eye.' I could only say, 'So be it, O Lord!' By the grrce of God I have been enabled to look above all sorts of advice, and seek direction from the source of all true wisdom.

"On July 5th, 1894, I wrote the S.B.M., placing myself at their disposal. On December 14th, 1894, a letter came from the Society, stating that I had been unanimously and heartily accepted by the whole Committee. I said, '*Amen, O Lord!* In His strength and at His charge I go forth, and *now*, even now, I would plead more than ever, 'If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence.' This, then, is *how* I became a missionary; and do you ask *why?* Some reasons I cannot tell,—some I can. God's great love to me, a poor, perishing sinner, and the longing to tell to my perishing brothers His great love.

"And now I have to say GOOD-BYE! And say it in its full sense, '*God be with you;* and as I say it I have a favour to ask of you all, which is *pray for me*, and when you pray, pray that I may be kept faithful, *useful, pure, and humble.* Faithful to the truth, to the souls about me, to the charge committed to me. *Useful.* Rather would I die fighting, than shirk my work. Lord, make me of *use.* *Pure* in word, deed, and motive, when surrounded by so much that is obscene and impure.

Humble, for

'He that is low need fear no fall;'

and only as I am kept humble am I safe from the pride of life.

"In looking at the work before me, I take John the Baptist as an example of what a missionary should be. As I think of him, I feel strengthened by remembering his *Master* is mine, and going in His name and service I am assured of His power and presence. John's *mission* is my mission. He went about *preaching* the Gospel to great and small. *John's message* is my message—rebuking sin and hypocrisy—demanding that a change of life should accompany a profession of faith in the Son of God; and testifying to the fact that He will make crooked things straight, and rough places plain.

"Lastly, John's *motto* is also mine. "He must increase, I must decrease.' Without Him we can *do* nothing; and without Him we will *attempt* nothing. Good bye! pray for me. Pray always with all prayer that I may be faithful to the word of God, to God who has called us, to the world at large, and to immortal souls. I had rather die out there fighting, than here sleeping."

"Oh to be nothing, nothing;
Painful the humbling may be;
Yet low in the dust I'd lie me,
That the world might my Saviour see."

At the close of this address the congregation heartily joined in singing,

"God be with you till we meet again."

The Chairman announced that the brethren would (D.V.) sail on the 22nd, by the "Oriental," (P. & O.,) from either Tilbury or Southend.

Mr. S. K. Bland, of Ipswich, then commended each to God in prayer.

Mr. Sears heartily thanked the friends at Keppel Street for all the loving help through these interesting meetings, reminding the friends of the important meetings to be held on March 19th, when Mr. Chilvers will be publicly recognized as the Pastor of the church.

Brother Wakelin, on behalf of the Keppel Street Sunday-school, wished the brethren God-speed.

After a few words of prayer by the Chairman, the deeply-interesting meetings were closed by singing the doxology.

E. Marsh.

The Departure of our Missionaries,

BRETHREN HUTCHINSON AND BOOTH.

WAS fixed for Friday, February 22nd, at 11.45 a.m. by the P. & O. S. N. Co.'s vessel, the "Oriental."

At 11 o'clock the special train left Liverpool Street, conveying our brethren and a large contingency of friends, desirous of accompanying them to the vessel.

Most of our London churches were represented. The beloved President of the Mission, *Mr. John Box;* the Vice-President, *Mr. R. E. Sears;* the Treasurer, *Mr. W. Abbott;* and one of the Secretaries, *Mr. F. J. Catchpole*, were supported by nearly all the Committee. Secretaries *J. Briscoe* and *I. R. Wakelin* were unable to be present, but sent their loving greetings to the brethren. Brother Wakelin was confined to his room through illness. At 11.35 the train steamed up to the quay side, and the large company proceeded to view the vessel, and take the final farewell of the dear brethren.

The bell rang for the vessel to be cleared of all visitors, and as they left our own company gathered together on the quay, and as the ship slowly moved out, the hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," was sung

with melting heart and moistened eye, our dear Missionaries standing on the deck close to the side of the vessel. It was a sacred moment; heaven and earth combined to glorify and praise our enthroned Christ, as we committed His dear servants to His own unerring guidance, care and blessing. We felt He had given them to us in answer to many prayers, and now we were called to give them up to Him whose will they go forth to do, and whose word shall be the Gospel of salvation to the elect seed on India's shore. Did *nature* struggle? Yes, of course it did, and who will not be forgiven for the rising *lump in the throat?* Yet, far above the feeling of our loss rose the joy of obedient love bowing at the feet of her dearest Lord. The wife of our dear Superintendent showed herself worthy of the dignity and honour of her position, as, full to the brim with the last parting word, she could say, "I know whom he goes out to serve." God bless her, and speedily make the way plain for her to join him and labour too among the down-trodden Pariahs of the South. It was a touching sight to see the dear little daughter leaving the vessel leaning on the arm of good Brother Abbott, her father's friend and faithful deacon at Chadwell-street, who had been the instrument, in God's hand, of brother Hutchinson's call to the work.

It was a struggle of nature for the godly mother to say good-bye to dear brother Booth; but father and mother had but one will in the matter, and the son of their heart was but going forth to serve the Saviour of their souls, and could they say HIM nay? No! no! so they joined us (with a depth of feeling which only they knew) to say, "*God be with you till we meet again.*"

By 12.15 the parting was over, the vessel fairly clear, and on her way from the docks, and the large company of loving friends steaming back again to the great city to plead on with Him who goes with them, and abides with us, even our omnipotent Saviour and Lord.

God-speed the Mission, and send forth many more, both for home and foreign service.

E. M.

Postscript.

WE have received a letter from Brother Hutchinson, bearing the post-mark of Ryde, Isle of Wight, expressing his thanks for all the kindness of friends. We trust our friends will not forget to "hold the rope," and remember both our missionaries at the mercy-seat. We thought of them on their first Sabbath at sea. Have they had an opportunity of preaching the Gospel on board? We trust so.

We have sent our brethren a few encouraging lines, which they will receive when they reach Brindisi. The marked improvement in the weather is cause for gratitude to God. We trust the passage will not be rough; for although our brethren are quite prepared to "endure hardness, as good soldiers of Christ Jesus," they do not court difficulties or dangers. We trust it may prove a season of rest and refreshing, and that their communion with God and with each other may be sweet. —ED.

☞ Copies of the OLIVE-BRANCH may be had by forwarding stamps direct to the Printer. 4 copies will be sent post-free for 2d. 12 copies monthly will be sent for six months for 3s. It may also be had from Messrs. Banks and Son, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

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The Olive Branch

A Monthly Record of the Work of the Strict Baptist Mission.

Subscriptions or Donations to the Mission will be thankfully received, and Collecting Boxes or Cards supplied by the Hon. Secretaries: MR. JOSIAH BRISCOE, 58, *Grosvenor Road, Highbury New Park, London, N.;* MR. I. R. WAKELIN, 33, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.; and* MR. F. J. CATCHPOLE, 11, *Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E.*

VOL. X., No. 117. **APRIL, 1895.** ONE HALFPENNY.

Arrival of Messrs. Hutchinson and Booth AT MADRAS.

ON the 16th March we received the expected telegram, containing the one expressive word,

"ARRIVED."

The welcome news was soon transmitted by letter or wire, to Mrs. Hutchinson, to Mr. and Mrs. Booth, and to the Executive of the Mission.

"*Arrived.*" Then the perils of the deep are past,—the period of anxiety is over. Our prayers are answered, and our brethren are where their presence is so much needed. Their work will be arduous and difficult; but they are strong in the confidence of faith and hope. They will need strength and wisdom from above; hence we must not cease to pray for them. Brother Hutchinson is conscious—to use his own phrase—that "the rope is taut." (Our readers will remember the allusion—our missionaries go down the mine—we hold the rope.)

There has not, of course, been time for a *letter* to arrive from Madras; but several communications have been received from Brother Hutchinson during his voyage, one of which, specially written to the readers of the *Olive-Branch*, is as follows:

"*S.S.* '*Oriental*,' *off Sicily. March* 2, 1895.

"Dear Readers of the *Olive-Branch*,

"There is no need to tell you why Mr. Booth and I are on board this ship, or where we are going, nor is it possible, of course, to give you any missionary news yet; but it seems to me that I might, with Mr. Editor's permission, utilize this dull, cold afternoon in the Mediterranean by giving you a little account of our voyage thus far.

"Some of you saw us start from the Royal Albert Docks, on Friday, the 22nd of February, at twelve o' clock, while you kindly sang, 'God be with you till we meet again,' and waved your last adieus to us, as we entered the river about one. The pain of parting, and the difficulty of saying 'good-bye' must be passed over with the simple remark that it was only tolerable for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, and with an expression of hope that you, in the inevitable partings of the future from beloved ones, under whatever circumstances, may have the same great consolation.

"Passing Southend about half-past three, we soon after reached a long line of some

miles of floating ice, and it was not difficult for a little while to imagine oneself in Arctic regions. The sea, however, was calm, and the air milder than in the Thames. These favourable conditions of weather continued during the night and the following day, and we were congratulating ourselves, when, about six o'clock on Saturday evening we entered the Bay of Biscay, and there we rolled about all night, and throughout Sunday till Monday morning; when, much to our comfort, the sea became calmer.

"On Tuesday, about mid-day, we sighted Gibraltar, and anchored about five. I need not tell you we were very glad of the opportunity of landing, more particularly in the prospect of getting some fruit. We were delighted, on landing, not only to find vegetation fresh and green, but roses, geraniums, and other flowers, and even palms, growing in the open-air, and we only a few days from leafless and frost-bound London! Making our way through the town, we found the people holding carnival, some dressed in various ludicrous fashions, and rollicking about, and the others idly looking on. The presence of a good many English people, particularly soldiers and sailors, and the numerous English inscriptions, over shops, relieved the foreign appearance of the place. Reaching the market-place, we refreshed ourselves with bananas and oranges. We had been unable to learn from anyone on board the precise time at which our vessel would leave; so now, hearing a hoarse whistle from the harbour, we feared it might be the signal for departure; and the bare possibility of being left behind, and the 'Oriental' reaching Bombay without us, made us turn towards the harbour. But it was a mile through the town, and we could get no conveyance; so, carrying our basket of oranges, we started at a good pace for the ship. But, again it had begun to rain, and at every step the rain increased in violence, till it became almost tropical, such as we very rarely have in England, and the gutters in a few minutes ran like little rivers. However, we pressed on, as solitary wayfarers, through streets recently crowded,—much, I fancy, to the amusement of the bystanders, who thronged the door-ways. The 'Oriental' did *not* leave us behind.

"The sight of the harbour and the town at night was very pretty, and reminded us of an illumination. In the former, light shone through the numerous port-holes of the ships of the Channel Squadron, with here and there the light of a steam launch darting about, while the lights of the town (which is divided into two portions, and rises, terrace-like, some distance up the face of the rock) was still more effective in the darkness.

"A more beautiful sight, however, was to greet me next morning, which perhaps you would like to hear about. On deck, about six, I had my first view of the Mediterranean, calm and blue, and the most beautiful sunrise I have ever seen. On our port, or left side, skirting the coast of Spain, lay a dark purple back-ground of mountains, while the sky on that side was delicately marked by clouds of various, and varying, shades of grey. Overhead, the sky was clear and blue; to the right, it was flushed with warmer colour in shades of pink, as numerous as the colder shades opposite. But the point of approaching sunrise in front was the chief attraction. Just before the sun appeared, a few streaks of the brightest gold seemed almost audibly to say how near he was, and then the first dazzling ray shot over the sea! In a minute or two the glory of the scene had disappeared, although the day remained bright and beautiful throughout.

"On Friday, the 1st of March, (yesterday,) we sighted Malta; and, of course, I could hardly help thinking of Paul's shipwreck, and wondering on which side of the island he landed, and whether or not he ever made his 'journey into Spain.' We were, at last, certainly in touch with the local surroundings of his life-history. What a man he was!—the greatest of missionaries, whether ancient or modern. And how small one felt as one thought of his burning zeal for Christ, his ardent love in the cause of the Gospel, and his heroic self-devotion to the work God had given him to do!

"We landed at Valetta about five in the afternoon. There is nothing remarkable in the architecture, and the best view of the city is from the sea, but many of the houses are certainly quaint and picturesque to English eyes. We missed seeing the interior of the only two buildings worth seeing, viz., the church of the Knights of St. John and the Governor's Palace. Nearly all the women wear a curious kind of black hood, stiffened on the right side, and projecting considerably over the face. Priests, dressed in long robes and wearing black, low-crowned, wide-brimmed beaver hats, meet one at every turn, so that there is no difficulty in realizing that priestcraft sways the minds of the people. At the same time, it is very noticeable with what a business-like, perfunctory air many of the people go through their devotions in church, their religion evidently springing neither from love nor even from intelligent conviction. British rule was just as much in evidence here as at Gibraltar, if not more so,—the Queen's uniform being seen everywhere, and an English military band playing in the square in front of the palace.

"We got on board again about dusk and found a busy and grimy scene, coal barges supplying our vessel with some hundreds of tons of coal, and the ship discharging a cargo of some hundreds of barrels of beer. This went on far into the next morning; but I fell asleep amid a good deal of noise, to wake next morning, and find that we were on our way again, our next port being Brindisi, which we expect to reach early on Sunday morning.

I remain,
Very truly yours in the cause of the Gospel,
S. Hutchinson,
General Superintendent, S.B.M."

Immediately after the telegram we also received the following, written off Candia:

"*S.S. 'Oriental,' 6th March*, 1895.

"My dear Mr. Briscoe,

"I resume the record of our journey this morning, as from the morning of Saturday, the 2nd instant. I was unable to continue writing yesterday, as the motion of the vessel increased too much for me to remain below.

"I woke on Saturday morning to find we had weighed anchor during the night, and were heading north-east for Brindisi, which we expected to reach early on Sunday morning. I was on deck about six, and was rewarded by the sight of another sunrise, which, although nothing like so fine as the one on Wednesday, was nevertheless beautiful and suggestive. Heavy looking masses of bluish cloud were lying horizontally about the sky, those towards the east being disposed in thinner layers or streaks breaking up the roseate hue of the sky in that direction into somewhat pretty effect. The suggestiveness of the scene, however, lay in the fact that as the sun approached the horizon the thin streaks became brightly gilded at the edges, contrasting with the dull blue of the cloud, but when the sun actually rose, they were

completely transfused and resplendent, and the dark layers of vapour became shining streaks of gold. They were 'transformed into the same image;' and my heart would have been dull and cold indeed, if it had been irresponsive to the spiritual stimulus of the scene! So do thou, great Sun of Righteousness, shine upon my dark soul, until I become resplendent in Thy beams, and reflect Thy glory; that here on earth men may see Thee in me, and that when Thou hast fully risen upon me, I may be completely like Thee above.

"I do not wonder at the Parsees worshipping the sun—a sight I have yet to see at Bombay; for as he rises one is impressed with a sense of majesty and regal splendour, and also of transforming power.

"I had often wondered whether 'the blue waters of the Mediterranean' was only a pretty poetic phrase. I found it to be a literal fact; but this morning, about half-past seven, when off the coast of Sicily, we entered perfectly green water, and about a quarter of an hour after entered blue water again, when on our port bow, the two colours were sharply defined in a straight line.

"We reached Brindisi about eight o'clock on Sunday morning, and were condemned to remain there all day without any public means of grace, and with all the surrounding influences decidedly enervating to the inner life. Brindisi is well described in 'Continental Bradshaw,' as 'a heap of dirty, ill-drained streets.' There is only one street worth calling a street; all the rest are dirty, narrow alleys. We found a sort of 'Sunday morning in Seven Dials' going on, and, throughout the town, no sign of the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath.

"After ascertaining, much to our disappointment, that no English service would be held, we made our way to the Cathedral, the one point of interest in the place, said to date from the time of the Normans. (Close by are the remains of a Roman temple.) Except for the two towers by which it is flanked at the entrance, it appeared to me to possess very little architectural interest, while inside it is somewhat gaudily decorated with coloured marbles. It was the first Sunday in Lent, and we found a large congregation of the 'great unwashed' standing about and listening, for the most part intently, to a special preacher, who had been sent there to preach Lent sermons. He stood, not in the pulpit, but on the platform, between the nave and the aisle, in front of a throne of crimson and gold. Without notes of any kind, and with most appropriate gestures, he spoke fluently and eloquently, although, of course, we could not understand him. His eloquence, however, appeared to be of a hortatory and denunciatory character, without any of those lighter or brighter touches, which would have afforded relief, and thrown the rest into stronger contrast. But one can easily understand this. It is only a full-orbed Gospel which can give even a trained orator, as this man evidently was, an opportunity for the complete display of his powers.

"Turning to the spiritual and evangelical aspect of affairs here, I could not of course, help feeling saddened at the thought that, with a population of about 14,000, the light of the Gospel was practically unknown, notwithstanding the fact that English ships are calling here every week. The establishment of regular Italian and English evangelical services would be true missionary work.

"Perhaps it will interest some to be told that Cæsar besieged Pompey here, and that Virgil died here B.C. 19.

"About 11 o'clock, p.m., the mail drove

up, and a large number of mail bags were taken aboard, the greater part for Bombay. How long it continued I do not know, for I fell asleep.

Believe me,
Very truly yours in the Gospel,
S. HUTCHINSON,
General Superintendent, S. B. M."

The Tinnevelly.

THE aspect of this important branch of our mission-field at present is, notwithstanding existing drawbacks, bright and hopeful; and in connection therewith, (Mr. Noble writes) I am induced to take up the ever-memorable words of our great and glorious Lord and Master, when sending forth the seventy, (Luke x. 2): "The harvest truly is great;" for in addition to the goodly number who have already been received by baptism, there are now, at our various stations here, about 150 persons awaiting baptism, &c. And further, I have received applications from several new places (villages, &c.,) in this extensive district, which includes hundreds, not only of individuals, but whole households as well, who are urgent in their requests for baptism, and desirous of being permitted to place themselves under our care. teaching, &c. There is also the petition from Nagercoil which has been forwarded to you.

Thus, "the fields are white already to harvest." "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." Yes, my dear brethren, true and faithful labourers, such as will really care for the souls of those entrusted to their care, are few indeed.

And the more I review this very encouraging aspect, with all the powerful evidences of the Lord's willingness to bless this portion of our mission-field, the more I am constrained to lift up my eyes and heart to Him who is the author, sustainer, and preserver of the work; and with felt gratitude to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" For I firmly believe that whatever "good thing" was to be found here at the opening of the year 1894 was wholly and solely the work of the Lord alone; and that it was preserved by Him alone, while surrounded by adverse circumstances.

That God does sometimes work independently of all human agency, in the matter of bringing to pass His eternal purposes of love and mercy, on the behalf of His elect vessels of mercy, there can be no reasonable doubt. And what is still more striking, He is known to work effectually, when misdirected, or even adverse human efforts stand in opposition thereto; for thus saith the Lord, "I will work and who shall let it?"

The work here, with all its bright prospects, bears, I believe, powerful evidence to the fact that God — and not man — is the Author of the same; for, the very adverse circumstances that attended this work during the many years that have passed, and, as made known to me from time to time, could not possibly have had any other than a very retarding influence on the progress of the good work in this part of the mission-field.

I hope that all those hindrances that have hitherto existed, and, to some extent, still exist, may be speedily removed; so that nothing may stand in the way of the Lord's blessing descending upon this part of our mission-field.

Report for the month of January, 1895.

In submitting this my report for the first month in the year 1895, it is with feelings of gratitude I am enabled to do so; and in reviewing the past year, I am inclined to use

the words of the prophet of old, and and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

The present year, as previously stated, was opened with prayer, praise, and the commemoration of the Lord's sufferings, death, &c. And at the memorable midnight service all the agents, and some of the church-members were present; and a very solemn and impressive season it proved to be. And my earnest prayer is that the blessings there and then so earnestly implored may be duly realized.

During the month now under review, the work in all its details has been pursued much as usual; and according to reports received (a summary of which I herewith enclose,) it will be seen that 221 Sunday-services were held, at which the congregations aggregated 4,154 persons. As also 579 prayer-meetings on Sundays and other days of the week were conducted, at which the total number of persons present was 9,419.

The Gospel has also been preached in adjacent villages, &c., 391 times to 8,666 persons, principally heathens or Hindoos. And in this three-fold work 4 pastors and 14 preachers were engaged.

The Scriptures were also read and expounded by our three Bible-women on 73 occasions, to 869 Hindoo women at their houses.

The seed of the word has been, and is still being sown. We hope for a rich harvest of precious elect souls.

There are also here 16 village elementary schools (with the same number of teachers) having on the register 363 names; but the actual number in attendance, during the month, was only 258, or a daily average of about 16 to each school.

These teachers have already passed the prescribed examination, and the others are to pass about the close of this year.

Madras.

BLACK TOWN.

PAUL WILLIAMS writes:—

"The summary of the work done by me in the past month is as follows. The open-air preaching was done as often as I could, and I had the privilege to discourse with the various sorts of persons who are anxious about the truth of God. A month ago, in a Christian article, a missionary says, 'Avoid all phrases and allusions which touch the Son of God and His blood, so as to avoid the difficulty of explaining these to the heathen.' Certainly if we preach deism we may win many to us, for Christ Jesu's name is the stumbling-block to the world; but in this name alone I preach the message of salvation.

"It may be of some interest to relate a few words which were exchanged between myself and the heathen around me. I used to hold with many discussions concerning religion. Once I went out to preach in Mint-street; after the service was over, I was crossing the line to my home, when a number of students meeting me, asked me to give them hand-bills; accordingly I gave them some. A young man about twenty-five years, asked for some likewise; I handed him one of a Tamil handbill, 'How to live.' Taking it in his hands, 'What does it treat about?' he inquired scorningly. I told him to read it, and he said, 'When I am already living, what will it teach of living?' I replied, 'Don't give it a carnal meaning; that teaches of the spiritual state of us. After talking for half-an-hour with him, he admitted all that I said. I gave him a New Testament in Tamil; he read it, and again questioned me on certain points, and I replied to his objections; but with all this he returned my book, and said, 'You cannot satisfy me.'



The Idol Brahma, Riding on a Swan.

THIS curious idol is blasphemously regarded by the Hindoos as the great self-existent and eternal One, the great Father, the Lord of creatures, and the Creator. All visible things are believed to be but a manifestation of his essence. It is said to be one of the three persons of the Trinity. Four faces are upon its one head. It has four hands, in one of which it holds a portion of the Vedas or holy books, and in another it has a pot of water; a third is raised upwards, to indicate protection, and the fourth declined downwards as bestowing a gift. Vishnu and Siva are the names of the other two idols of the Hindoo Trinity. They say that Siva cut off one of the heads of Brahma, because he could not find out the end of the Linga, or sacred symbol, which filled heaven and hell. It is strange that there is but one temple erected in his honour, and that he receives less direct reverence than almost any of the other idols. How sad to think that such an image should be worshipped in the place of the true and living God! How abhorrent it must be to Him who is a jealous God! He has given the solemn command—"Thou shalt have no other God but Me; and has said, "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under the heavens; they are vanity and

the work of errors: in the time of their visitation they shall perish." "The idols He shall utterly abolish; and they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and of the glory of His Majesty, when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth. In that day shall a man cast his idols of silver and his idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats." "It shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord of hosts, that I will cut off the names of the idols out of the land." "Thus saith the Lord God, I will also destroy the idols, and will cause the images to cease. All the graven images shall be beaten to pieces. The idols will I lay desolate." I will cut off thy graven images and the standing images, and thou shalt no more worship the work of thy hands." "The Lord will be terrible unto them; for He will famish all the gods of the earth: and men shall worship Him every one from his place, even all the isles of the heathen." "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto My name, and a pure offering; for My name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts."

Ceylon.

Extract from a Letter from Mrs. Noble, Jaffna.

MY recent serious illness having cost a considerable sum of money, and not knowing how to meet the cost, I was much troubled in mind; I was enabled to lay my case before the Lord, and He, who never fails those who trust in Him, was pleased to incline the heart of a dear unknown friend to send, through you, the help I so much needed. And my earnest prayer is, that the Lord may bless her abundantly for this liberal gift, which proved so opportune. I am also very thankful to the kind friend who was pleased to send me the parcel, and pray that the Lord's choicest blessings may rest upon this dear friend for remembering the orphans and poor children attending our schools here, who are in sore need of such things as clothing, &c., as at this season of the year the dew falls profusely, and makes the nights very cold, causing fever, &c.; and these children, for want of clothing, suffer much at this time.

Munificent Donation.

OUR readers will rejoice to learn that a liberal friend, who had given several handsome donations during his life, has just before his departure from this world given the handsome sum of five hundred pounds to the Strict Baptist Mission, to be expended in the purchase of land, and in the erection of chapels and school-houses in India and Ceylon.

Our friends are aware that a number of chapels and schools have already been subscribed for, the erection of which has been delayed until the arrival of our Superintendent. One of his printed "Instructions" has special reference to this.

What an impetus will this last dying bequest of our worthy friend give to the work abroad! There is a glorious future for the Strict Baptist Mission.—Ed.

☞ Copies of the Olive-Branch may be had by forwarding stamps direct to the Printer. 4 copies will be sent post-free for 2d. 12 copies monthly will be sent for six months for 3s. It may also be had from Messrs. Banks and Son, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

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The Olive Branch

A Monthly Record of the Work of the Strict Baptist Mission.

Subscriptions or Donations to the Mission will be thankfully received, and Collecting Boxes or Cards supplied by the Hon. Secretaries: Mr. Josiah Briscoe, 58, *Grosvenor Road, Highbury New Park, London, N.;* Mr. I. R. Wakelin, 33, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.; and* Mr. F. J. Catchpole, 11, *Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E.*

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Mr. Hutchinson's Correspondence.

Commercial Hotel, Madras, March 21st, 1895.

My dear Mr. Briscoe,

Continuing my narrative from my letter of the 9th instant, we found the weather in the Red Sea bright and hot; but, since there was a cool breeze, not oppressive on deck. Down below, however, it was only endurable at meal-times, when the punkahs were going.

On Sunday, the 10th, we had our only service on board, when the Captain read the Church Service, and three or four hymns were sung. I must admit that, although I did not feel much refreshed, he read it carefully and feelingly, as if he entered into the spirit of it. The motto of the P. & O. Company, however, which can be seen in various parts of the ship, "*Quis Separabit,*"* preached a sermon to me.

We reached Aden on the following day at twelve o'clock, and were struck with the rugged grandeur of the rocks, and interested, though at the same time saddened, by the Samali boys. Although apparently only about ten or twelve years of age they dexterously manage their small, narrow canoes, and are expert and fearless divers, notwithstanding the sharks. I telegraphed from this place to Mr. Box, as arranged, the word "*Well,*" and I trust it reached him in time for the Association Meetings on the following day.

Nothing of interest occurred during the remainder of the journey until the last evening before we landed, Friday, the 15th, when I had the pleasure of a little conversation with a native, who was returning to India. It was somewhat difficult to make each other understand; but it appeared that he was neither an idolator nor a Mahomedan, but, as he expressed it, he "worshipped one God," and wished to know the right way. I explained to him, as well as circumstances permitted, that our own efforts in the matter of salvation were useless, and quoted our Lord's words, "Ye must be born again," and "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." He gave me his address, and asked me to write to him, which, of course, I gladly promised to do, advising him to get a Bengalee New Testament.

On Saturday, the 16th, I had my first sight of India, and, as the city of Bombay became more clearly visible, I could not help being

*"Who shall separate?" The motto of the Knights of the Order of St. Patrick. Doubtless suggesting to our Superintendent the exultation of the Apostle in Rom. viii. 35.—Ed.

moved in spirit, and asking to be concentrated afresh to the work God had called me to do. We landed about half-past ten, and it took me until five in the afternoon to get the baggage cleared at the Customs, and carted to our hotel. Bombay, at first sight, has not that Oriental appearance, which one would expect, most of its public buildings being of European architecture. The people, however, and most of the smaller private buildings, are Oriental, as are also the water-skins, bullock-bandies, &c.

We found that the Rev. John Mc Neil was holding a series of services in Bombay, at the close of his fourteen months' evangelistic tour, and that he was to return to England on the following Saturday. We heard him morning and evening, on Sunday, the 17th, and it would be difficult to describe the pleasure with which we once more joined in the services of the sanctuary, particularly, for my own part, as regards the reading in the morning of Isaiah xl. In illustration of the last verse, Mr. Mc Neil related the following incident. A friend of his was obliged to part with a captive eagle, which he had had for some years, and determined to give the bird its liberty. Going to the enclosure, he took off the light chain attached to the eagle's leg, but, instead of taking advantage of its newly-given liberty, the eagle only walked round the enclosure as before. The owner tried to startle him into flight, but the bird only looked at him in mute surprise, as if it had forgotten what freedom was. Lifting it on to the low wall of the enclosure had no better result, the liberated eagle only looking down into the place which had been his prison so long. Presently, however, the sun shone out full upon him; he raised his head upward to the sun, stretched out first one wing to its full length, then the other, and with a scream began to move upward, and shortly was only a speck in the sky. Mr. Mc Neil pointed this with a heart-stirring and sympathetic exhortation to earth-bound Christians. "Believer, rise to the height of thy privileges on the wings of faith and prayer!"

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, we are upstairs in our room on the third floor of the hotel, and I bethink myself that it must be about eleven a.m. in England, and that our brothers and sisters are just beginning morning worship. Perhaps my desires go up more earnestly than in former days, that the Lord would pour out the spirit of worship upon all His people at home, and enable His ministers to preach Christ and Him crucified with power.

Being unable to leave Bombay until Monday evening, we devoted Monday to sight-seeing, and visited the Parsee Towers of Silence and the tanks in Malabar Hill, and some of the public buildings in the City.

We left at nine o'clock by train, and reached Madras on Wednesday, the 20th. Mr. Pandian kindly met us at the station, and helped us, amid the crowd of coolies, to get our luggage off, and we put up at the Commercial Hotel, Black Town, in order to be near Dr. Narayanaswamy. We found the heat greater than at Bombay, and Black Town to be a dirty, ill-smelling part of the city. Close by are the Law Courts, a splendid pile of buildings of red brick, and of Indian architecture.

This brings to a close my account of our journey, which I trust has not been so much in detail as to be wearisome. My next letter will have to do with the work of the Mission, and will, as far as possible, sketch my plans for the immediate future.

With hearty Christian regards to you and all,

Very truly yours in our Master's service,

S. Hutchinson.

Mr. Hutchinson, writing from Madras, 25th March, gives an account of his visit to most of the Stations in the Madras district, and also of his interviews with the agents. He is anxious to ascertain that those who teach have been taught by the Great Teacher, and that their teaching is thoroughly scriptural. When he explained to one of the teachers the meaning of our English word "impute," and showed that the sins of believers were laid on Christ, the idea seemed new to him, and he afterwards thanked Mr. H. for his "noble instruction." On leaving, the teacher expressed his pleasure that our missionaries had come, as they had felt like "orphans."

Mr. H. was received very cordially by Dr. Narayanaswamy, to whom he presented the books sent by the Committee, and by our good brother, Mr. John Harris. The Doctor was highly pleased with them, and promised to send an acknowledgment to the Corresponding Secretary.

On Sunday morning, March 24th, Mr. Booth preached at the Doctor's house at 9.30, to about twenty persons; the devotional part of the service being conducted by Dr. N., who also translated, sentence by sentence, as Mr. Booth preached clearly and impressively from the words,—"Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again."

At half-past four, in the same place, Mr. Hutchinson preached from 2 Cor. iv. 5: "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesu's sake." Afterwards they attended an English service.

This is but a brief introduction to their work; for, as was anticipated by the Committee, the heat at this season is too great to admit of their remaining at Madras at present. Mr. Noble advises them to go to Palamcottah; Dr. Narayanaswamy considers that would be too hot, and recommends Kodikanal in preference. Mr. H. has written to Mr. Noble to meet him, if he can, at Kodikanal, which is near the Tinnevelly district, and from which our brethren can make short excursions to assist Mr. Noble, and thus become gradually acclimatized, and familiarized with their work.

If we try to imagine ourselves in their place, we shall the better realize how greatly they need an interest in our prayers. It is a cheering thought, both to them and to us, that the glorious Master whose final commission we are seeking to carry out, has graciously said, "Lo, I am with you alway;" and lest this might be supposed to apply only to His early disciples whom He immediately addressed, He has added, "even unto the end of the world." May every reader join in a hearty "Amen."

"So shall My Word be."

BEHOLD the genial showers descend
Upon the fruitful field;
What blessings in their train attend,
What kind effects they yield!

'Tis God Himself the ground prepares,
His Spirit sows the land;
And every pleasant fruit it bears
Is nurtured by His hand.

In vain the husbandman would toil,
And scatter seed in vain;
Did not the Lord refresh the soil
With gentle showers of rain.

Spirit of influence! descend
Like rain upon the ground!
Through the wide world the Gospel send,
And make its fruits abound.



A Heathen Devotee in Search of Joy.

INFLAMED with a desire to pay homage to Siva as a pilgrim Seethambrum, an intelligent young Hindoo visited the most sacred places in the South, but found no happiness. He then became an ascetic, left his relatives, lived in celibacy, and subsisted on the alms of the pious, wandering from one holy place to another. He wore the yellow dress, a sign that he had renounced the world, mortified the flesh, and was spending his days in the contemplation of Siva. He went to the monastery and associated with men of kindred devotion for five years. The result was, disappointment and anxiety! A little book was providentially given to him, exposing the errors of Hindooism, and making known the Gospel. He found in it more satisfaction than in all the ceremonies and sacred places of Siva and Vishnu. Still it did not fill the vacuum in his soul. He must know

more of Christianity, must read the Bible, and derive his knowledge from the fountain-head. No sooner had he done this than he was at rest. Its perusal filled him with joy. The Gospel alone contained that which he vainly sought among the idols and temples of India. He became a disciple of Christ, and found both joy and peace in believing. The sincerity of his conversion was attested by his earnestness in making the known glad tidings of salvation to his fellow-men.

The Tinnevelly.

MR. NOBLE'S Report for February gives statistics of the attendances during the month, which show that 23,296 persons have heard the "glad tidings" of salvation. He says:

"I trust in my next to have the pleasure of reporting another baptizing. I would here add that, in addition to the goodly number already reported as having for months past been awaiting baptism, I have now to state that I have since received several applications from various parts of this extensive district in which are included hundreds of names of persons who are urgent in their requests for baptism, &c. And among these there are not a few who are said to have been baptized many years ago by the late J. Arulappen, but had subsequently been handed over to the Church Missionary Society, and in connection therewith have remained up to the present time, but are now desirous of severing that connection, and of joining the S. B. Mission. J. Arulappen, so far as I can learn regarding his religious views, &c., was not, in any measure, acquainted with the discriminating and peculiar doctrines of free and sovereign grace, or of strict communion principles, but had identified himself with the General Baptists. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that his followers should have so easily fraternized with the people of the Church Missionary Society, and those of kindred organizations, seeing that they differed only in the matter of baptism, its mode, &c.

"It is only during the past year that the precious and glorious truths which form the distinctive basis of this Mission have been so disseminated far and wide throughout this and neighbouring districts as to awaken a spirit of inquiry, and to cause very many, Berean-like, to search the Scriptures, in order to ascertain if the strange things they had lately heard were really to be found therein. And the natural result of such an inquiry is now before us; many, having been convinced of the errors which had so long enveloped them, are now desirous of forsaking the same, and of following that which they now perceive to be the truth. And as many of the new applicants have been connected with one or other of the two large organizations (C. M. S. or S .P. G.,) the Superintending Missionary of the C. M. S. in this district has written to me on the subject, proposing that we enter into an agreement to the effect that I, on my part, would abstain from receiving any persons belonging to the C. M. S.; and that he, on his part, should not reeeive persons from the S.B.M., &c. But, on duly considering the matter, I have been led to decline entering into any such agreement.

"I feel greatly the need of help in prosecuting this great work which lies before me in this part of the field, and therefore accord to my dear brethren, younger and more energetic, a hearty welcome.

"A marvellously wide, and, I trust an effectual, door is opened for us by the Lord, in whose strength let us resolve to enter and take possession.

"'*The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few,*' '*The fields are white already to harvest.*'

"Brethren beloved, and all who have the interest of our Mission at heart, I earnestly appeal to you on behalf of the work in this extensive portion of the Lord's vineyard, for means to enable us to extend our borders. The Macedonian cry is being reiterated in Southern India. And shall this cry be uttered in vain? I trust it may not be so. 'Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.'"

Ceylon.

MRS. NOBLE, writing from Nunavil, March 9th, says:—

"I am sorry to have to inform you that a considerable number of the residents in this district (Nunavil) are at this season suffering from fever, and other complaints, which affects both our school and congregations at present, so that the work carried on is not so encouraging as could be desired. One of our school teachers was very ill, but the Lord has been pleased to restore him to health.

"I have visited the schools at other stations (Sunday and week-day) and was much pleased to find that the children had made creditable progress in their respective studies. But, owing to the unhealthiness of the season, the attendance, on the whole, has not been so large as usual.

"The teachers here, when not engaged in school-work, continue to devote their leisure to Gospel work, by visiting the villages, &c., adjacent to their respective stations, where they read and expound the Scriptures, and converse with the people, as opportunities are afforded them from time to time. The Pettah teacher visits the bazaars, and several ferries, where large numbers of persons are to be found at all times of the day, passing to or from the adjacent small islands. The police-barracks are also among the places visited, and where the Gospel is preached from time to time.

"I have also been enabled to continue my visits to the poor, needy, and suffering; and, while administering to the best of my ability, to their bodily wants and ailments, I endeavour to lead them to Jesus, the sinner's Friend and Saviour.

"My Bible-classes also, continue encouraging, and though not very largely attended, are, nevertheless, anxiously looked forward to by those in attendance from time to time, and who listen with marked attention. I therefore trust that much good may result from this and other means used, humble as they are, for the promotion of the cause of Christ, and the extension of His kingdom.

"I am very glad to learn that two brethren are coming out to India to labour in that great field, and earnestly pray that the Lord may preserve them in health, and crown their labours with abundant success."

Bangalore.

THE following cutting from the *Madras Daily Post*, will doubtless be read with interest. Our missionary, Muttusawmy Pillay, has recently delivered some lectures, which have been noticed by the Press. He is evidently a man of ability, and well able, with God's blessing, to convince gainsayers.

"LONDON STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.

"The fourth anniversary of the Bangalore Branch of the above Mission was celebrated in the Society's prayer-house, No. 13, Blackpully Road, on Sunday evening, the 24th February. There was a large gathering of Christians and

Hindoos, together with a goodly number of children attending the Anglo-Vernacular Free Infant School in connection with that Mission. Divine service was conducted by Mr. P. S. D. Muttusawmy Pillay, the missionary in charge, who, in the course of his long but interesting speech dwelt upon the rise and extension of the kingdom of Christ, in the hearts of men in general. Christian Missions were chiefly instrumental in the spread of that holy religion in India. He corrected a misconception prevalent among the Hindoos and other religionists, that Christianity was introduced into India by European missionaries, and was, therefore, a religion of *yesterday*. But he proved that the Portuguese, the first among the European nations to find their way to India, had beheld, to their utter astonishment, that Christianity had long been planted in the Indian soil on the Malabar coast, and had become even *fossilized*, as it were, among the most cruelly oppressed Syrian Christians under native rule. He also proved that Christianity did not owe its origin to Europeans. It was originally an Asiatic religion; it was the oldest of all religions in the world, its first principles having been divinely revealed simultaneously with the fall of the first man. He corrected another absurd and false notion, that Christianity thrives because it is upheld by the ruling power. Christianity, he said, after it had been openly revealed in the Christ of history, had been professed, during the early centuries of the present era, by men who had been *numerically* a very insignificant, and *politically*, a very obscure body. When the inherent vital force of the Christian system had begun to exhibit itself in these poor men, the then mighty rulers of the world and the adherents of the most popular pagan system in combination had done their utmost to crush Christianity and its followers. But the poor and persecuted disciples of Christ had only gone on growing in faith, and winning more followers by the exhibition of wondrous fortitude; just as a seed apparently dead underneath the ground, grew and multiplied itself into thirty, sixty and a hundred-fold. During the long process of the rise and fall of nations, Christianity had gradually developed and forced its adherents to the forefront of the rank of politicians, until Christians themselves became the most powerful, both spiritually and politically, of all the nations of the earth.

Australian Sympathy.

THE Annual Services on behalf of the Strict Baptist Mission, held at the Baptist Chapel, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, on Lord's-day, February 17th, are thus reported in the *Australian Particular Baptist Magazine*:—

"The Lord in His great compassion has spared us, and given us the pleasure of once more publicly expressing our delight in this noble work of the Lord's kingdom and grace being carried on in India by our highly-esteemed brother and sister Noble and their loving co-workers. We do feel it a privilege in these times of distress, both spiritually and temporally in Zion, to have one over us whose heart burns with delight to follow our Lord's command: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' And it gives us great joy to take this Lord's-day for special mention of this Mission, and its interest and demands upon us as a denomination.

"Mr. Beedel took for his text in the morning, Rev. xiv. 6: 'And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that

dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.' Our dear pastor dwelt very sweetly on the everlasting Gospel; the Author of it—the everlasting God; the subject matter of it—His everlasting love and choice of His people; the everlasting benefits flowing from it to the never-dying ruined sons and daughters of Adam,—millions of this ruined, lost, and undone race shall be everlastingly saved, because everlastingly loved. This Gospel, this everlasting Gospel, and not another Gospel, must be preached in all the world; that God's elect out of every nation, people and tongue, may hear that name which alone saves from hell, the name of Jesus, who is called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. How we long for the increase of His government and peace, of which the promise says, 'there shall be no end.' All the blessings originating and flowing from the God of love and mercy must be like Himself—everlasting. May this never-ending joy and gladness, flowing from a Saviour's wounds, be poured out upon the heathen, both in India and here round about us; that the everlasting Gospel may sound from pole to pole, bringing countless millions to crown Him Lord of all.

"We felt as if the key-note of this everlasting song were already struck in hundreds of hearts, as our dear pastor assured us that this Gospel is being preached by our brethren, and told us glad tidings from the last Annual Report and the *Olive-Branch*, which were, after a sweet service, distributed to the friends and lovers of Jesus, who fervently pray, "Thy kingdom come."

"In the evening the discourse was from Eph. iii. 5, 8:—'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.'

"Our pastor also gives an address to our Sabbath-school on the Mission every month, which we enjoy; and although it has pleased the Lord to permit great commercial loss in these colonies, which has nearly stripped many of His dear saints, we bless Him for His sustaining grace, and send our mite. The Lord grant His approval as of the widow of old, when He said, 'She hath cast in more than they all.'

"'Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply, and still increase.
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.'"

A Correction.

IN our last number we referred to a "Munificent Donation" to the Strict Baptist Mission, "for the purchase of land and the erection of chapels and school-houses in India and Ceylon." It seems that we had slightly misunderstood this matter. The intention of the donor was that the money should be employed *in purchasing land only;* and moreover it is not to be paid to the Committee in a lump sum, but *as required*, to the extent of £500. Thus while several friends have subscribed for chapels and schools, this friend has kindly arranged to meet the requirements of the Committee as regards land.

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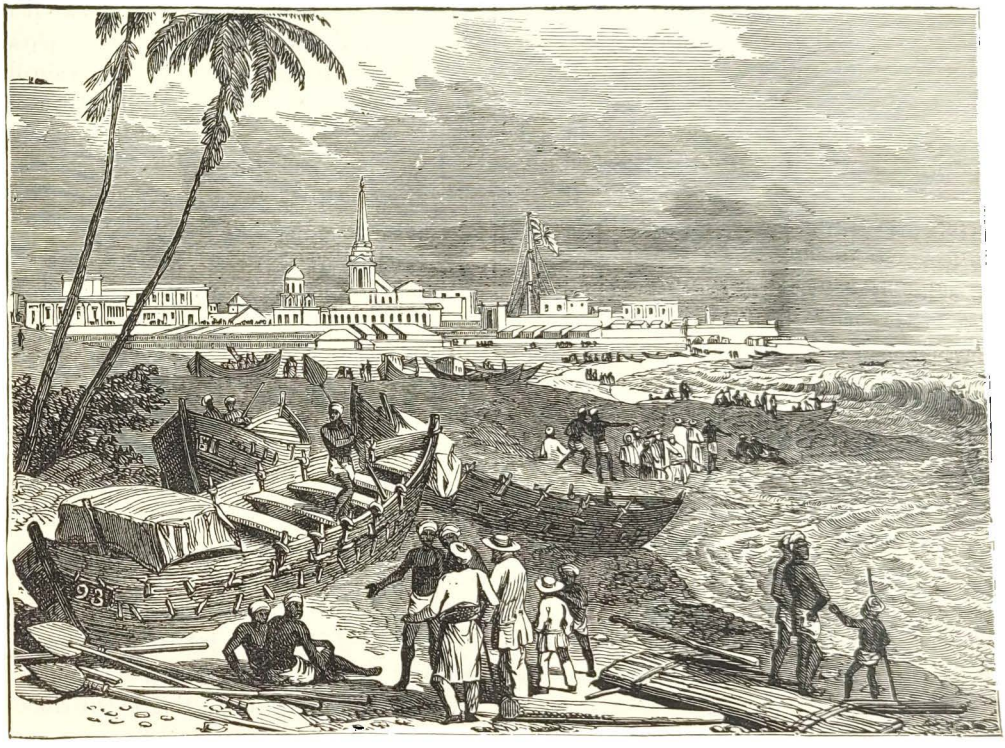
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The Olive Branch

A Monthly Record of the Work of the Strict Baptist Mission.

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VOL. X., No. 119. **JUNE, 1895.** ONE HALFPENNY.



City of Madras, from the Beach.

OUR illustration will enable our readers to form an idea of one of our centres of Mission work. We need scarcely say that we were not the pioneers of the good work in

Madras, nor are we alone in seeking to spread the glad tidings of salvation there. Very early in the present century, meetings for Divine worship were held in private dwellings in this city, and in 1810 an English Mission Chapel was erected in Black Town by Christians of various denominations.

The flag-staff seen in the illustration marks the position of Fort St. George, to the left of which is the Fort Mission Church, which was erected by the East India Company. The boats with awnings in the foreground are the well-known Massoolah boats, which are used for conveying passengers through the surf. They are flat-bottomed, and the sides are at least six feet high. No iron is used in their construction, the planks being sewn together with line, made of the outer coat of the cocoa-nut. They are generally manned by ten hands. There are usually three waves to be passed between smooth water and the shore; these waves frequently rise to the height of six feet and upwards, and breaking with a curl, the highest part of the wave falls over first, leaving a kind of hollow underneath.

When the boatmen come towards the first wave, they rest on their oars in silence, and the helmsman directs the boat into the most favourable position. When it begins to rise upon the wave, they at once burst out singing, "Alé, Alé!" (a wave! a wave!) and pull away with all their might, till the wave has spent itself. They then wait for the succeeding waves, which are passed in the same manner, when the boat is thrown almost dry upon the beach. Sometimes missionaries who have thus landed have been in great danger, as these waves occasionally strike the boats, and break in their sides. As a precaution, however, the passenger boats are accompanied by cátamárans, or rafts, twelve top fifteen feet long, by three to five feet in breadth. These rafts will live on the most raging ocean.

As our readers are aware, our two missionaries, brethren Hutchinson and Booth, did not reach Madras in this manner. They landed at Bombay, and completed the rest of the journey by rail. The weather, however, was too hot for them to remain there at present; hence the correspondence which appears on other pages, is from Koilpati and Kodiakanal. We rejoice to learn that they are in good health and spirits, and that they have already commenced their self-denying labours among the heathen.

At *Madras City* we have our excellent friend, Dr. Narayanaswamy, a native physician of high standing, who gives his valuable services to the Mission, and has for many months past kindly taken the oversight of the various other Mission-stations in this district, viz., Pursawalkam, St. Thomas' Mount, and Poonamallee. In Black Town, where Dr. N. resides, we have also Paul Williams, a native (Telugu) evangelist. At Pursawalkam we have Solomon, Moonesawmy, and Marian, a Bible-woman. At St. Thomas' Mount we have Jacob John (pastor), Marian his wife as Bible-woman and teacher of the Caste Girls' School, also three other teachers —Isaac, Elizabeth and Isaiah. At Poonamallee, Abel Michael is the pastor, whose wife is Bible-woman. The teachers' names are Mrs. Cooper, J. B. David, M. Zachariah, Hephzibah, and Jabez Michael the pastor's son. So that Madras is interesting to us, and we trust that the work going on there will become increasingly interesting to our readers.

A Venomous Snake

HAS been the cause of a baptizing service at Koilpati being postponed. One of

those dangerous reptiles having fallen into the well [reservoir] was killed therein, but it became necessary to draw off all the water, and at this hot season they will have to wait to obtain a sufficient supply for baptizing.

Perhaps another "old serpent" mentioned in Scripture, has had his influence in this matter; but his head has been bruised by Christ, and the "very God of peace shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly:" for *His* kingdom *must* increase who came to destroy the works of the devil.

Mr. Hutchinson's Correspondence.

Koilpati, 3rd April, 1895.

My dear Mr. Briscoe,

My letter of the 25th ult. brought my account down to that date.

On Tuesday, the 26th, we attended a devotional meeting at Dr. Narayanaswamy's house, at which were present about eighteen native medical students, all of them, at least nominally, Christians. Both of us prayed and gave short addresses, (the subjects being respectively, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," and "Watch and pray.") The Dr. read the 107th Psalm.

On Wednesday, the 27th, we went with the Dr. to St. Thomas's Mount, and saw Jacob John, his wife, Isaac, and his wife. We were taken to the school premises. Over the door of the school was the word "Welcome," and the school was hung with chains of coloured paper. The Dr. proceeded with his usual examination, the result of which, however, was poor; a lyric was sung, and Jacob John was requested to pray. About 60 children were present. The number the previous day was 48; the average attendance during February, 41; and the average number on the roll during the same month, 52. We just visited the other school, but had spent so much time, that we could only return the children's "salaams" and come away.

On Friday, the 29th, we drove with the Dr. to Pursawalkam in the morning. 40 children were assembled. The Dr. examined the senior children. They appeared to read the fourth chapter of Matthew very well, but the questions on it were answered badly, as were also those on the Tamil Reader. The number on the roll, at the beginning of the month, was 42. I looked at the Sunday-school attendance register, which showed an average attendance of about 30 during the three months.

On Saturday evening we attended the open-air evangelistic service, which is held by the Doctor's medical students. We heard two of them speak in Tamil, or Telugu, to an audience of about 33.

On Sunday morning (31st March) Mr. Booth drove with Dr. Narayanaswamy to Pursawalkam, getting there by 8 a.m. The service lasted three-quarters of an hour, and consisted of singing, reading, and a quarter-of-an-hour's sermon, the subject being Peter's denial. We all three attended service at Dr. Narayanaswamy's house, about 9.30, when I preached from Heb. xii. 3: "Consider Him who endured," &c. In the evening, Mr. Booth preached from Proverbs iii. 6: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him," &c. And we afterwards had the pleasure of "showing forth the Lord's death" with the little Telugu church.

On Monday, 1st April, we started at 5.15 for Ammayanayakanur, the nearest station to Kodaikanal, the health resort in the Pulney Hills recommended by Dr. Narayanaswamy, which we expected to reach about eleven the following morning, when there would be

about nine hours by road. We were, however, met at Dindique (a few stations before Ammayanayakanur) by Mr. Noble and his daughter, and as he seemed to wish very much that I should go on to Koilpati for a few days, at least, as several matters require urgent attention, I agreed to do so. I, therefore, left Mr. Booth at Ammayanayakanur, with the servant Mr. Noble had brought, and went on to Koilpati, which we reached about four in the afternoon.

I have since heard from Mr. Booth that he reached Kodaikanal safely.

On Friday, the 5th inst., Mr. Noble and I went to Tuticorin, to see Crispus as to his wish to join our Mission. He, however, did not meet us until just before our train returned, so he is to come to Koilpati on Sunday.

On Saturday, the 6th inst., the agents met here, and I addressed them through the munshi. Greeting them as brethren in Christ, and fellow-workers together with God, I reminded them of our high vocation as Christians, and our still higher vocation as the servants of Christ, and after also reminding them that only true Christians can be true servants, spoke of the two-fold nature of their work, viz., evangelistic and pastoral, or teaching, and concluded by exhorting them (1) To be diligent; (2) To be instant in prayer; (3) To rely on the power of the Holy Spirit, and (4) To live as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Mr. Noble then paid all who had brought their reports, and took their receipts.

In the afternoon we held a service in the middle of the village. Murryan prayed, and Samidas, Gurubathen, and Suvesashumuthoo spoke a few minutes each, subject to some interruption from the crowd, and then I told them the story of Zacchæus, and concluded by saying that Jesus was a poor man, a holy man, yet an humble man; the Son of God and the Saviour of all who trust in Him. Lyrics were sung between the addresses. A heathen festival has been going on for some days, and is not yet finished, frequent processions of the gods being made, with much discordant music. I have no permanent munshi yet, and therefore cannot do much evangelistic work,—the munshi on Saturday having been engaged for the day, and returning home at three in the afternoon.

Yesterday (Sunday, 7th April) two Christian natives came from Tuticorin, to ask us to open a Mission there. One of them, D. S. Crispus, had written to Mr. Noble on the 21st of February last, on the subject, and he has been postponing the matter for my arrival. I questioned Crispus as to his personal religion, as to his reasons for wishing to leave the S. P. G., and gave him a copy of our doctrinal basis, explaining part of it, and requesting him to consider it carefully with the Bible, and stating that if he then still wished to join us, he must send me the names of all the persons whom he represented that they would have to be examined also, and that, as a matter of Christian courtesy to the S. P. G., we should, if we were satisfied with their Christian character, write to that Society, informing them of the application. Of course I told him that, if accepted, they would have to be baptized.

In the morning yesterday we held service, Mr. Noble reading in Tamil, two natives praying, and I speaking, through Mr. Crispus, on "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me, and him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out."

I have arranged to start a Sunday-school next Sunday. It has been done before, but not regularly. A system of marks is to be adopted, and prizes given every half-year; the first prizes, however, to be given at the

end of June. I presume the Committee will sanction this, as it is the only means of inducing the children to come.

Believe me,

Very truly yours in the Gospel of Christ,

S. HUTCHINSON.

A Sunday in Koilpati.

IT occurs to me that perhaps the readers of the *Olive-Branch* would like to know how I spent Easter Sunday in Koilpati (*pro.* Koilputty.)

Up very soon after dawn, about a quarter to six, and feeling very thankful for a better night's rest notwithstanding the heat, *chota-hazri* (or early breakfast) soon makes its appearance from Mr. Noble's bungalow, and is very welcome. The sun is up now, and it is so hot already that, although I am sitting still under the shade of the travellers' bungalow in the thinnest clothing, I am perspiring. After preparing for the morning service, which is to be held under this verandah at ten o'clock, I sing by myself, "From Greenland's icy mountains," for my own refreshment.

Chinniah (a young Christian of heathen parentage and of about twenty years of age, who has been brought up by Mr. Noble) comes over, and, as he is to act as interpreter for the first time, I go through the subject with him as a preparation.

At ten o'clock the service begins, about 30 persons (including children) being present, of whom 15 have been baptized. A lyric, invoking the Lord's presence, is sung. (If you have never heard a Tamil lyric sung, it would probably strike you as being a strange kind of psalmody. The language, of course, is strange, but the tune is far stranger, and makes one long somewhat for at least one good old English tune. To an English ear, a Tamil lyric seems to be uncertain which way it intends to go, and doubtful whether it will stop or not, but every now and then pulling itself together again, and struggling on a little further.

Mr. Noble then read the fifteenth chapter of Luke, another lyric was sung, and I spoke from the words, "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Rom. viii. 9. People talked of being "born Christians," but Christianity consisted of something more than turning from idols, changing one's doctrinal opinions, or being baptized. A change of heart was necessary, for not only did the Saviour say, "Ye must be born again," but "Except a man be born again, he cannot *see* the kingdom of God." The text declared the same truth. How could we know whether we had the Spirit of God? The eighth chapter of Romans furnished a number of evidences, some of which were internal, and some external. The internal evidences were—(1) Having been freed from the law of sin and death; v. 2. (2) Spiritual mindedness; v. 6. (3) The Spirit bearing witness with our spirits that we are the children of God; v. 16. (4) Being led by the Spirit of God; v. 14. These internal evidences could be known only by ourselves. The external evidences, which could be seen by others, were (1) Walking after the Spirit; v. 4. (2) Mortifying the deeds of the body through the Spirit; v. 13. (3) Minding the things of the Spirit; v. 5. Each of these I endeavoured to explain briefly and simply.

Another lyric was sung, Arulappen prayed, Mr. Noble pronounced the benediction, and the collection was taken, which amounted to 2 annas, 5 pice, i.e., about twopence-halfpenny.

After "breakfasting" with Mr. Noble, at about twelve o'clock, I returned to the

traveller's bungalow, and sang with Chinniah, "From Greenland's icy mountains," and "All hail the power of Jesu's name!"

About half-past one we had the first rain which has been seen in Koilpati this year. The country very much needs it, and a great deal more. The rivers and wells are nearly all empty, the fields are parched, and the cattle thirsty.

At four o'clock we went with four or five of the Mission agents, and preached among the mud huts, in the open-air. About 30 children and 20 adults gathered around, and some stood outside their huts and listened attentively to our lyrics, prayers, and preaching. Taking advantage of the fact that rain had just fallen, and making some comment on the effect of the long drought, I told them that my Book said that it was "God who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon the fields," (Job v. 10,) and in a short prayer thanked Him for what He had just given, and asked Him for more. I then pointed out how *great* He must be, since all our efforts could not produce a drop of rain, and told them the story of the drought in Israel in the days of Ahab, the scene upon Mount Carmel, and the subsequent abundance of rain. But God was as *good* as He was great. Good He must be to send rain upon the just and the unjust; He had, however, shown His goodness in a much more wonderful way by sending His Son to die for the unjust. His death put away sin for ever; there was no more need of sacrifice; and by Him all who believed were justified from all sin; but whoever trusted in anything else must be punished, for there was no other name given under heaven whereby we could be saved. Jesus was the Saviour of men of India and of Koilpati, as well as of England, and therefore I had come to preach the Gospel to them. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

We went a little further into the slums of Koilpati, and one of the agents named Saquian preached in Tamil to about 30 people.

Thus ended our work for the day, with the exception of arranging a preaching visit to Muppampati (a village about a mile off) for the next morning, Easter Monday, at about half-past six.

Perhaps some of you will be disappointed because there is none of the "romance of modern missions" about this little record—no startling incident, no encouraging result. I am quite as much alive to the interest attaching to romantic details as you can be, and am quite aware that it is these which make missionary records so readable, and, I may add, so popular. It must not, however, be forgotten that romance is the exception, not the rule, of mission work, and that the missionary, like the husbandman, has to sow for the most part, in loneliness and silence although in hope, then has to wait with patience.

How many readers of the *Olive-Branch* will pray for the outpouring of Divine blessing upon the humble, prosaic efforts of this Easter Sunday in Koilpati?

S. HUTCHINSON,
General Superintendent, S. B. M.

Koilpati, Easter Monday, 15th April, 1895.

Letter from Mr. Booth.

Kodaikanal, April 27th, 1895.

MY DEAR BROTHER BRISCOE,

Whilst Brother Hutchinson and I were together, I left the description and report of events of journey in his safe hands; but now that we are separated by a distance of some 120 miles, or about 14 hours' journey, and as our environments are diverse, perhaps the

readers of the *Olive-Branch* will welcome a few notes from my diary.

I expect that you have already heard from brother Hutchinson of our meeting with Mr. and Miss Noble, and their leaving me at Ammayanayakanur station, they proceeding to Koilpati, whilst I was intending (in pursuance of good Dr. Narayanaswamy's advice) to ascend to Kodaikanal, (Tuesday, April 2nd.) Mr. Noble had brought a "boy" (about 50 years old) for me; and leaving him in charge of my baggage, I made my way to the travellers' bungalow, receiving advice that I should not commence the ascent until sun-down; I refreshed myself bodily with food, and feeling in a very special way that I was a stranger in a strange land I retired, and pouring out my soul unto Him who had brought me thus far, I was assured of His presence, and thus refreshed spiritually.

There was only one point concerning my trip that I seemed clear about, which point was that I was to go to Kodaikanal, but *how* I had not the faintest idea, excepting that I knew there was no *special*, or *mail*, or *parliamentary*.

I had prayed for direction at *every* point; I felt like a child whose hand was being held by a Father too wise to err. In the afternoon a gentleman strolled into the bungalow, and introduced himself to me as an American missionary; he was bound for Kodaikanal, knew it well, would accompany me. Whether all my readers will be of the same mind, I know not, but *I* am fully persuaded that this was an answer to my prayer.

At six p.m. my baggage was loaded into a bullock transit, my "boy" with it, whilst I had the pleasure of riding with a fellow-missionary, and had a profitable talk with him. During the course of conversation he mentioned that he had been learning Tamil for three years, and had not dispensed with his "moonshee" (or teacher) yet!

At one a.m. on Wednesday, April 3rd, we reached Periyakulam Tope, farther than which the transit does not proceed. My baggage was strewn on the road; I hastily demolished a little food I had brought; then commenced a grand palaver about the conveyance of baggage. I had ordered ten coolies, but they declared that ten could not manage it; so, very reluctantly, I had to leave my largest box behind. With four coolies carrying a box, two my steamer-trunk and one some smaller baggage, they advanced; I mounted into a chair, was borne on the shoulders of four bearers, and the ascent commenced in earnest. In the confusion with the baggage I missed my friend, and knew not when I started, whether he was behind or before.

The night was almost but not quite dark, as the stars were shedding their soft light, and I could just see the path that my bearers were pursuing. Sleep I dare not, or I might fall from my perch; again I committed body, soul, and spirit into His hand, and realized *such* peace, true and deep, as only He can give. About two miles had been covered, when I came up with my American friend: truly, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

As morning dawned we neared the Zig-zag; here the ascent was very steep, and the turns sudden; a false step on the part of one of the bearers, would have precipitated your missionary down the hill-side. It was at this point that the words were given me, "The Lord shall preserve thee from ALL evil;" and truly He did. The sun now rising gave me an opportunity to see the country better, and it was truly magnificent, the trees in many cases bearing blossom, and added to the verdant beauty of the scene were the sound of rushing waterfalls, and the singing of birds.

I arrived at Kodaikanal, at ten a.m. Wednesday, April 3rd, and found my American friend (who had ridden ahead) waiting for me, with information as to where I could find a resting-place. That, however, was only temporarily, and eventually I shifted my quarters to Alma Lodge, where I am the master of the situation.

Some very kind friends I have found here in a retired missionary's family, and they have seen that I have not lacked supplies, which are difficult to obtain here.

A moonshee was recommended to me, and I commenced the study of Tamil on Saturday, April 13th, in dead earnest; since that date he has been here for two hours each day, drilling me into difficult pronunciations, with the result that I now know the alphabet, which, including secondary forms of vowels, consists of 246 distinct forms.

Almost without exception every evening here since my arrival, we have had heavy thunder, vivid lightning, and drenching rain; the latter we are very thankful for, as the supply of water was getting very short.

As I expect (D.V.) to descend to the plains on the 30th inst., I have had a tailor at the bungalow making me some light apparel. He is a Hindu, and I have had some talks with him about his religion. He has admitted many things which to me are unutterably sad, the more so because they are done in the sacred name of religion.

Were it not that I am assured of the *presence* and *purpose* of King Jesus, I should despair of ever making any impression upon minds and lives which are at once deceitful, impure and bigoted.

My eyes are upward, and I trust yours are on our behalf, that before the onslaught of the Gospel of the grace of God, the hoary superstitions and deified vice will fall, and the idols of the heathen be cast to the moles and the bats.

"And if thou canst not go, yet bring
An offering of a willing heart;
Then, though thou tarriest at home,
Thy God will give thee too thy part.
The messengers of peace upbear,
In ceaseless and prevailing prayer."

ERNEST A. BOOTH.

"If Two of you shall Agree,

IT SHALL BE DONE."

ALMOST remarkable instance of the power of prayer was given in the history of an infidel and his two friends. They had long been united in the service of Satan, when two of them by God's grace, were convinced of sin, and brought humble penitents to the feet of Jesus: not so with the third of those friends. Their infidel companion blasphemed and said to them, "I dare you to believe and pray for my conversion. I will stake the truth of your Christianity and of your Bible upon this text: 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father who is in heaven.' Will you accept my challenge?" They did. They felt the honour of their Lord was pledged that His word should be magnified. They went on their knees, and besought Him for the honour of His name to save that soul. They pleaded the simple promise: "If two of you shall agree...it shall be done!" In twenty-four hours from that time, the scoffer came to their house, a weeping penitent, seeking an interest in that salvation he had so lately despised. He became an earnest, living, active Christian.

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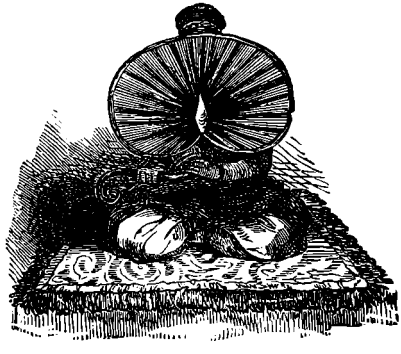
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VOL. X., No. 120. **JULY, 1895.** ONE HALFPENNY.

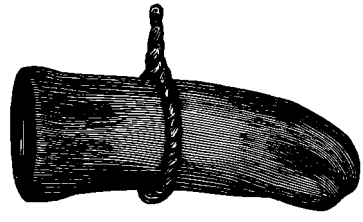


A Priest of Boodha,

WAITING TO RECEIVE WORSHIPPERS.

THE heathen say that the god Boodha had lived in four hundred millions of worlds before he was born in this, and that on his arrival here he became a worm, then a fly, a fish, some kind of an animal, and afterwards a man; that the moment he was born he jumped upon his feet, and, spreading out his arms, exclaimed, "Now I am the noblest of men! This is the last time I shall ever be born!" When grown up, they say he was nine cubits high, and his ears were so beautifully long as to hang upon his shoulders; and his hands reached to his knees; that his fingers were of equal length, and that with his tongue he could touch the end of his nose! All these things are mentioned as positive proofs of his divinity. They also say that he became Boodha in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and remained so for forty-five years, when he attained the privilege of annihilation with five hundred priests by whom he had long been attended. Before this, it is affirmed, that he required that his laws should be obeyed, that his relics and image should be worshipped, and pagodas be built to his memory till the appearance of the next Boodha, who is expected to show himself in seven or eight thousand years.

Many of the people of Ceylon believe that they are in the possession of one of his teeth, a picture of which is here given.



It is only a bit of discoloured ivory or bone. It is more like the tusk of a wild boar, or the tooth of an alligator, than a human tooth.

They bring it out on grand occasions and worship it. A priest shows it round on some golden lotus leaves, amid the adoring gestures and shouts of the spectators. The supposed influence of the annihilated Boodha which they think is present in his images, is now worshipped by more than one-third of the inhabitants of the globe! Oh, poor miserable multitudes! when will they know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent?

A Traveller's Talk.

By S. HUTCHINSON.

ALMOST everything new or strange possesses interest for a traveller, and the most common-place things attract his attention if they are unfamiliar to him. But even familiar sights and sounds may, if their surroundings are strange, acquire new interest and convey fresh teaching to his mind.

Perhaps one of the most familiar facts is the great differences of language which exist among the nations of the earth; and yet, when we begin to travel, the fact forces itself upon our minds as it had never done before. At first it may arouse a pleasant feeling of curiosity to hear a foreign language spoken, and this may develope into amusement as we watch the play of expression on the faces of the speakers, or mark their gesticulations; but, sooner or later, a feeling of regret, if not of annoyance, takes the place of interest as we begin to realize that this simple matter of differences of speech is a serious hindrance to free communication between different races.

But we are reminded by the Bible record that these barriers of speech are of Divine origin, and that they have grown with the life of the nations since the day when "the Lord went down and confounded the language of all the earth." In the midst of much that is calculated to sadden the traveller, these hindrances, so troublesome and annoying sometimes, may well serve the purpose of confirming his faith in Him whose "word endureth for ever." All efforts to break down these barriers have ended in failure, and, notwithstanding the strides of education and attempts to introduce a universal language, the barriers are as strong to-day as ever.

If, however, the traveller seeks some evidence in the world around him of the original unity of the human race and its language, in confirmation of the inspired Mosaic account, he has not far to look. Everywhere he meets with the unspoken language of emotion. All the conflicting emotions of the human mind,—joy, sorrow, anger, pleasure, pain—are, independently of articulate speech, indicated more or less in the same way by different peoples—either by facial expression, tone of voice, or gesture. The fact that babies cry in the same manner the world over may seem a trifling matter of observation, but it serves to illustrate the point; and an English mother would perfectly well understand the feelings and wants of, say, an Indian child. Still more deserving of observation is the persuasive power of a smile. Its very silence is eloquent, and when the tongue fails to convey the meaning of the mind, the face easily communicates the feeling of the heart. A smile is current coin everywhere, and seldom fails to bring good interest to the investor, provoking a smile in return, and securing willing service or help. Strange indeed, if the universal though inarticulate language of the world do not betoken our common origin.

But let us ask ourselves: "Do these differences of language serve any other purpose than that of confirming our faith? Are

they in addition to being Divinely-appointed barriers between the nations, also hindrances to moral and social progress?" In order to answer these questions, we must turn to the Bible again, and see God's purpose in the confusion of tongues, and then ask ourselves if we can see any indications of the fulfilment of that gracious promise. Looking upon the rising tower, the Lord said, "Behold, the people is one, and they have all one tongue; and this they begin to do: *and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do.*" Their imaginations were "only evil continually," and the builders of the tower of Babel were starting humanity on a career of iniquity from which nothing but Divine power could restrain them. The benevolent design of our great moral Governor in creating those difficulties of speech evidently was to put the needed curb upon sin. Are there any signs of its success? Do we see any reason for believing that the moral and social condition of the world is better than it would have been but for this Divine restraint? Unquestionably; for while it is in the nature of evil to do its utmost to propagate itself, it is evident that the nations are not all on the same low level, and that, bad as this world is, it is not as bad so it might be. Other causes, in God's good providence, have no doubt contributed to this result; but the primary one was the confusion of tongues, because its action was to separate men, and then gradually to scatter them, and render communication difficult. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that the besetting sins of one nation are seldom the besetting sins of another, unless they are closely allied in race and speech.

Let us then, thankfully acknowledge that the confusion of tongues was not an arbitrary hindrance to social progress; but, on the contrary, that it was designed by the mercy and wisdom of God to promote it. What would have been the result if the Divine goodness had not imposed this check on sin it is impossible for us to conceive. It seems most probable that sin would have swept humanity off the earth altogether, but, if not, we can only imagine that the world to-day would be little better than hell upon earth.

This leads us irresistibly to a higher conclusion, viz., that the confusion of tongues was one of the many providential steps of God's infinite grace in salvation. It was an early stage of the Divine pathway through humanity to Bethlehem and Calvary. Human nature was preserved from moral putrefaction and death, until our dear Lord and Saviour, in the fulness of His love and grace should come and take that nature into mysterious union with His own. In that nature He pursued the Divine pathway through the darkness of Golgotha to the light of Olivet, and to the infinite glory of His Father's right hand. In full view of the abiding results of Babel He directs His servants into all lands, bidding them preach the Gospel to every creature. Shall we venture to say that missionary effort would be more successful if it were not for the difficulties of speech? Rather let us feel that these are incentives to energy, perseverance, humility, and faith, on the part of those who obey His command. "Not by might, nor by power; but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." All the honoured names of men who have gone forth, and, in spite of almost insuperable difficulties, have translated the word of God into the numerous languages of the world, are so many trophies of God's grace and so many confirmations of the faithfulness of our loving Master to His promise: "Lo, I am with you all the days, (*R. V., margin,*) even unto the end of the world."

Unity of language has already been restored in a certain sense, to all believers. Having one Father and one nature, one birth-right and inheritance, they have also one pathway and one language, a language peculiar to the family of God. They, and only they, whatever their earthly race and language, understand the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of the citizen of heaven, as he sojourns in the low-land of shadows. By-and-bye there will be only one speech; and when the travellers' last earthly journey has been taken, when the last stage of the Christian's heavenly pilgrimage is finished, and the pearly gates of the City are reached, and the "glory of Immanuel's land" delights his eyes and transforms his being, he will join the great white-robed multitude of "all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," with perfect unity of language and harmony of praise in the everlasting song, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Amen."

A Brahmin's Reasoning Confuted.

"BE silent all!" exclaimed a Brahmin, "I want to ask this Christian a question." "Where is your God?" said he. The missionary replied: "His palace is in heaven; but he is omniscient, and sees every work that is going on in every part of His great kingdom." "Ah," said the Brahmin, "that is your idea; but I say this, God is in everything, whether it has life or not; indeed everything is part of God. You may think this is not true; but it is true, and you cannot disprove it."

"I think I can," said the missionary, "if you will fairly answer a few questions. My first question is, Do you ever eat fish?"

"Who does not eat fish? Why ask such a word?"

"Is God in that fish?"

"Yes."

"Then you eat God?"

"Yes, I suppose I do."

"Do you eat tigers, as well as fish?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I have no wish to eat tigers, because other people do not eat them. And even if I did desire to do so, they are fierce beasts, and men are afraid to go near them."

"Why afraid?"

"Because the tiger would kill and devour them."

"Is God in the tiger, as well as in you and the fish?"

"Of course He is."

"Now, brother, just see what you have said: God is in the fish, and you eat God; God is in you, and the tiger eats God: God is in both you and the tiger, and when the tiger eats you, in reality God eats Himself. Oh! this kind of talk is only wicked play. You cannot believe such things: fie! fie!"

Now the people laughed at the Hindoo, and he said, "You have pulled my words in a wrong direction. I did not think you would make me say such strange things."

"Brother," said the missionary, "I only argued from what you yourself said. You said that God was in everything, and I simply showed you how foolish it was to say so. Try again, and explain yourself more clearly."

"No, I cannot argue with you any more; my mind has become as darkness." Salaam.



Brahmin Boys in India.

A LITTLE Brahmin boy of seven years of age was once sent by his father to learn to read and write, and understand the holy books of India. When fourteen years old he wished very much to see God. The greatest god he knew of was Vishnu. He told his teacher his wish, and was taught by him a prayer which he was to repeat 800,000 times, and then Vishnu would appear. Shesh repeated the prayer every day for three months, but the god did not come. He tried again, slept only three hours in the night, and that on the bare ground, and took food but once a day, till he became ill. Still Vishnu did not come.

The boy then got another teacher, who promised to teach him the holiest prayer in the world, if he would give him money. He gave the money, because he wanted to see God so much; and then poor Shesh sat for twelve days up to his chest in water, repeating that prayer 165 times, which took him full seven hours daily. He was beaten by his father for having spent his money; but again he determined to serve the gods, and to go on pilgrimage.

After visiting many places, and bathing in the sacred pools, and saying many prayers, he was still unhappy. He had not found God.

On his way from Juggernaut to Calcutta, he met with a traveller whom he told what he had been doing, and how he wanted to see God. This man knew the true God, and told Shesh that all his pilgrimages, pujahs, offerings and prayers were vain. He told Him of Jesus and of His death on the cross. Then the young Brahmin's heart began to burn within him, as he heard of the love of Christ. He went to a missionary, who gave him a New Testament which he earnestly read, and the great wish of his heart was obtained.

Shesh went no more on pilgrimage. He had tried to see Vishnu, but Vishnu had not come to him. Now with his heart he saw Jesus, and was at rest.

What a blessed book is the Bible! It satisfies the cravings of the soul. No pilgrimage, no penance, no works of our own can save us.

"Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,—
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone."

Jesus says: "Come unto *Me*, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest."

A Magnificent Spectacle.

"Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him."—Rev. i. 7.

STANDING upon the edge of a cliff, 7,000 feet above sea level, at Kodaikanal, India, I beheld one of the most glorious sights it has been my privilege to witness. About 1,000 feet below, stretching for miles from the hill-side towards the east, were huge masses of clouds, snow white; the sun was shining brilliantly upon them, and as they shimmered in the sunlight, they looked like thrones of silver; while here and there a rift in the cloud, gave one a sight of the valley below.

Whilst gazing on the scene, I thought of the prophecy: "Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him."

He.—The Babe of Bethlehem,—the Man who for forty days and nights was tempted of the devil,—the hungry Victor,—the homeless Prophet,—the hunted Preacher,—the buffeted King,—the suffering Innocent,—the forsaken of God and men,—the crucified Prince of Life; *He*,—The gentle Teacher,—the silent Sufferer,—the gracious Guide,—the tender Sympathizer,—the Man of sorrows,—the great Exemplar, — the Sin-bearer, — Jehovah's Fellow,—Man's Brother,—the risen Christ,—my Saviour.

Cometh.—Yes, thank God the words *are* written for our comfort,—He cometh—the bride has long been looking for the Bridegroom and oft goes up the cry, Why tarry the wheels of His chariot? Children of the heavenly King, almost worn out with the struggle against Satan, self and sin,—watchmen upon Zion's walls, weary with the burden and heat of thy toil,—the serving sister,—the suffering brother,—all cry together, How long, O Lord, how long? With eyes oft bedimmed with tears they read the promise,—He cometh; yes,

lover of Jesus, grip hold of this glorious truth with all the powers you possess,—He cometh: each year,—month,—week,—day,—hour,—minute,—second, brings the consummation of that prophecy nearer. Nature groans for it; the blood of martyrs, the down-trodden right, the uplifted wrong, fallen righteousness and deified sin, the prosperity of the wicked and the failure of the righteous, trampled truth and glorified shame; all, to sanctified minds proclaim aloud, that a day of reckoning must come, when crooked things shall be made straight, when righteousness shall be laid to the line: yes, He cometh; for the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Raise your songs of triumph, ye who glory in the King of kings! He cometh with clouds of glory, ten thousand of his saints, and an innumerable host of angels; such a sight as never has been yet, nor shall be after.

"*Every eye shall see Him.*" Solemn yet sublime declaration,—every eye,—even your eyes shall behold Him; the King of kings, Satan's Conqueror, the Vanquisher of death, the Church's Lord, God over all, for ever blessed.

To some the sight will be awful. Men who have reviled the name of Jesus and His followers, who have set at nought His counsel, who would have none of His reproof, who have rolled sin like a sweet morsel under their tongue, in short, whosoever loveth and maketh a lie, shall behold in Him the terrible Judge: at the sight of His comiing they shall call on the rocks to hide them, on the earth to swallow them up; great strong men shall shiver like a leaf in a November gale; they that persecuted His children shall be frenzied with terror; true indeed shall they know are the words, "It were better for them if they had never been born."

To others the sight will be glorious; their eyes shall behold in Him, the Lord of life and glory; the King in His beauty, their Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend. The weary watcher, the careworn believer, the persecuted follower, the hoping one, the trusting one, the faithful, the pure, the merciful,—all who have in them a spark of love to Jesus, all who have cast their all upon Him, all who have sought His grace and relied on His word,—to them He cometh, to bear them to their thrones; in Him they see the altogether lovely: they shall hear His wondrous voice saying, "Come, ye blessed of my Father." Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, and it shall be manifested that there is a difference between those that fear God, and those that fear Him not.

Dear reader, again the words ring out, "He cometh, and every eye shall see Him." He may come to-night; perhaps to-morrow, and whether you would or not, your eyes shall Him. Oh that men were wise and would consider their latter end! In what aspect will you behold Him, Saviour or Judge?

"Behold, I come quickly. Even so come Lord Jesus," is the prayer of

ERNEST A. BOOTH.

(From "Here and There.")

Mission Notes.

OUR two dear brethren (Messrs. Hutchinson and Booth) have had to seek a comparatively cool retreat in Ceylon. The heat both at Madras and in the Tinnevelly was most intense. Even Mr. Noble, who has spent in the tropics thirty-eight years of his life, says that the heat of the sun by day and the extreme sultriness of the night have almost incapacitated him for any kind of work, and adds: "How much more must our

dear brethren feel it, who have so recently emerged from one of the most severe winters of England!"

Mr. Hutchinson, however, spent a fortnight at Madras, and visited the stations with Dr. Narayanaswamy; afterwards he spent a month in the Tinnevelly with Mr. Noble; and his diary shows how faithfully he is investigating the affairs of the Mission, and seeking to test the sincerity of those who have made, or are seeking to make, a profession of Christianity. Mr. H. appears to have a well-balanced mind, but he needs our prayers that special wisdom from above may be granted, that he may "discern the spirits" of those around him. All who are familiar with India know that the prevailing native character is the very reverse of that of Nathaniel, to whom such honourable testimony is borne by our Lord in John i. 47.

There is *much work* before our dear brother, and his *thoroughness* is everywhere apparent. Nothing superficial will satisfy him; and if the Lord continues his health and vigour, we anticipate *great results* from his labours.

For a season, however, both himself and Mr. Booth have been obliged to visit Ceylon, as a health resort. Mr. Booth had an attack of fever while at Colombo, and was ordered to Mount Lavinia, for sea-air, and then to Kandy, where both were staying when Mr. Hutchinson last wrote, viz., on May 25th. Here they purposed to remain for about a week, and then to meet Mr. Noble, and go to Jaffna, to visit the stations there.

May they "abide under the shadow of the Almighty," and realize that "He is their refuge and their fortress." Preserved from every "snare," and from "the noisome pestilence," may they shelter beneath His wings, while His truth is their "shield and buckler." May His angels have charge over them to keep them in all their ways; so that "no evil may befall" them. (See Psalm xci.)

The Harvest is Great:

WHY STAND IDLE?

FOR us our Lord and Master left
His Home, of all its brightness reft,
To teach us truth, and at the cost
Of life to seek and save the lost.
Had He but *told* of His love,
With no self-sacrifice to prove
His earnest longing to restore,
We had been lost for evermore.

Shall we, His saved and sanctified,
In whom He lives, for whom He died,
The creatures of His sovereign grace,
Stand idle in Life's market-place?
Or take the pound His love bestowed
To be ten-fold increased for God,
And let it dead and buried lie,
Wrapt up in sloth and luxury?

How long, O Holy, Just, and True!
Return, regenerate, renew
Thy Church, until Thy reapers come
To bear the happy harvest home;
Fields, living fields, of dying men
Are whitening unto harvest: when,
Lord of the harvest! shall we see
Them full of labourers for Thee?

Dr. John Monsell.

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Letter from Mr. Booth.

Tuticorin, 19th June, 1895.

My dear Mr. Briscoe,

Since last writing you, my experiences have been varied, and they will, perhaps, interest my good friends, the readers of the *Olive-Branch.*

According to expectation spoken of in last letter, I made due preparations to leave Kodaikanal on April 30th.

Finding that by *riding* down the ghaut I could save three nimble rupees, I decided to try the experiment, although my equestrian experience had, up to that time, been limited to a ride at our last Sunday-school excursion, (upon which occasion I afforded some amusement to bystanders.)

The transit agent gave me profuse promises to the effect that all should be ready for me to start at 9 a.m. sharp; it was *five hours after* that time ere a start was effected. (There were thirteen coolies under the supervision of my boy Tambo, the pony, the missionary, and a dog.)

It certainly was a novel experience, though the pony seemed to know the path very well, and it was not long ere we lost sight of Kodi, eyes being forward, and heart upward. As we advanced, the path narrowed and steepened. After proceeding a few miles I thought I should like a walk, so I dismounted; the pony had not gone twenty paces after that ere it put its foot in a hole and stumbled: had I been on its back, humanly speaking, nothing could have prevented my being thrown. My heart went up in deep gratitude to God, and most sweetly did the words come, "He *hath been* mindful of us, He *will* bless us." Past performances are a pledge of future blessing.

We reached the Tope about 6 p.m., and immediately got into bullock transit and pushed on for Ammayanayakanur. Owing to recent rains some part of the journey was very slow; at one place the road was flooded, and the bandy had to be driven a mile or so across country.

Being rather pressed for time, I did not allow myself to sleep, but had constantly to arouse the sleepy "peon," and cause him to urge the bullocks forward.

In this manner I managed to reach the station about two a.m on May-day. I had descended over 7,000 feet, and the difference in temperature was very great.

Soon the wished-for train came sauntering

in, (they do not seem to understand what speed is,) and having secured a sleeping berth, I managed to get an hour or so of rest.

Koilpati was reached about 8 a.m., and I was met at the station by Messrs. Hutchinson and Noble, who gave me a very hearty welcome, and conducted me to the travellers' bungalow, where Mr. Hutchinson had been quartered for the past month.

The place was *blazing* hot, and how Mr. H. had managed to stay there for a month I know not. Whilst here Mr. H. and myself were hospitably entertained by Mr. Noble.

When I had been there a day or so, I found Mr. Hutchinson had become "village doctor;" he also gave lessons in English to a young Brahmin, the father of whom afterwards requested that Mr. Hutchinson would *adopt* his son, which request was declined with thanks.

The heat of Koilpati being too great, we went to Tuticorin, but that was very little better; so we shipped to Colombo.

Whilst in Colombo, from some unaccountable cause I got a touch of fever, and was obliged to have medical advice. During the time that I was laid up, Mr. Hutchinson performed the part of nurse, and none could have exceeded the kindness and attention that he constantly showed me.

Acting under the order of the doctor, we moved to Mount Lavinia, and from thence to Kandy. Whilst at the latter place, we had the pleasure of conducting the services at the Baptist Chapel, a very *real* pleasure after enforced idleness. Both Mr. Hutchinson and myself visited a branch in connection with the Kandy Chapel, situate at Katugastota.

On Wednesday, June 5th, we left Kandy and proceeded to Colombo, at which place we met Mr. and Miss Noble. It was a case of "here we meet to part again," for the same afternoon they three took ship to Jaffna, and I embarked for Tuticorin. Whilst on board I got into conversation with a very intelligent young native (son of the Rajah of Nawara Eylia.) He spoke very good English, and I endeavoured to point him to the great Sovereign of the sea, who alone can pilot us through the storms of life to that haven where the weary are at rest.

The following morning we dropped anchor, and I landed in Tuticorin about ten a.m., after a rather good passage. Receiving advice from Kodaikanal that no munshi was obtainable there, I had to stay in this place and try to obtain a bungalow. In this matter I was unsuccessful, as there is absolutely not a bungalow or private lodging to be had. A Mr. Bartley (the apothecary at the hospital here) has kindly advised me in these matters and rendered all the assistance that he possibly could, and has now persuaded the proprietor of the hotel to give me special missionary terms.

Until last week the heat kept me from studying, but a breeze has set in, cooling the place, and once more I perform some oral gymnastics.

At this place the Roman Catholics are very strong, and claim that two-thirds of the population are their converts. Apparently they will have *numbers* at *any* cost, for in the compound of the church may be seen an idol car. Some of their converts made it a stipulation that they would enter their ranks if allowed to retain the idol car. They were taken, *car and all*, and this car is used *now*.

One cannot help constantly contrasting the conditions of life here with those of England, and at the same time wondering if India will ever be Christianized. With the promise that "the knowledge of the Lord *shall* cover the earth," we look up and pray that that day may speedily come.

I ask that those who have the interest of our Mission at heart, will *daily* pray thet all in authority may be directed in all their deliberations, to the end that the Strict Baptist Mission shall become a great power for good in the Indian Empire.

"Let us hope and trust,
Let us watch and pray,
And labour till the Master comes."

Yours in the Master's service,
ERNEST A. BOOTH.

Every Christian has a Mission.

THERE is, perhaps, no one point which requires more to be pressed upon the attention of Christian men, women, and children than this,—*that every one is sent into this world* WITH A MISSION; that is, with some particular object. Man is not sent here merely to vegetate and die; he is sent to do something for his Master: and there is no one who has not some talent which he can employ for God. *Every one has a mission.* We know what the world consider to be their mission:—just to live as happily and comfortably as they can,—just to kill time, without any thought of what will become of them when they are called from earth. And what do many Christians regard as their one and only business in the world? Why, they think that their mission is to take care of the salvation of their own souls, and that when they have secured that, they have done all that is required of them. My friends, that is but the *beginning* of the work, not the end. Having been led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, having become united to Him by a living faith, and thus saved for ever, you were then to work, not for yourselves only, but for your fellow-creatures,—for mankind. Having been raised up "from death unto life," show the life which is in you; show its action, press forward in your Christian course, and let your Master see that you are willing to do all that he has commanded you to do in His service. ENDEAVOUR TO DISCOVER WHAT IS YOUR MISSION IN THE WORLD. "Mission" may appear a cant word, but it contains the sum and substance of Christian usefulness in the world. Endeavour to find out what gifts God has imparted to you, and set yourselves to work with them; and whether the door may be wide or narrow, whether it be in your power to benefit many, or only few, if you do the work which God in His providence hath given you to do, you will at the last hear your Master say of you, "He has done what he could." WHAT WE CAN is all that our Master requires.—*Sir E. Buxton.*

To the Juvenile Readers of the "Olive-Branch."

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

I have been wanting to say something specially to you who attend our Sunday-schools, and who put your money in the Mission-boxes Sunday after Sunday; and in order that there may be no mistake as to whom I am writing to, I have called you the "juvenile" readers of the *Olive-Branch*, and addrssed you as boys and girls. I trust you will not be like someone I knew very well many years ago, who did not like to be called "juvenile," although he did not in the least know what it meant.

I thought you would like to see a portrait of a little Tamil girl, such as I have seen in Koilpati and the Tinnevelly district generally. You will notice that her hair is not very smooth, and that there is a half-wild look in her eyes—probably because she has never



A TAMIL GIRL.

been in a photographer's studio before, and is wondering what the camera is going to do to her. Probably, too, she has never sat on anything so soft as a couch before.

I want you to notice her ear-rings, and what a large hole there is in the lobe of the ear. This is quite common; and as one sees what a number of common, heavy ear-rings,

dangle from the disfigured ear, it seems a wonder that the weight does not drag the hole quite through the flesh.

You will notice the ring on her finger; but you will, perhaps, think it very strange when I tell you that many girls wear rings on their toes as well; and not long ago I saw a very little girl whose toes were almost entirely covered with silver ornaments.

A few days ago I had the pleasure of talking to about sixty Singalese boys at a place called Katugustota. Nearly all of them were the children of Buddhist parents, and it was a great pleasure to me both to see their bright, dark eyes, and intelligent faces, and to preach Jesus to them in a simple way, "Remember now thy Creator," &c. Perhaps you would like to know how they held a Scripture class. The boys all stood round the long room. The evangelist, Mr. Abayaratna, who took me, gave a sign to a boy, who forthwith asked the boy at the head of his class any question in Scripture he liked,—as for instance, "How many years did Manasseh reign in Jerusalem?" If the head boy could not answer, they changed places, the boy who put the question taking the head of the class. But the boy who had been deposed had the right to put another question, and take his place again, if the other could not answer it. What a strange way, you say. Perhaps so; but it has the effect of making these Buddhist children read the Bible, in order to prepare themselves with questions; and I was told that, as one might imagine, the boys who attended Sunday-school were most successful.

Yesterday (Sunday, 2nd June,) I attended the Baptist Sunday-school, in Kandy, and spoke to about fifty boys and girls on Christ's question to Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" and we afterwards sang a hymn together in Singalese and English, both at the same time. Was'nt that rather funny? you ask. Well, it *was* rather, for the Kandy children have good lungs; but I ought to say in addition that they behaved exceedingly well all through, although every sentence I spoke had to be interpreted into Singalese.

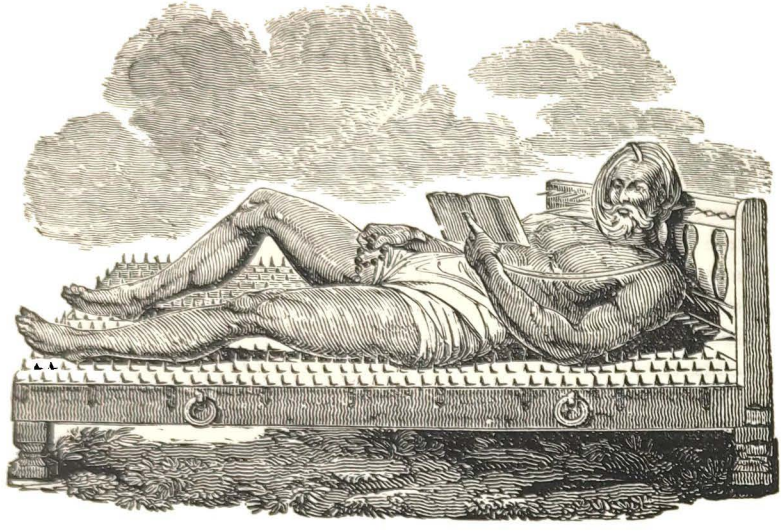
S. Hutchinson.

Kandy, Ceylon, 3rd June, 1895.

Worshipping the Devil.

[The following is a sad illustration of the fact that "the world by wisdom knows not God," and shows how "the god of this world has blinded the eyes of them who believe not."—Ed.]

MANY worthy Christians will be surprised to learn that even now there are persons—all of them educated, many of them very highly educated, and some of them rich—in London, Paris, Rome, Chicago, and other centres of civilization, who deliberately worship the Devil. Of this curious sect there are two branches, which have little in common with each other apart from hatred of all accepted religions. They are the Satanists and the Luciferans. The Satanists are the modern successors of the mediæval warlocks and witches; they do their best to practise magic, and they perform the revolting ceremonies of the blasphemous Black Mass. They would, if they dared, commit the most monstrous crimes for the awful pleasure of defying the Almighty. The Luciferans, who are spiritual descendants of the Gnostic heretics of the early ages of the Church, are much more harmless people, and worship their divinity, not as the Principle of Evil, but merely as the Embodiment of the Spirit of Nature. They have never been on good terms with the Satanists.—*Daily Paper.*



A Hindoo Fakir of Benares.

A HINDU Fakir of Benares took the name of *Puram Soatuntre*, which means "self-possession or independence," because he thought himself a wonderful man and able to endure anything he pleased.

He gave the following account of himself to Mr. Duncan, in the city of Benares.

When only ten years of age, he began to live a life of self-mortification, and used to lie on thorns and pebbles. This he did for ten years. He then began to wander about as a fakir, visiting the celebrated idol temples, which they suppose to be very holy. At one place he shut himself up in a cell, where he vowed to do penance for twelve years. There he stayed till the mice or rats gnawed his flesh, and left marks which remained when Mr. Duncan saw him.

At the end of a year the Rajah or chief of that country taking pity on him, opened the door of his cell, hoping to persuade him to leave off tormenting himself; but the poor wretch was full of fury at being thus interrupted, and told the Rajah that he should have his curse upon his head for breaking in upon him. All Hindoos dread the curses of these men. "What!" exclaimed the fakir, did the Rajah think that he was above such sufferings as these? They were nothing to him! Let the Rajah get him a bed of spikes that he might lie on it night and day, and show him what he was able to do; and, then perhaps, he might forgive him."

Frightened at the thought of the curse of this ferocious man, the Rajah got him a bed of spikes, and it became a sort of triumphal car for the wretched man. On it he took long journeys, and was drawn round the country for thousands of miles, the poor people everywhere worshipping him as a sort of god.

No doubt the spikes were put into this bed in the same manner as the spikes are placed in those beds on which the heathen sometimes jump. No sooner is the spike touched than it sinks into the frame-work; so that it is quite possible to lie upon such a bed without

material injury. The poor fellow travelled about in this manner for some thirty-five years, but failed to get the peace he hoped to obtain by such means.

Christ's Last Precept.

CALL to mind the words of Jesus,—
Go throughout the wide, wide world ;
Let all nations hear the Gospel,
Let them see Christ's flag unfurled !
Caring not for wealth or pleasure,
Flinging selfish ease away,
Is it not a solemn duty
Christ's last precept to obey ?

Think of thousands, yea of millions,
Living, *dying*, far from God ;
And before Him answer truly,
Art thou guilty of their blood ?
If a voice within thy spirit
Bids thee to the heathen go,
Hush it not, but humbly waiting
Ask that God thy way will show.

But if duty clearly, plainly,
Bids thee stay on British soil,
Oh, to spread Christ's glorious Gospel
Give thy substance, prayer, and toil.
If with riches God has blest thee,
Freely, gladly, largely give ;
Thou shalt find it far more blessed
Than it has been to receive.

Mission Notes.

SINCE our last issue, several mails have brought interesting news from Mr. Hutchinson. From his monthly Report we gather that on Sunday, May 12th, both he and Mr. Booth attended the Baptist Chapel at Kandy, where Mr. T. J. Stockley, of the Baptist Missionary Society, is pastor. We had recently read with interest the report of Mr. S. in "The Sword and Trowel," and were glad to find that brother Hutchinson had met with some of kindred spirits.

But our brethren have spent several unprofitable Sabbaths, when they could only contrast their surroundings with the privileges they had enjoyed at home. Thus while at Mount Lavinia, on Lord's-day, May 19th, Mr H. remarks : "No public means of grace. Nothing here but a Buddhist temple and a Roman Catholic Chapel."

On the 22nd they left Mount Lavinia for Kandy, and found temporary accommodation at a boarding-house.

On the 23rd they left Kandy for Matale (about an hour's ride), where they put up at the rest-house—the only place available, and which they found to be as dear as an hotel without its comfort.

At this place, however, they met with another Baptist missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lapham, with whom they dined, and spent a pleasant evening. They kindly offered accommodation for a night, if Mr. H. should pass through on his way to Jaffna.

On the following Sunday morning, the 26th, Mr. Hutchinson preached in the Singalese Baptist Chapel. His text was, "I am the Good Shepherd." He says nothing about his sermon, but remarks : "I enjoyed the hymns more than anything else : 'Jesus, the very thought of Thee ;' 'Dear refuge of my weary soul ;' 'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah !' 'The Lord's my Shepherd—I'll not want.'"

In the evening, at 5.15, he attended the Scotch Kirk. Few people were present ; and the sermon (on the Ascension) Mr. H. describes as "poor."

At half-past six, Mr. Booth preached in the Baptist Chapel. His text was from Rev. i. 7 : "He cometh." The sermon was afterwards

translated as nearly as possible into Singalese. The hymns were sung both in Singalese and English—some singing in one language and some in the other. The effect was peculiar, but not so embarrasing as one might imagine.

On Wednesday, the 29th, our missionaries again assisted in conducting the service at the Baptist Chapel, where a prayer-meeting was held at 6.30. Three prayers were offered; one by Mr. Booth, one by an English soldier, and one by a native evangelist, Mr. Abayaratna, of the Baptist Missionary Society. Several hymns were sung, and Mr. Hutchinson gave an address on Psa. cxxxix. 17: "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!"

It was also arranged that Mr. Hutchinson should preach on the following Lord's-day morning, and Mr. Booth in the evening.

Mr. Booth had also accepted a service in an adjoining village.

The following from Mr. Hutchinson's diary of the 30th and 31st May will also be interesting to our readers.

30th.—This morning the Rev. Mr. Garrett, of the C.M.S. Kandy (Trinity Church) and his wife called upon us. I had heard of their earnest Christian work, and expressed a wish to see them. This had been conveyed to them. I found them exceedingly nice, their bearing being quite unaffected and cordial, and the tone of their conversation indicating much spirituality of mind and a sincere desire to fraternise and co-operate with, as far as possible, other Christians in the extension of our Lord's kingdom.

At half-past ten I drove with Mr. Abayaratna, Baptist Missionary Society's evangelist, and formerly pastor of the Baptist Church in Kandy, to a neighbouring village called Katugustota, and visited the mission-schools under his superintendence. In the boys' school there were sixty-four boys present, and I spoke to them for a short time upon Eccl. xii. 1: "Remember now thy Creator," &c., explaining that the "evil days" were the days of old age, and exhorting them to remember (1) That God was their Maker; (2) Their daily Preserver; (3) Christ their Redeemer if they trusted Him, because He died for the sins of all believers, and sin could not be got rid of in any other way; (4) That He would be their Judge, before whom we must all stand, every boy of them, and be divided by Him as a Shepherd divides sheep from goats. Which side would they like to be on? Which side would I like to see them on? If here they trusted in Jesus, they would certainly be on the right side, and the Holy Spirit would give them faith to do this.

I got back about half-past four.

31.—Early this morning we returned Mr. and Mrs. Garrett's visit, and had about an hour's very pleasant talk. We parted with the mutual conviction that if we never saw each other again on earth, as seems not unlikely, we should meet in the Home above.

NOTE.—Will subscribers kindly note that Mr. Wakelin is the *Finance* Secretary, and that remittances sent to the Corresponding Secretary have to be transmitted to Mr. W. They will therefore oblige by sending direct to Mr. Wakelin, 33, Robert Street, Hampstead Road, N.W.

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The Olive Branch

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VOL. X., No. 122. **SEPTEMBER, 1895.** ONE HALFPENNY.



Nallamadathi,

A STONE IDOL OR DEVIL, WORSHIPPED IN THE TINNEVELLY.

THIS is a picture of a piece of stone which some of the people of Tinnevelly worshipped as a *she-devil*. They call it Nallamadathi. It has a trident in one hand and a child in the other, which, as they said, it was just about to eat up. This stone idol was about five feet high. It was well-besmeared with lamp-oil, and had a garland of red and white oleander flowers on its right shoulder and head. The people used to dance round this frightful object, until they became very excited, and fancied that some of their number were possessed with the evil one. No doubt Satan or his angels did possess the hearts of these deluded heathen; for God's word assures us that "the prince of the power of the air...now worketh in the children of disobedience." Thank God that large numbers of such idols have been destroyed by those who used to be devil-worshippers, but who are now sincere Christians, worshipping the one living and true God.

Another Sunday at Koilpati.

A FEW weeks ago, I gave a simple description of a Sunday I spent in Koilpati, when, of necessity, I wrote about my own doings. Very gladly now I take advantage

of an opportunity of describing another Sunday's work in the same place, conducted by our brother, Mr. E. A. Booth.

Having rejoined Mr. Booth at Tuticorin, on Friday, the 21st of June, after visiting our stations at Jaffna, we left together on the following morning for Koilpati, and took possession of the Mission bungalow, Mr. Noble and his daughter being at Jaffna for a little change and rest. I daresay the bachelor appearance of our domestic arrangements, and the limited provision of our larder, would have caused some amusement to our friends at home. Cooking was presided over by two "boys" (*i.e.*, native men-servants,) but we should have been in sore straits on Sunday if anyone had dropped in to breakfast or dinner; for although on the previous day we had ordered a leg of mutton, it turned out to be so small that it was barely sufficient to last till Sunday evening. But, after all, it only cost 8 annas.

When we arrived on Saturday, we lost no time in making arrangements for holding two services on the following day, and Sunday-school. The latter, I found, had been discontinued during my absence.

After prayer together, on Sunday morning, for the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, we went out about half-past six, and Mr. Booth conducted a service in the open-air among the mud huts, and began by singing two verses of "Hold the Fort," and then offered a short prayer, which, of course, was interpreted. About 30 or 40 men, women, and children were within hearing, some standing at the doors of their huts, and some standing around us. One woman is pounding some native grain in a large stone mortar, which stands there for public use, but now and then she stops her work to look and listen.

The following is an outline of Mr. Booth's address: Nature demands our belief in God. He sees us, and knows how sinful we are, a fact to which our own consciences bear witness. Some satisfaction must be made for sin. It must be made by someone holy. God sent His Son, Jesus Christ, who was holy, to die for sinful men, and He took upon Himself the sins of His people, living a pure and holy life, and offered up Himself to God as a sacrifice, died upon the cross, was buried in the tomb, and the third day rose again. His resurrection proves that God was well pleased with this offering. The only way of escape from punishment is through Him. If any of you are dissatisfied with your religion, we declare to you the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. Until a man is sure that he cannot save himself, he will not go elsewhere for a Saviour. Coming to Jesus proves that we are dissatisfied with self. But all who profess to come to Christ, and to believe in Him, must strive to live good lives, and this we are absolutely incapable of doing without the help of the Spirit of God. This is the only way of salvation. May God show it to you. All that seek Him shall find Him.

Another lyric was sung, and Saguiam spoke. I was afterwards told that his subject was the parable of the sower. After singing "Jesus loves me" in English, the service was concluded.

About half-past seven the Sunday-school was held. There were twelve boys and one girl, their ages ranging from about five to twenty. Mr. Booth told the three eldest boys the story of Joseph, with the aid of coloured pictures and an interpreter, while the rest of the children were taught by natives, who were also supplied with little books of coloured Bible pictures. All the children were afterwards catechised with simple questions, *e.g.*, "Who made you?" "What did God make besides you?" "What book tells us about

God?" From the First Catechism of the Christian Vernacular Education Society.

At ten o'clock, the morning service was held; about seventeen adults, including three of our agents, and eight children being present. Mr. Booth opened with a short prayer, two lyrics were sung, and the eighth chapter of Romans was read in Tamil. Mr. Booth's text was Romans viii. 9: "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." The text, he said, was a sweeping assertion, and a searching test. It expressed how much we might be, and yet not be Christ's; and it also expressed how much we might not be, and yet be His. The Spirit of Christ was the Holy Spirit of God, and was called the Spirit of Christ because He led to Christ, in consequence of the work of Christ. He could not be earned, but was the gift of God. He led us into all the truth; He was a power, and only in His power could we conquer self and Satan. Without Him we could do nothing acceptable to God. Without Him we were not God's. The title, "The Spirit of Christ," referred to the disposition of Christ, whose life was an example to us, *e.g.*, His love, His humility. It would be proof that we had the Spirit of Christ if we copied Him. If not Christ's, we were Satan's. Only by our lives could men tell whose we were, but God looked at the heart. The collection amounted to 5 annas, 6 pie.

Evening service was held at half-past four. Fourteen adults and fifteen boys were present. The latter had come over from Munditope some time before, and had been practising Tamil lyrics.

Mr. Booth began his sermon by telling the boys the story of Esther, and then took for his text Esther iv. 16, and drew a parallel between Esther and a sinner convinced of sin. (1) Her position—condemned to death. (2) Her resolve to go to the King. She went humbly, prayerfully, alone. (3) She went to the King and no one else, for her request was for life. He then drew a parallel between the obstacles which presented themselves to her, and those which meet the sinner. (1) It was not according to law. No flesh shall be justified by the deeds of the law. (2) Thoughts about herself; and concluded by noticing the possible prospect before Esther of perishing, and the actual result. Every one who went to God would be saved. None ever went in vain. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Many friends at home, I am sure, will welcome this short account of another day's work for Jesus in Koilpati, and will pray that the seed may prove to have fallen into good ground by bearing much fruit to the glory of the Lord of the harvest.

Our regret is that we have had so little opportunity of doing such work, a variety of circumstances having been against us. What joy it will give us, however, if we hear in the future of immortal souls having been delivered from the kingdom of Satan as the Divine result of this day's labour! What joy we shall certainly have at the last ingathering to see amongst the golden sheaves the fruit of the Holy Spirit's blessing upon the seed-sowing; Would you share in the joy of harvest, although denied the privilege of sowing the seed? You may do so. Our Master has graciously given those who cannot "go" the opportunity of virtually sharing in the work. Carey's "rope" will not suit the metaphor of sowing, but it may be sufficient to hint that it is a two-stranded rope.

S. HUTCHINSON.

Bangalore, 27th June, 1895.



Chinese Children Taught to Worship Idols.

WHEN very young, the children of China are taught to regard the idols with the greatest awe. Strange and wondrous tales are told them about their power, their imaginary doings, and the favours they confer upon youthful worshippers. Our picture represents a circumstance that was witnessed in a Chinese Buddhist temple. A father, mother, and grandfather were there, much interested in a young child, scarcely old enough to stand, who had been brought to seek the favour of the god. They had placed him kneeling on a stool, and then with one hand on his breast, and the other on his back, the father helped the little fellow to bow to the idol again and again. The whole group looked on with evident satisfaction.

Dear English children, thank God that you have not thus been taught. Many of you have good Christian mothers, who teach you to pray—not to an image, but to the God of heaven and earth, the God who made you, against whom you have sinned, but who delights in mercy, and gave His only Son to die for sinners.

Contrast your happy lot with that of heathen children, and then sing with all your hearts:—

> "I thank the goodness and the grace
> Which on my birth have smiled,
> And made me in these Christian days
> A happy English child."

Think of the privileges you possess, and especially that of having a copy of "the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus;" and pray for those who are exposed to terrible sufferings and even to horrible deaths at the hands of those whose everlasting welfare they seek. Truly the dark places of the earth are "full of the habitations of cruelty;" and none but the Spirit of Jesus can inspire the prayer: "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do."

Iron Spikes Thrown Away.

A HEATHEN man on the Malabar coast had inquired of various devotees and priests how he might make atonement for his sin. At last he was directed to drive iron spikes, sufficiently blunted, through his sandals, and on these spikes he was to place his naked feet and walk about 480 miles. If, through loss of blood or weakness of body, he was obliged to halt, he might wait for healing or strength. He resolved to follow these directions, and undertook the journey. One day, halting under a large and shady tree, one of the missionaries came and preached in his hearing, from the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." While he was preaching, the man rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and exclaimed, "*This is what I want!*" That man became a lively witness to the truth that the blood of Jesus Christ does indeed cleanse from all sin.

INTERESTING NOTES FROM

Mr. Hutchinson's Diary.

Sunday, June 2nd.—Conducted service at the Baptist Chapel, (Kandy) at eight o'clock. Text, Matt. xxii. 11, 12: "And when the King came in to see the guests," &c. This was followed by a Singalese service, and this by the Lord's-supper for the Strict Baptist portion of the Church. Seven or eight communicants present. I conducted this service, and spoke from the words, "While the King sitteth at his table my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof," (interpreted.) Having spent nearly three hours in the chapel, got back to breakfast soon after eleven.

Mr. Booth was preaching at Kadugostota, and got back at twelve.

Went to the Baptist Chapel at 4.30; Sunday-school was being held, fifty children present. I addressed them on "Lovest thou Me?" (interpreted.)

Then went to the jail to see the jailor, Mr. Jones, who is a Strict Baptist, and was years ago connected with our Mission at St. Thomas's Mount. I then attended service about a quarter past six, at Trinity Church, (Mr. Garrett's Church) partly as an act of courtesy, and partly to hear him preach; but was disappointed to find that he took no part in the service, probably not being well enough. I was glad to see the Church very well filled, a large number of native boys and young men being present, and joining in the English service. Then went to the Baptist Chapel, but Mr. Booth had finished speaking, and Mr. Abayavatna was giving, in Singalese, the gist of what he had said.

Wednesday, 5th.—Left Kandy at 7.10 a.m. Met Mr. Noble and his daughter, at Colombo, at 11.30. We started by boat for Jaffna about 4.30, and Mr. Booth for Tuticorin.

PETTAH, JAFFNA.

Sunday, 9th.—Sunday-school was conducted this morning by Joseph, Mr. Noble not being present: (he went to Nunavil till Monday,) and the heat being very great, I did not examine the school. There appeared to be about twenty children.

Attended Church service at 9.15 a.m., (High Church.) Short sermon on the doctrine of the doctrine of the Trinity. As an essay or a statement of the doctrine, it was good.

In the afternoon, heard from Mr. Booth that he reached Tuticorin comfortably, but had not heard from Kodaikanal as to being able to get accommodation there, and that it was "scorchingly hot."

Joseph went out about four o'clock to preach in the open air, he told me, taking a few

Tamil tracts with him. It was too hot, however, for me to go with him.

Attended service at the Wesleyan Church. Heard a good sermon from Mr. Trimmer, on the work of the Holy Spirit in convincing men of sin. Very nice chapel, but congregation not large, and composed mostly of natives and Burghers. The morning service is in Tamil.

Monday, 10*th*.—Had an interview with Rev. G. J. Trimmer, of the Wesleyan Methodist Mission.

Friday, 14*th*.—Started about a quarter past eight with Mr. Noble for Nunavil, a drive of nearly nine miles. Examined the school in the afternoon, and examined Samuel, (teacher and evangelist) as to his conversion through Mrs. Noble. Got back to Jaffna at six o'clock.

Sunday, *June* 16*th*.—Attended the Sunday-school held by Joseph at 9.15. About twenty-three boys and girls present. No Tamil service was held afterwards as I had expected. Joseph and the children practised lyrics after the school was over.

At about a quarter past seven we held an English service. About thirty-five were present—all, or nearly all, natives. Outside there were also a good many natives, who could see into the room and hear, but whether they could understand English or not I do not know. We sang English hymns, and Mr. Noble read Eph. ii. After prayer, I gave out as a text Eph. ii. 8: "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Salvation was the most important subject we had to consider in this world. What was it? Not merely deliverance from the punishment due to our sins, as the majority of people think. It consisted in much more than that, viz., deliverance from the guilt of sin, and from its power, and final, perfect, endless happiness with God. Connected with this was another important subject: the *way* of salvation, about which there was equal mistake. All other religions, although they differed so greatly from one another, were, nevertheless, agreed in the idea that salvation was by works. But God had declared that salvation was by grace. Grace, therefore, was the touchstone of religion. Whatever our religion happened to be, we might know whether it was right or not by examining to see if it were all of grace in every part, for God's salvation was distinguished by grace in its origin, its development, and its consummation. By grace we were loved and chosen to salvation. By grace we were redeemed, through the precious blood of Christ. By grace, we were regenerated, and by wondrous grace the Holy Spirit dwelt in our sinful hearts. By grace, we believed on the Lord Jesus Christ; and lest the act of faith should be misunderstood to be a natural act, partaking of the nature of works, the Apostle carefully said: "And that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." By grace we were being sanctified. By grace we should persevere to the end. By grace we should certainly be glorified. This scheme of salvation was mortifying to the devil; humbling to the pharisee; comforting to the consciously guilty sinner; and glorifying to God. Did this salvation suit them?

After this service Mr. Noble broke bread, there being present his two daughters, Fanny and Ada, Joseph and his sister Hannah, Samuel and his wife. Mrs. Noble was unable to come from Nunavil, as she had intended, because her youngest daughter was taken ill. There was no address.

Monday, 17*th*.—Started at 4 a.m. by mail coach, for Matale.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—Reached Matale at twelve noon, after thirty-two hours' driving. Caught

the one o'clock train, and reached Colombo at six.

Monday, 24*th*.—Mr. Booth left for Tuticorin by the 8.2 a.m. train, and I by the 8.53 a.m. for Bangalore.

I have arranged with Mr. Booth to visit Koilpati once during the week, and to preach there on Sundays. I have left Chinniah in charge of the Mission Bungalow with Saquiam, and he is also to teach in the day-school, and to interpret for Mr. Booth, and teach in the Sunday-school with Walker Abraham, Samuel and Esther Moonamoney.

I reached Trichinopoly at six p.m., where I had to stay all night, and till noon next day.

Wednesday, 26*th*. — Reached Bangalore about 6.30 a.m., and drove to Dr. Mc Laurin's. Long talk with him about Muttusawmy, &c. After breakfast went to see Muttusawmy, and had a long talk with him about his work. Attended Dr. Mc Laurin's prayer-meeting in the evening.

Thursday, 27*th*.—Wrote to Mr. Doll, asking him for appointment to call on him, not to discuss S. B. M. matters, but to exchange Christian greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Friday, 28*th*.—Examined Muttusawmy's school. Explained to him how I wished the Sunday-school to be conducted, and arranged to hold an English service there at 8 a.m. on Sunday morning, and Sunday-school at 9.

Preparing a Sunday-school register and attendance book for Muttusawmy's use, with simple rules and system of marks, for which prizes are to be given at the end of each half-year. This is to replace the bad system of giving pice to induce the children to come.

Attended Muttusawmy's evening service; nine men present, (mostly Roman Catholics he told me), besides his own family and two or three children.

Saturday, 29*th*.—At seven o'clock drove to the Mission-premises, and heard Muttusawmy examine the children in Scripture. Fourteen present.

Muttusawmy and I then drove to Tannery, a village about two miles distant. He read a portion of a tract, headed, "Sacred Water," and then spoke, the people paying good attention. During his address, the words, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," occurred to me, and when he had finished, I spoke for a few minutes, concluding with a short prayer. Tracts were given away, and willingly received.

Arranged with Muttusawmy to hold communion service on the first Sunday in July, and asked him to let all the members know without exception.

At four o'clock, called on Mr. Doll, who politely received me, and we talked about Mission work in India generally. No reference was made to the S.B.M. until, as I was coming away, I asked how he was, and he replied that both he and his wife were much upset by recent events, after 29 years' service, and that their health was affected by it. I said that I did not know the ins and outs of the matter, and that perhaps it was well that I did not; but that, although I had no right to say anything on behalf of the Committee, I felt sure that they would be very sorry if they knew that he and his wife had been so much upset. He shook hands warmly, and bade me good-bye quite cordially.

Sunday, 30*th*.—Conducted English service at our Mission premises in Blackpully Road, about half-past eight. We sang four hymns. "Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched;" "Depth of mercy can there be;" "O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head;" and "There is a fountain filled with blood," and read the first chapter of Galatians. The text was Titus

iii. 5 : "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." At the threshold of our Lord's teaching He said : Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Paul spoke of those who went about to establish their own righteousness ; while the sentence he pronounced was, "There is none righteous, no, not one ;" and his own reflection as a saved sinner was, "Not having my own righteousness which is of the law." The text taught us three things. I. That salvation is impossible by our own works. This was declared by the New Testament over and over again. (1) Because the righteous claims of God were unbending ; and (2) Because our very sinfulness prevents our meeting those claims. Both Scripture and reason agreed, therefore, in the impossibility of salvation by any deeds of our own. II. The mercy of God freely gave what our works could not earn. The New Testament abounded in this truth also. (1) It was a sovereign or kingly act, to which we had no right. (2) It was also the gift of Divine love and mercy, for God delighted in mercy. (3) It was given with Divine and royal freeness. (4) It was as full and perfect as it was free. III. God's mercy saved us righteously. The question of humanity, "How can man be just with God ?" was as old as the days of Job, and men were asking it now, and the Bible solved the problem. Salvation was effected righteously, because (1) Our sins were transferred to Christ, who atoned for them once for all. (2) His righteousness, *i.e.*, His pure and holy life, was transferred to us and accounted ours. (3) Having been made judicially clean and holy, we were made personally so by regeneration and the life-long process of sanctification, and were presented perfect before the throne of God.

About half-past nine Mr. Muttusawmy conducted Sunday-school, and I stayed long enough to see how he did it, and left about a quarter past ten.

MARGATE: MOUNT EPHRAIM BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Two Sermons on behalf of the Strict Baptist Mission will be preached on Lord's-day, Sep. 8th, by Mr. Grimwood.—Collections.

STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.

The Thirty-Fourth Anniversary

WILL BE HELD (D.V.)

On Tuesday, October 22nd, 1895,

AT

SOHO CHAPEL, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE.

In the Afternoon, at 3.15,

THE ANNUAL SERMON will be preached by

Mr. S. K. BLAND, of Ipswich.

TEA at Five o'clock. Sixpence each.

In the Evening, at Six o'clock,

THE PUBLIC MEETING

WILL BE HELD.

The President, Mr. JOHN BOX, in the Chair.

Speakers: Messrs. Colls, Holden, Lynn, Sears, Thomas, Ward and Wren.

COLLECTIONS WILL BE MADE.

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VOL. X., No. 123. OCTOBER, 1895. ONE HALFPENNY.



The Power of the Idols Lost.

AN idolatrous procession was passing through a village in the South of India; it consisted of about 140 persons, all worshippers of RAMA, which is one of the most popular of Hindoo gods. Thirty of the number had guns, ten were armed with spears, six carried bows and arrows, and ten held daggers.

In the midst of this crowd of worshippers

came eight men carrying a palanquin, containing three copper images. One was Rama, another his wife, and the third his brother. These idols were dressed with clothes, and ornamented with flowers. Near them were stationed men with fans, to keep off the flies and dust; others had small bells in their hands; others tambourines, which they were playing to amuse the gods; and others again were clapping their hands, and crying out, "Narrainu — Govindu — Hurree, Hurree— protect us!"

In this way they entered the village, and as they proceeded the faithful teacher of the village boldly addressed them: "O foolish men, why do you bring your senseless idols here with those emblems of authority? Why all these vain offerings and this incense? What benefit can the god derive from these?"

After this, six of the worshippers stood still and paid homage to the idol, crying out, "O Swami, Rama, Rama!" They then made a great noise with their musical instruments to inspire dread in the minds of the people of the village, and lead them to offer something to the idol.

The teacher, undaunted by this attempt to defeat his purpose, again said:

"What authority has Rama to send you here, endeavouring to frighten the people? Rama has no strength to punish us. He could not help his younger brother, much less can he help us; he died long ago, why should we care for him?" He then exhorted them to leave off such vain worship, and trust in the true God.

All this time the people of the village stood still, and would not offer anything to the idol; and the idol worshippers, seeing it was of no use to wait any longer, retired from the village, sadly disappointed. One of the tambourine players stayed behind, to talk to the teacher, and was exhorted to throw away such refuges of lies.

The Temple Village.

AS a great deal of interest centres in the head-quarters of our Tinnevelly Mission at the present moment, we think our readers may be curious to know what it is like, and we therefore present them with the following pen and ink sketch in the absence of anything better.

Let us suppose that we have crossed the 6,000 miles or so of ocean, and after visiting Bombay and Madras, have started from the latter city by the 5.15 p.m. train. The night passes wearily or otherwise, according to our ability to sleep on this narrow gauge line, and the morning wears away hungrily, until, after breakfast at Madura, about 12.30, we settle down hopefully to the last stage of our journey. At last, between 3 and 4 o'clock, a tall, white factory chimney appears in sight, and we know that a few minutes more will see us at Koilpati, the Temple village.

Gladly we alight from the carriage in which we have spent nearly twenty-four hours, and take a cup of tea on the platform, amid the bustle of a crowd of natives. The next thing to be done—or the first—is to secure a bullock-bandy to take our luggage, if not ourselves, to the village, about half-a-mile distant. The bandy is a rather long, narrow, springless cart, with a circular covering made of bamboo, covered with palmyra matting; and as there is no better sitting accommodation than the floor or the luggage, we prefer to walk, notwithstanding the heat of the sun.

Noticing the European-like appearance of the cotton mill, a few yards from the station, and the lonely look of the manager's bungalow on the adjacent hill, we look round to see

what the natural features of the place are. In the station-yard are a few banyan, tamarind, and margoza trees, and, away to the left, a stretch of barren, uninteresting country do not claim much attention; but looking westward the landscape is somewhat more picturesque, the country being a little better wooded, and a few palmyra trees giving it a little of that Oriental character, which has been familiarised to us by pictures. The view is chiefly interesting, however, because it is bounded by the long mountain chain called the Western Ghats, which often present many pretty effects of light, shade, and colour, but which at the present moment are looking silent and solemn before their sombre hue is lit up by the setting sun.

Almost the first building we pass is the Roman Catholic Chapel, a small but neat-looking structure, surmounted by a small stone cross. A little mound in the Chapel enclosure will not be noticed, unless we hear its story, and then we shall not be likely to pass it without some pathetic interest. In December or January last, three Italians came to the Travellers' Bungalow, one of whom was suffering from blood-poisoning; but, although a doctor was telegraphed for by Mr. Noble, he did not come, and the traveller, far from home and country, and without medical aid and comfort, died in the desolate rest-house. In the register of visitors to the bungalow, the son of the dead man has entered the date of their arrival, and of the departure of himself and his friend, but opposite his father's name he has written, "*Mio padre e morto.*" The traveller had entered upon a longer and more solemn journey. God knows whether he had light in the darkness, and whether death was the gate of life to him.

On the left we pass what looks like an ordinary native hut, except that it is a trifle larger and cleaner, and we are told that it is the native hospital. A little further, on the opposite side, an old dilapidated, dirty stone building, about 10 or 12 feet high, and open in front, seems to be suggestive of idolatry, although there is no god in it, and we learn that it is a halting-place, at which the god Vyravar, when taken in procession from the temple of Mathavankovil (about a quarter of a mile distant) is rested, lest he should be tired after so long a journey! A low mud wall further on hides a large quadrangle, surrounded by mud huts, which form a rest-house for native merchants with their bandy-loads of goods. Next to this is a toddy shop, but why the owner thinks it necessary to announce the fact in English as well as in Tamil, we are unable to surmise. If our sense of smell is acute, we shall not linger over the next point of interest, where fish-curing on native principles is conducted.

Right and left we see an abundance of the prickly cactus, and if we happen to pick one its curious-looking fruit (growing out of the end of the leaf) and put it in our pocket, it will be safe to predict that we shall not do so again.

A primitive looking smithy attracts our attention. The bellows, it is true, are of the modern type, but they are placed on the ground, as is the fire; and the smiths, squatting at their work, are very different—at least in appearance—from their English brethren. A bullock is being shod, but, notwithstanding its proverbial patience, the Indian blacksmith apparently does not trust it, for the animal is lying on the ground, with its feet tied together, until the operation is over.

We catch a back view of a black, ugly little god named Pilliyar, the front view of which we find to be uglier still, doing injustice to the elephant, whose face and trunk it

bears; and a few steps further on, we see another temple, a small, square white building, about 10 or 12 feet high, in honour of the god Vyravar.

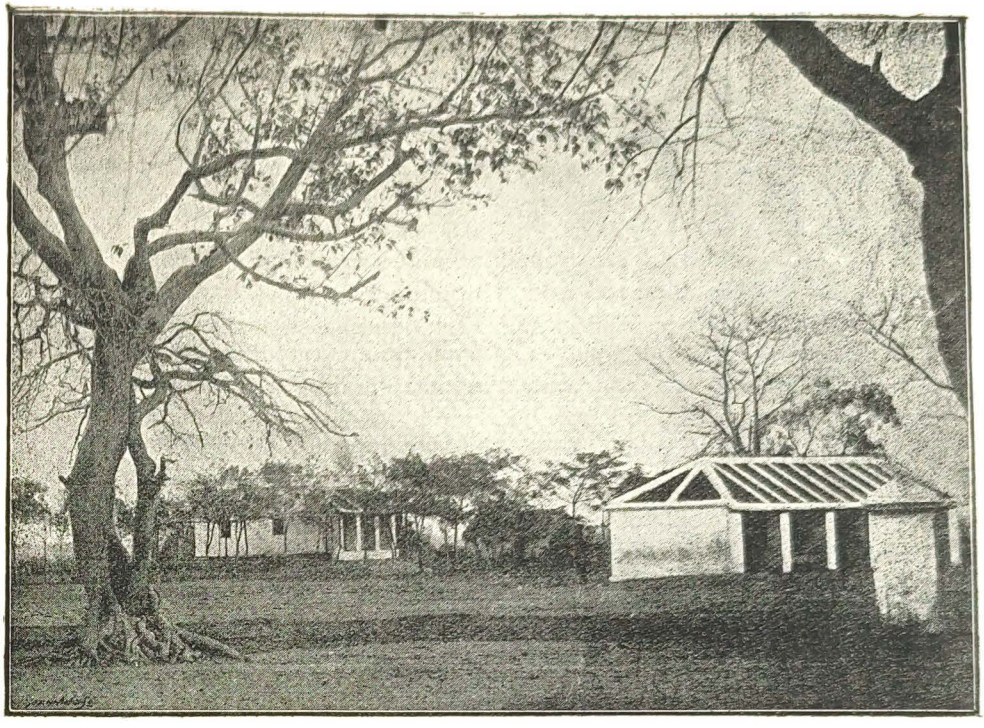
We have now entered the business portion of Koilpati. The bazaar is crowded with "shops," and, if it be Shandy-day (Monday) crowded with people too. The shops are mere huts, very much like the others, but perhaps built of sun-dried bricks, instead of mud, or possibly of quartz, in which the neighbourhood abounds. The wares are nearly all eatables, *e.g.*, plantains, mangoes, pumpkins, brinjaw (a native vegetable) and various kinds of grain.

If you would like to see our post-office, (the only public building in Koilpati) we will now turn to the left into Bazaar Street. On both sides there are similar shops, although they contain a rather wide range of goods, and as we pass we see in one of them a man writing on palmyra leaves with an iron stylus. Arrived at the post-office, we find nothing in its structural appearance to remind us of any sort of connection with St. Martin's-le-Grand, but closer inspection reveals a letter-box, and several official-looking announcements in English, strangely out of keeping with the surroundings, and nearly covering the small front, *e.g.*, "Postal Notices," "Money Order Department," "Savings' Bank." A grated window serves the natives to transact their postal business, but we, being Europeans, are invited to enter the low door-way, which, out of regard for our heads, we do with great care, making an unintentional bow, which the postmaster has anticipated with profound politeness. He begs our honour to be seated; and, while transacting our business, we note his appearance. Three white horizontal marks across his forehead indicate that he is a Sivite, or a worshipper of Siva, and, if we have taken him unawares, so that he has been unable to hurry his old linen coat on, we notice his Brahmin's cord across his shoulder. A whitish-gray stubble, of about a fortnight's growth, covers his face, and a little wisp of hair does not cover his head. Our business done, we have come to the conclusion that his knowledge of the Indian postal regulations is about on a par with his knowledge of English; and altogether we find him as interesting as he is polite and obliging.

We turn into the main road again, and passing another small temple—Erulapasawmy—and a mud hut, which we find it hard to believe is a goldsmith's shop, we turn off opposite the shandy towards the Mission premises.

Greetings over, and the fatigue of the journey somewhat allayed, we look around us. Our bungalow is more picturesque than luxurious, and it is built chiefly of mud, and whitewashed. A few hundred yards in front is the Travellers' Bungalow, a low, square white building, which, with its verandah all round, is, with one exception, the "finest" building in Koilpati. A few yards to the left is its kitchen, (kitchens are always separate here) and to the right are its stables. (See the illustration, p. 81.) A little further off, in front of us, are some of the village mud huts.

Now for our own belongings and immediate surroundings. Barely a stone's-throw in front of us is our well. This is, or should be, an object of the greatest interest to us, and we may be forgiven for lingering fondly round it. Having hitherto lived in the city of water companies, we have hardly realized how greatly our health and comfort depend upon our water supply. The well is about 20 feet square, about 30 feet deep, and has evidently been blasted out of the solid rock. It is surrounded by a low white wall, about



two feet high, and inside, close to the top, two stones, about a foot wide and two feet long, project over its mouth. Outside the well, opposite these stones, stands a tree, to which is fixed a picat—one of the primitive arrangements which exist in India for drawing water. It resembles an enormous fishing rod and line, the middle of the rod being fixed to the tree about 10 feet high, and the thick end of the rod weighted with mud and stone. The fishing rod can thus be moved up and down, see-saw fashion. At the end of the line is fixed an old square tin can. Here comes one of the "boys," with two earthenware water-pots. Carefully placing his water-pots down, he nimbly jumps on to one of the projecting stones, over the mouth of the well, takes hold of the line and drags it down, not without some effort, till the old tin can touches the water and is filled. The weighted end of the fishing rod makes the drawing up of the water easy. This operation is repeated till the water-pots are filled. But let us look down at this precious fluid which will form so important a factor in our daily life. Springing from the rock, it will of course be clear and sparkling. You don't like the look of it! It doesn't look very clean, you think? Oh yes, it must be, for the well was emptied only a little while ago, and all the mud was taken out of it. "But there are a lot of leaves floating on the top." Yes, but they will soon sink to the bottom, and decay, and be replaced by others. "What are those things lying close to the surface of the water?" Oh, those are only frogs; they are beneficial, and we only draw the line at snakes.

A few yards to the right of the well is the baptistery, neatly covered with cement. It is connected with the well by means of a narrow channel, also plastered with cement; and, when preparing for baptism, the water, as it is drawn from the well, is poured into the channel, and so runs into the baptistery. Turning from the bungalow to the right, we see the school a few steps distant. It is built of red mud, is thatched with palmyra leaves, has an oblong hole for a door, and sundry other holes of nondescript shape for windows, and is decidedly more useful than ornamental.

We take a little wider survey, and look at our landed property. About three acres of land lie behind the bungalow between the road and the line of the South Indian Railway, (marked by a fence of aloes) the bungalow lying midway between the road and the railway. An excellent position, it strikes us, since it has a frontage to the main road, and there is nothing to obstruct light and air, while the fact that it is a little outside the village makes it all more the suitable for any future extension of our work.

As we have already noticed, the Western Ghats form the most interesting feature in our western landscape. The sunset effects are often very fine—strong masses of colour sometimes arresting attention by their magnificence, and at other times more delicate, if not less brilliant tints, charming us by their beauty. Sometimes the flames or smoke of a funeral pyre are seen on the plain, and at night, on the distant Ghats, the glow of burning bamboos, ignited by friction, also occasionally afford a little variety to the even tenor of existence.

Since our village is known as the Temple Village (*Kovil*, temple, and *pati*, village) we ought to know something concerning its temples and gods. It has nothing to boast of as regards temple architecture, as Madura, Trichinopoly, and other places have; but, for a small village, it has "gods many." There are two principal temples, both of them Sivite. One of them is known as Mathavankovil, or the temple of Marthavan, in and about which there are sixteen gods and goddesses. It is to this temple that Vyravar, who becomes so tired with a short drive, belongs. The other temple, much smaller, is called the temple of Champakanallyamman, and to this belong no fewer than twenty-six gods and goddesses, some of which are scattered about the village.

We trust that our readers may now be able somewhat better to picture to themselves this centre of our evangelistic work in the Tinnevelly, and that they may not only realize its appearance, but its needs, and take a keener practical interest in it and the surrounding villages.

A Letter from Mr. Booth.

Koilpati, August 14th, 1895.

My dear Mr. Briscoe,

With the thermometer registering 94 degrees in the shade, I address myself to the pastime of recording a few incidents, which may be of interest to our friends in the dear homeland.

On June 21st, whilst I was studying Tamil the manager of the hotel at Tuticorin came to me with the news that Mr. Hutchinson had just landed from Colombo; needless to say the hours of that day passed all too quickly. I did not retire until one a.m. the following day, and even then Mr. Hutchinson was still working. Was up at 5.30, and after a cup of tea we both journeyed per mail train to Koilpati. On Sunday three services were held. The following morning we walked together to the railway station, and then once more bade each other good-bye, Mr. Hutchinson going to

Bangalore, and I returning to Tuticorin. Acting on a suggestion of Mr. Hutchinson, I shifted my quarters from Tuticorin to Koilpati on June 27th, and have remained here since that time.

I spent some very happy days alone, yet not alone, for He that sent me was with me. The days were occupied with reading, writing, and Tamil, and now and again a native would come to the bungalow to speak about religion. When conducting open-air services, I generally commence by singing an English hymn, which attracts the attention of the people, and when a few have gathered near me, I endeavour to speak as simply as I can about the way of salvation. At the close of my remarks I express my willingness to answer any questions they might choose to ask, but only upon a few occasions have they availed themselves of the opportunity.

On July 5th, Mr. Noble (accompanied by a son and daughter) returned to Koilpati from Ceylon; I was greatly surprised to see them, as I expected Mr. Noble would have taken a longer rest.

On July 10th, the agents assembled here, and I addressed them from the words *Flee, Follow, Fight,* (1 Tim. vi. 11, 12.)

One day is very much the same as another; one almost loses count of the days of the week, there being but very little difference between Sunday and any other day, except, perhaps, Monday, which is "shandy" or market-day here. If one is later than 6.30 in starting the morning open-air service, very few people indeed will stay to listen, as they have commenced the duties of the day.

There are a few snakes here. I killed a small one in our compound, and a morning or so later I was shown in the adjoining compound the trail of a serpent, the trail being seven inches broad; I felt very thankful that it was not allowed to visit the S. B. M. premises.

When taking a walk in the village I am invariably met with many salaams from the youngsters, many of whom are cheery and bright, and who enjoy a game as much as English children.

Mail day is a very welcome occasion, letters from home being eagerly looked for, and news from the old country read with interest. Needless to say we are well-known characters at the post-office here; and his lordship the postmaster always invites us to "come in and take a seat," whilst he attends to our requirements.

Whilst talking to a caste-boy who often visits the bungalow, I noticed that he had a piece of string tied around his wrist. Upon my asking the purpose of it, he told me that it was brought from Benares (a very holy place in the estimation of Hindus) and possessed the virtue of keeping sickness away from the wearer. Upon my asking him whether he really believed in the virtue of the string; he only laughed; but when half-an-hour later he sprained his knee, he was thankful for the liniment which I applied, and only laughed again when I enquired why the virtuous string did not act upon this occasion.

When thinking of the condition of the people here, I often find myself wondering whether any power can really overcome all their prejudices, and uproot all their superstitions; when in that frame of mind, the words "*He must reign*" were so reassuring and comforting. But let us not forget another *must*: "The Gospel *must* first be preached." This privilege has been given to us; and those at home, no less than those abroad, are concerned in carrying out our Lord's last commission, but *how* are we doing it? Each must answer for himself. I confess that I am pain-

fully conscious that lukewarmness and apathy often possess me. May He give me a greater yearning for souls, and may mine be a God-governed, a Christ-bounded, a Spirit-directed life. The Spirit of the Lord is not straitened. Friends, pray for us.

Yours in His service,

ERNEST A. BOOTH.

Jaffna, Ceylon.

THE following quotations from a letter recently received from Mrs. Noble will be read with interest:—

"The work here at the several stations has been, and is still being regularly conducted.

"The schools have been visited and examined by me, and were in general found to have progressed satisfactorily.

"Sunday services and schools have been regularly conducted from time to time. The school-teachers still continue to devote some hours, morning and evening, to the work of preaching the Gospel, tract distribution, &c., at and around their respective stations, and at the several villages within a circle of about three miles; and thus the precious truths of the Gospel are made known, and also our distinctive principles, *to some extent*. And I am glad to observe that a growing interest is being manifested by many of the poor benighted heathen thus read and spoken to, and conversed with from time to time, and which, I have reason to hope may, in due time, lead to more encouraging results which shall redound to the glory of God, and our great joy.

"My present work of visiting the poor, the suffering, and the dying, residing in this district, has, I trust, been a great help to many poor heathen women, and has proved encouraging to me.

"I hope, ere long, to give some encouraging accounts of some of these interesting cases, which have been witnessed by me from time to time, and which leads me to believe that the unseen hand of the Lord is working in our midst; and as the seed buried deep in the earth necessarily takes a longer space to appear than when merely scattered on the surface, so, I believe, it will be with the work to which I here allude."

STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.

The Thirty-Fourth Anniversary

WILL BE HELD (D.V.)

On Tuesday, October 22nd, 1895,

AT

SOHO CHAPEL, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE.

In the Afternoon, at 3.15,

THE ANNUAL SERMON will be preached by

Mr. S. K. BLAND, of Ipswich.

TEA at Five o'clock. Sixpence each.

In the Evening, at Six o'clock,

THE PUBLIC MEETING

WILL BE HELD.

The President, Mr. JOHN BOX, in the Chair.

Speakers: Messrs. Colls, Holden, Lynn, Sears, Thomas, Ward and Wren.

COLLECTIONS WILL BE MADE.

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VOL. X., No. 124. **NOVEMBER, 1895.** ONE HALFPENNY.



Worshipping the Peacock.

A PEACOCK! what a beautiful creature it is! Wild in the woods of India it flies about unmolested, and even when it visits the cultivated fields, it freely feeds upon the rice and grain. It matters not how much mischief it does. The Hindoos say it is a *sacred bird*, a favourite of one of their many gods, and so they will not frighten it away. The god they call KARTIKEYA, and some other strange names. When they make images and pictures of him they represent him as riding on a peacock, with its beautiful tail sparkling with green and gold, spread out behind, forming a sort of canopy or tent over him.

Once a year great festivals in his honour have been held in Calcutta. Sometimes on these occasions as many as five thousand images of Kartikeya and his peacock have been made, some of them twenty-five feet high. After the people had worshipped them they were all cast into the river Ganges..

They say that one day he went to play in a grove, when all the gods were assembled together to wait upon Siva his father. Kartikeya began to destroy all the flowers and plants. The keepers of the gardens, thinking him a naughty boy, beat him for it, upon which he fell into a passion, and, running at the gods, he put to death all he could reach. Those who escaped began to beg for mercy, on which he restored them all to life. The keepers, seeing this, were very sorry, saying they thought he was only a little boy. But to show that he was a god, he suddenly

swelled himself so as to fill the sky and the earth, and then at their prayer again became a little child.

Such silly tales are but the wicked invention of the priests to deceive the people, and to lead them from the knowledge of the true God. Many of them will not only worship the images of that idol, but will also treat the living bird itself as a god, worshipping it as if it could hear prayer. Oh when will Hindoos learn to adore the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent!

A Bandy Tour in the Tinnevelly.

By S. Hutchinson.

AT last the long-anticipated tour of inspection among our Tinnevelly stations is begun—a tour anticipated not less by myself than by others; and at the Editor's request I am endeavouring to furnish the readers of the *Olive-Branch* with some account of my journeyings.

First of all I must give some idea of what the bullock-bandy is like, for there are bandies *and* bandies. Some bandies look like an elongated wigwam on wheels, with a hole at each end; but the bandy in which I am now writing is of a superior order. In addition to having springs, it is eminently respectable in appearance. It might be described as an oblong box on wheels, with unglazed windows all round, which are furnished with sliding venetian shutters. One of the principal uses of these sliding shutters seems to be, to try the strength and temper of anyone who wants to shut them. The inside appearance of the box, which is about five feet seven inches long, reminds the occupant of a penny omnibus; and to the outside observer the turn-out is suggestive of a first-class early morning breakfast-stall. I shall be forgiven this attempted description, if it is remembered that this travelling-box is to be more or less my home for the next month or two, serving the purposes of bed-room, sitting-room and study, but being minus tables, chairs and bed.

Having got the bandy packed, there is just room enough for the interpreter and myself to sit, native fashion,—cooking-chatties and boxes being stowed away underneath the floor, and sundry other impedimenta being mixed up with us on it. The novelty of the situation counter-balances any drawbacks there may be, and we cheerfully start at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, 10th August, 1895, amid the hearty good wishes of our brethren at Koilpati; but have barely done so when we are overtaken by a heavy down-pour of rain, which beats uncomfortably into the bandy, in spite of the sliding shutters. The sky looks as if it would continue the downpour all night, but it clears up within an hour, and we are gladdened by the sight of a rainbow, and I am reminded of the ancient promise concerning "seed-time and harvest," and mentally apply it to the kingdom of grace and present circumstances.

Ellayarasananthal, distant about six miles north-west from Koilpati, is our first point, but, although so short a distance, it takes about two hours and a half to get there. The way lies along a mere cart-track through ploughed fields, and many a deep rut and awkward stone test the springs of the bandy, and the nerves of the traveller. But if the roughness of the road serves no other purpose, it will make him capable of appreciating a good road.

We find there is a "chapel" at Ellayarasananthal, built, however, of mud, thatched with twigs, and admitting a minimum of light and air through two low door-ways, and two small holes called windows. The place is by no

means prepossessing in the fading light of evening. Nevertheless, it will have to be our dining-room, larder, and bath-room; and as it contains only two small tables, a chair, a form, and an old wooden bedstead (the use of which is gratefully declined,) we shall at least be safe for the time being from any charge of undue luxury.

Eight o'clock comes, and a meeting is held, attended, so far as we can see in the darkness-made-visible, by about sixty people. Understanding only a word or two here and there, the whole interest of the meeting to me lies in the lyric singing. This is executed with surprising energy, although not with perfect harmony. The lusty voices of the men in front completely drown whatever contribution is being made by the women sitting by themselves in darkness at the back. The instrumental accompaniments do their best to hold their own amid the vocal noise. The instruments, for the most part, are primitive in their simplicity,—two pairs of brass cymbals, about two inches in diameter, native bagpipes, a cheap fiddle with one string gone, and a thing which may be described, but cannot be named. It consists of a small tin can, the bottom of which has been replaced with parchment. To this is tied a bamboo stick about fifteen inches long, and from the end of the sticks to the middle of the parchment is stretched a piece of wire which furnishes a monotonous twang, twang, twang, as its quota to the general harmony. But it is at least as effective as the fiddle or anything else, for the musicians are all on the same level in their complete ignorance and appreciation of music. This, however, is compensated, perhaps, by the vigour of their accompaniment, and under its stimulus the lyric gradually quickens, until singers and performers have to stop of sheer necessity.

On the following morning, Sunday, my equilibrium was disturbed by the discovery that my cold mutton, sugar and jam, brought from Koilpati, and unwisely stored in the "chapel," had been attacked by red ants. The mutton and jam had to be thrown away, and the prospect of no dinner stared me in the face, until I learned that a fowl (the only eatable these villages can supply) had been bought for me the previous evening, and I felt ashamed of my lack of patience, and of faith in my Father's providence.

Three meetings were held during the day. In the morning I preached from the words, "And His eyes were as a flame of fire." In the afternoon, in addition to the vernacular service, called Sunday-school, I addressed both adults and children on the name which is the sweetest of all names to the Christian, the address consisting largely of question and answer; and in the evening the text was, "He said unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" &c., &c.

A week passes quickly by in the examination of about sixty members and candidates, belonging to Ellayarasananthal and the villages belonging to that circle, other work filling up the intervals; and we are ready to return to Koilpati early on Saturday morning.

Before doing so, however, let me take you round the village as well as I can. It is about six o'clock, and the soft tints of early morning, with the repose of the hills and mountains, monopolise our attention at first; but, as we walk through the village, one thing after another excites our interest by its novelty; the surrouading market gardens of brinjaw, chilies, and sweet potatoes; the yelping peculiar to Indian dogs; the crowding of the women round the wells, and the curious looks directed at us as we pass. At the end of the village are two small temples in honour

of women who died a hundred years ago, and are now worshipped annually. Close by is the now familiar but always ugly form of Pilliyar, attended by other stone figures, on which he is supposed to ride. Retracing our steps, we pass the zemindar's bungalow, its substantial appearance and its square tower contrasting strangely with the rude mud huts surrounding it. At its entrance is a large wooden figure, painted and gilded, representing the sacred five-headed cobra, whose coils are supported by small alternate figures of elephants and cobras, the whole resting on the figure of a tortoise. Close by is Pilliyar's temple, a dilapidated building, the stones of which are being displaced by trees growing out of the crevices, and, as we pass, we trust that this is typical of the disruption and overthrow of Hinduism. Life will surely displace death, and light darkness, even if slowly. The next temple contains an ugly black, upright figure, covered with oil. It attracts our attention chiefly because it is provided with a club and a pair of wooden sandals. A few paces off are a stone bullock and several other figures, and a round, flat, carved stone, on which is an offering of flowers. After looking at two or three larger stone temples standing together, but now in disuse, we walk through the zemindar's garden, innocent of flowers, but sweet with the scent of limes, and passing out of the village through the dry "tank," we see the most imposing of the Ellayarasananthal gods. Two very large white figures are conspicuous at some distance. One is a giant whose face is painted red and blue; his right hand is held aloft, and his left rests on a club. To the left of him is a white horse, whose fore-feet rest on the shoulders of a giant similar to the other, but whose right hand brandishes a sword, the elbow being supported by the five-headed cobra, while the other hand rests on the kneeling figure of a man holding a shell in his left hand, Opposite are two black, oily stone figures, about life-size, hideously ugly, their faces smeared with red paint, and to the right is a small temple, containing several other gods. Returning to the village we see the Brahmin's temple, which ranks first in importance and also in appearance, but the Brahmins object to our going too near it; while our guide, being a low-caste man, dares not go even as near as we do.

Having finished our inspection of the village, the bandy is packed, and we begin our return journey to Koilpati soon after eight, thankful to have finished the first part of our work, and not sorry to quit the rough accommodation afforded by the "chapel."

Notes from Mr. Hutchinson's Diary.

FROM recent letters we learn that Mr. Hutchinson has nearly completed his tour of the Tinnevelly district, travelling by bullock-bandy over roads unworthy of the name, and proceeding from village to village, examining not only the candidates for baptism, but the members of the various churches, and even the agents themselves. We must not anticipate his report; but many of the candidates he does not consider suitable for baptism. May the Lord show them the difference between mere morality and true spirituality; between a formal profession of religion and the vital power of Divine grace; yea, may He sit as a "refiner and purifier of silver," (Mal. iii. 3;) and if it be only the third part that is brought through the fire, (Zech. xiii. 19) and the churches are thus purged from dross, the seeming loss will be a real gain. But we must not lose

sight of those who are but partially awakened from the darkness of heathenism, and who at present "see men as trees walking;" but pray that the Lord will put His hand again to the work, that they may not only see the folly of idolatry, but the beauties of Jesus, and believe on Him to the saving of their souls.

Much of Mr. H.'s diary for August is taken up with accounts of these examinations which would be uninteresting to read, though very important in themselves. We give a few extracts from other portions of his diary:—

Sunday, August 4th.—Mr. Booth conducted open-air service about half-past six or seven, and afterwards morning service about eight. After the morning service Chinniah taught the Sunday-school, and then Mr. Booth examined the children in what he had taught.

In the afternoon, about two o'clock, I held a Bible-class on the "vicarious sufferings of Christ." Mr. V. P. Daniel (the interpreter from Palamcottah, who arrived after the morning service) interpreting.

In the evening visited Saguiam's son Samuel, who has been ill all the week.

Wednesday, August 7th.—Drove to Muppampati and examined Samuel's wife (a candidate for baptism) and two daughters (members.)

Drove to Munditope about four o'clock and examined the school, then preached to the men who had crowded in, and afterwards examined three members, *viz.*, Vethanaiagam, Suvesashumuttu and Arulananthan, and one candidate, Pakuyanathan. Got back to Koilpati about eight o'clock.

Friday, August 9th.—Drove at a quarter past six to Muppampati, and examined Selvan (a member,) Saguiam's daughter-in-law. Back by half-past seven. Writing up diary, monthly reports and accounts, and preparing for agents' pay-meeting. Pay-meeting at two o'clock. I made a short address. Mr. Noble paid the agents, we sold some Scriptures and books, and it was arranged that I should visit Gurubatham's station, Ellayarasananthal, to-morrow.

Sunday, August 11th.—Conducted morning service about a quarter past nine, and preached from Rev. i. 14: "And His eyes were as a flame of fire." About 100 present. Named, dedicated, and prayed over two children, Samyadya, a boy, and Thavamony, a girl, both two months old.

In the afternoon attended "Sunday-school," more adults than children being present; altogether not much short of a hundred. Gurubathan questioned them, men and boys answering indiscriminately, and some of them very readily. Gurubathan had got them to read Luke i. verse by verse. I therefore addressed them on "Jesus," Luke i. 31, and got good answers.

Evening service about eight. I preached from John xxi. 17: "He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" &c., &c.

Wednesday, August 21st.—Writing notes for General Report. Started at 3.30 p.m. for Karilsapati, reaching there at six o'clock. Swamidas conducted a meeting in his own house, at which he prayed and spoke. About 30 persons present.

Yesuvadian and Pakuyanthan (two brothers) married to-day, according to Hindu customs: the latter married two wives. I have, therefore, severed him from the Mission; told the former I must consider about him, and requested Swamidas to explain to them when the excitement is over, the wrong they have done. I explained to Pakuyanathan that he had broken Christ's commands.

Saturday, August 24th.—The wedding festivities, which were considerably annoying yesterday, during my examinations, were recommenced between twelve and one last night, and continued till daylight, with torches, shouts, tom-tom beating, and discordant music.

Started for Koilpati at about quarter-past one. Road very bad; in two or three places mud upwards of a foot deep, making it almost impossible to get through. When the rains begin, the journey would be quite out of the question. Reached Koilpati about half-past seven, after dark, having driven about eighteen miles.

Sunday, August 25th.—Mr. Booth preached in the open-air at the morning service, and again in the afternoon, Mr. Noble following with questions on the first few verses of Romans viii. in Tamil.

Saturday, August 31st.—Mr. Booth has been studying Tamil with the munshi, two hours every morning, and one every afternoon. He is below par, and I have advised him to take a week's rest. He is therefore going to visit some of the stations with me next week.

Statistics from the Tinnevelly.

FROM a monthly summary of reports received by Mr. Noble, we gather that 22 persons (4 pastors, 4 special preachers, 11 preachers and 3 Bible-women) were engaged during the month, and that 250 Sunday-services, with congregations aggregating 4772 persons, were conducted at the various stations; and also that 706 prayer-meetings were held on other days of the week, at which 10,869 persons are said to have been present.

The Gospel is also reported to have been preached on 361 occasions, in the numerous villages, &c., to about 10,230 persons. The Bible-women are also stated to have read and expounded the Scriptures on 63 occasions to 1,002 native women, at their homes. And thus 15,816 Christians and 11,107 Hindus, or a total of 26,923 persons, have heard the Gospel during the month.

There are at present here 13 village or primary schools, with an average daily attendance for the month of about fourteen scholars.

There are 14 teachers and assistants in these schools, of whom about 4 have already passed the Government primary test, and the others have (according to previous arrangements) to obtain certificates by the close of the current year.

"Yasu Kriek Kill the Devils?"

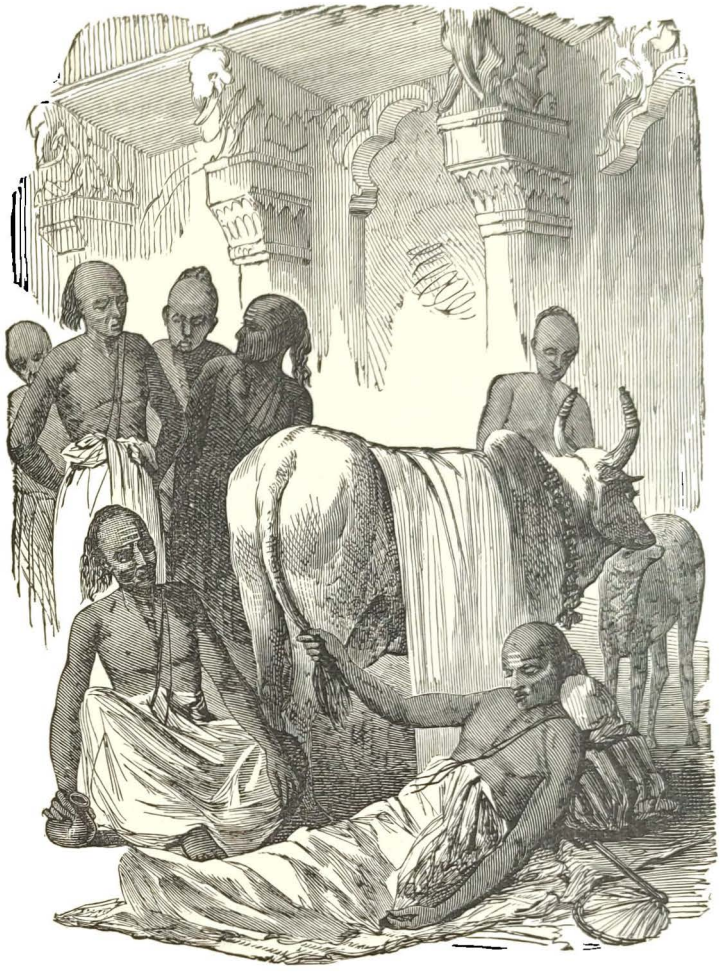
A MISSIONARY'S wife near the Sittang river of Burmah, sat down in the midst of some ruins, and was soon surrounded by native women and a few men, Karens, Talaings and Pwos. They had never heard of Christ until she then read to them a portion of the Gospel according to Matthew.

"Read on! light! light!" cried a Karen woman. The missionary's wife sat with solemn feelings, reading the narrative of the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ.

Then she read about Christ casting out devils.

"What's that? what's that, lady? Tell that devil story again. Yasu Kriek kill the devils?"

The words were read again. Then a fine Karen man stepped forward, and said, "Lady, lady, you see this cord?" (the symbol of his spirit-worship) wrenching it off. "Never again will I offer to any Lord but Jesus Christ." This was really a very decided act, for usually the *Natcord* is the last thing Karens will give up. Two years after, that man was baptized, and became a leading member of the church.



The Dying Brahmin.

BRAHMINS die grasping the tail of the sacred bull. By this, their last act, they hope to escape all the consequences of sin, and in the invisible world to become one in nature with the Godhead. At eight years of age, a sacred thread, called the *poitu*, is tied over their left shoulders, next the skin, and brought round their bodies. This thread they wear till they die. When they receive it, they are supposed to be born again. Without it they are not permitted to marry. The name BRAHMIN means "*Scripture knowledge*," it being the duty of their lives to read and teach the lies of the Hindu's Bible, which is made up of a number of books called Shastras, Vedas, and Puranas.

The first religious duty of a Brahmin in the morning is to clean his teeth with a twig;

his second duty is to throw the twig away; his third, to wash, if possible, in the Ganges, whilst he cries, "*I am sin, I commit sin, my nature is sinful, and I am conceived in sin. Save me, O thou lotus-eyed, O Hari, who removest all sin.*" With these words he prays to the river, which he puts in the place of the Holy Spirit, and of the precious blood of Christ. The Brahmin's fourth duty is to worship the rising sun; then he must sip water three times, and cry, "May the waters preserve me."

The Brahmin, if a householder, must then perform the "five great sacraments," which are teaching and studying the sacred books; offering cakes and water; an oblation of fire with prayers to the gods; an offering of rice, and receiving the highest castes with hospitable rites. These absurdities form but a small part of the burdensome religion of the peaceless, hopeless, joyless Brahmins, who die grasping the bull's tail.

Jaffna, Ceylon.

MRS. NOBLE reports as follows:—

The Sunday and other services here as also the Sunday and week-day-schools, &c., have been conducted as usual, with some encouragement to those engaged therein, and, I trust, beneficial to those who were in attendance at the same.

My own personal work of visiting the poor families in and around these villages, &c., from time to time, has also been pursued during the month now under review, and thus many poor and needy ones have been relieved; their physical sufferings, in a measure, alleviated, and, above all, I sincerely hope and earnestly pray that some may thus have been spiritually benefited, through the reading and expounding of the Scriptures on these and other occasions; and the manifestation of the fruit of such humble labours is being earnestly awaited.

The school-teachers here continue to devote much of their time (when not actually engaged in school duties) to the work of visiting the people residing in adjacent villages, &c., and of preaching the Gospel to, and of distributing tracts, &c., among them.

The following are a few extracts from report of the Pettah teacher, V. Samuel.

July 5th.—One of the houses visited to-day was that of a man of the Weaver Caste, to whom, and to all who were in the house, I preached the Gospel, and endeavoured to set before them plainly the superior claims of the Christian faith, as compared with all other religions in the world, &c.

July 7th.—I went to Nunavil, and took part in the service held there, &c.; and on my way to and from that place, I distributed tracts, and conversed with several persons.

July 10th.—Visited the police-barracks, where I preached the Gospel to and conversed with many who were present. I also distributed tracts among them, as usual.

July 12th.—I held a service in our Pettah school-house, at which were present a goodly number of persons (Hindus, Roman Catholics, and Protestants of other denominations) to whom I preached, and endeavoured to enlighten them in the nature of our doctrines and principles as Strict Baptists.

(The remainder is omitted for want of space.)

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The Olive Branch

A Monthly Record of the Work of the Strict Baptist Mission.

Subscriptions or Donations to the Mission will be thankfully received, and Collecting Boxes or Cards supplied by the Hon. Secretaries: MR. JOSIAH BRISCOE, 58, *Grosvenor Road, Highbury New Park, London, N.;* MR. I. R. WAKELIN, 33, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.; and* MR. F. J. CATCHPOLE, 11, *Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E.*

VOL. X., No. 125. **DECEMBER, 1895.** ONE HALFPENNY.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE Strict Baptist Mission

WAS held at Soho Chapel, Shaftesbury Avenue, on Tuesday, October 22, 1895.

Notwithstanding that the weather was most unfavourable, there was a good attendance. The growth of the missionary spirit in our churches is most cheering, and the interest taken in our Mission by the rising race is evident by the excellent subscriptions from the children of our Sunday-school.

The service was commenced by the beloved President giving out hymn No. 1 on the sheet of hymns specially printed for the meeting. The Scriptures were read (Psalm lxxii.) and prayer was offered by Mr. Cattell, of Bessel's Green.

MR. S. K. BLAND then delivered a powerful, thoughtful sermon, full of missionary spirit and stimulus, from the words :

"*And Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it.*".....
"*If the Lord delight in us, then He will bring us into this land, and give it us; a land which floweth with milk and honey.*"—Numbers xiii. 30, and xiv. 8.

The preacher remarked :—

Here is an object lesson of the principles and spirit that should animate our Mission. The holy courage of Caleb's faith *pleased God*, and should be an example for all engaged in, or promoting the preaching of Christ's Gospel in heathen lands.

He and Joshua were in a small minority, but the Lord has generally chosen to work His will by such means, so as to "hide pride from man," and bring him to trust in the living God. True, the character of their invasion and the weapons of their warfare were very different from ours, yet their essential purpose was similar—to cast down idolatry, and bring in the worship of the true God. Theirs was a war of judgment and extermination,—ours of mercy and ingathering. That with sword and spear,—ours with the Word of Life; theirs to occupy a promised land,—ours to occupy the people, that they, with us, might receive that word and find it as "sincere milk," and "sweeter than honey." Caleb's God is ours, and his exhortation is very fitting for us now.

He was not ignorant of the enemy's strength, nor of the Lord's, and *there* his faith rested. Let us take a seven-fold view of the position.

1. He knew that Israel had DIVINE AUTHORITY; and if *we* should be asked, "Who hath required this at your hands?" we have a sufficient answer in our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

2. Have we OUR MASTER'S PRESENCE? It is promised, and do we rest in that? then with a righteous cheerfulness we also can say, "We are *well* able to overcome;" and "if the Lord delight in us, He will give us the land."

3. OBEDIENCE. Are we earnestly ready, not only to believe all this, but to *do* His known will?

4. SYMPATHY. Is His purpose ours also? Are we bent on the same object He declared He had in view,—that the travail of His soul may be seen, and those afar off brought nigh?

5. CO-OPERATION. "*Us—we.*" True, we cannot all personally *go*, but we can *send*, and aid those who go, with prayer, counsel, and provision.

6. Have we an OPEN DOOR? Has Divine providence indicated the way in which we should go? We believe the past and the *present* prove this.

7. A conviction of PERSONAL CAPACITY. Have we those possessed of needed *Ascension gifts?* Wherever these are bestowed, they are for *use;* and whenever the command goes forth, the ability to obey is sure to follow.

We do not expect to accomplish more than our Captain appoints, but we do not know how *much* that may be; only we know that He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," and He has said, "Be it unto you according to your faith." We may, while doing His will, expect great things from God,—for He hath promised them. And, however small present results may *seem* to us, they may not be really so: and "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

Many regard our views of Divine truth as too contracted for Mission work; but I feel sure that, rightly put forth, they are *most* adapted to convince of sin, righteousness, and judgment, and to show the abundant grace, mercy and peace embodied in our Gospel.

Others have long gone forth with what they deem a wider, but more indefinite message, and God *has* blessed the truth they preached. All honour to them, as far as the Lord has owned their labours; but let us act as heartily on *our* convictions. Mission work is no human invention. Britain was once a mission-field (and indeed still needs to be treated as such.) "Home and Foreign" seems a rather artificial division; for India and England are but parts of the same *world*, Madras and London greatly need the same pure Gospel; and there is no room for *competition* or *jealousy:* we ought to have a truer, nobler motive—"Thy kingdom come." We certainly do not believe in universal or indiscriminate redemption; and if others do, the results of their great efforts have falsified that opinion these hundred years! We cannot unravel the holy mysteries of the Lord's design in His unmistakable command, "Unto every creature;" but this has never yet been literally obeyed; and where the good seed has been sown broadcast, much has fallen by the wayside, or on stony ground, or among many thorns; while the sower on good ground has never known whether thirty, sixty, or a hundred-fold shall rejoice the reaper's heart. But shall we hold back on that account? The perfect prophecy of the Lord Jesus is being fulfilled: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out."

The history of our Mission has been a chequered one. Disappointments, defections, and difficulties have not been wanting; but so

it was at first, and the Lord's order at the "beginning of the Gospel" was: precept and promise, prayer and pentecost, persecution and preaching; and the Lord added to the church daily such as were being saved.

This year we rejoice in a new departure, but on old lines. We have been enabled to send out two trusty and well-beloved brethren to India. Prayer was made to God continually for this, and we have good reason to hope for a large blessing. And now the lightest part of the work is for us at home,—to sustain those who are gone. If Caleb's God is ours, and the commanded service of ancient Israel like unto ours in spirit, are not their responsibilities ours also?

An excellent Tea was provided in the capacious School-room in the basement of the Chapel, where everything was well arranged and carried out for the comfort of the friends.

THE EVENING MEETING

Was commenced promptly at six o'clock, the President in the chair. The Chairman announced hymn vi. on the Leaflets, which he said had been specially composed by our beloved and laborious Secretary, MR. JOSIAH BRISCOE.

In Thy presence, Lord, we stand,
  Who hast heard and answered prayer,—
Led by Thy unerring hand,
  Through a most eventful year.
'Twas Thy glory that we sought,
  'Twas Thy promise made us bold,
Knowing that Thy grace had wrought
  Wondrous things in days of old,
Jesus, evermore "the same,"
  When to Thee we raised our eyes,
Oh how soon the answer came,
  Filling us with glad surprise!
Now in yonder distant land,
  Bless Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
Who Thy last, Thy great commaud,
  Gladly, cheerfully obey.
"I am with you," Thou hast said;
  Let Thy presence be their stay;
Shine upon the path they tread,
  Cheer them both by night and day.
And do Thou our Mission bless,
  As beneath their care it grows,
Till the moral wilderness
  Buds and blossoms as the rose.

MR. MITCHELL then read Acts ix. 1—20, and the pastor of Keppel Street, Bloomsbury, MR. H. T. CHILVERS, earnestly sought the Lord's promised presence and blessing.

From the depth of a heart of missionary love and zeal, the beloved President, MR. BOX, then delivered his opening address. He said: "Beloved brethren and Christian friends,—I have no doubt of the loving sympathy of this meeting with the object for which we are assembled. I could have wished you had all been present this afternoon to hear brother Bland's calm, spiritual, deeply interesting sermon, so thoroughly suited to the occasion, and to our present position as a Missionary Society. It is not everyone that can preach a *missionary sermon*, but we have had one indeed this afternoon. God, in the rich glory of His grace displayed in His own Gospel, with those foundation truths we hold dear, was most forcibly set forth. This day is a day of *faith* and blessed *spiritual confidence*,—of confidence in God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

What a privileged posture! Who gave us this? What has it done for us? MUCH. I emphasize that word *much*. During the past twelve months it has done *much* for the Mission, for its Officers and Committee, for our dear brethren Hutchinson and Booth, who are now so far away in the field of labour, but so near in spirit with us to-night.

They trust in us, they believe in us, they believe God has given them those here who labour for them and with them *there*. We

believe God gave them unto us, and, as His gift to us, it is ours to care well for them for His sake, and to let them see that we recognize and value their confidence in the home power. The past has been a *record* year, yes, a year of record. Human phrases are adapted to spiritual facts. It is a record year that God had ordained in the history of our Mission.

The field lies before us. We are well able to go up and possess it,—let me emphasize the afternoon's text. We have taken up the work our fathers began. To God be the glory of this year of record. We treasure the record of that day of prayer last November. What a day it was! A whole day of earnest, prolonged prayer, in which seventy brethren followed each other to the mercy-seat, while fourteen brief and soul-stirring Gospel addresses were given from the Word. The spirit of harmony prevailed, with a deep-wrought conviction that God was about to appear for us, and send us the men we needed for the work. It was the beginning of days with us. Never before did the Strict Baptist Mission send out men to the foreign mission field; but it has been done this year, and to-night we have with us the dear wife of our beloved Superintendent, and the dear mother of our young brother Ernest Booth. I am sure as we think of their personal self-sacrifice, it is a stimulus to us. We treasure in this record year the goodness of our God. Before our brethren went out in the work, we had sent a Commissioner. Our brother Gray's visit was quite a race, but the results have been helpful, though painful. We anxiously waited what news our brethren would send us from the mission-field. Our brother Hutchinson has sent us facts, and we shall soon know more. Difficulties have arisen. We could not expect all to go on smoothly and perfectly at once. What new machine can be declared perfect until tried? It is no wonder if there be some little grit in some little cog somewhere. Our dear brethren have had much to endure,—at one time left almost resourceless, until supplies reached them. We must keep them going. You must give twice as much to the Mission as you have given; and oh, may He quadruple and doubly quadruple your loving sympathy and prayers as a denomination. Our brother Hutchinson's full report is coming. Don't be surprised if there come some discouragements; they are honest men, and will tell the truth, but NO THING shall fail in our work of all the Lord has spoken.

Numerous are the Scriptures that flow into my heart of God's approval of our work, and I would love to speak of them, but you have several good brethren to speak, and I will not encroach on their time. The past is full of encouragement, while it has been filled with discipline: we go forward full of confidence in our God. God give you warmth of affection and deepening interest, for I can assure you we are not *playing at serving God.*

After a hymn of praise, the Chairman called upon our esteemed Secretary, MR. BRISCOE, to read the Report.

The Report referred to the Day of Special Prayer when the office of Foreign Superintendent was vacant, and detailed how speedily the Lord answered the earnest petitions then presented, and how Messrs. Hutchinson and Booth had been recently sent out to India, who were indeed the *first* missionaries from our Home Churches—all others employed being natives or residents.

Mr. Hutchinson had been actively engaged in visiting the stations, and not having completed his work at the date when the Report was prepared, it was confessedly imperfect. Interesting details of two Sundays spent in

Koilpati in the Tinnevelly district were given, also of our Superintendent's visit to Bangalore, and to Jaffna, Ceylon.

It is probable that Mr. Hutchinson will shortly come over to England, to confer with the Committee as to the future conduct of the Mission, and that when he returns to India his wife and daughter will accompany him.

On the conclusion of the Report, the chairman said:

"I will make no comment, but will say to each of you, Ask for a copy of this Report, get it, and *read it*, then hand it to someone else, and ask for another copy for yourself. It is well worthy an entire; reading you have only heard an abstract.

We miss from our company this evening a very familiar face. I allude to our dear brother WAKELIN, who is confined to his bed. The Chairman then read part of our brother's letter, expressing deep thanks to all generous givers, especially the dear children, with those also who have spoken words of encouragement for our Mission, and begged the friends to continue in prayer that our brethren may soon be able to acquire the language, and preach the word in the native tongue, and send it forth printed also, to be read among the natives.

Brother CATCHPOLE then read the list of Office-bearers and Committee, and a summary of subscriptions received during the year.

At this juncture of the meeting, Mr. MITCHELL moved, and Mr. ABBOTT seconded: "That a vote of loving sympathy be sent from the meeting to our brother Wakelin," remarking that this was the first Annual Meeting of the Society from which our dear brother had been absent. This was very heartily carried.

Mr. ABBOTT then read his statement as Treasurer, which showed a gross expenditure of £1928 2s. 10½d., with a balance in hand of £397 15s. 8½d., also £600 invested in consols.

The chairman remarked that £1,000 was nothing for such a Society to have in hand, it ought to be £5,000, and we must not forget that our brethren in India need more to maintain them than the natives do. They must be well sustained in their work.

MR. WREN, from Bedford, was then called upon to move the adoption of the Report, together with the Financial Accounts, and List of Officers for the ensuing year. Mr. W. responded, and delivered a stirring address on the subject of "Preaching the Gospel to sinners," full of original thought, and evidently delivered with the deep consciousness of the importance of the subject. We can only give a few very brief extracts. After heartily commending Mission work at home and abroad, Mr. W. said:

"If you want to preach to sinners, go to *the Bible* to learn *how*. I always address the ungodly. Let the word of God speak for itself. Declare what it says. Do not half say it. Say it, and *mean* it; and let it be *so* said that they may feel you mean it. Show the Scripture for *what* you say, and then leave the critics to overturn *that*. Bunyan places Evangelist outside the wicket gate,—the world side. Meetings of ministers on this subject would be profitable. None of us know too much of the Bible. There the seed we sow must come from. Jesus knew that His words would be reported the wide world over, as a Prime Minister knows all his utterances will be circulated. *He* began His ministry with "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The speech of Christ is a loud voice to the nations to-day. It is still in circulation. Do I not dishonour my God if I shape my address to those I have to speak to? Read the Epistles through and through, to find the mind of God, and declare it. Study to be

acquainted with it. He will not send it to us by rail, or by Parliament, but by *study*. Get it, and tell it to ALL faithfully. Some are very fond of saying, all Scripture is addressed to character—is it so? What *character* is '*every creature?*' Shape your addresses to none—preach to '*every creature.*' When *orthodoxy* takes the place of the *Word of God*, do not be afraid to throw it over. 'They *so* spake that a great multitude, both of the Jews and also of the Gentiles, believed.' I should like to know more of what is in that word *so*—they *so* spake. What is bread to me will be bread to another. Speak that ye do know. If God sends me to fish, he will not send me inland, but where they are to be caught. God's implements to catch them are those who have a heart in the work. 'They so preached that multitudes believed.' Who believes it? Some do, but *dare not* say it. Have the moral courage to state God's truth.

"If God had not commanded me, I would never tell my fellow-man that there is a hell; but He has commanded me to, and let me be true to Him, and tell it.

"Some are satisfied with speeches; but let us *pray*. We want more private prayer—home prayer. No man can become great, unless great in prayer; and just in proportion as he becomes great in prayer, he will become mighty in faith and love. I am glad to hear of lodging-house missions, and visitations in outlying districts; preaching at the corners of our streets, and wherever we can go to carry the Word of God. Yes, *I like to drop seed* OVER THE GARDEN WALL! I believe there is a rising ministry amongst us that will not rest in the cold, dead orthodoxy, so contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. Preach the Gospel to every creature.

The Chairman remarked: "I devoutly trust that Mr. Wren's address will find an echo in each breast for days and months to come, yea, continually.

"'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,' then we shall not be hindered with creeping thoughts about man's ability. And now do what you can to *send it* where you cannot *go* with it."

The collection was then taken.

The following resolution was proposed by MR. R. E. SEARS, seconded by MR. J. H. LYNN, and carried unanimously.

"That the hearty love and sympathy of this Meeting be sent to our dear brethren Hutchinson and Booth, with the assurance that they are remembered in our prayers; and that we pledge ourselves to do all we can to help them. Brethren, we greet you in the name of our beloved Lord and Master!"

MR. COLLS was then called upon to second the adoption of the report, &c., as proposed by Mr. WREN, which he did in a brief speech enlarging on the sentiments advanced by Mr. Wren on the Gospel ministry to every creature.

MR. WARD, Pastor of the Church at Laxfield, Suffolk, had but a few minutes left for his address; but they were moments well-filled with sound Gospel teaching, exhortation and encouragement, from the words of Psa. xcvi. 3: "Declare His glory among the heathen, His wonders among all people." Suffolk still abounds with lovers of the old faith, whose orthodoxy does not cramp their utterances in faithfully telling out the glory of the Cross. With the power of a living experience of its preciousness, brother Ward observed: "*Declare* it—tell it to all sorts and conditions of men, and God will make it effectual to fulfil His mind and purpose. Who is to declare it? Men who know this glory for themselves, and who will not, cannot hide it up. We cannot all go to India to declare it, but we can go to our God in prayer concerning it, and use all the means in our power to send forth those

whom God has raised up to go forth in this Mission. The Gospel you send shall not be in vain. When *we* arise, we shall assuredly see Him arise to bless."

A vote of thanks to the office-bearers and ladies at Soho, for their hearty labours connected with the Meeting, was proposed by Mr. G. W. Thomas, and seconded by Mr. T. Jones, which was followed by a very hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman.

The collection amounted to £15 8s. 7½d.

E. Marsh.

A Bandy Tour in the Tinnevelly.

(Continued from p. 88.)

AFTER two or three days spent at Koilpati in necessary work, we started again on Wednesday afternoon, 21st August, for Karisalpati (Black Earth Village.) A drive of six or seven miles brings us near the village, just outside which we notice several earthenware pots banked round with earth, space being left underneath for fire. These are vallavikal, or what we should call "coppers," in which the Dhobies, or washermen, boil the clothes entrusted to their "care."

As soon as the bandy stops, just inside the village, where we are to rest for the night, it is surrounded by a crowd more curious than polite, who are greatly interested in the bandy, if not in its occupant. The village itself appears to be particularly uninviting, and the streets or lanes of grey mud huts very narrow. At the entrance to the village, however, a clump of tamarind trees affords grateful shade in the day-time, while in the dusk their roots exposed above the ground are rather fantastic, looking almost like so many snakes Close by is Pilliyar, whose ugly form we have become familiar with at Koilpati. In front of him is a flat stone on which offerings of cocoanuts, &c., are made. A few paces off is a rough, uncarved pillar of granite, about six feet high, which we are told is the Vaishna god Perriamal.

Thursday having been spent in examining members and candidates, we rouse the "boy" at half-past four the following morning, and after a cup of tea are starting a little before six o'clock, just as the light of dawn appears The ever-present ghats stand out in bold relief against the sky, and remind us of the words, "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains," silent, unchanging, unattainable, and apparently far removed from the world's affairs, yet joining earth and heaven.

Umathevampati, about nine miles distant, is our destination, and as we reach it about nine o'clock, it is evident that there is some unwonted excitement. Not only does the usual inquisitive crowd gather round the bandy, or follow us to the school, but there is a gala appearance about the people and the place, which we modestly attribute to our expected arrival. On the latter point we are gradually, but effectually undeceived. We found the school an unpretentious erection of sticks and palmyra leaves, not more than six feet high, and capable of holding about twenty-five children. Here we sat all day, examining members and agents. It was not long before we began to be enlightened as to the festive appearance of things. A double wedding was taking place "next door," and throughout the day our proceedings were enlivened, or otherwise, by the sound of tom-tom and native wind instruments, the blast of which somewhat resembled the sound of bagpipes and a penny tin trumpet. These things are regarded by some people as an intolerable nuisance; but I am at a loss to express the effect of the native instruments, except by stating it as a problem: tin trumpet + bagpipes × 10. In the afternoon the wedding feast took place. Men, women and children sat on the ground in the open-air, *sans ceremonie*, plantain leaves were placed before them as plates, and, while one man went round with a basketful of boiled rice, which he served out with his hands, another man followed with a chattieful of currie, which he poured on to the heaps of rice with a ladle made of cocoa-nutshell and bamboo stick. It was a double wedding, I learned, in more senses than one, for, in addition to two brothers married at the same time, one of them was marrying two wives. Both men were supposed to be Christians!

But all this was only preparatory. I

thought I had, humanly speaking, earned during the day the right to "nature's sweet restorer;" but, however that may be, it was denied to me for more than a very short time. About twelve o'clock I awoke to find that about thirty or forty yards from the bandy in which I was sleeping the wedding ceremonies were again in full swing. The two bridegrooms were, one after the other, led on horseback round the village, and the rest of the night was made hideous by tom-tomming, shrill trumpet blasts, shouting and the flare of torches. The part played by the wives was to follow their mounted lords on foot, and in silence. If their downcast faces were any index to their feelings, the proceedings did not afford them much enjoyment.

The next day being Saturday, a great effort must be made to get back to Koilpati, and yet finish the visitation of this circle. Without proper equipment in the shape of tent, bath and food, life in these villages for more than a few days is very difficult. It means no food except fowls—not even bread—no bathing, and generally a primitive state of existence which may have its humourous side, but a little of which goes a long way. After a cup of tea, therefore, we began operations by examining the school at seven o'clock, and then started for Sinthakampati, a journey of an hour and a half. We halted under the shade of some tamarind trees, near two small, rude mud temples. These contained nothing but sand to represent divinity to the villagers, who, we were told, were too poor to provide themselves with more expensive gods. The contrast this affords to Him who became poor that He might preach good tidings to the poor, is so striking to us that we find it difficult to believe that men can spend their money, even if it be only a few annas or pie, for that which is not bread. So it is, however, and the whole of their religion is so bound up with the idea that salvation is by merit, that nowhere can it be more necessary to preach the counter doctrines of condemnation by the deeds of the law, and salvation by free grace alone.

As soon as we halt, Daniel, our cook—(travelling among Indian villages is impossible without a cook)—is sent, as usual, to "chase a fowl round the compound," and prepare breakfast, while we examine the few members who live here, and the little school. This ends our work in this circle, and having breakfasted at twelve o'clock, we start for Koilpati. Considering the slow pace of the bullocks, we have a long way to go, but hope to get back before dusk. So we spend our Saturday afternoon, alternately walking, and being jolted. Although there had been but little rain recently, the road in two or three places was so bad that we nearly stuck fast in the mud. The bullocks had great difficulty in lifting their feet for each step, but by dint of pushing, and shouting, "Ach! Ach! Ach!" we got through. In one place, however, the off wheel suddenly sank axle-deep in the mud, and the bandy was nearly overturned, but the only damage done was that a strap of the wooden sun-guard was torn off by striking against a tree. Mile after mile was slowly got through during the afternoon; the light gradually faded, and darkness set in before our journey was finished. It was half-past seven when we stopped at the bungalow, dirty and tired, after having driven about eighteen miles in the course of the day, at the rate of two or three miles an hour. "Home, sir!" said Chinniah, as we stopped, thinking I was asleep. *No, no, Chinniah, six thousand miles from home!*

Postscript.

FROM a letter recently received, we presume that Mr. Hutchinson is now on his return journey to England, and we expect will have arrived shortly after this month's issue is published.

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