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The Olive Branch

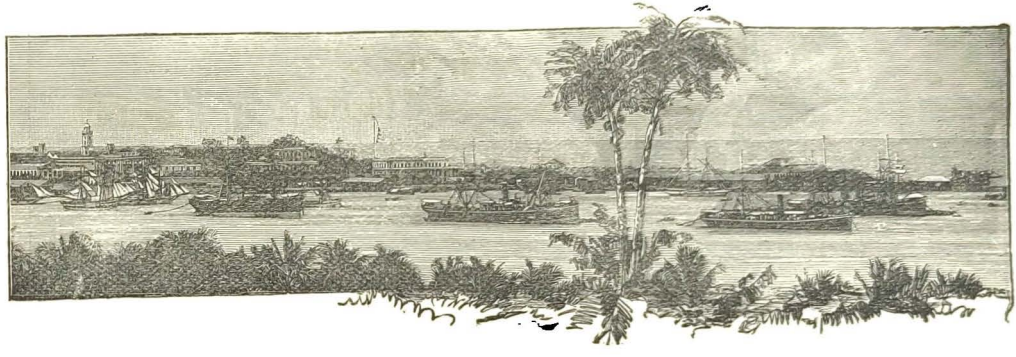
1896

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. K. WAKELIN, 33, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.*; *and* MR. F. J. CATCHPOLE, 11, *Jerningham Road New Cross, S.E.*

VOL. XI., No. 126. JANUARY, 1896. ONE HALFPENNY.



VIEW OF COLOMBO HARBOUR.

Return of Mr. Hutchinson.

AS intimated in our last number, Mr. Hutchinson has returned somewhat sooner than was contemplated. The original agreement was that he should go out for twelve months, and after having made suitable arrangements, come home to fetch his wife and daughter.

Having completed his inspection of the stations, he felt that it was desirable to confer with the Committee as to the future conduct of the Mission. His work has been *thorough*. He has visited every station, not only at Madras and its surroundings, but in the Tinnevelly also, where the villages are scattered, and difficult of access. His examination has not been superficial or general, but individual and particular. Commencing with the agents, he has endeavoured to elicit the Christian experience of every available member of the Churches, making a record of the questions which he put, and taking down the answers which he received. His Report will therefore be full and complete. It is not for us to forecast its details, and still less can we give any idea of the suggestions which will be made.

We are glad that our brother Hutchinson has had a favourable journey home, the following account of which, from his own pen, will be interesting to our readers:—

Homeward Bound.

IT is suggested by Mr. Editor that a description of my homeward journey would be acceptable to the readers of *The Olive-Branch*. Such an idea had not crossed my mind; for, notwithstanding fine weather, I could only regard the journey as being, for the most part, uninteresting.



THE S.S. "GOLCONDA."

However, will you imagine that you are on board the "Golconda," just steaming out of Colombo harbour, late in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 12th of November, a smooth sea beneath, and brilliant sunshine above, while I tell you in a few words why and how I left Koilpati. You can then follow the few events of the voyage with me.

The Committee having received a brief outline of the results of my inspection, a telegram was dispatched to India, which I received on the 24th of October, requesting me to return. Arrangements for my departure filled up the interval between that date and the 8th of November, when I said "good-bye" to Mr. Noble and all at Koilpati, and left with Mr. Booth, who kindly accompanied me to Tuticorin, where we also said "good-bye." An hour or two later, I left Tuticorin for Colombo, reaching there the following morning. Two or three days enabled me to look round Colombo once more, and afforded me the

pleasure of meeting Mr. Waldock, and Mr. Stockley and his wife, of the B. M. S.

So now we are together, in imagination, on the deck of the "Golconda" crossing the Arabian Sea. How glad I should have been if the imagination had been a reality! To have had someone "like-minded" for company would have been welcome indeed, and would have made the voyage altogether enjoyable; but with the fellow-passengers who "cared for none of these things," the only earthly resource was books.

A few hours have passed by, and in the early morning we are gazing upon the western side of the Ghats, which have become so familiar to us at Koilpati; and I cannot help thinking of my brother who is on the other side of those "mountains of division." But India soon recedes from view.

Seven days pass in unvarying monotony before we reach Aden, where we stay all day, discharging cargo, and shipping the produce of Arabia and the east coast of Africa. Leaving Aden late at night, four days are spent on the Red Sea. Passing the peninsula of Sinai on our right, late on Sunday afternoon, the particular peak which is said to be Mount Sinai is pointed out to us. Long and intently we gaze upon the Mount of God in the waning light of the Lord's-day. How profoundly interesting it is to look at the scene of events which were surrounded by such awful splendours! and yet, how difficult to realize the events themselves! Is it possible that those events with which we have been familiar from childhood took place around those rugged rocks, past which we are steaming in this nineteenth century fashion? Ages have passed away; God has revealed Himself more gloriously still; the great drama of history has been played, and world-empires have risen and fallen; yet there stands old Sinai, the same as when Moses received the tables of the law, and the influence of its history is as abiding as itself.

Early next morning we reach Suez, and four hours later enter the canal. The passage of the canal takes us about twenty-one hours, aided during the night by electric light; and Port Said (notorious as the most wicked place on earth) is reached at nine the following morning. Coaling detains us here for three or four hours, and then we enter the Mediterranean. The heat of the tropics has been gradually diminishing; sleeping on deck has had to be discontinued these two or three nights past, and now we are leaving the tropics behind altogether. Passing through the Straits of Messina fixes a little piece of geography in one's mind, and on Saturday, the last day of November, we sight Mount Vesuvius, capped with sullen smoke, and enter the Bay of Naples.

Our sea journey is ended; but, before we land, letters from home,—unexpected but not the less welcome,—are handed to us, one being the monthly letter of our brother, Mr. J. A. Gee, written on behalf of the Chadwell-street Sunday-school teachers, with whom the Editor and I had long years of association, and whose words of affectionate interest and sympathy have once and again cheered me in the Tinnevelly.

Space warns me that I must only hint at the overland journey. After passing without difficulty through the Customs Office, and telegraphing home, the rest of the day is spent in travelling by rail to the Capital of the world; the evening and following day see me a "stranger *in* Rome." Very little, however, did I see of the great city. St. Peter's, the Castle of St. Angelo, Trajan's Column, and a glimpse of an aqueduct had to satisfy me. How much I should have liked to see all the

remains of Rome's former greatness. What is much more interesting from the evangelical point of view is the fact that there are now several Protestant Churches in the Pontifical City. In one of these I worshipped, strangely enough on Missionary Sunday, and the preacher's text, very appropriately, was Mal. i. 11. The Church was situated in the *Via Venti Settembre*, a name reminding Italians of the establishment of their national unity and freedom. This year Italy has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her national birthday, 20th September, 1870, and her rejoicing should awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of all English Protestants; for we may rest assured that, but for the success of Italian patriotism a quarter of a century ago, the sound of the Gospel would never have been heard in the City of the Seven Hills.

Leaving Rome the next morning, about eight o'clock, two days' and nights' continous travelling brought me home at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 4th of December, nearly a month after leaving Koilpati. How good our heavenly Father has been to me and mine perhaps I cannot fully realize; but that He has been very good I am deeply conscious, and am grateful for it.

"Home" is a good word—there is none like it; for the fact it represents is a tremendous power for good, and it is true that "there's no place like home" within the limits of the earthly horizon. But a wider and more spiritual vision discovers that a better place than home, however sweet and dear, is wherever the Master bids us go. And beyond the limits of this lower world is a better place still:—

> "Jerusalem, my happy home,
> Name ever dear to me;
> When shall my labours have an end
> In joy, and peace, and thee?"

"What *social* joys are there!"

A Bandy Tour in the Tinnevelly.

(Continued from page 100.)

IT is four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, August the 28th, and the bullocks have halted beside another mud chapel. The usual crowd has gathered round at the rare sight of a *pukka* bandy and an Englishman, and are watching the preparations for tea with great interest. What a splendid opportunity it offers for preaching the Gospel! But the object of my visitations, and all the attendant circumstances, make it almost impossible to include preaching in my programme. How much more agreeable and spiritually inspiring it would be to preach the Gospel, I must leave to the imagination of friends at home; but the present work of discovery and preparation, will, we trust, lay a foundation for good work in the future.

This time the place is Melapathur, (*pro.* Māluputoor) a village about twelve miles north of Koilpati, towards which we have been wending our way since eleven o'clock this morning. Interesting incidents are few and far between, and perhaps some readers of the *Olive-Branch* may think these papers lacking in this respect. To others, however, as to me, it is of interest that in passing through a village called Appanary, (*pro.* Uppunury) in the course of the morning I had the opportunity of a little talk with a few of the villagers in front of one of the village idols named Erulapaswamy. The men listened attentively while I reasoned with them that this could not be God. They quite acquiesced in the fact that it could neither see nor hear, but as they seemed to consider it to be a representation of the Supreme Being, I endeavoured to show them how unreasonable it was to suppose that the great Creator, who made the mountains we

saw in the distance, could be represented by any figure. The men could not read, but I got one of the village boys standing by to read part of the first chapter of John to them, and then left them the Gospel of John, on their promising to hear it read. I am sure that with properly equipped men—equipped, that is, in heart, as well as in mind and body, and with proper organization, there is a great work before our Mission in the proclamation of God's free grace in these benighted villages.

I found that a large number of members living at Melapathur had gone to a wedding in a neighbouring village, and would not return for some days. This rather upset my plans. I had hoped to examine this circle by the end of the week, and every hour, of course, was valuable; but I had to content myself for this day with the examination of the native preacher in charge of the circle, and then attended the evening service, which he conducted.

The next morning, after examining all the available members, I drove to a village two or three miles off called Anbinagaram, (*pro.* Unbinugurum) and spent the rest of the day in examining the school and the members. A long and busy day ended with the usual service in the chapel, but, being tired, I remained outside to rest, listening to the noisy lyric singing and tom-tom beating. Very soon the noise seemed to cease, and I found Chinniah standing beside me, telling me it was half-past eleven, and that I had been asleep. I concluded that I had better retire to the bandy.

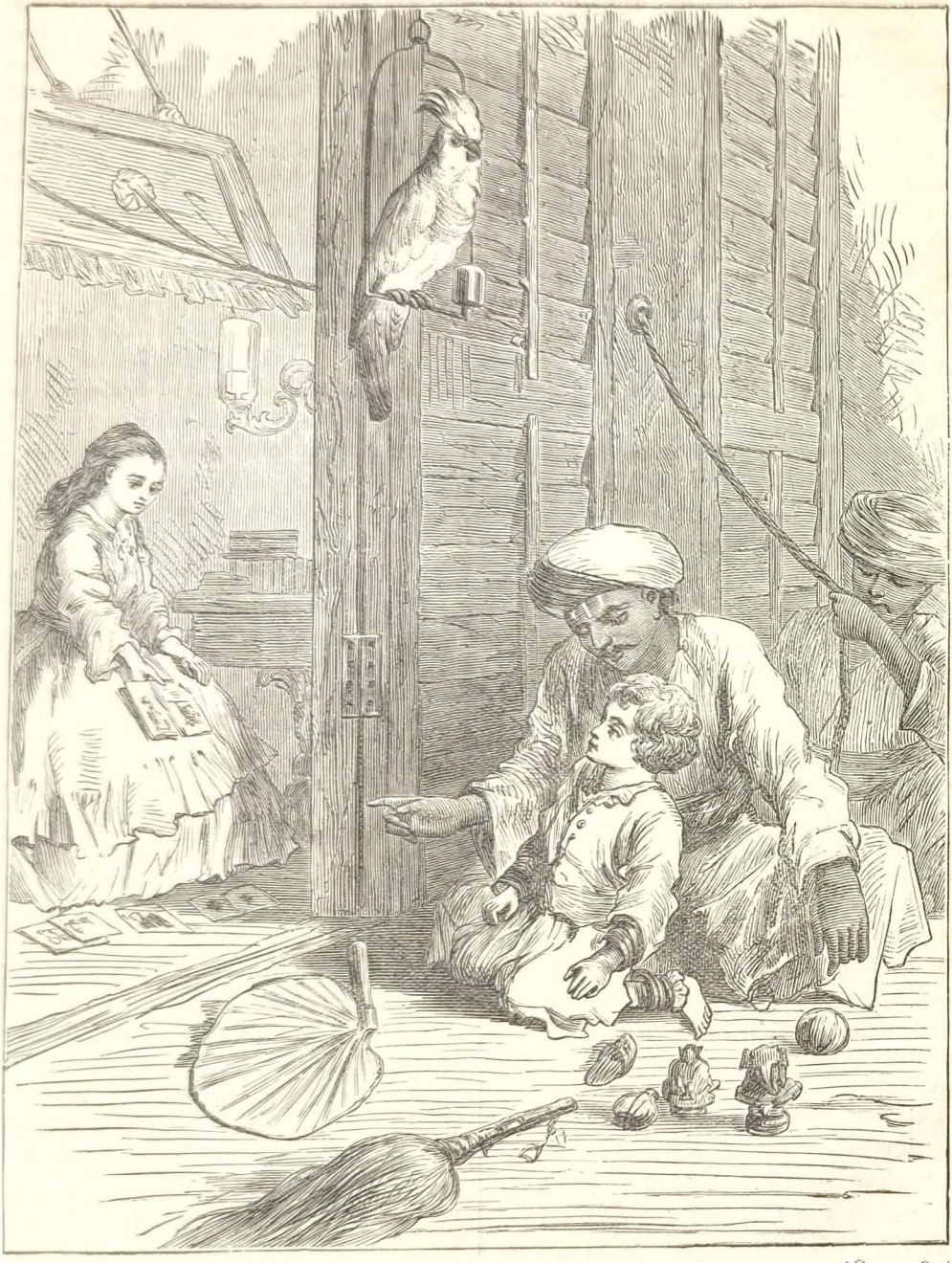
Anbinagaram is a small village, in no way remarkable but for the fact that it is entirely non-heathen, and is destitute of idols. It is the only village I have met with which is not disfigured by the ugly symbols of a false worship; and the absence of these was so remarkable, by comparison, that it enabled me to realise how different India would be if her idols and temples were "utterly abolished." That this day will surely come, there can be no doubt. Whether it is coming as quickly as some think, my short experience of India will not, of course, enable me to judge. At all events, the burden of the prayer of spiritual Christendom should be, that in turning from the false worship of centuries, the Hindus may be turned to the vital knowledge of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. Of nominal Christianity there is already a great deal among the low-caste population, but of saving faith in Christ I fear there is but little.

The following morning was occupied in visiting Salvarapati, (*pro.* Sulvuruputty,) three miles distant, and examining both school and members in the small new mud chapel. Returning to Anbinagaram about mid-day, to breakfast, the afternoon was spent in enforced, but welcome, rest, and the evening in further examinations, some of the people coming from the neighbouring village of Atchankullam, (*pro.* Utchunkoollum.)

Finding it would be impossible to finish this circle before the end of the week, we returned to Koilpati the following day, (Saturday,) starting an hour before daylight, and reached head-quarters at nine o'clock, before the excessive heat of noontide.

Monday afternoon found me again on the way to Melapathur. This time, however, I have the pleasure of Mr. Booth's company. I have urged him to take a rest, and although a week's bandy tour is rather an Irish method of taking a rest, I am in hopes that a change from the monotonous routine of life in Koilpati may be beneficial to him.

(To be continued.)



LITTLE HENRY LOOKING AT THE PICTURES. (See p. 8.)

Little Henry and his Bearer.

By Mrs. SHERWOOD.

[With the view of making our magazine attractive to the young, we commence with the present number a reprint of an Indian story that was a favourite in our young days, and which will doubtless be now, and certainly interesting, to most of our youthful readers.—Ed.]

HENRY L—— was born at Dinapore in the East Indies. His papa was an officer in the Company's service, and was killed in attacking a mud fort belonging to a Zeemendar, (a landholder) a few months after the birth of his son. His mamma also died before he was a year old. Thus little Henry was left an orphan when he was a very little baby; but his dying mother, when taking her last farewell of him, lifted up her eyes to heaven, and said, "O God, I leave my fatherless child with Thee, claiming Thy promise in all humility, yet in full confidence that my baby will never be left destitute; for in Thee the fatherless find mercy." The promise to which she alluded is found in Jeremiah xlix. 11. "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me."

As soon as Henry's mamma was dead, a lady, who lived at that time in a large house near the river, between Patna and Dinapore, came and took little Henry, and gave him a room in her house, giving strict orders to her servants to provide him with everything that he wanted. But as she was one of those fine ladies who will give their money (when they have any to spare) for the relief of distress, but have no idea how it is possible for any one to bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and yet want charity; she thought that when she had received the child, and given her orders to her servants, she had done all that was necessary for him. She would not afterwards suffer Henry to give her the least trouble, nor would she endure the smallest inconvenience on his account: and thus the poor child, being very young, and unable to make known his wants, might have been cruelly neglected, had it not been for the attention of a bearer,* who had lived for many years with his papa, and had taken care of Henry from the day that he was born.

When he was a very little baby, Boosy (for that was the bearer's name) attended him night and day, warmed his pap, rocked his cot, dressed and undressed and washed him, and did everything for him as tenderly as if he had been his own child. The first word that little Henry tried to say was Boosy; and when he was only ten months old he used to put his arms round his neck, and kiss him, or stroke his swarthy cheek with his little delicate hand.

When Henry was carried to the lady's house, Boosy went with him; and for some years the little child had no other friend than his bearer. Boosy never left his *choota sahib*, (little master,) except for two hours in the twenty-four,) when he went to get his *khauna*, (food.) At night he slept on his mat at the foot of the child's cot; and whenever Henry called, he was up in a moment, and had milk or toast-and-water ready to give him to drink. Early in the morning, before sunrise, he took him out in a little carriage which was provided for him, or carried him in his arms around the garden. When he brought him in, he bathed him, and dressed him, and gave him his breakfast, and put him into his cot to sleep: and all the day long he played with him, sometimes carrying him in his arms, or on his shoulder, and sometimes letting him walk, or roll upon the carpet. Everybody who came to the house, noticed the kindness of Boosy to the child, and he got presents

*A servant, whose work is to carry a palanquin; but who is frequently employed to take care of children.

from many people for his goodness to Henry

When Henry was two years old, he had a dreadful illness: so alarming indeed was it, that for many days it was thought he would die. He had another very severe illness when he was four years old, for he was never a very healthy child. During the height of these sicknesses, his bearer never left him; nor would he take any rest, even by the side of his bed, till he thought the danger was over.

These things considered, it cannot be a matter of wonder that this little boy, as he grew older, should love his bearer more than all the world besides; for his bearer was almost his only friend, no one else taking much thought about him. Henry could not speak English, but he could talk with Boosy in *his* language as fast as possible; and he knew every word, good or bad, which the natives spoke. He used to sit in the verandah, between his bearer's knees, and chew paun, (an intoxicating mixture of opium and sugar,) and eat sweetmeats. He wore no shoes nor stockings, but was dressed in *pangammuhs*, (trousers) and had silver bangles on his ankles. No one could have told by his behaviour or manner of speaking that he was not of Indian origin, but his delicate complexion, light hair and blue eyes at once shewed his parentage.

Thus his life passed till he was five years and a half old: for the lady in whose house he lived (although he was taught to call her mamma) paid him no kind of attention; and it never occurred to her that it was right to give him any religious instruction. He used to see his bearer and the other natives worshipping, and carrying about their wooden and clay gods; and he knew that his mamma sometimes went to church at Dinapore: so he believed that there were a great many gods, and that the god to whom his mamma prayed at Dinapore was no better than the gods of wood and stone, and clay, which his bearer worshipped. He also believed that the river Ganges was a goddess, and called Gunga; and that the water of the river could take away sins. He believed, too, that the Mussulmans were as good as Christians, for his mamma's *khaunsaumaun* (a kind of house-steward) had told him so. Henry was, moreover, taught by the servants many things which a little boy should not know; but the servants, being heathens, could not be expected to teach him anything better; and therefore they were not so much to be blamed as the lady who had undertaken the charge of him, who might have been ashamed to leave the child of Christian parents under the care of such persons. When Henry was five years old, a young lady, who had just arrived from England, came to reside for a while with his mamma. She was the daughter of a worthy clergyman in England, and had received from him a religious education. She had brought with her from home a box of Bibles, and some pretty children's books and pictures. When she saw poor little Henry sitting in the verandah, as his custom was, between his bearer's knees, with many other native servants surrounding him, she loved him, and was very sorry for him; for, indeed, it is a dreadful thing for little children to be left among people who know not God. So she took some of the prettiest coloured pictures she had, and spread them on the floor of the room, the door of which opened into the verandah near the place where the little boy usually sat. When Henry peeped in and saw the pictures, he was tempted by them to come into the room; but at first he would not venture in without his bearer.

(To be continued.)

A Word of Explanation

Seems necessary, with reference to the statement on p. 97 of last number. The actual expenditure of the Mission was £1,230 7s. 2d. £300 were invested in consols. during the year, and there is a balance in hand of £397 15s. 8½d. These three amounts represent the total of £1,928 2s. 10½d.

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VOL. XI., No. 127. **FEBRUARY, 1896.** ONE HALFPENNY

A Bandy Tour in the Tinnevelly.

BY MR. S. HUTCHINSON.

(Continued from page 5.)

ARRIVING at sunset, we can do nothing until after dinner, when we are engaged for two or three hours under the brilliant moonlight in the customary examinations, Mr. Booth, at my request, giving me relief by conducting some of them, as also on subsequent occasions. The next morning having been similarly employed, a welcome diversion, in the shape of letters from home, sent by special messenger from Koilpati, turns the channel of our thoughts for awhile, and about four o'clock we start for Kallpothan, (*pro.* Kullpothun) ten miles north-east of Melapathur. Kallpothan is not reached until eight o'clock, long after dark. Physical needs must first be attended to, and we have to wait while Daniel takes possession of somebody's kitchen, and gets supper ready. There is a tiny chapel, capable of holding about twenty people, but we prefer resting in the open-air It is ten o'clock before we can get to work, and between that time and midnight we examine ten persons.

Our day's work—or night's—is not done, however. The visitation of this village ha completed the Melapathur circle of stations ; but I am anxious to visit another circle this week, before returning. This can only be accomplished by starting at once for Messiapuram, twelve or thirteen miles distant. Bandy drivers, interpreter and cook have anticipated resting here for the night, and there is some difficulty in getting them together, and persuading them that we are really going off at once. Energetically aided by Mr. Booth, and with a liberal use of "*Sekirram !*" (quickly) I get the two pairs of bullocks yoked, the chatties, &c., repacked, and we are ready to start at one a.m., (Wednesday.) Our brother and I compose ourselves on the floor of my bandy, sardine fashion, to rest and sleep, so far as the jolting of the bandy during the remainder of the night will allow. I fancy I get the lion's share of comfort, and therefore of sleep ; but, however that may be, we reach Messiapuram at eight o'clock, and are welcomed by Marryan.

We stayed at Messiapuram till about the middle of the following day, engaged as usual. Marryan did his best to make us comfortable in his house, but the bathing arrangements

were primitive and awkward, and the smoke from the kitchen wood fire, in the absence of chimneys, endeavoured to find an outlet through our eyes, with consequent rebellion on their part.

On Thursday, a short journey of less than an hour brought us, at two in the afternoon, to Panniadipati, (*pro.* Punniardiputty) where ten members had to be examined, partly in the afternoon, and partly in the evening, when they returned from work. In the interval some of the villagers came and told us that a woman had poisoned herself about an hour before, and they seemed to expect us to tell them what to do. Reference to a handy book enabled us to question them, and come to the conclusion that the poison was an acid, and that the readiest remedy, if not the only available one, was to scrape some plaster from a wall, and administer it in water, followed by a dose of castor oil! The remedy seemed to take the native mind rather by surprise; but we had the satisfaction, before leaving a few hours later, of learning that the woman was still alive, and better.

At nine o'clock we were on the move again, and about half-past three or four the next morning I awoke to find myself a Mathankoilpati, (*pro.* Martharnkoilputty) the bandy having stopped half-an-hour before. Sleep claimed me again until six, and, the morning having been spent in work, mid-day saw us on the way to Latchamapuram, (*pro.* Lutchumarpoorum) which was reached in an hour. Here there were only three members to be examined; and after inspecting a piece of land suitable for a chapel, another hour's drive brought us to Ramathavampati, (*pro.* Rarmatarvumputty) about four in the afternoon. While Mr. Booth saw the bandies fixed up, in view of our having to wait until the evening for the arrival of members, I examined the school. The members, however, did not put in an appearance, and we were off once more about midnight, as arranged. When we *should* have started, but for Mr. Booth, I cannot say; for directly after dinner, or supper, I fell asleep in the bandy, to be awakened only by the bustle of preparation for departure. Hearing my friend's voice outside, directing operations, I knew the matter was in good hands, and lazily concluded to stay where I was. I was glad to learn afterwards that while I was asleep Mr. Booth had been preaching in the darkness to the villagers, extemporising a pulpit by sitting on the pole of the bandy.

This time we are returning to Messiapuram which we reach in five hours, just at dawn. Having indulged in an hour's rest, and a cup of cocoa, we drove to a neighbouring village, Uthapati, (*pro.* Ootaputty,) but, being disappointed in finding only three members to examine, soon returned to Messiapuram, and after breakfast were ready to start at ten o'clock for Koilpati. Much to my regret, however, Mr. Booth had symptoms of fever, which threatened to be serious, and which several hours' driving in the heat of the sun at a temperature of 98° in the shade would not be likely to alleviate. I began to fear that I had been unwise in crowding so much into the week, and could only excuse myself in some degree by reason of the fact that my friend had so readily seconded my plans, and so willingly helped me to carry them out. The timely use of medicine, however, did him so much good, that, on arrival at Koilpati at three in the afternoon, he was better rather than worse. So ended another week's bandying in the Tinnevelly.

(To be continued.)

Little Henry and his Bearer.

By Mrs. SHERWOOD.

(Continued from p. 8.)

AFTERWARDS, when he got more accustomed to the lady, he was contented that his bearer should sit at the door, while he went in. And at last he quite lost all fear, and would go in by himself: nay, he never was more happy than when he was with this lady; for she tried every means to gain his love, in order that she might lead him to receive such instructions as the time of her intended stay with his mamma would allow her to give him.

She was very sorry when she found that he could not speak English; however, she was resolved not to be checked by this difficulty. She taught him many English words by showing him things represented in the coloured pictures, telling him their English names; so that in a short time he could ask for anything he wanted in English. She then taught him his letters, in one of the little books she had brought from home, and from his letters she proceeded to spelling: and so diligent was she, that, before he was six years old, he could spell any word, however difficult, and could speak English quite readily.

While this young lady was taking pains, from day to day, to teach little Henry to read, she endeavoured by word of mouth to make him acquainted with such parts of the Christian religion as even the youngest ought to know, and without the knowledge of which no one can be a Christian; and she did not like to wait until Henry could read his Bible before she would instruct him in objects of so much importance.

The first lesson of this kind which she strove to teach him was that there was only one true God, and that all things were made by Him; namely, the glorious heaven to which those persons go who have been made the children of God; and the dreadful hell, where those go who die in their sins; the world, and all things in it; the sun, the moon, the stars, and all the heavenly bodies. And she was going to teach him the following words from Colossians i. 16: "For by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth,"—but no sooner did little Henry understand that she meant to teach him that there is but *one* God, than he became very angry, and told her that she did not speak *a true word;* for his mamma had a God, and his bearer had a god, and there were a great many gods besides: and he ran out into the verandah, and told his bearer what the *chhoota bebee* (young lady) had said; and down he sat between his bearer's knees, and would not come again to her that day, although she brought out her finest pictures and a new book, on purpose to tempt him.

The young lady did not fail to pray very earnestly for little Henry that night, when she had withdrawn to her room, and the door was shut. And her Father, on whom she called in secret, in the name of His beloved Son, heard her prayer: for the next day little Henry came smiling into her room, having quite forgotten his ill-humour; and she was now enabled to talk to him with advantage on the same subject. And she made him kneel down and pray to God to give him sense to understand the truth. She had also provided herself with one of the Hindoo gods made of baked earth, and she bade him look at it and examine it well; she then threw it down upon the floor, and it was broken into a hundred pieces. Then she said, "Henry, what can this god do for you? It cannot help itself. Call to it, and ask it to get up.

You see it cannot move."—And that day the little boy was convinced by her arguments.

The next discourse which the young lady had with Henry was upon the nature of God. She taught him that God is a spirit; that He is everywhere; that He can do everything; that He can see everything; that he can hear everything; that He knows even the inmost thoughts of our hearts; that He loves that which is good, and hates that which is evil; that He never had a beginning, and never will have an end.

Henry now began to take pleasure in hearing of God, and asked many questions about Him. He next learnt that God made the world in six days, and rested from his work on the seventh, and that he made man and woman innocent at first. He was then taught how our forefather Adam was tempted, with Eve, his wife, to eat the forbidden fruit: and how by this means sin entering into the world, and the nature of Adam becoming sinful, all we his children, being born in his likeness, are sinful also.

Henry here asked what sin is.

"Sin, my child," answered the lady, "is whatever displeases God. If your mamma were to desire you to come into her room, or to do something for her, and you were to refuse, would she not have reason to be displeased with you?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"Or, if you ask Boosy to fan you, or to carry you in your palanquin, and Boosy does something quite different; or if you desire him to carry you one way, and he carries you another, would he not do wrong?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Well, then, whatever you do contrary to the commands of God displeases Him, and is sin."

But the lady still found great difficulty in making Henry understand the nature of sin; for he had been so neglected, that he did not know right from wrong. He did not consider a lie as sinful; nor feel ashamed of stealing, unless it was found out. He thought also, that if anybody hurt him, it was right to hurt them in return. After several days, however, she made the subject clear to him; and then further explained how sin has corrupted all our hearts; and she made him repeat the following words until he could say them quite well. "The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God. They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." Psalm xiv. 2, 3.

She next made the little boy understand that eternal death, or everlasting punishment, is the consequence of sin: and he soon could repeat two or three verses to prove this; one was, "The unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God." 1 Cor. vi. 9. Also Matt. xxvi. 46, and Mark ix. 44—48.

And now the lady had brought Henry to know that he and all the world were sinners, and that the punishment of sin is eternal death; and that it was not in his power to save himself, nor for anything on the earth to wash him from his sins; and she had brought him several times to ask her with great earnestness what he must do to be saved, and how his sins could be forgiven, and his heart freed from evil tempers—her next lesson, therefore, was to explain to him what the Lord Jesus Christ had done for him: how "God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory;" 1 Tim. iii. 16; and how we have redemption through His blood, He having

made peace for us through the blood of His cross. Col. i. 14, 20.

Little Henry was particularly pleased whenever he heard of the Saviour: and, by Divine grace, his heart seemed to be wonderfully filled with love to his Redeemer; and he was so afraid of offending Him, that he became careful of every word he said, and of everything he did; and he was always asking the young lady if this was right, and if that was right? and if God would be angry with him if he did this or that; so that in a short time his whole behaviour was altered. He never said a bad word, and was vexed when he heard any other person do it. He spoke so mildly and civilly to everybody. He would return the salaam of the poorest *voolie*, (a man of low caste. If anybody had given him a *rupee*,* he would not spend it in sweetmeats or playthings; but he would change it into *pice* (copper coins) and give to the *fakeers*† who were blind or lame, or such as seemed to be in real distress, as far as it would go.

One day Henry came into the lady's room, and found her opening a box of books. "Come," said she, "Henry, help me to unpack these books, and to carry them to my bookcase." Now while they were thus busy, and little Henry was much pleased to think he could make himself useful, the lady said, "These books have different kinds of covers, and some are larger than others, but they all contain the same words, and are the Book of God. If you read this book, and, with God's help, keep the sayings written in it, it will bring you to heaven; it will bring you to where your beloved Redeemer is, who died for your sins."

"Oh, I wish," said Henry, "that I had one of these books! I will give you all my playthings, ma'am, and my little carriage, for one of them."

The lady smiled, and said, "No, my dear, keep your playthings, and your little carriage too: you shall have any one of these books you like best."

Henry thanked the lady with all his heart, and called Boosy in to give his advice, whether he should choose a book with a purple morocco cover, or one with a red cover. When he had fixed upon one, he begged a piece of silk of the lady, and carried it to the tailor, to make him a bag for his new Bible; and that same evening he came to the lady, to beg her to teach him to read it. So that day he began: and he was several days over the first chapter of Genesis: but the next chapter was easier, and the third easier still; till, very soon, he was able to read any part of the Bible without hesitation.

With what joy and gratitude to God did the young lady see the effect of her pious labours! She had, in the space of a year and a half, brought a little orphan from the grossest state of heathen darkness and ignorance to a competent knowledge of those doctrines of the Christian religion which are chiefly essential to salvation. She had put into his hand the Book of God, and had taught him to read it: and God had, in an especial manner, answered all her prayers for the dear child.

The time was now coming on when she must leave little Henry; and the thoughts of this parting were very painful to her. Some days before she set out on her journey, she called him into her room, and questioned him concerning the things which she had taught him! directing him, as often as he could, to give his answers from the Bible. Her first question was, "How many Gods are there?"

*A silver coin of the value of two shillings.

†Beggars; a religious order of men, somewhat like monks or dervishes.

HENRY. "There is but one God; and there is none other but He." Mark xii. 32.

LADY. Do you not believe that there are three persons in this one God?

HENRY. "There are three that bear record in heaven; the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one."—1 John v. 7.

LADY. What do you mean by the Word?

HENRY. The Word is the Lord Jesus Christ.

LADY. Do you know that from the Bible?

HENRY. Yes; for St. John says, in the first chapter of his Gospel, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not."

LADY. Did God make man good at first?

HENRY. Yes; for in the first chapter of the Bible, the last verse, it is written, "God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

LADY. Are men very good now? Can you find me one person who deserves to be called good?

HENRY. I need not look into the Bible to answer that question. I need but just get nto the palanquin, and go into the bazaar, and show you the people there; I am sure I could not find one good person in all the bazaar.

LADY. But I think, Henry, you might spare yourself the trouble of going into the bazaar to see how bad human creatures are: could you not find proofs of that nearer home?

HENRY. What, our servants you mean? Or, perhaps, the ladies who are in the hall with my mamma? They laughed at the Bible at breakfast; I knew what they meant, very well; and my mamma laughed too. I am sure nobody can say that they are good.

LADY. No, my dear; those poor ladies are not good: it would be misleading you to say that they are. But as we cannot make them better by speaking ill of them in their absence, it would be as well not to mention them at all, unless it were in prayer to God that He would turn their hearts. But to return to my question—You need not go so far as the hall for an answer to it. There is a little boy in this very room, called Henry: can he be said to be a good boy? A very few months ago, that little boy used to tell lies every day: and only yesterday I saw him in a passion, because the *sais** would not let him get on the back of one of the coach-horses; and I think, but I am not sure, that he gave the *sais* a blow with a stick.

HENRY. I know it was very wicked, but I hope I did not hurt him. I hope God will give me grace never to do so again. I gave the *sais* all that I had left of my rupee, this morning; and I told him that I was very sorry.

LADY. I mentioned it, my dear, that you might know where to look for an answer to my question.

HENRY. Oh! I know that I am not good. I have done many, many naughty things which nobody knows of; no, not even Boosy. And God only can know the naughtiness of my heart.

LADY. Then you think yourself a sinner?

HENRY. A very great one.

LADY. Where do sinners go when they die?

HENRY. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Psalm ix. 17.

LADY. If all wicked people are turned into hell, how can you escape?

HENRY. If I believe on the Lord Jesus

*A servant who has charge of a horse.



HENRY STRIKING THE SAIS WITH A STICK. (*See p.* 14.)

Christ, I shall be saved. Stay one moment, and I will show you the verse. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi. 31.

LADY. What! if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, shall you go to heaven with all your sins? Can sinful creatures be in heaven?

HENRY. No: to be sure not. God cannot live with sinners. He is of "purer eyes than to behold evil." Hab. i. 13. But if I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, He will take away my sin: for His "blood cleanseth from all sin," 1 John i. 7; and He will give me a new heart, and make me a new creature, and I shall be purified, as He is pure. 1 John iii. 3.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Hutchinson and the Committee.

IT has been a joy to the Committee to greet and commune with our beloved Superintendent, Brother Samuel Hutchinson. His visit to the homeland has been much sooner than was expected, owing to the very important nature of the matters on which personal consultation and mutual counsel were necessary, and which could not be satisfactorily dealt with by mail. Some of the effects of what he has made known have been, to intensify our devotion to the Mission; to deepen the sense of our great and grave responsibilities; to confirm our judgment that our brother is the direct gift of God, and that such a colleague is necessary for the conduct of the work; and to draw us closer to our heavenly Father in humiliation, and in earnest prayer and praise.

A vast amount of detail imperatively claims all the time and thought that he, with us, can devote during our brother's brief stay. It is ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY that he should speedily return to India.

In common with our friends throughout the country, we looked forward with much desire to a glad re-union, or a series of public meetings during our Superintendent's visit, but it is ordered otherwise. The time at our disposal is not sufficient for suitable arrangements to be made; and, if it were, the close application requisite for the re-organization of the Mission, and the execution of the onerous duties devolving, precludes us from taking such advantage of his short sojourn. We trust the churches will, with us, bear the disappointment graciously, and devote the more energy and gifts to this glorious work, seeing they are debarred the opportunity of such meetings, and of liberal collections thereat. This sweet service of our crucified and risen Saviour, to which we are most evidently and emphatically called, will surely fully compensate for the loss of the great gratification that we so ardently desired.

Our brother's intercourse with us, after having laboriously and minutely acquainted himself with the conditions of all the stations has been of incalculable advantage. We know more definitely "what to pray for," and we seek the Holy Spirit's blessed inward intercession that it may also be "as we ought." Accordant praise and thanksgiving will find expression in corresponding work.

Shortly we shall mingle grief and joy in farewells, and bid a whole-souled God-speed to beloved Samuel Hutchinson and his precious wife. May the mightiness and tenderness of Divine Love ever attend them, and may much fruit be gathered from the labours of our Superintendent, his true yoke-fellow, dear Ernest Booth, and all the colleagues, native and otherwise, that the King of Grace may associate with them.

J. H. L.

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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. K. WAKELIN, 83, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.; and* MR. F. J. CATCHPOLE, 11, *Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E.*

VOL. XI., NO. 128. MARCH, 1896. ONE HALFPENNY.



The Orphan of Juggernaut.

A BRAHMIN family in the north of India set out on a pilgrimage to the temple of Juggernaut. They knew and felt that they were sinful, and thought that by this pilgrimage they could atone for their sins. They had never heard of Christ. The family consisted of a man, his wife, an infant of two or three months old, and a few servants. They had proceeded to within 120 miles of the temple, when the mother was attacked by cholera. The father then left her, proceeded on his journey, and probably sacrificed himself to the idol.

With great difficulty, the suffering mother dragged herself and her babe to the door of a house, where she expected to find the succour she needed ; but her hope was vain. There are no sympathizing hearts among real heathen.

Some little time afterwards, a missionary

passed on his way to preach to the pilgrims, and found her lying on the ground, under the shade of a large tree, unaided, uncared for, with the starving infant clinging to her. Just then a fearful storm threatened to burst upon their heads. The missionary had to walk some miles before he could procure a cup of milk for her; and for the first time she heard the "story of grace" from the friend who so tenderly cared for her perishing body. In a few days she died. What was then to become of her little girl? Girls are always unwelcome to the heathen, and a mother could not be found to tend it. A native doctor was asked by the missionary what could be done for the infant. "Let it die too," was his reply.

The missionary then resolved to take the forlorn little one to his own home, whilst the native doctor took the gold and silver ornaments the woman wore, and the money that was found on her person.

The starving condition of the child was soon shown after its reception under the missionary's roof. Some food was put upon a plate on the floor, and while a spoon was being sent for, the little thing crawled to it, and began to feed herself.

Years rolled on, and the child was taken to America, and placed in a boarding-school. Afterwards she returned to her native country, and became an assistant teacher in one of the schools of the Mission which had been her happy home. She subsequently married a highly-educated Christian Rajpoot. No heathen rites nor Hindu revellings were practised at their wedding, but they lived to the praise of the God who had saved her life so near that very spot.

A Bandy Tour in the Tinnevelly.

By Mr. S. Hutchinson.

(Continued from page 10.)

THE moon has risen, and is just glinting through the trees, so we must be off! The rest of Koilpati is asleep, but we have been waiting in the darkness for this silent signal to begin our night's journey. The cooking chatties are packed together with the rice, cocoa-nuts, chillies, &c., &c., and there is nothing now to delay our departure. "Ach!" and the bullocks slowly move. This time we have the luxury of a road, such as it is, and are accompanied by several of the native agents. They have been attending the monthly pay-meeting held this afternoon, and are now returning to their homes. The prospect of walking throughout the night, it seems to me, must be extremely unpleasant; but they settle themselves to it with characteristic unconcern. Chinniah is not quite so regardless of comfort, and, as Mr. Booth is is not travelling with me on this occasion, evidently reckons on sharing the bandy, as before. I affect unconsciousness of this for awhile, but soon invite him to enter, when he needs no second bidding. Sleep makes the night pass easily on my part; and when I awake in the early morning I wonder how the natives are faring; but there they are, still plodding cheerily on, without any visible sign of fatigue.

Vagikullam appears in sight about six o'clock, and the square steeple of the C. M. S. Church, reminds me, at first sight, of an English village. The proceedings of the day are slightly varied by a present of betel leaves, &c., brought by some of the members; but, as I have not yet adopted the native custom of chewing betel-leaf, Daniel after-

wards reaps the benefit of the gift. The leaf, after being smeared with *chunam* or lime (kept in a little box for the purpose), is rolled up and chewed with areca nut, and, in many cases, tobacco. The ruddy salivary streams which are the immediate result, and the blackening effect produced upon the teeth by long indulgence of the habit, need only be hinted at.

At five the next morning, we leave Vagikullam for Kondarathapati, and the beginning of the journey is beguiled by watching the sunrise. As the dawn increases, the sky becomes delicately tinted with various colours, and light fleecy rolls of cloud rest here and there on the summit of the ghats, which at present wear a sombre aspect. Just before the sun appears, streaks of cloud in the east glitter like burnished gold, and the ghats, with their fleecy white caps, are touched with faint rose-colour. A minute later, and the colour is gone, leaving the mountains as sombre as before ; but, as the sun rises higher, the effect of light and shade on their rugged surface is very pretty. Kondarathapati is reached soon after eight, but we find that members are absent, and that very little can be done that day ; so in the afternoon we leave for Alagapuri, reaching there a little before sunset, and stay the night, after examining the school and members. Up soon after three the next morning, we are back at Kondarathapati about six. Rarely does a gleam of humour relieve the wearying monotony of these examinations ; but here, at least, we get one. In answer to a question, a woman has told me when she was baptized; but the native preacher, who is present, disputes the date. Naturally, I incline to the supposition that the woman must know best; but the preacher, (an energetic, outspoken man, unlike the general run of Tamils,) exclaims, in a tone of great surprise, "What does *she* know about it? *She's only a woman!*"

It was now Friday, mid-day, and I was a little perplexed to know what course to take. I was anxious, on the one hand, to finish my work in this part of the country, and, on the other hand, not to spend Sunday in these villages, having no proper equipment. If I went on, as I desired, there appeared to be little prospect of getting back to Koilpati by Saturday night; while, if I returned now, I should have to come all the way back the following week for an hour or two's work. I decided, eventually, to go on and finish, hoping that perhaps some way of getting back might open. Three hours' drive brought me to Kovilakannie, where I found a very neat and substantial little chapel, capable of holding about thirty-five people. It was, of course, destitute of seats, but it had the advantage of a brick floor. Examinations over, we stay the night, intending to make an effort tomorrow to get back. Next morning, therefore, we are astir soon after three, an hour later arriving at Perampathur, where, in the darkness, we stop to meet one or two members, and make tea by the road-side. This delays us nearly an hour, and we do not reach Sankaranainarkoil until about seven. Thirty miles from Koilpati, and the bullocks are already tired! No, it can't be done in this way! Daniel is despatched, therefore, to make enquiries in the town; with the result, after some delay in bargaining, that I succeed in hiring a bandy and horse for three rupees from a Mohammedan, who undertakes that I shall reach Koilpati this afternoon. No time is lost in putting the baggage into the new bandy ; and the old bandy and bullocks are left behind, with instructions to the driver to return on Monday. The horse has a strong disinclination to leave his home, but, after

making several ineffectual protests, proves to have plenty of "go" in him, and we rattle on at a most exhilarating pace. But the road is not of the best, and now and again there are sudden depressions where, in wet weather, it is crossed by streams. These the driver takes with a reckless disregard of bandy, luggage, or passengers, and one is obliged to hold on tightly, to avoid being pitched into the road. Holding on like this, hour after hour, exhilaration subsides into endurance, and the milestones are eagerly counted as we go by, till at last Koilpati once more appears in sight, and we finish our first bandy tour in the Tinnevelly, between three and four in the afternoon, none the worse for our novel experiences.

"Preaching in the Darkness."

Written after reading the following paragraph in the number for February, p. 10 :—

"We were off once more about midnight, as arranged. When we *should* have started, but for Mr. Booth, I cannot say; for directly after dinner, or supper, I fell asleep in the bandy, to be awakened only by the bustle of preparation for departure. Hearing my friend's voice outside, directing operations, I knew the matter was in good hands, and lazily concluded to stay where I was. I was glad to learn afterwards that while I was asleep Mr Booth had been preaching in the darkness to the villagers, extemporising a pulpit by sitting on the pole of the bandy."

TOO little do we think of those
In yonder distant lands,
Who waive all comfort, brave all foes,
Whose lives are "in their hands."

Nay, they are in the hand of *God*,—
'Tis this inspires their breast;
And on His promises and word
They peacefully can rest.

"Instant in season," they proclaim
The living, heavenly Word;
And "out of season," just the same,
They glorify the Lord.

"In journeyings oft" and perils great,
They comfort disregard;
The joy which they anticipate
Affords a rich reward.

Weary, as oft they've been before,
They sink in slumber deep,
Upon the couchless bandy-floor:
They've nowhere else to sleep.

They halt, but soon to start again;
They rise in dead of night:
Too slow they travel, to remain
Until the dawning light.

But listen to that watchful soul:
Do ye not hear him? hark!
There, sitting on the waggon-pole,
He's preaching in the dark.

His needed slumber he foregoes
For service for the Lord;
And finds therein the sweet repose
His Master does afford.

Work on, dear brethren! God will bless;
Ye bear the gospel light;
And soon the Sun of Righteousness
Shall rise in splendour bright:—

Shall rise, "with healing in His wings,"
Nor set for evermore;
And Jesus Christ, the King of kings,
Shall reign the wide world o'er.

JOSIAH BRISCOE.

Strict Baptist Mission.

RETURN OF MR. HUTCHINSON TO INDIA.

THE most enthusiastic meeting ever held in connection with our foreign Mission was that on Monday, February 17th, at Soho Chapel, Shaftesbury Avenue.

The purpose of the meeting was to lay before the churches the present condition of the Mission, and to bid God-speed to our beloved Superintendent, who was about to depart to India, taking with him his wife. Urgent business had made it necessary for him to return to England earlier than he would have done; and it was equally necessary

that he should go back to India as soon as possible. Our brother has had no opportunity to visit among the churches, as he would have done could his stay have been prolonged.

The service in the afternoon commenced at 3.15, by Mr. R. E. Sears giving out a hymn and reading Psalm ii. Pastor T. Jones, of New Cross, then sought the Divine blessing on the meeting. Another hymn, and brethren Adams, from the church at Highbury, and Realff, of Finchley, followed in prayer.

Mr. Sears gave a brief address full of missionary spirit. He said :—

"Brother Samuel Hutchinson was God's own gift to the Mission. It seemed but the other day we took leave of him ; and now he was soon to depart again, this time taking his beloved wife with him to the mission-field. He said he had three mottoes for them that afternoon ; the *first*, 'My work is for a King.' (R.V.) We are His willing subjects ; we will be loyal to Him. His word for foreign missions is '*go*,' and although all cannot go in the same sense as our brother Hutchinson, all can cultivate the *go* spirit. This meeting assures brother H. and his wife of the loving hearts and earnest prayers of those at home. This is a command to the church in every age. If there are no apparent results, we must still *go ;* for 'we work for a King.' It is His command. The *second* motto is, '*These were the potters, and those that dwelt among plants and hedges; there they dwelt with the King for His work.*' 1 Chron. iv. 23. They were King David's gardeners. They did work also for the King. Ours is *royal service*, even if we have the worst possible "puriah" clay to work among.

"Beza's translation—whether by mistake or not I cannot say—puts *porters* for potters. Well, so it is. Our brethren are not only potters, but porters also ; and 'to Him the porter openeth.' It is royal service, whether trimming hedges or clearing ditches. Brother Hutchinson is to be a gap-stopper, while an ambassador.

"The third motto is, '*Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King may appoint.*' 2 Sam. xv. 15. Is it so? Are we ready? Ready to do anything? Let us be ready for anything the King gives us to do. Have faith in God. Obstacles and difficulties shall melt before Him. Carey—jestingly called *the consecrated cobbler*—went forth in faith, strong in God, and said to this mountain 'Be thou removed.' If we have not the faith that comes up to the Bible standard, let us ask for it, and see to it that we are ready, ready to do anything that our Lord commands."

Brethren White of Woolwich, Newman from Clapham Junction, and Marsh, of Gurney Road, Stratford, next followed in prayer ; after which brother Philip Reynolds was called upon to give an address. He said :

"I am inclined to refuse, not wishing to come between the brethren and the Lord in this devotional service. I will, however, say a few words. I am glad to be here to wish dear Brother Hutchinson 'God-speed.' Without naming any particular text, I would say as a message to the people,

By all means be patient.

Expect great things ; but in some things you may expect *too much*. Let us not expect those converted heathens to be as those who have been brought up under the sound of the Gospel. Converted heathens will bring with them certain heathen sentiments. Be patient ; the light enters gradually, and, as this enters the darkness will be dispersed. Do not expect too much from a newly-converted heathen.

"When God works, the devil works too ; and while the devil works side by side with God's servants we shall always have much to mourn over. To brother Hutchinson I would say, "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into His hand." Here is your inspiration for service. Mark the distinction between the *servant* and the *Son*. He loves us as His servants, but He has not given all things into *our* hands, but into *His* hands. We do not go to establish a denomination—that is not the great end of our Mission,—but to spread the glory of a risen Christ. Hold to this—the Lord is coming—and coming soon, to put all right that may be wrong."

A statement was then read by brother Box giving a clear and faithful account of the present state of our Mission. This can be had

of the Editor of *The Olive-Branch*, and we hope all our friends will obtain a copy, and prayerfully peruse its contents, and then cheerfully help to bear the burden of the work in every way the Lord may help them.

A collection having been taken, Brother HUTCHINSON announced that he had received two guineas from the children of the Sabbath-school at Broseley, towards the circulation of the Scriptures in Tamil.

After another song of praise, the very hearty meeting was closed with prayer by the Chairman.

The spacious school-room was crowded for Tea, which was served in a characteristic manner.

THE EVENING MEETING

Was commenced at six o'clock: Mr. JOHN BOX, our beloved President, in the chair.

After the opening hymn and the reading of Psa. xlvi., by Pastor H. T. CHILVERS, Brother BEECHER, of Shouldham-street, sought the divine blessing. Prayer and praise were indeed mingled, and in a most comprehensive manner our brother was helped to lay our needs, and express our gratitude before the Lord.

Our beloved PRESIDENT then gave, in his own unique manner, a hearty greeting to all present, in the name of the Strict Baptist Mission. He remarked:—

"Something more than mere curiosity has brought together such a gathering as this. Your loving interest is a great fact—a living proof of the missionary spirit, by which you are moved in the service of God at this time. We are on our *Master's business*. May this thought permeate the whole of the business of this evening. God's heart is toward us in approval. The brethren have expressed a wish for me to read again the statement read this afternoon, so that while I have but few words to *say*, I have many to *read*.

"We really are engaged in *leave-taking* this evening; but I am somewhat trammelled on this point, our dear brother not wishing too much to be said about this. We, however, express for him and his beloved wife our deep wishes that they may be exceedingly happy when they part with us, and that, journeying mercies may be granted them, and that much blessing may attend them when they reach their destination.

"The Committee part with them with deepest feelings of sincere confidence. To you, friends, an appeal will be made, first in the paper I am called upon to read, and then the brethren will take the matter up in their addresses, and I trust your deepest feelings will be stirred in missionary enterprise."

The statement presented in the afternoon was then read. The deep attention and close following of every word by such a large concourse of people expressed their true interest as facts, painful or pleasant, were faithfully recorded.

After the reading of this paper, Mr. SAMUEL GRAY, of Brighton, was called upon to move the adoption of the statement, which he did in a most powerful address, full of sound counsel and missionary zeal, interspersed with the reading of letters written to him by some of the converted natives. This address, with the letters read, we hope to give in future numbers of the *Olive-Branch*.

The alternate breathless silence or loud applause of the vast congregation (for the building was crowded in every part), told how heartily this address was received; and, while it must have been *heard* to appreciate fully its worth, we are sure our readers will value the *reading* of the *notes*, as far as we can give them later on.

Brother Gray gave us the benediction in Tamil, and closed his speech by heartily moving that the statement, as read, be printed, and freely circulated among the churches.

Pastor T. JONES, of New Cross, was then called upon to second the adoption of the same. He said:

"I am labouring under difficulties: first, I have no such letters to read, as those deeply interesting ones to which we have just listened, and, secondly, I cannot pronounce those mysterious sounds in a Tamil benediction. I am, however, glad to be able to do what the chairman has called upon me to do, viz., to second the adoption of the statement. It will require an appendix and an index. Some things are 'doubtful,' some 'hopeful.' I take the hopeful side. The work is not ours, but

God's. We seek to carry out His commission in sending out these brethren. They go out under the benediction of Heaven, as well as with the good will of this meeting. Heartily I say, God bless them! It is a Christ-like work; there is nothing to *equal* it, much less *surpass* it. We are shedding abroad the light of eternal truth. We rejoice in the spread of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and the extension of His kingdom.

"It has been divinely ordered that this work requires both our prayers and our cash. We do not *beg*. Open your pockets and your purses, and give an airing to Her Majesty's coin."

After a few appropriate remarks by the Chairman on *sanctified giving*, and a hymn of praise, the collection was then taken, which amounted, with that of the afternoon, to £22 4s. 7½d.

Mr. LYNN next addressed the meeting. Supporting the adoption of the statement, he remarked, "This being *God's* work it is *great*. He has called us to it. The black clouds that we have heard of prove that the god of this world does not like our business. I would implore every one of you to be missionaries to the Society. Get the interest of others in the work. Home work will not be neglected by those interested in foreign missions. The more we think of those *afar off*, the more shall we think of those *near*.

The statement was then put, and heartily and unanimously adopted.

Brother ABBOTT, our esteemed Treasurer, then proposed a vote of thanks to the ladies and friends of Soho for their labour of love in connection with this meeting. He said:

"Financially we are much encouraged; we are not crippled for money: but we must KEEP IT UP. Make *bags* for the Mission for home work. Many busy fingers will be glad to put them together for such a purpose, and if you like to call them *Father Abbott's bags*, I have no objection."

Our indefatigable Secretary, brother I. R. WAKELIN, followed next with an earnest speech. Seconding the vote of thanks, he said:

"There are two texts with me at this time. The one is, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' The other, 'Beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' We are bound to do all we can for our dear brethren. May God help our dear brethren in the study of the language."

The beloved Superintendent, Mr. HUTCHINSON, was the next speaker. He said:

"You will all feel that I speak with difficulty. This is a splendid meeting of the S. B. M. It indicates a growing spiritual interest, and a true, hearty spirit of obedience to our Lord's great command. If kept up, we shall be a greater power than we have been. Referring to brother Gray's speech, he said, "I also take a hopeful view of the Mission, seeing we have put it on a sound Scriptural basis. God will not leave us, but bless us. I was stimulated by the key-note of this afternoon's meeting—the kingship of Christ. We lose sight too much of this. How often do we fall before Him in secret, and say, Take *me*, take my all—all I am and all I have?

"It struck me in Committee, if there is to be a *consecration* on the part of the missionaries, must there not be also on the part of those who send them out? Our Lord said three great words of command as King, extending all through the Christian life." 'COME,' 'FOLLOW ME,' 'GO.' You can remember many passages that begin with these words. It is because we have heeded these words, we are out on marching orders. We are not always to stay at His side. He says to some, 'Go and tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee.' All connot go in the sense in which some can; but if doing our Lord's work at home, it is mission work. Do not draw fine lines of distinction between *home* and *foreign* mission-work. Again, we are to obey God's command without respect to results. Bear witness for Him, results or not. Be obedient to Him; this is our work. Yet I *would* see *results*. I am not careless about this, any more than I would be over-careful.

One or two personal words. They are due from me to the Lord, and are due to you. I begin with *personal gratitude for journeying mercies*. No bandy turned over, or other catastrophe has happened to me, by land or sea.

"It is only as I am kept near the Master

that I shall be of any use in His cause. Some may think the sight of idolatry has a most stimulating influence on the mind. I can assure you it is far from this. You would be surprised at the *deadening* influence it has. God's goodness in the past urges me on in the future. There is much to be done that needs a good deal of discretion and care. Still pray for me. I have been told there is some misapprehension afloat respecting my learning the language. I have had so much to do that I could not give myself to it. It needs two years to acquire it, and longer still to preach in it. It falls to my lot to have to do much work that cannot be termed evangelistic. At present I must lay the foundation, rather than go forth preaching, which I would rather do. Other societies *grow* their Superintendents. They are years coming to that to which you have placed me at once. And in those years they are able to acquire the language, and become in other ways efficient for the post. I am going out to do the work you send me on, but *I shall seek to learn the language.*

"A word respecting brother BOOTH. I bear testimony to his worth and zeal. He has the true missionary spirit. He works hard to learn the language; for he longs to speak to the people in their own tongue. All I fear is, lest he should work *too* hard; indeed, he has already done so. I have tried to persuade him to take a little much-needed rest, but he would not. And now allow me to thank you for all your kindness and sympathy which, with the spirit of this meeting, I shall carry with me across the sea." (Loud applause.)

Another hymn, and then Brother P. REYNOLDS fervently committed the missionaries, the work, and all helpers, unto the Lord in prayer.

It was briefly moved by Secretary CATCHPOLE, warmly seconded by Secretary BRISCOE, and heartily carried—that a cablegram be sent to brother Booth expressing the sympathy and good wishes of this meeting.

A vote of thanks to brother BOX, the untiring President to whom the Mission owes so much, in ways that only those can know who labour with him in Committee, was carried with acclamation, and a most memorable meeting, was brought to a close with prayer by the Chairman.

AT THE RAILWAY STATION

On Monday, February 24th, our beloved Superintendent and his wife left London *en route* (overland) for India.

A large company, consisting not only of the officers of the Mission, and ministerial and other members of the Committee, but also many friends from the various metropolitan churches, assembled in the waiting room at Holborn Viaduct Station by 10.30, anticipating the arrival of our brother and sister. The morning was glorious, and, as the sun shone forth in his beauty it led many hearts up to the great Creator, our eternal God and Father, that the Sun of Righteousness might arise with every blessing on our beloved brother and sister, to whom, in a few minutes, we were to say farewell.

About 10.45 they arrived, and, after hearty greetings, and many a loving "God be with you," the party, numbering upwards of sixty, went on to the platform. Our dear brother and sister took their seats in a carriage, amid every expression of love and good will; and in a few moments the train steamed out of the station, followed by the fervent prayers to God from those many hearts who have learned to love our dear brother and sister for the great Master's sake, in whose cause they go forth. Partings are always trying seasons under any circumstances, and to say farewell to father and mother, brothers and sisters, (as was the case in this instance) is specially affecting; but to say "good-bye" with the certain knowledge that He who abides with us, journeys with and ever stands by our dear ones, blessedly softens the last parting grip.

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VOL. XI., No. 129. APRIL, 1896. ONE HALFPENNY.



Wonderful Escape from Three Tigers.

A NATIVE preacher near Nagpore, Central India, a few years since was passing through the jungles with two servants, when he saw three tigers sitting by the road-side! He came upon them before he was aware. When his eye lighted on them, they were looking at

him. They growled, and seemed about to spring upon him. His attendants were paralyzed with fear. For a moment Samuel Hardie himself trembled: then said he, "I fell on my knees, and cried to Jesus, that if He had any work for me to do, He would deliver me from the tigers; but, if His work was done, and the tigers were permitted to eat me up, that He would take my soul to Himself."

When he opened his eyes, the tigers were still growling, but they did not spring at him, and he walked away past them with his servants: all the while the tigers never moved. Samuel Hardie, speaking of this circumstance, said: "Sure God shut their mouths, the same as He did when Daniel was in the den of lions; and He must have more work for me to do among these poor heathen people in telling them of Jesus."

After that wonderful escape, the native preacher felt that he had a new call from God to make known His love, and the plan of saving mercy to all around.

Arrival of Mr. & Mrs. Hutchinson.

OUR readers will rejoice to know that our prayers (and we trust theirs also) are again answered in the safe arrival, on March 14th, of our Superintendent and his wife at Bombay, after a passage of *nineteen days only!*

What wonderful times we live in! The Psalmist exclaims, respecting God's works of creation, "All are Thy servants:" and this is true, in a subordinate sense, as regards man; for has not God "put all things under his feet?" Hence the achievements of science, and the gigantic enterprises of commerce are made subservient to the spread of the Gospel. How different from the times of Carey and Thomas, when a voyage to India took *five months* to accomplish!

From the time of our brother's departure, we had watched the "shipping intelligence" given in the daily papers, and had noted the arrival or departure of the *Peninsula* from Brindisi, Suez and Aden; and then, before we expected it, a telegram and an announcement by post reached us on March 14th, with the expressive words:—

"*Arrived. Hutchinson, Bombay. Reuters.*"

We at once wired to his aged parents, and called personally on his wife's friends to relieve their minds of any anxiety respecting her welfare, and sent the intelligence east, west, north and south. We had previously written two letters to him, which he will doubtless receive shortly after his arrival. Our readers must wait patiently till next month, when doubtless we shall have received a letter from Mr. Hutchinson. Meanwhile, let us remember him in our prayers, and watch for answers to our petitions.—ED.]

Inspiring Letters from India.

THE subjoined communications were recently received by Mr. D. R. Smith, Superintendent of our Sunday-school at Ebenezer Chapel, Brighton. Our teachers and scholars were delighted to receive a letter from their very own missionary.*

When I pitched my tiny tent near Para-

*An interesting feature of our Mission is that in which a private individual or a Church *specially supports* one or more missionaries or teachers, regarding them as *their own*. This is the case with the Church and School at Ebenezer Chapel, Brighton, where Mr. Gray is pastor, (who, it will be remembered, recently visited the stations as our commissioner,) to whom we are indebted for a copy of letters, some of which he read at the Meeting held at Soho Chapel, on February 17th, referred to in our last number. We have space for two only this month: but we hope to insert the others in our next.—ED.

putti, close by a lakelet at the foot of a rugged, sun-blistered rock, brother Swamidas and another brother who is not now attached to our beloved Mission, sat and talked eagerly to me till far on towards midnight, while I endeavoured to show them the way of God more perfectly. The two men, having learned from my interpreter that I purposed to call all the agents together at Koilpati for the purpose of explaining our principles, urged me vehemently to do so.

May our great Saviour-Lord enrich, enlarge, encourage and establish our dear brethren. Though their faces are dusky, may their experiences be bright.

S. GRAY, *Pastor.*

[COPY.] *Koilpati, 10th December*, 1895.

MR. D. R. SMITH.

MY DEAR SIR,—As I wrote to you last, I am now sending to the Sunday-school brethren a short account of my antecedents, which I hope they will be glad to know.

By the grace of God, I and my family are in the enjoyment of good health, and I am doing my work, hoping in God for my success.

May I remind you kindly to send a likeness of your own, if you have one taken? We always remember you and the Sunday-school brothers and sisters in all prayer-meetings.

With my love and regards to every one of them, and your dear self, I remain, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

D. V. SWAMIDAS.

[COPY.] *Koilpati, Tinnevelly, South India, 10th December*, 1895.

MY DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—The following is a short account of my life, which I hope will be somewhat interesting to you all.

According to the Hindu system of caste, we are next to the Brahmins. My father belongs to a Vishnuvite family; he is a descendant of Kurivikulam Zemindary family in Koilpati Division of Sankeranarcoil Taluk. My father became a Christian when he was forty years of age, and was received into the C. M. S. He and my brother have been employed in the C. M. S. by the late Bishop Sargent, and my brother is now the manager of the C. M. S. Printing Press, Palamcottah.

My father became a Christian after my mother's death. I was last in the family, and was twelve days old when she died. My father has remained a widower. Though he became a Christian, he left me in charge of my aunt, who was a Hindu, while I was an infant Till I came to an age of discretion I was my aunt's adopted child. I was in my youth neither a Hindu nor a Christian, though educated by her in Christian schools.

Some twelve years ago, I left my aunt and joined our Mission. After three years' training I was baptized by Mr. Doll, believing in the precious blood of Christ, and was made an agent of the Mission. However, I did not know the doctrinal differences between our churches and others, until Mr. Gray came to India. He not only taught me these differences in person, but often alludes to them in his letters to me. I am thankful for the knowledge and light I have received through him; it was only during his stay here that I was made a pastor, 1894. I regret I am not worthy of this high calling; but, however, God in His infinite mercy has called me into the marvellous light of the Gospel, and has made me a monument of His grace to proclaim the Gospel to my heathen countrymen, who are sitting in darkness, steeped in ignorance.

I expressed my thankfulness and gratitude to hundreds of Sunday-school children, as well as their Superintendent and teachers, who pray for me and for the prosperity of my work.

May God bless our work and increase it ten-

fold, is also my earnest and incessant prayer. With Christian love to you all, I remain,

My dear and beloved brothers and sisters,

Yours very affectionately,

D. V. SWAMIDAS.

"Jesus Only."

BY H. T. CHILVERS, OF KEPPEL STREET.

THE name of Jesus is sweet to every poor sinner who has been brought to feel his need of a Saviour. When the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph, he not only assured him that a Child should be born, but gave the name by which He was to be called. "And thou shalt call His name JESUS; for He shall save His people from their sins."

"Jesus only" is the theme of every faithful missionary. Oh what a theme! The greatness of His love, the merit of His sacrifice, the preciousness of His blood, and the power of His grace! His love is so great that He assumed our nature, and dwelt among men, and for our sakes "became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich." So great was the merit of His sacrifice, that Justice was appeased, and God satisfied. His blood is precious to God, and the Spirit also, to Jesus Himself, and to every poor sinner who has felt its cleansing efficacy. His grace is so powerful that it brings rebels to cast themselves at the feet of Christ, crying for mercy.

Let us notice that *this theme is suitable to the condition of the heathen.* They are living in gross darkness; the god of this world hath blinded their eyes; they are strangers to all that is heavenly. Surely, then, the theme of *Jesus as the Light of the world* is suitable to such characters in that condition. A Light that dispels the most dense darkness, a Light that shows the way to God, that reveals to men what they are in God's sight, and then shines upon the path that leads to a fountain for sin and uncleanness. Oh, tell it out, to sinners tell, that Christ is the Light of the world.

Again the suitability of this theme is seen when the missionary proclaims that, "Jesus only" is able to save them to the uttermost. Yes, they are ignorant, steeped in sin, filled with an idolatrous spirit; yet *He is able.* Jesus is not only *able*, but *willing.* Oh, how my heart wells up with joy while I meditate upon the fact that our dear brethren in India are telling of a Saviour who is able to save even the blackest and vilest of sinners. We often mourn and sigh over the darkness of the heathen, but oh, why should we mourn? Brethren and sisters, while we mourn let us wrestle by prayer with Him who is able to save them to the uttermost, that their eyes may be opened, that they may be brought to cry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

And then again the sweetness of the theme will be seen as the heathen hear it sounded forth in the Saviour's own words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." May God bless our brethren abroad with much of the Saviour's presence, and, realizing that presence, may their hearts be filled with zeal and joy as they tell out the old, old story of "Jesus only."

IT will surprise many people to learn that in India there are nearly 140 cotton mills worked by steam, 94 of which are in the Bombay Presidency. In these mills over 130,000 hands are employed. They contain 30,000 looms and 3,500,000 spindles. The cotton mills of India are said to use yearly 4,100,000 cwts. of cotton, and to spin about 373,000,000 lbs. of yarns.

Little Henry and his Bearer.

By Mrs. SHERWOOD.

(Continued from p. 16.)

NOW the lady was pleased with little Henry's answers: and she thanked God in her heart for having so blessed her labours with the poor little boy. But she did not praise him, lest he should become proud; and she well knew that "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble," (James iv. 6.) So she refrained from commending him; but she said, "What do you mean, my dear, by being made quite new again?"

Henry. Before I knew the Lord Jesus Christ, I used to think of nothing but naughty things. I loved myself more than anybody else. I loved eating fruits and sweetmeats; and was so greedy of them, that I would have told a hundred lies, I do think, for one mouthful of them. Then I was so passionate and proud. I used to be so pleased when anybody bowed to me and said "*Sahib*." And you cannot think how cruel I was to all kinds of little creatures I could get hold of, even the poor cock-roaches: I used to kill them just for my own pleasure. But now I do think my heart is beginning to change a little, I mean a very little, for I gave all my last sweetmeats to the *matre's** boy. But still, I know that my heart is far from being clean yet; but God can make it white and clean when He pleases.

Lady. You must pray every day, and oftentimes in the day, and in the night when you are awake, my dear child, that God will send His Holy Spirit into your heart, to make it clean and pure, and to lead and direct you in all you do. Blessed are those, my dear child, who love the Lord Jesus Christ: for unto them "the Spirit of truth" shall be revealed; and He "shall dwell with them, and be in them." (John xiv. 17.)

She then shut the door of the room; and she and the little boy knelt down together, and prayed to God, that He would, for His dear Son's sake, create a clean heart in the child, and renew a right spirit within him. (Psalm li. 10.) When the young lady arose from her knees, she kissed little Henry, and told him, not without many tears, that she must soon go away from him.

When Henry heard this news, for some moments he could not speak; at length he cried out, "What shall I do when you are gone! I shall have nobody to speak to but my bearer, for my mamma does not love me; and I shall spend all my time with the natives. I shall never more hear anybody talk of God. Oh! I very much fear that I shall become wicked again."

"My poor child," said the lady, "do not doubt the power of God. When our Saviour was going to leave His disciples, He said, 'I will not leave orphans;* I will come to you.' (John xiv. 18.) And do you think, my child, that after the blessed Lord God has made Himself known unto you, and adopted you as a dear son, that he would leave you comfortless? Think how good He was to call you from the paths of destruction, and from the way of hell. You knew not so much as His holy name, and were living altogether among the heathens. It was by His providence that I came here; that I remained here so long; that I loved you, and endeavoured to teach you; and that I had a Bible to give you. 'Faithful is He,' my beloved child, 'who called you.' He will 'preserve your whole spirit and soul and body blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus.'" (1 Thess. v. 23, 24.) She

* A sweeper; a porson of low caste.

*The word is "orphans" in the original.



HENRY TAKING LEAVE OF THE LADY. (*See p.* 31.)

then sang a verse of a hymn to him ; which he often repeated, and would try to sing, when she was far away from him.

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood."*

Now it would take more time than I have to spare to repeat the several conversations which this young lady had with little Henry before she went away. He cried sadly the day she went. He followed her down to the river-side ; for she was going down to Berhampore, where she was soon afterwards married to a pious young man of the name of a Baron.

Henry went on board the *budgerow*,† to take leave of her. She kissed him many times before they parted ; and gave Boosy, who was with him, four *rupees buckshish*, that he might continue to behave well to his little *sahib*.

The last words almost that she said to Henry were these : "You must seek Boosy's conversion, that he may be no longer numbered among the heathen, but may be counted among the sons of God."

When the *budgerow* was ready to sail, little Henry took his last leave of the lady, and came on shore ; where he stood under the shade of a Braminee fig-tree,‡ watching the boat as it sailed down the broad stream of the Ganges, till it was hidden by the winding shore. Then Boosy, taking him up in his arms, brought him back to his mamma's house, and from that time he was as much neglected as he had been before this good lady came ; with this difference only (and that indeed was a blessing for which I doubt not he will thank God to all eternity,) that he was now able to read the book of God ; whereas, before, he knew not even God's holy name.

Sometimes his mamma would let him eat his *tiffin** with her : but, as she always employed herself at table (when not actually eating) in smoking her *hookah*,† and as most of her visitors did the same, the *tiffin*-time was very stupid to the little boy ; for instead of pleasant and useful discourse, there was in general nothing to be heard at these meals but the rattling of plates and knives and forks, the creaking of the *punkah*,‡ and gurgling of the water in the *hookah ;* except his mamma (which not unseldom happened) occasioned a little variety, by scolding the servants and calling them names in their own language.

(To be continued.)

*Sung to the tune of the Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.

†A kind of barge.

‡A tree whose branches take root downwards.

* Luncheon.

†A kind of pipe, the smoke of which is drawn through water, and the motion of the air through the water causes a bubbling noise.

‡ A large fan suspended from the ceiling.

A Word to our Young Men.

I WRITE to those of you who love Jesus, and earnestly place before you the broad question : Since Jesus has done *so* much for you, what are you prepared to do for Him ? The last recorded words of our Lord are : "Ye shall be witnesses of Me.....unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Since you are His disciples, this duty of witnessing is incumbent upon you, and the sphere that you should fill in order to witness for Him, is a matter to be settled between God and yourself. It is plain that all of you cannot be personal missionaries to the heathen : it is *equally* plain to me, that all of you can participate in spreading the Gospel amongst the heathen, if you so choose. That some of you are indifferent about this matter, I am persuaded ; now, my

good fellows, it is high time to wake out of this lethargy, and to use the golden opportunities of youth, ere they pass beyond your reach.

In the first place, let me avow my conviction that, in a very short time, some of you will be constrained and compelled to come to the Tinnevelly. I would that each one of you would seek the mind of the Spirit in this matter. That all cannot come is patent; but the point I would press is, that all should be *willing* to some, if God so wills. I remember the time when the thought of leaving loved ones pained me, and I said, I will go if I MUST. God taught me to change MUST into MAY. Look at the question this way: Jesus left *heaven* for my sake; is it a great thing that I leave *home* for His sake? Be constant in prayer concerning this matter, and, though the answer tarry, wait for it. It may be helpful to any that are in a "strait betwixt two," to know that in a more or less intense degree, my mind was exercised about mission-work for seventeen months prior to my offering myself to the S. B. M. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He *shall* direct thy paths."

In the second place, I wish to have a word with those of our young men, who, in the kind providence of God, are called to remain at home. Since you profess to hold sacred all the precepts and promises of God, I charge you that you make it a settled point before God, that you will do *all* in your power for the extension of His kingdom. More men *are* to come out, therefore more money will be required for the sustentation of the Mission. Only too often the work of collecting subscriptions and donations for the Mission devolves upon those who have many other offices to fill, and who cannot possibly give the proper amount of attention to this business. I implore the aid of each pastor to see that the fittest young man in the Church be appointed as Mission Collector. I ask all collectors not to despise *any* amount that may be offered, be it a penny or a pound; but, if possible, make that penny or that pound the first of a *regular subscription*. Perform the duties of a collector thoroughly and heartily; put forth all your energy, enterprise, and enthusiasm, and thus "magnify your office."

In view of immediate development, the present income of the Mission is totally inadequate; and if a young man may state his conviction, the figures are unworthy of the denomination. From last year's authenticated Reports I learn that the *membership* roll in London alone is 4,000. Our London churches last year subscribed £500 to the Mission; *i.e.*, each member subscribed 2s. 6d. in the year, or a fraction more than one halfpenny per week! "Tell it not in Gath." If the young men of our churches will *prayerfully* take this matter in hand, I am persuaded that the receipts for the *present* year can run into four figures.

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." I write "as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."

ERNEST A. BOOTH.

Finance Secretary requests us to acknowledge the following donation:

Well-wisher to the cause of Jesus 0 10 0

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VOL. XI., No. 130. **MAY, 1896.** ONE HALFPENNY.



Karen Child led away by Robbers.

A GANG of robbers for some time infested the neighbourhood of a Karen Mission Station. One night two of them climbed up to one of the bird's nest cottages perched in a tree. This was the home of a heathen family. The father at once slipped through an opening in the floor, jumped to the ground, and made his escape. The mother, equally alarmed, rushed up the tree through the leafy roof. Two children were left behind. The robbers plundered the house, then seized the elder child, and dragged her along with them towards a thick wood not far off. The poor girl thought they intended to kill her. But no! when they entered the forest, they let her go! They had taken her away simply to prevent their pursuers from shooting at them; for the father and those he had called to his help were afraid to use their guns, lest they should shoot the little one.

The robbers escaped, but the poor frightened child,—whom doubtless the parents valued moae than all their property, — was recovered.

"For Jesus Christ's Sake. Amen."

HOW full of meaning is this sentence with which we usually close the language of prayer! No vain repetition of words is here. Indeed, all words are vain without this plea,

and no confidence is well grounded that lacks the heart-reliance on this passport at the throne. "So let it be!" implore our souls. "So let it be!" responds our God, when for Jesus Christ's sake the thing is sought or the act performed.

These words touch our heart as we think of fellow-labourers in India, and those who "hold the ropes" at home.

We take the last first, and find in these words the *pure and holy motive that gives power to helping hearts at home.*

Can the means be ever wanting while this motive alone moves the heart to service? Impossible! While with a thousand excuses for sinful selfishness some withhold that which is needful to carry on the cause of Christ, others lay their all at His feet, with joy, saying,—to the destruction of every opposing argument—"so let it be," for the sake of "Him whom my soul loveth," even Jesus. This is the light that chases away the gloom of the parting hour, when the fondest of mothers says, "Good-bye," (God be with you) to her son now sailing for the mission field. The greatness of His sacrifice for her forbids even the thought of her self-sacrifice. The near and dear of nature's kin, touched by the constraining love of Christ, consecrates that love to Him; and the surrender to Him tells its reality, and brings, no! not brings, *carries with it* its full reward.

This is the deep river flowing through the whole church of Christ, fructifying and fertilizing wherever it flows, making the pastures green, producing the fruits of generous love, and bringing untold joy to all who, for *His* sake, cast their wealth at His feet to send forth the word of life.

This comforts the hearts of those who have neither time, talent, nor wealth to lay before Him, whose own needs make them cry very literally for daily bread, but who, numbered with the wrestlers for the blessing, ceaselessly plead with God to "speed the plough," and "send forth more labourers," and that "*For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.*"

The mind flies across the ocean deep, and there, in meditation, marks the power of this utterance warm from the heart that lives by its reality.

It is *the soul's own life*, while seeking the salvation of fellow-men.

No less *there* than at home needs the servant of Christ to seek the constant cultivation of his own heart. Human nature is the same in every climate, and varied as the manners and customs may be, this is unchanged. If a Paul in his day found it needful to "keep his body under" for Jesus Christ's sake, "so let it be!" adds to-day the man of kindred spirit, in the very hot-bed of temptation to indolence and fleshly lust. The notion that the sight of idolatry and sin lights to a flame all the passions of Christian zeal would, perhaps, soon be dispersed by the practical test of personal contact with the evil. God only knows what some young missionary may have to endure; yet he leaves the field unscathed, gaining the victory with the weapon of His warfare, *for Jesus Christ's sake.* With this as his plea, he cries, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." "Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

This too is *the voice that energizes* when all else tends to make him relax his hold of his life work. He has said that *difficulties arise only to be vanquished*, and he meant it too; but oh, how real those difficulties are! how rapidly they arise, and how hard it may become to stand by one's own testimony! Yet stand by it he will. "So let it be!" he says; "for, after all, they arise, 'for Jesus Christ's sake,' and for His sake they shall yet

melt before His power, as dew before the sun."

That lesson in Tamil is hard, and the weariness of study is felt; but "for Jesus Christ's sake" he sticks to it, steadily plodding on with the joy of that hour as a picture before him, when he shall tell the love of a Saviour to those dear ebony-skinned brethren in their own native tongue. Give it up? God forbid! The reward is too great in it now, and the blessing to flow from it presently too great to admit this thought.

The thought of the dear old home, and home associations, with the warmth of that mother's kiss still on the lips, fetches a heart sigh for a moment; but he looks up with the consciousness of "for Jesus Christ's sake," and the moist eye is radiant with a glory beyond the colours of the rainbow—his tears are gilded with the glory of heaven as he appeals upward, "for Jesus Christ's sake." This, too, has a *joy beyond all expression* when the Holy Spirit blesses a little meditation on its meaning.

For the sake of our Anointed Saviour the earth was framed, and man created; the first, to bear His cross, the second by it to ascend to the bosom of his heavenly Father—the child of love, the sinner saved by blood. For His sake the word of truth shall never lose its power, and no one Gospel sermon preached, or Scriptural plan devised, was ever in vain. For His sake, not even the cup of cold water given to a disciple shall be unrewarded; nor a penny or a pound bestowed in His service, or on His servants, pass unobserved or unblessed by Him. For His sake every difficulty shall wither and fade away, while the desire of the righteous shall, for His sake, be granted. Whether the sky be clear, or the clouds black and heavy, they are His servants, silently but surely obeying His will. The "bit of blue" shall finally overcome all the gloom, till

> "His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
> Till suns shall rise and set no more."

God bless our brethren in India, be unto them all they need, and prosper them in His service, "*for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.*"

E. Marsh.

Little Henry and his Bearer.

By Mrs. SHERWOOD.

(Continued from p. 31.)

TO poor little Henry found no better companion than his bearer; and he was never more pleased than when he was sitting by him in the verandah, reading his Bible to himself.

And now the young lady's last words returned to his mind, namely, "You must seek Boosy's conversion." But he did not know how to begin this work; it seemed to him that the heart of poor Boosy could only be changed by the immediate interference of God; so fond was he of his wooden gods and foolish ceremonies, and so much was he afraid of offending his *gooroo*.* And in this respect Henry judged rightly; for no one can come to God without the help of God; yet He has pointed out the means by which we must endeavour to bring our fellow-creatures to Him; and we must, in faith and humility, use these means, praying for the Divine blessing to render them effectual.

The first step which Henry took towards this work was to pray for Boosy. After some thought, he made a prayer, which was much to this purpose: "O Lord God, hear the humble prayer of a poor little sinful child.

*A religious teacher or confessor.

Give me power, O God, for Thy dear Son's sake, (who died for us upon the cross,) to turn the heart of my poor bearer from his wooden gods, and to lead him to the cross of Jesus Christ." This prayer he never failed to repeat every night, and many times a day; and from time to time he used to talk to Boosy, and to repeat to him many things which the young lady had taught him. But, although Boosy heard him with good humour, yet he did not seem to pay much heed to what the child said; for he would argue to this purpose: "There are many brooks and rivers of water, but they all run into the sea at last; so there are a great many religions, but they all lead to heaven: there is the Mussulman's way to heaven, and the Hindoo's way, and the Christian's way; and one way is as good as another." He asserted, also, that if he were to commit the greatest sin, and were to go immediately afterwards and wash in the Ganges, he would be quite innocent. And a great many other foolish things he had to say to the same purport, so that he sometimes quite out talked the child. But Henry was so in earnest in the cause he had undertaken, that, although he might be silenced at one time, yet he would often (after having said his prayer, and consulted his Bible) begin the attack again. He would sometimes get close to him, and look in his face, and say, "Poor Boosy! poor Boosy! you are going the wrong way, and will not let me set you right: there is but one way to heaven; our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, is "the way" to heaven, and "no man cometh unto God but by Him." (John xiv. 6.) Then he would try to explain who the Lord Jesus Christ is; how He came down to the earth; that He took man's nature upon Him; suffered and died upon the cross for the sins of men; was buried, and rose again on the third day, and ascended into heaven; and is now sitting at the right hand of God, from whence He will come to judge the living and the dead.

In this manner the little boy proceeded from day to day: but Boosy seemed to pay him little or no attention; nay, he would sometimes laugh at him, and ask him why he was so earnest about a thing of so little consequence? However, to do Boosy justice, he never was ill-humoured or disrespectful to his little sahib.

Now it happened, about this time, that Henry's mamma had occasion to go to Calcutta; and, as she went by water, she took Henry and his bearer in the *budgerow* with her. Henry had not been well, and she thought the change of air might do him good. It was at the end of the rains; at that season of the year when India is most green and beautiful, although not very healthy. When the *budgerow* came to anchor in the evening, Henry used to take a walk with his bearer and sometimes they would ramble among the fields and villages for more than a mile from the river. Henry had all his life been confined to one spot; so, you may be sure, he was well pleased to see so many different countries, and asked many questions about the things which he saw. And often during these rambles, he used to have an argument with Boosy concerning the great Creator of all things: and Henry would say to his bearer, that the great God, who made all things, could not be like the gods which he believed in, which, according to his accounts of them, were more wicked and foolish than the worst men.

Once, in particular—it was in one of those lovely places near the Raja-mehal* hills—Henry and his bearer went to walk. Henry's mamma had, during the day, been very cross to him, and the poor little fellow did not feel



HENRY CONVERSING WITH BOOSY, ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES. (*See p.* 38.)

well, although he did not complain; but he was glad when he got out of the boat.

The sun was just setting, and a cool breeze blew over the water, which so refreshed the little boy that he climbed without difficulty to the top of a hill, where was a tomb. Here they sat down: and Henry could not but admire the beautiful prospect which was before them. On their left hand was the broad stream of the Ganges winding round the curved shore, till it was lost behind the Raja-mehal hills. The *budgerow*, gaily painted, was fastened to the shore, just below them. and with it many lesser boats, with thatched and sloping roofs. The *dandies* (boatmen) and native servants, having finished their day's work, were preparing their *khauna*, in distinct parties, according to their several castes, upon the banks of the river: some grinding their *mussula*,† some lighting their little fires, some washing their brass vessels, and others sitting in a circle upon the ground, smoking their cocoa-nut *hookahs*. Before them, and on their right hand, was a beautiful country, abounding with cornfields, *topes* of trees, thatched cottages with their little bamboo porches, plantain and palm trees, beyond which the Raja-mehal hills were seen, some bare to their summits, and others covered with jungle, which even now afford a shelter to tigers, rhinoceri, and wild hogs.

Henry sat silent a long time. At last he said, "Boosy, this is a good country, that is, it would be a very good country, if the people were Christians. Then they would not be so idle as they now are; and they would agree together, and clear the jungles, and build places to worship God in. It will be pleasant to see the people, when they are Christians, all going on a Sunday morning to some place of worship among those hills, and to see them in the evening sitting at the door of their houses reading the *shaster*‡—I do not mean your *shaster*, but our *shaster*, God's Book."

Boosy answered that he knew there would be a time when all the world would be of one religion, and when there would be no caste; but he did not know when that would be, and he was sure he should not live to see it.

"There is a country now," said Henry, "where there are no castes; and where we all shall be like dear brothers. It is a better country than this: there are no wild beasts; there is no more hunger, no more thirst; there the waters are sure; there the sun does not scorch by day, nor the moon smite by night. It is a country to which I sometimes think and hope I shall go very soon: I wish, Boosy, you would be persuaded either to go with me, or to follow me."

"What!" said Boosy, is *sahib* going to *Willaet?*"‖ And then he said, he hoped not; for he could never follow him through the black water, as the Hindoos call the seas.

Henry then explained to him, that he did not mean England, but heaven. "Sometimes I think, said he, "when I feel the pain which I did this morning, that I shall not live long: I think I shall die soon, Boosy. Oh, I wish! I wish I could persuade you to love the Lord Jesus Christ!" And then Henry, getting up, threw his arms around Boosy's neck, and begged him to be a Christian. "Dear Boosy," he said, "good Boosy, do try to be a Christian." But poor little Henry's attempts were yet quite ineffectual.

In little more than a month's time from

*The hall of the Rajah.

†A general name for spices, salt, medicine, &c.

‡The Hindoo religious books.

‖Country, but generally applied to Europe.

their leaving Dinapore, they reached Calcutta, and were received into the house of a worthy gentleman of the name of Smith. When Henry's mamma was settled in Mr. Smith's house, she found less inclination, if possible, than ever, to pay any attention to Henry. According to the custom of India, she must pay the first visit to all her acquaintance in Calcutta. Her dresses, too, having all been made at Dinapore, did not agree with the last European fashions: these were all to be altered, and new ones bought; and it was a good deal of trouble to direct the tailor to do this properly. Her hair was not dressed in the fashion: and her *Ayah* (waiting-maid) was very stupid; it was many days before she could forget the old way and learn the new one. So poor Henry was quite forgotten in all this bustle: and, although he was for several days very ill, and complained to his bearer that his side gave him great pain, yet his mamma never knew it.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith once or twice remarked when they looked at Henry, that the child was very pale, and that his eyes were heavy: but his mamma answered, "Oh, this is nothing; the child is well enough; children in India, you know, have that look."

(To be continued.)

Inspiring Letters from India.

(Continued from p. 28.)

[Copy.] *Ellivarasanenthel,*
21*st January*, 1896.

Miss Gray: Dear Sister in Christ,—I received your kind and instructive letter on the 10th instant. I got the letter with great joy, and read it very eagerly. The congregation wanted me to read it again and again. The Scripture texts you mentioned in your letter were committed to memory by us, and by almost all the members of our church. I taught those texts to the Sunday-school boys. The congregation asked me to give an address on Psa. xl. 17, on Sunday, the 12th instant. Asking the Almighty God to send His Holy Spirit to prepare the hearts of the people to receive the word of God, I preached, asking help from heaven; and the people were hearing every part of the sermon very attentively.

In the evening of the same Sunday I took Isa. xlviii. 17 as my sermon-text, and preached, reminding the people of the New Year, and giving them advice to make new determinations. And, moreover, we held a special prayer-meeting for you all.

We have arranged in this year to read daily three chapters in the Old Testament, and two in the New Testament. We begin the Bible-reading meeting with prayer, and close with the benediction.

I went to the Zemindar of this village on the 15th, to preach the Gospel of Christ. There assembled a good many Hindus. I had presented the Zemindar with a Bible before that time. I spoke to them about the sufferings of Christ. There was a dead silence among the people. All the people heard the word of God. Some of them said that the Brahmins deceived them, and Christianity would defeat all other religions, in course of time. At the same moment it came in my mind that your letter was in my pocket. I took the letter out of my pocket, and gave it to the Zemindar to read. As he is a good scholar in English, he read the letter and told the contents of it to the people. Moreover he said with a smile that that letter would make him arrange for the education of women in his family. He requested me to give you his alaams.

Often I read your letters to the people,

and explain to them your love towards them. We give you our cordial thanks for your kindness in sending us letters full of exhortations. I have translated the letters you have sent, and have written them in a book, together with the exhortations given by your dear father. I read them often, and remember you always. We are very glad to find that your love increases as years pass on.

I will write to your father soon. In order to remember you and your dear father, I have given two names to my two younger children, I call my son by the name of Gray Devadoss, and my daughter, Alice Ponnammal.

The boys who were named by Mr. Hutchinson. Superintendent, were not my boys.

We are all getting on well by the grace of God.

I humbly request you to remember us in your prayers.

We all give our humble salaams to you all.

I beg to remain, dear Sister in Christ,

Your most obedient servant,

P. GURUBATHAM.

[COPY.] *Messiahparam, Elliarampuni, Satur Taluk, Tinnevelly.*
1st January, 1896.

MR. GRAY: Most respected and dear Sir, in the love of Jesus Christ,—I wish you a happy new year. I thank almighty God for having given me a good opportunity, after a long time, to write these few lines to your valuable presence. I am going through your good advice, thinking as a precious pearl, not of the body, but of the spirit. I am weary by speaking and walking before I see your valuable presence; but after seeing your conversation in Jesus, I have made up my mind well to follow your precious teaching, because you spoke of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, while you were walking from Ambinagaram to Salvarapati and Malapathur, without any weariness, though thirsty by walking and speaking.

Especially the prayer-meeting is held for our S. B. Mission, Home Committee, Ebenezer Church, Sunday-school, you and your family, twice in a week, Tuesday and Friday; and I am praying the Lord to give a sound health and long life to self and madam, every day, in my private prayers. I feel very much of my sin that you did not write even a word about me in the letters which are coming from you to brother P. Gurubatham, Pastor; and to brother Swamidas, Pastor. This is my misfortune.

Dear Sir, I regret to inform you that my dear wife, Marthal, died on the 5th November, 1894. This is a very deplorable thing to me. Therefore I pray you to remember me in your private prayers, for the relief of my sorrowful condition. Besides, I am very anxious to get your good advices, as you are writing to brother Gurubatham, Pastor, and brother Swamidas, Pastor: and also from Miss Alice M. Gray.

I am doing the Lord's work with my conscience. I humbly beg you to excuse my silence; for I did not write you any letter up to this time. I am getting on well by God's grace, and wishing to hear the same from you.

I give my humble and hearty love to you and madam.

I beg to remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

M. MURRYAN.

P.S.—I am expecting your kind reply.

"I venture to assert that if every child in our Sabbath-schools mentally mastered that compendium of truth, '**MILNER'S CATECHISM**,' the Ritualists would find it hard to get foothold.....Surely the influence to-day of the Ritualists on the School Board demands the use of Catechisms more than ever. We will not have them in the BOARD SCHOOL, but in our SUNDAY SCHOOLS we must [have them]."—*From the Address of* MR. E. MARSH, *before the Metropolitan Association.*

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

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Our Debtorship to Christ as His Stewards.

A CLEAR consciousness of stewardship requires to be revived among us. What man would have the hardihood to confess that he is of set purpose living solely for himself, or for the worldly interests of his family? Yet, he may be doing so practically, if he has no part nor lot in the endeavours and sacrifices which the Gospel prompts men to make for the spiritual interests of others. Suppose that the Gospel could be preached, the Bible circulated, missionaries sent over every quarter of the globe, without his being called upon for a single gift, would any Christly heart be content to have it so? Would he venture openly to rejoice over the fact that the work had been done without costing him anything? What would be the inevitable effect upon his own character? Would there not be atrophy of his noblest capabilities? If the instincts of sympathy, compassion, benevolence, could not be exercised by us, we should petrify into granite monuments of selfishness. Men little understand the Divine logic of beneficence when they complain that they "cannot afford to give." The truth is, they cannot afford not to give. For, in withholding the silver and the gold, which are the Lord's, they are emptying themselves of that golden currency of generosity and goodness, which shall pass muster in realms whither they cannot take the wealth of this world. When will men learn the truth of the Master's saying that, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and realize the worth of that other "quality of mercy," which "blesses him that gives" as well as "him that takes"?—*From the Paper by Mr. Martin, at the Annual Breakfast Conference.*

Missionary Enterprise.

The Foundation on which it Rests.

IF our faith in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus decays, or if our hold on that Gospel is weakened, from that hour our missionary enthusiasm is weakened too. The very heart and centre of all our missionary work lies in that one test of the Old Book,—"Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—*Dr. Barrett.*



A Wedding in India.

A LADY who is attached to a Mission Station in India, writing home, sends the following account of a native wedding which took place at Saharanpur, the bride being one of the girls in attendance at the Mission schools :—

"For a month previous to the wedding the bride had been kept in a dark room, where she was not allowed to speak to anyone above a whisper. During this time she was repeatedly bathed, anointed, and perfumed in preparation for the most important event in her life. The

festivities began on Saturday evening. Some time during the next day, the bridegroom and the bride were placed, facing each other, on a charpai, (an Indian bed) and covered up. They then looked into a mirror, which was placed between them, and beheld each other for the first time. The scene of the festivities was at the home of the bride's parents.

THE BRIDAL DRESS.

"The courtyard and verandah presented a gay scene, being filled with women and girls dressed in their gayest—which in India is very gay—and covered with jewellery. The poor mother, however, had on her old clothes, dirt and all, in representation of her mourning. There were no chairs; everyone sat either on the ground, or on the charpais. After one of the English ladies had sung a song about the wise and foolish virgins, the bride was brought out—her feet not being allowed to touch the ground—and placed on a charpai. She said nothing, and no one was expected to speak to her. She was dressed very elegantly. Her crimson pajamas, such as the Mahommedan women wear, tight below the knee and falling in folds above, like the upper part of our sleeves, were beautifully embroidered with gold thread. The waist was of a darker shade, embroidered with gold and with green, and her chuddar was bright rose colour, embroidered with gold, as were also her shoes. The entire outfit was the gift of the mother-in-law. After we had finished looking at her clothes, she was carried back, and light refreshments were served, consisting of cardamon seeds and penang nuts, wrapped in betel leaves, with lime paste.

WAITING FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

"The barber soon after arrived, and the bride was placed on a mat on the floor to have her hair dressed. Little tiny braids were made all over the back of her head, which were then brought together into one large braid, which was allowed to hang down her back. For a finishing effect, a strip of cloth, red at one end and green at the other, with a border made of bits of white cloth, was fastened in. During the rest of the morning, there were, at intervals, music and dancing by women, who make it their business to sing and dance at weddings. One had a drum resembling a little nail keg, on which she drummed at both ends with her fingers, thus accompanying her voice, while the other glided gracefully over the ground, singing and jingling her anklets, which seemed to be hollow, enclosing bits of metal. The more noise there is, the more aristocratic a wedding is supposed to be. While the singers rested, we received chopped betel-nut and cocoa-nut; also little sticks with perfumed cotton on the end. This while we were waiting for the bridegroom.

THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

"At last we heard some one reading on the other side of the wall, where the bridegroom and his friends were assembled, and at every pause a chorus of voices shouted, 'Amen.' After this had ended, we had a similar performance on our side of the wall. One of the women read some poetry, which consisted of blessings upon everything which the bride would do, and, in response to each, the girls all screamed 'Amen,' each one trying to be heard above the others. The bridegroom then appeared, dressed in a flowing orange robe, with a turban to correspond, and shoes embroidered with gold. (The Indian shoes are very different from ours—they are low, without heels, and pointed, the points curving up over the top of the foot.) The bridegroom was met by the bride, who kissed him, after which he disappeared. It

was then time for the farewells. First the mother threw herself on the bride and commenced wailing, in which she was joined by the other guests; all of this would have moved us to pity, had it not been a fixed part of the programme. I did feel sorry for the poor bride. She was really almost dead, having been kept in a dark place for a month, and then having all this noise and commotion for two days and nights, sitting most of the time with her head bent over and all covered up, so that she could not even breathe such air as the others had. After all had said good-bye, the wedding procession, headed by a band, proceeded to the home of the bridegroom, the bride riding in a palki—a box-like conveyance carried by two men—and the bridegroom riding on a horse which was elaborately decorated with white flowers."

Little Henry and his Bearer.

By Mrs. SHERWOOD.

(Continued from p. 39.)

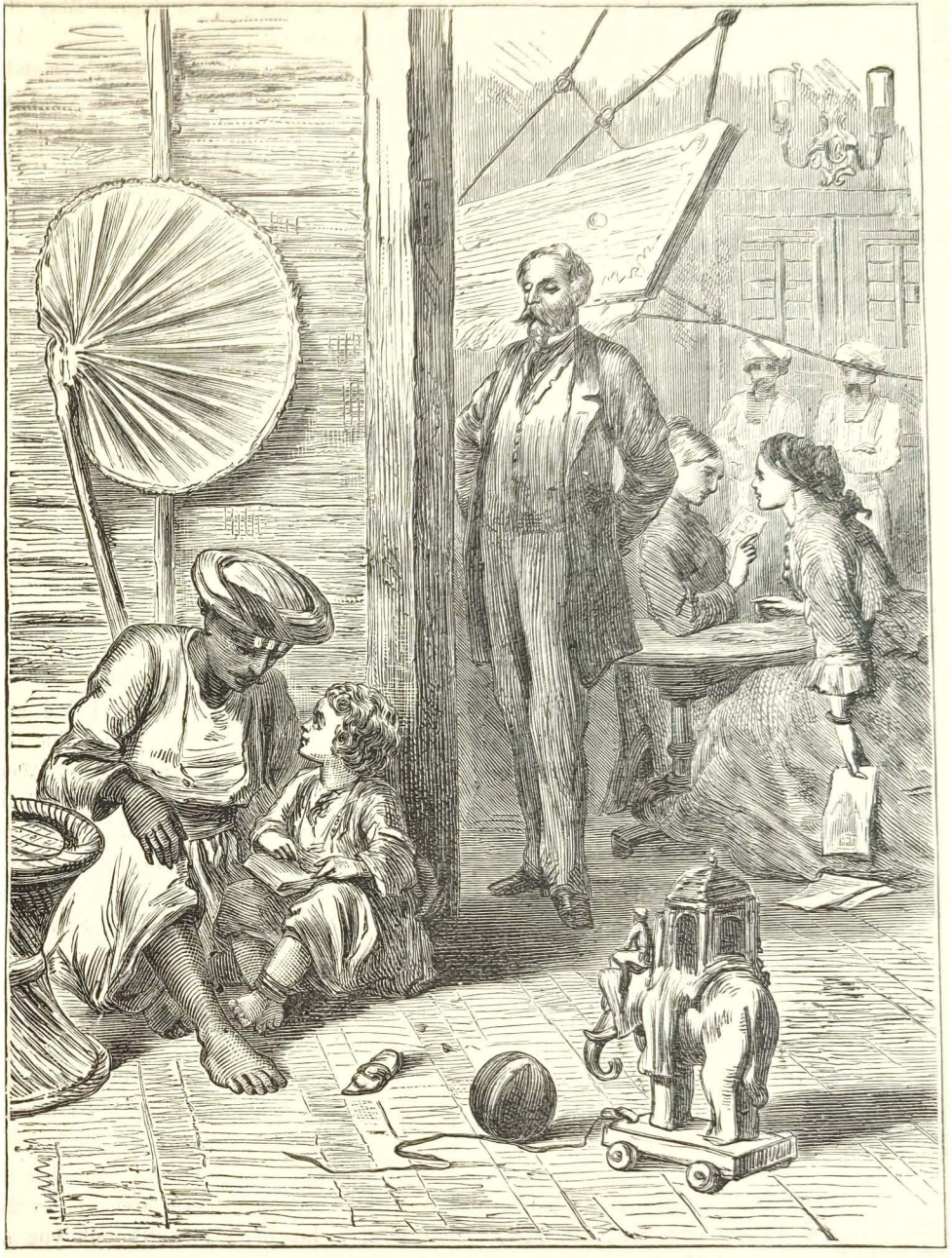
IT happened one afternoon, as Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Henry's mamma were in the drawing-room after *tiffin*, while the ladies were giving their opinions upon a magazine, which contained an account of the last European fashions of carriages, and dresses, &c., (for I am sorry to say, that Mrs. Smith, although she had the best example in her husband, had still to learn not to love the world,) Mr. Smith, half angry with them, and yet not knowing whether he should presume to check them, was walking up and down the room with rather a hasty step; when his eye, as he passed the door, caught little Henry sitting on the mat at the head of the stairs, between his bearer's knees, with his Bible in his hand. His back being turned towards the drawing-room door, Mr. Smith had an opportunity of observing what he was about, without being seen: he accordingly stood still, and listened, and he heard the gentle voice of Henry, as he tried to interpret the sacred book to his bearer in the bearer's own language.

Mr. Smith at first could scarcely believe what he saw and heard: but, at last, being quite sure he was not dreaming, he turned hastily towards the ladies, exclaiming, "Twenty-five years have I been in India, and never have I seen anything like this! Heaven be praised! truly is it written, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.' (Matthew xxi. 16.) For shame! for shame! Mrs. Smith, will you never lay aside your toys and gewgaws? Do give me that book, and I will let the cook have it to light his fire with.—Here are two persons, who have been nearly fifty years in the world, sitting together talking of their finery and painted toys, while a little creature who, eight years ago, had not breathed the breath of life, is endeavouring to impart Divine knowledge to the heathen. 'But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty.'" (1 Cor. i. 27.)

"My dear," cried Mrs. Smith, "surely you forget yourself! What can you mean?—Toys, and finery,—my dear, my dear, you are very rude!"

"Rude!" said Henry's mamma, "rude indeed! Mr. Smith,—and pray, Sir, what do you mean by saying, 'Fifty years?' Do you suppose that I am fifty years old? Extraordinary indeed!"

"I beg pardon, said Mr. Smith. "I did not mean to offend—but there is that little boy trying to explain the Bible to his bearer."



LITTLE HENRY TEACHING HIS BEARER FROM THE BIBLE. (See p. 44.)

"But, surely," said Henry's mamma, "you do not think that I am fifty years of age?—You are mistaken by twenty years."

MRS. SMITH. Oh my dear madam, you must excuse my husband!—Whenever he is a little angry with me, he tells *me* that I am getting old. But I am so used to it that I never mind it.

MR. SMITH. Well, my dear; leave me, if you please, to speak for myself. I am not a man that disguises the truth. Whether I speak or not, time runs on, death and eternity approach. I do not see why it should be a matter of politeness to throw dust in each other's eyes.—But enough of this, and too much. I want to know the meaning of what I just now saw: a little English child of seven years of age, endeavouring to explain the Bible to his bearer. I did not even know that the child could read.

"Oh," said Henry's mamma, "this matter is easily explained. I had a young lady in my house at Patna, some time since, who taught the child to read: for this, I was obliged to her. But she was not satisfied with that alone: she made a Methodist, a downright canting Methodist, of the boy. I never knew it till it was too late."

MR. SMITH. A Methodist! What do you mean, Madam?

"Indeed, said Henry's mamma, "the child has never been himself since. Captain D—— of the —— native infantry, when they were quartered at Dinapore, used to have such sport with him. He taught him, when he was but two years old, to call the dogs and the horses, and to swear at the servants in English—but I shall offend Mr. Smith again," she added: "I suspect him a little of being a Methodist himself. Am I right, Mrs. Smith? And she laughed at her own wit, but Mrs. Smith looked grave; and Mr. Smith lifted up his eyes to heaven, saying, "May God Almighty turn your heart!"

"Oh, Mr. Smith," said Henry's mamma, "you take the matter too seriously: I was only speaking in jest."

"I shall put that to the test, madam," said Mr. Smith. "If you really feel no ill-will against religion, and people who call themselves religious, you will not refuse to let me consider Henry as my pupil while you remain in my house; which I hope will be as long as you can make it convenient. You have known me some years, (I will not say how many, lest you should be angry again,) and you will make allowances for my plain dealings."

"Well," said Henry's mamma, "we know you are an oddity: take your own way, and let me take mine." So she got up to dress for her evening airing on the course: and thus this strange conversation ended in good humour; for she was not, on the whole, an ill-tempered woman.

The same evening, his mamma being gone out, Mr. Smith called Henry into his own room; and learned from him all that he could tell of his own history, and of the young lady who had taught him to read his Bible, and had advised him to seek Boosy's conversion. I will relate to you the last part of the discourse which passed between Mr. Smith and Henry.

MR. SMITH. Do you think that Boosy's heart is at all turned towards God?

HENRY. No, I do not think so; although for the last half-year I have been constantly talking to him about God: but he still will have it that his own idols are true gods.

MR. SMITH. It is almost dangerous, my dear little boy, for a child like you to dispute with a heathen: for, although you are in the right, and he in the wrong, yet Satan,

who is the father of lies, may put words into his mouth, which may puzzle you; so that your faith may be shaken, while his remains unchanged.

HENRY. Oh Sir, must I give up the hope of Boosy's being made a Christian? Poor Boosy! he has taken care of me ever since I was born.

MR. SMITH. But suppose, my dear boy, that I could put you in a better way of converting Boosy: a safe way to yourself, and a better way for him? Can Boosy read?

HENRY. Only a very little, I believe.

MR. SMITH. Then you must learn to read for him.

HENRY. How, Sir?

MR. SMITH. If I could get for you some of the most important chapters in the Bible, such as the first chapters of Genesis, which speak of the creation of the world, and the fall of man, with the first promise of the Saviour, and some parts of the Gospel, translated into Boosy's language, would you try to learn to read them to him? I will teach you the letters, or characters, as they are called, in which they will be written.

HENRY. Oh! I will learn them with joy.

MR. SMITH. Well, my boy, come every morning into my study, and I will teach you the Persian characters; for those are what will be used in the copy of the chapters I shall put into your hands. Some time or other, the whole Bible will be translated in this manner.

HENRY. Will the words be Persian, Sir? I know Boosy does not understand Persian.

MR. SMITH. No, my dear; the words will be the same as those you speak every day with the natives. When you have as much of the Bible as I can get prepared for you in this manner, you must read it to your bearer every day: praying continually, that God will bless His holy Word to him. And never fear, my dear, but that the Word of God will do its work: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isaiah lv. 10, 11. "But do not, my dear boy," added Mr. Smith, "argue and dispute with your bearer about religion! you are not yet able. Only read the Bible to him and pray for him continually; leaving the rest with God."

But not to make my story too long; while Henry's mamma remained at Calcutta; which was more than a year, Henry received a lesson every day from Mr. Smith in his study: and Mr. Smith taught him the Persian characters, and provided him with as many chapters in the Bible in Hindostanee as he could get properly prepared in a short time; these he had bound together in red morocco, and presented them to Henry, not without asking the blessing of God upon them.

How delighted was Henry, when he received the book, and found that he could read it easily! He was in his place on the mat between Boosy's knees, in a minute, and you might have heard him reading from one end of the house to the other, for he could not contain himself for joy. Nor was he contented with reading it himself, he must make Boosy learn to read it too. Add this was brought about much sooner than you would have supposed it possible: for as Henry learnt the Persian letters from day to day of Mr. Smith, he had been accustomed afterwards to write them on a slate, and make Boosy copy them

as they sat together; and so, by degrees, he had taught them all to his bearer before he was in possession of the Hindostanee copy of the chapters.

"Now, my boy," said Mr. Smith, "you are in the safe way of giving instruction, in an "ancient path cast up" by God. (Jeremiah xviii. 15.) Do not trust to the words of your own wisdom, but to the Word of God. Hold fast to the Scripture, dear boy, and you will be safe. And be not impatient, if the seed you sow should not spring up immediately: something tells me that I shall see Boosy a Christian before I die; or if I do not see that day, he that outlives me will."

(To be continued.)

The Tamil Brick-Maker.

HE was working at his brick-kiln. The missionary was passing, and said to him, "My friend, as you have given a form to clay, so has God fashioned you; and as you can destroy the work of your hands, so is it in your Creator's power to preserve or destroy you. If you are brought to know Him, and receive His word, you shall live." These were words in season for the poor man. He began to enquire about the great God and His word, and soon became desirous of becoming a Christian. Shortly afterwards, he became almost blind. He was taken to Tranquebar, but the doctors were unable to cure him. There he received further Scriptural instruction. The eyes of his understanding were opened. His knowledge of the Gospel increased, and he gave evidence of having been regenerated. His wife also discontinued her opposition, and began to seek the Lord. One day he said, "Although it has not pleased God that I should recover my sight, yet He has, by the power of His Spirit, lighted up the darkness of my heart, and that of my wife, whereby we are able to see the wickedness of worshipping idols. Is not this better than if he had put one hundred eyes in my head?"

Results cannot be Tabulated.

YOU preach in a heathen city, you scatter seed by the wayside; there were taken seeds of thought and fresh impressions far, far away from the original mission-place; and no one will know, until in a flash of lightning at the Day of Judgment, the amount of good, or the influence—either in the direction of religion or civilisation—which such words may have done. Then, give time for Christian missions to work. The leaven is hid in the measure of meal, until the whole is leavened. Do not want to tear the meal asunder in order to see if the leaven is working. Be patient; and, by-and-bye, you will have even a return for your money.—*J. Compton Rickett, Esq., M.P.*

"I venture to assert that if every child in our Sabbath-schools mentally mastered that compendium of truth, 'MILNER'S CATECHISM,' the Ritualists would find it hard to get foothold.....Surely the influence to-day of the Ritualists on the School Board demands the use of Catechisms more than ever. We will not have them in the BOARD SCHOOL, but in our SUNDAY SCHOOLS we must [have them]."—*From the Address of* Mr. E. MARSH, *before the Metropolitan Association.*

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The Olive Branch

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

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Mission News

IS very scanty; for, although we have received several letters from Mr. Hutchinson, the Superintendent, these have been strictly official, and contain nothing of interest to our readers.

The heat is so great that, with the exception of a very brief visit to Koilpati, he has been staying at Bangalore ever since his arrival in India, where he has commenced to learn Tamil under our missionary, Muttusawmy Pillai.

It has been arranged for Mr. Hutchinson to take up his abode at Koilpati as soon as the weather is somewhat cooler. Mr. Noble will then return to his former sphere of work at Jaffna, Ceylon.

Mr. Booth has been suffering greatly from the heat while at Koilpati, and has been obliged to resort again to Kodaikanal, on the hills. A few jottings from his reports will be read with interest. It will be seen that the difficulties of learning the language are very great, and that he has overtaxed his strength. We trust the rest and temporary relaxation will be the means of restoring his health and vigour.

Jan. 13th.—Tamil in morning as usual, but obliged to give up in the afternoon.

Jan. 14th.—Rested to-day, feeling weak.

Jan. 15th.—Managed a little Tamil.

Jan. 17th.—Tamil nearly as usual. Application received to-day from Duraisamypuram; some eighty-four souls there wishing to join our Mission. Answered in usual terms.

Jan. 19th.—Open-air service, very few present. Morning service. I preached from Mal. iii. 16. Sunday-school as usual. I told them of the birth of Jesus. Afternoon service. Mr. Noble read sermon by C. H. S.

Jan. 21st.—Visited Munditope school, sixteen children present. Examined them as to their knowledge of John i. Not very satisfied as to result. Left instructions that Scripture was to be taught each morning.

Jan. 22nd.—Examined Sunday-school register, and awarded to about a dozen scholars various portions of Scripture as prizes.

Jan. 24th.—Visited by new Tahsildar of Satur,—an intelligent fellow. I asked that a dispensary be established here.

Jan. 26th.—Open-air service as usual, about twenty men gathered. I spoke to them concerning some of the distinguishing features of Christianity.

Morning service, ten adults present. I preached from Heb. xii. 2.

Sunday-school, twenty present. Continued "Life of Christ." Afternoon service, Mr. Noble read sermon by C. H. S.

Feb. 2nd.—Open-air service in middle of bazaar. Between twenty and thirty stopped to listen. Morning service, I preached from Rom. i. 16. Conducted Sunday-school; over twenty present. Afternoon service: Mr. Noble read a Tamil translation of sermon by C. H. S.

Feb. 5th.—Agents' pay-meeting; I addressed them from the words, "If by grace, then it is no more of works;" and endeavoured to prove that salvation, as to its conception, construction, conveyance, and completion, is all of grace.

Feb. 9th.—Open-air service in Bandy Chutt-rum. Few present. Morning service: I preached from the words, "God is a Spirit." Twenty boys at Sunday-school; I related to them part of the life of Christ.

Feb. 15th.—Open-air service in a fresh quarter of the village, fifteen men listened; I addressed them from the words, "No man hath seen God."

A Chat about the Hindu Vedas.

By Samuel Gray, of Brighton.

"WHAT saith the *Scripture?*" is the enquiry of the Christian. "What say the *Vedas?*" is the enquiry of the Hindu. There are works which are to the Hindu what the "Fathers" are in Christian literature; and as the Fathers (within Protestant circles) stand or fall by the Scriptures, so the father-like Hindu writers stand or fall by the Vedas.

The Vedas were composed in Sanscrit, which ceased to be a spoken language anterior to B.C. 500. The Sanscrit of the sacred writings of the Hindus differs from the later (classical) Sanscrit about as much as the English of Queen Elizabeth's day differs from modern English.

"Veda" means "*knowledge*," and the Vedas are held to be infallible truth! Alas! that a lie should be mistaken for truth, and that millions should hold that lie in their right hand! It is simply appalling to reflect that for millenniums, teeming millions have walked in the grim darkness of Vedic teaching. Well may our earnest Mission *prayer* be: "Let there be light." Well may our lofty Mission *purpose* be to impart that light.

There are four Vedas, each consisting of three parts, viz., (1) *Mantras*, (that is, hymns of praise;) (2) *Brahmanas*, (that is, writings of the Brahmans, the priestly caste, respecting sacrificial observances;) (3) *Upanishads*, (that is, philosophisings upon the hymns of praise and sacrificial rites.) For the present, I confine myself to a little pen-chat about the Vedas proper, viz., the hymns of praise.

Each Veda has a name of its own, at once distinctive and descriptive. (1) The *Rig-Veda* is, by far, the most important of the four. "*Rig*" means "to celebrate;" and this Veda is the Veda of hymns of praise. (2) The *Yajur-Veda* derives its name from "*Yaj*," which means "*sacrifice*." This Veda contains formulas and verses for use in the sacrificial offerings. (3) The *Sama-Veda* contains verses to be chanted, according to the instructions of a special song book, at the sacrifices in which the intoxicating juice of the Soma plant was a special feature. (4) The *Atharva-Veda* is a later work, and is full of debasing superstitions. It embodies numerous incantations and charms, which are supposed to procure evil to enemies; and this Veda is, therefore, often styled "the cursing Veda."

The popular idea in India is, that the four Vedas proceeded from the four mouths of (the imaginary god) Brahma. He that has ears to hear lends them to the Brahman reciter of what Brahma never said! Let those ears be made familiar with the fact that "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken." We may be compelled to utter the plaintive cry of Isaiah: "Who hath believed our report?" But herein lies our inspiration,—it must ever hold good that as many as were ordained unto eternal life believe.

The Vedas seem to have been unwritten for hundreds of years, having been committed to memory by the Brahmans in succession. Even to-day these priests spend years in slowly storing their memories with their religious writings, as the ancient British Druids frequently spent twenty years in memorising their teachings.

Just when the earliest hymns were composed it is not easy to say. Specialists in Hindu and Zoroastrian history are not decided. It is held that the Zendavesta of the Parsee and the Vedas of the Hindu were contemporaneous, because the hymns so much resemble each other. It is amusing and instructive to observe that (as Professor Rawlinson informs us in his "Origin of Nations,") historians differ immensely as to the age of of the Zendavesta. One "authority" ascribes to it a date as remote as 6348 B.C.; another, however, names a date as recent as 485 B.C.; and others fix dates between these extreme points. There is only the trifling difference between historian and historian of *nearly* 6000 *years!!!*

The *poetic* excellence of some few of the Vedic hymns is considered high. But the polytheism (many-godism,) which is the ground-work of the whole of them, is saddening and sickening to a reverent mind. Educated Hindus turn away from much that is found in the writings of later times; nevertheless they have imagined that a pure religion is to be found in their Vedas. On consulting these works, however, they may soon be disillusioned, as we will presently show.

The Hindu Vedas account for themselves as do the Christian Scriptures. But as Theudas was to the Lord Jesus, so are the Vedas to the Word of God. Theudas gave himself out to be somebody, when he was nobody; but Jesus was "the very Christ." The Vedas speak astounding nonsense about themselves; but the Word of the Lord speaks as befittingly about the Word of the Lord, as Jesus speaks of Jesus. Let us see how the Vedas speak of the Vedas.

The Vedas allege that they were originated by the mystical sacrifice of Purusha. Here is a quotation:—"From that sacrifice sprung the Rig and Saman verses: from it the Yajush arose."

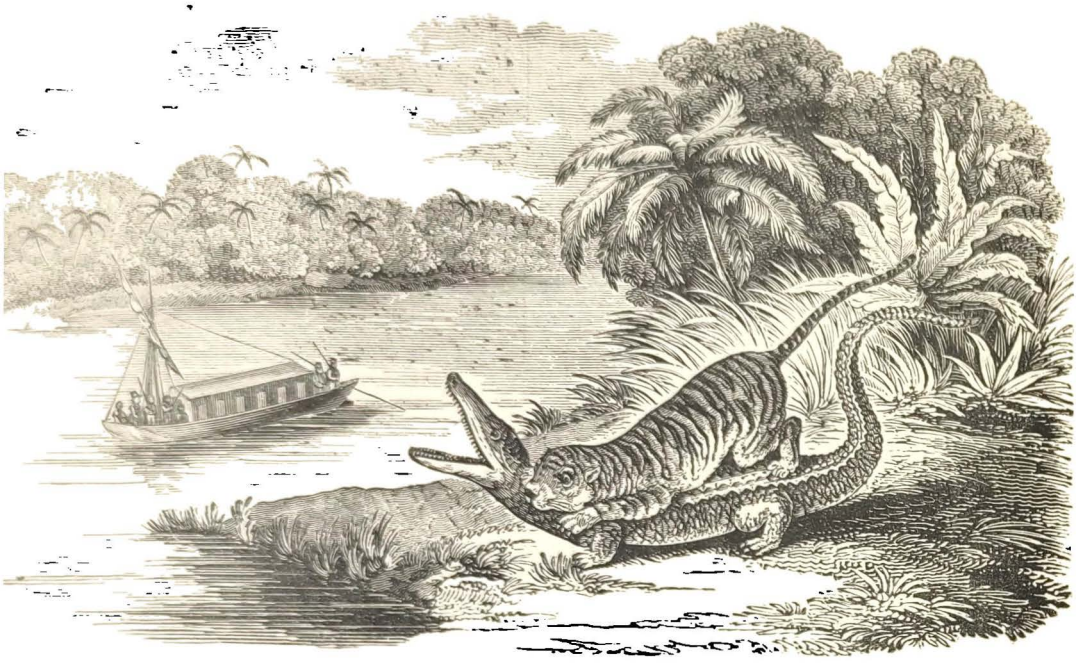
The Vedas say that they sprung from Indra, and that that god sprang from them! Here are the words: "Indra sprang from the Rig verses: the Rig verses sprang from him."

The Vedas claim to be the offspring of time. Listen to their nativity. "From time the Rig verses sprung; the Yajush sprung from time."

The Vedas affirm that they were strangely originated from Skambha (the Deified Supporting Principle.) This again is wretched drivel:—"Declare who is that Skambha from whom they cut off the Rig verses; from whom they scraped off the Yajush; of whom the Saman verses are the hair, and the verses of Atharva the mouth."

We are not very edified by the Vedic autobiographies. Is it not astonishing that such palpable trash should be highly esteemed among men?

(To be continued.)



Battle between a Tiger and an Alligator.

IT was twelve o'clock at noon when the mission vessel was lying at anchor. Beautiful woods skirted the river, forming a vista several miles in length. About a hundred yards from the vessel an alligator was seen crawling slowly out of the water. At length it lay, quietly enjoying its noon-tide sleep in the rays of the sun. In about half-an-hour, an immense tiger made its appearance, and, with the most cautious pace imaginable, approached the alligator. Its broad face and fierce eyes were turned towards the vessel, and it made the missionaries tremble to think of encountering such a foe. When he had come within the power of his leap, the tiger bounded upon the alligator, and seized it by its throat. The monster of the deep, roused from its slumber, opened its tremendous jaws, and lashed its terrific tail. Both the tiger and the alligator seemed to exert their utmost strength. The saw-like tail of the alligator inflicted some severe blows upon the tiger. But the battle was soon concluded —the alligator was conquered. The tiger shook his brawny sides, and seemed unconscious of pain. He then dragged the alligator a little further from the shore, and sat over it, like a cat over a captive mouse. Then he took the creature in his mouth, and walked off with it to the jungle, In a short time the tiger emerged from the forest, gazed at the missionaries for a few minutes, and then turned away to his prey. The lives of the missionaries were preserved.

"Shall Come."

SWEET are the words that fell from the lips of Him of whom it was said, "Never man spake like this man." "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh I will in no wise cast out."

The Redeemer makes this assertion upon the *grounds of covenant engagement.* Well did He remember the covenant He had made with His Father in the countless ages of eternity, viz., that all the Father had loved and given into His hand, He would suffer, bleed, and die for; and that His Father had engaged to receive all that came to Him through the merits of the sacrificial death of His Son, and to provide such means that all He had given Him *should come.* "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: The Lord knoweth them that are His." The words are as true to-day as when they were spoken, and daily are we seeing the words verified, in sinners being called from darkness to light; *therefore they are a stimulus to Christian labourers.* Yes, to those at home and abroad; how often, when our hearts have been sad through apparent non-success, we have been cheered by the words, "shall come." Our weakness and imperfections will never hinder what God has determined to do by us, for that power whereby sinners are gathered is not dependent upon us, but it *does* work by us, even making our weakness a means of blessing. Our brethren in India are doubtless at times cast down as they gaze upon the multitudes around them, steeped in sin and ignorance, idolatry and superstition, and while gazing upon such they wonder if ever the Gospel will reach their hearts, or whether all their labour is in vain; but when their faith grips this promise of the Saviour, doubts and fears fly away, their hearts are inspired with holy zeal and they go forward, proclaiming the truth, believing that He who said they *shall come,* will gather some of them even by *their* instrumentality.

This promise is not only a stimulus for us to *continue* in our work, but it *also stimulates us to spread the Gospel all over the world.* Here it may be truly said our "ignorance is bliss;" for the redeemed host are only made known to us by their effectual calling; by their fruits we know them. But while we are ignorant of who they are that shall hear the voice of the Son of God and live, we are inspired with the hope that all who hear our voice from time to time will be made manifest that they are among that multitude that no man can number, who are loved with an everlasting love, and redeemed by precious blood. *Jewels are often found in most unlikely places,* so the wandering sheep of Christ have been gathered from places where we least thought there could be a vessel of mercy. Who would have thought the dying thief who reviled the Lord, was a trophy of the Redeemer's conquest? yet it was made manifest he was such.

Dear readers, let us seek more earnestly the spread of the Gospel, north, south, east, and west; for from thence shall the redeemed come. The numbers who are now before the throne of God, are from every tribe and nation. The condition of the heathen in every part, cries to us to-day, "Come over and help us." This thrilling cry rings in my ears personally as I pen these words. If we do not *take the Gospel,* let us help to *send* it; for it is the power of God unto salvation; the preaching of it is God's appointment; and by these means Jesus says, "*All* that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me." *Mark, no sinner comes to God against his will;* but Divine power subdues their will, and they exclaim:

"Lo, glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am."

In conclusion, I feel that this promise is an *encouragement to the coming sinner*. Burdened souls, you that are groaning under your load of sin, go to Him; He will not cast you out. He loves you too dearly, and the sense you have of your poverty, sin, unworthiness, and need of Christ, is the evidence of His love to you. He has never spurned one away yet, for He saves to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. Go to Him just as you are; for there is forgiveness with Him that He may be feared. God bless you, Amen.

H. T. CHILVERS.

Little Henry and his Bearer.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

(Continued from p. 48.)

NOW the time arrived when Henry's mamma was to leave Calcutta. Indeed she had stayed much longer there than she had at first proposed; but there were so many amusements going forward; so much gay company; so many fashionable dresses to purchase, that she could not find it in her heart to leave them, although she was heartily tired of Mr. Smith's company. She respected him, indeed, as an old friend, and worthy man; but he had such particular ways, she said, that sometimes she had difficulty to put up with them.

She proposed, as she went up the country, to stop at Berhampore, to see Mrs. Baron. When Henry heard of this, he was greatly pleased; yet, when he came to take leave of Mr. Smith, he cried very much.

As they went up the river, Henry took every opportunity of reading his chapters to his bearer, when his mamma could not overhear him: and he had many opportunities early in the morning, and in the afternoon when his mamma was asleep, as she always slept for an hour after *tiffin*.

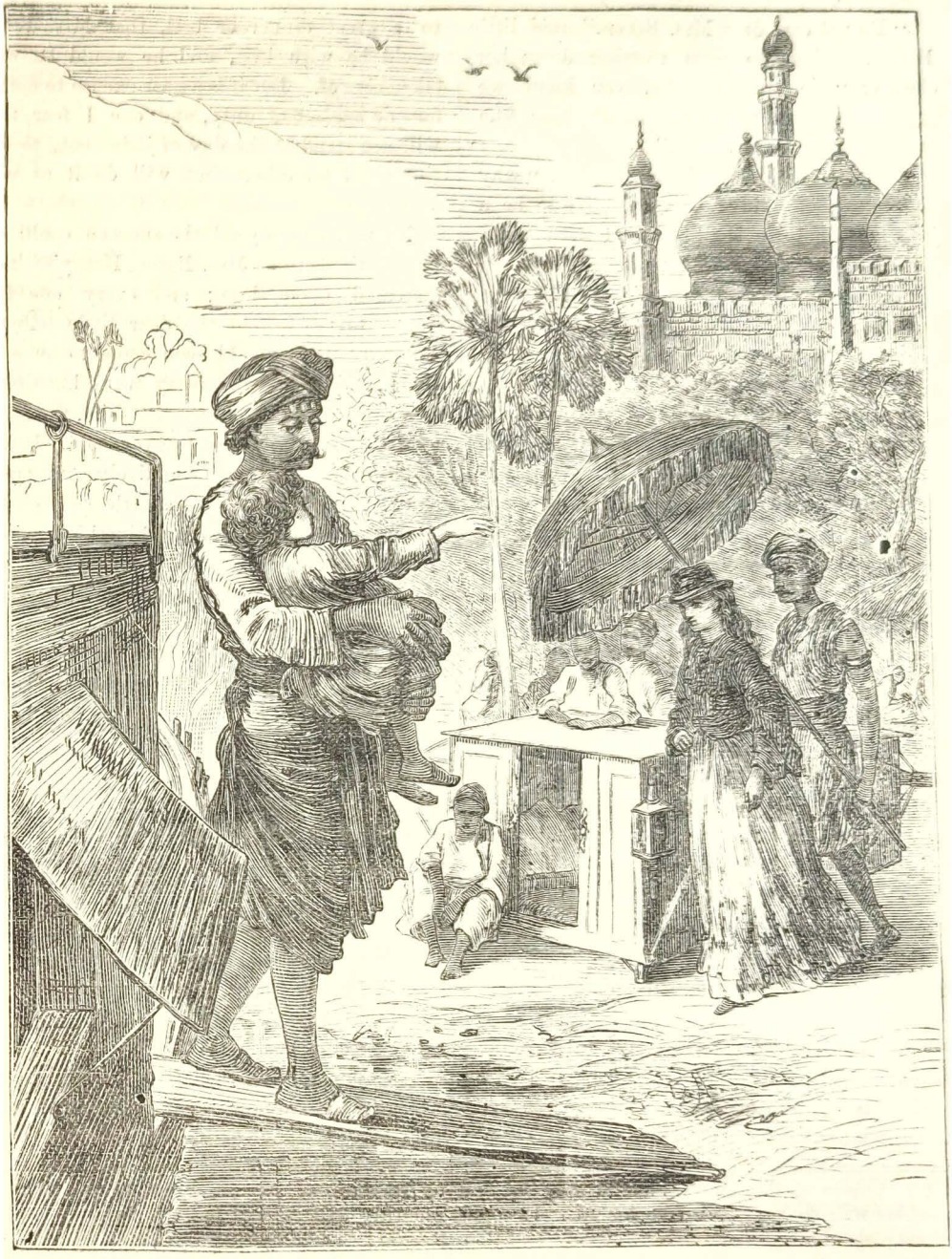
He proceeded very well indeed, Boosy daily improving, at least, in his knowledge of the Bible: till, the weather suddenly becoming excessively hot, Henry was seized with a return of violent pain in his side, and other very bad symptoms. He became paler and thinner and could not eat. His mamma, having no company to divert her, soon took notice of the change in the child, and began to be frightened; and so was his bearer.

So they made all the haste they could to Berhampore, that they might procure advice from the doctors there, and get into a cool house, for the boat was excessively hot; but, notwithstanding all the haste which they made, there was a great change in the poor little boy before they reached Berhampore.

When they were come within a day's journey of the place, they sent a servant forward to Mrs. Baron's; so that when the *budgerow* stopped the next day near the cantonments, Mrs. Baron herself was waiting on the shore with *palanquins* ready to carry them to her house. As soon as the board was fixed from the boat to the banks of the river, she jumped out of her *palanquin*, and was in the *budgerow* in a minute, with little Henry in her arms.

"Oh my dear, dear boy!" she said, "my dear, dear boy!" She could say no more, so great was her joy; but when she looked at him, and saw how very ill he appeared, her joy was presently damped; and she said, in her haste, to his mamma, "Dear madam, what is the matter with Henry? he looks very ill."

"Yes," said his mamma, "I am sorry to say that he is very ill; we must lose no time in getting advice for him."



MRS. BARON RECEIVING LITTLE HENRY. (See page 54.)

"Do not cry, dear Mrs. Baron," said little Henry, seeing the tears running down her cheeks; "we must all die, you know we must, and death is very sweet to those who love the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Oh, my child," said his mamma, "why do you talk of dying? you will live to be a judge yet, and we shall see you with seven silver sticks before your *palanquin*."

"I do not wish it, mamma," said Henry.

The more Mrs. Baron looked at Henry, the more she was affected.

For some moments she could not speak, or command her feelings at all; but, after having drunk a little water, she became more composed, and proposed that they should all immediately remove to her house. And when she found herself shut up in her *palanquin*, she prayed earnestly to God, that whether the sweet baby lived or died, he might not be taken from her in his sickness; but that she might, with the help of God, administer holy nourishment to his immortal soul, and comfort to his little weak body.

When they were arrived at Mrs. Baron's house, she caused Henry to be laid on a sofa by day in the sitting-room, and at night in a room close by her own. The chief surgeon of the station was immediately sent for, and everything was done for little Henry that the tenderest love could suggest.

Berhampore happened at that time to be very full; and Henry's mamma, finding many of her old acquaintances there, was presently so deeply engaged in paying and receiving visits, that she seemed again almost entirely to forget Henry, and lost all her concern about him: comforting herself, when she was going to a great dinner or ball, that Mrs. Baron would be with him, and he would be well taken care of. But it is a poor excuse to make, for our neglect of duty, and one I fear that will not stand at the day of judgment, to say that there are others that will do it as well for us.

Notwithstanding all the surgeon could do, and all the care of Mrs. Baron, Henry's illness increased upon him; and every one had reason to think that the dear little fellow's time on earth would soon come to an end. Mr. and Mrs. Baron were by turns his almost constant nurses: when one left him, the other generally took the place by his couch. It was very interesting to see a fine lively young man like Mr. Baron, attending a little sick child; sometimes administering to him his food or medicine, and sometimes reading the Bible to him—but Mr. Baron feared God.

(To be continued.)

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ERRATUM.

IN the March number, p. 23, col. 2, line 16, instead of "seeing we have put it," read, "because we are now seeking to put it on a right basis."

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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. XI., No. 133. **AUGUST, 1896.** ONE HALFPENNY.



THE LAKE, KODAIKANAL.

A Visit to a Hill Station in Southern India.

ON March 30th, 1896, at nine in the forenoon, I found myself, munshi, boy, and baggage, awaiting the arrival of the up-mail, which was to carry us to Ammayanayakanur,

the nearest station on the South Indian Railway to Kodaikanal, the well-known sanatorium on the Pulney Hills.

The train was only half-an-hour late ; we soon leave the S. B. M. head-quarters behind ; and, in *due* course, reach Madura, where the train waits twenty minutes, to allow us to breakfast.

Madura is one of the most ancient cities in Southern India, and has always been noted for its Tirumal Naik's Palace, and Menayche's Temple : one court of the latter contains a thousand pillars.

Ammayanayakanur is reached at two in the afternoon ; here we part company with the mail, and retire to the Travellers' Bungalow, where we rest until the heat of the day has somewhat subsided. Having partaken of an early dinner, we send for the already bespoken bullock-transits, and, after the delay common to all such occasions, the baggage is stowed, we take our places, and commence an uneventful but not altogether uninteresting journey to Krishnamanaik Tope, a place some thirty-three miles distant. The bulls were changed four times during the journey.

At 2 a.m. Krishnamanaik Tope was reached ; here the baggage was removed from the transit, and apportioned to half-a-dozen coolies, who, after a little talk, set off up the ghât with their burdens. I mounted a pony, and followed the coolies for some five miles, and thus made sure that none of the baggage would be left behind. The coolies were now tired, and stayed to rest, whilst I proceeded ahead, accompanied by the horsekeeper. As we ascended, I could feel the air getting cooler, and at four o'clock I was glad to dismount and walk a mile, in order to keep myself warm.

Height after height now came into view, and the way, though winding, was onward and upward. As morning dawned, the verdant foliage of the trees and bushes on the hill-sides was refreshing to the sight. The morning was not a bright one, and I could see that, not far away to the eastward, rain was falling. Not wishing to be caught in a shower, I urged the pony on, but, before reaching Kodaikanal, we were enveloped in a heavy, damp, penetrating mist, which made us feel a trifle uncomfortable.

I reached Loch End, Kodaikanal, at 6 a.m. March 31st, and had the pleasure, almost immediately upon arrival, of watching a steady downpour of rain.

Kodaikanal—a name made up of two Tamil words, meaning "a summer forest,"—stands at an elevation of more than 7000 feet above sea level. In the centre of the settlement is a large, irregularly-shaped, artificial lake, affording opportunities for boating and fishing, and constituting the chief water supply of Kody, except for cooking and drinking; excellent water for these purposes being obtained from a few small springs, scattered about the settlement. Three roads have been cut around the lake, one at the water's edge, and the other two at different heights on the hills, which almost completely encompass the lake. The middle road, which is also the prettiest, gives a walk of rather more than four miles.

Many flowers familiar to English eyes are to be seen here. I have noticed roses, geraniums, violets, jasmine, daisies, and lilies. Such fruits as apples, pears, peaches, plums, strawberries, &c., are also grown. A point worth noting is, there are no crows nor sparrows here: a very unusual circumstance for a station in India. A. E. Booth.

(*To be continued.*)

A Chat about the Hindu Vedas.

By Samuel Gray, of Brighton.

(Continued from p. 51.)

IN proposing to give some idea of the ancient devotional exercises of Hinduism, one hardly knows what to fix upon as being best suited for the purpose. The Rig-Veda comprises upwards of 1,000 hymns. They are divided into ten sections, called, "*Mandalas.*" Some hymns are addressed to particular gods; some are addressed to different couples of deities; and others still are addressed to the "Visve Devas," that is, "all gods." Let us listen to Hindu "devotion," as the writer, when at Bombay, listened with pity to the Zoroastrian Parsees reciting their Zendavesta. How the offerers of such worship fare, we know. Certain devotees in Elijah's days, on a remarkable occasion, "called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us! But there was no voice, nor any that answered."

Selections from various Hymns.

Hymn to Agni.

"I laud Agni, the great high priest, god, minister of sacrifice,
The herald, lavishest of wealth.
Worthy is Agni to be praised by living as by ancient seers:
He shall bring hitherward the gods.
May Agni, sapient-minded priest, truthful, most gloriously great,
The god, come hither with the gods."

Hymn to the Asvins, (goddesses being mentioned.)

"O Agni, hither bring to us the willing spouses of the gods,
And Twashtar, to the Soma-draught.
Most youthful Agni, hither bring their spouses,
Hotra, Bharati, Varutri, Dhishana, for aid.
Spouses of heroes, goddesses, with whole wings may they come to us,
With great protection, and with aid.
Indrani, Varunani, and Agnayi, hither I invite,
For weal to drink the Soma-juice."

Hymn to Purusha.

"A thousand heads had Purusha, a thousand eyes, a thousand feet;
He covered earth on every side, and spread ten fingers' breadth beyond.
This Purusha is all that yet hath been, and all that is to be;
The lord of immortality which waxes greater still by food,
So mighty is his greatness; yea, greater than this is Purusha.
All creatures are one-fourth of him; three-fourths eternal life in heaven.
With three-fourths Purusha went up; one-fourth of him again was here;
Thence he strode out to every side, over what eats not and what eats."

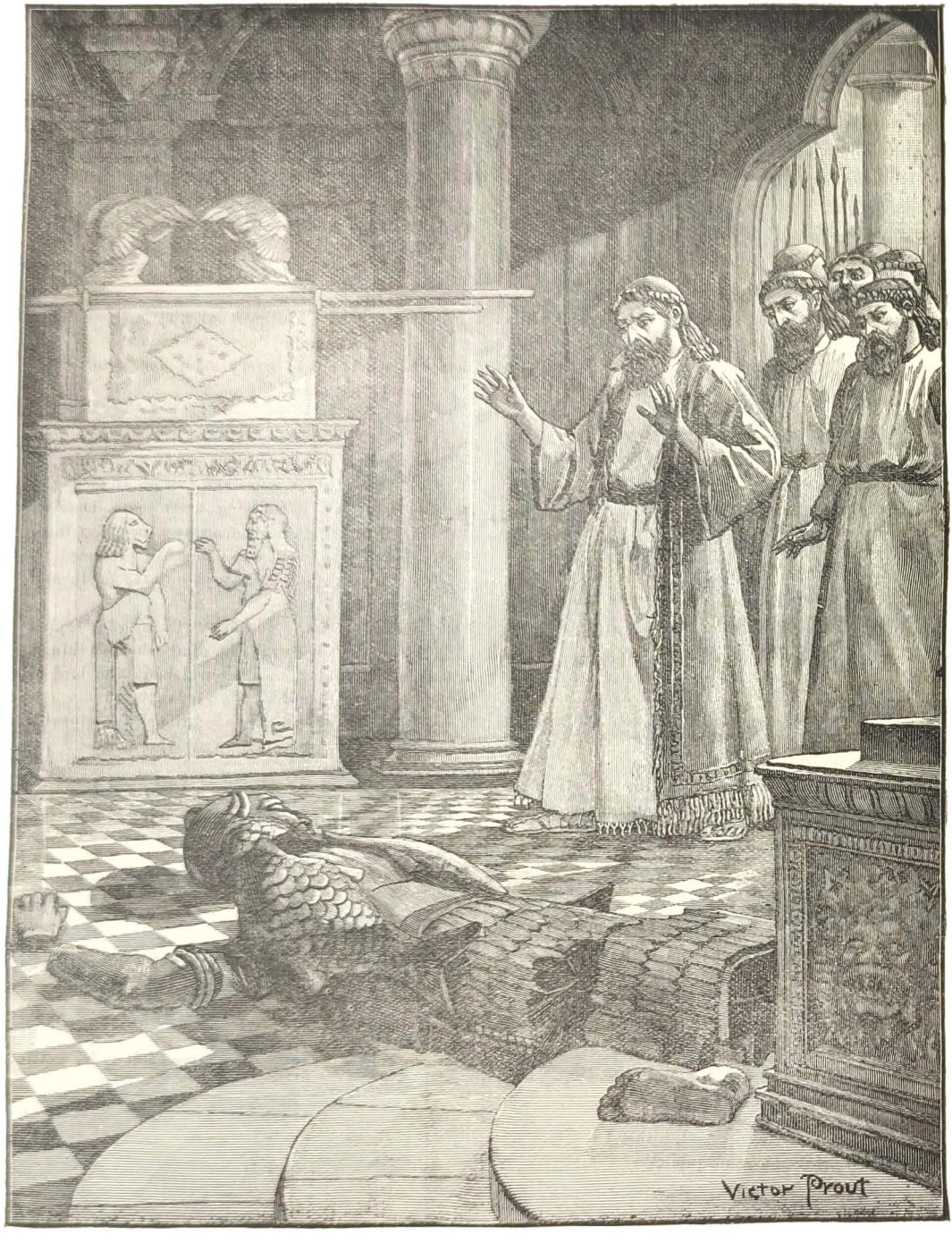
Hymn to Visvakarman.

"He who hath eyes on all sides round about him, a mouth on all sides, arms and feet on all sides;
He, the sole god, producing earth and heaven, weldeth them, with his arms as wings, together.
What was the tree, what wood in sooth produced it, from which they fashioned out the earth and heaven?
Ye thoughtful men, inquire within your spirit whereon he stood when he established all things.
Let us invoke to-day, to aid our labour, the lord of speech, the thought-swift Visvakarman;
May he hear kindly all our invocations, who gives all bliss for aid, whose works are righteous.

Hymn to Visve Devas, (all gods.)

"Not one of you, ye gods, is small, none of you is a feeble child;
All of you, verily, are great.
Thus be ye lauded, ye destroyers of the foe, ye three-and-thirty deities,
The gods of man, the holy ones.
As such, defend and succour us, with benedictions speak to us.
Ye deities, who stay with us, and all ye gods of all mankind,
Give us your wide protection, give shelter for cattle and for steed."

(To be continued.)


VICTOR PROUT

The Fall of Dagon.

IT was a painful message that young Samuel had to deliver to Eli, the aged priest; yet the dear child was faithful and truthful; and Eli believed that it was the word of the Lord. Moreover, he knew that his sons deserved the threatened punishment; for their sins had been a sore grief to him, although he had not restrained them with sufficient firmness. Though God's forbearance is great; yet he "is angry with the wicked every day;" and, sooner or later, His judgments must fall upon the impenitent.

The Philistines were among Israel's greatest enemies, at this period of their history; for again and again do we read that they went out against them to battle. But, as in Joshua's time, the Israelites were defeated at Ai, when Achan had trespassed against the Lord; so, in the days of Samuel, while the priesthood was polluted, Israel could not stand against her enemies.

Still, they had not wholly forgotten their God, (see 1 Sam. iv. 3.) "Wherefore," they said, "hath the Lord smitten us to-day before the Philistines? Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh unto us; that when it cometh, it may save us out of the hands of our enemies." And the ark of the covenant—that sacred symbol of Jehovah's presence—was impiously removed from the holy of holies, and carried to the battle-field in custody of Hophni and Phinehas, the very men for whose sins the people were being punished. "And all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again."

At first, the Philistines were afraid; but when the battle was renewed, they fought the more courageously. And what availed the mere symbol of God's presence, when His people had transgressed His commands? Thirty thousand fell in that day's deadly conflict, among whom were Hophni and Phinehas, the priests who had profaned the sanctuary. But, worst of all, the ark of God was captured by the Philistines!

Then was fulfilled the declaration of the man of God recorded in 1 Sam. ii. 34, and the prophecy of Samuel, (chap. iii. 11—14.) Eli fainted at the news. To the aged priestly judge, the national calamity was indeed great; and the death of his sons affected him still more deeply; but the overwhelming intelligence that *the ark of God was taken by the Philistines*, was more than he could bear. When he heard this, he fell backwards, and died.

That was a sad day for Israel. How the Philistines must have triumphed, while with wanton eyes, they peered into that golden chest, and inspected its sacred contents! But the tables of the law were written in Hebrew, which language, if the lords of the Philistines understood, they had no desire to obey its commands. They doubtless ascribed their victory to Dagon, who, they supposed, had triumphed over the God of the Hebrews; and, carrying the ark into one of their temples, they placed it in contempt beside their fish-god, as a trophy of victory. But God was able to vindicate His honour, and before the symbol of *His* presence, their idol falls flat with his face to the earth, as if bowing before a superior Deity. Nothing daunted, they set him up again on his pedestal, and doubtless fixed him more securely than ever. But on the morrow, when they arose, they were amazed to find that he was fallen again, shattered and broken to pieces! The very trophy of their victory had proved a curse, as the subsequent history still more abundantly proves. (See 1 Sam. v., vi.)

A few suggestive lessons must close our brief paper.

(1) **The primary teaching of the narrative** is that *God punishes sin* **wherever it is found.** Though Eli was a good man, and was not responsible for the crimes of his sons, yet he sinned in not rebuking them more severely. "Nay, my sons: for it is no good report that I hear." Such language was far too soft. Indeed, the sternest rebuke was inadequate. He should have removed them from the priestly office, even if his fatherly affection had allowed them to flee from the severer punishment of the law. God's judgments, however, overtook them, while His tenderness was displayed in Eli's sudden death.

(2) *God's commands must not be set aside, even though the motive be good.* The removal of the ark was a terrible sin. "There will I meet with thee, and there will I commune with thee," said Jehovah. But when the ark was removed, "the glory had departed." "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice."

(3) *God's enemies may gain a temporary victory; but Truth is mighty and must prevail.* Purity must stand before popularity. "Thus saith the Lord" must be final in matters of religion.

(4) *The fall of Dagon is the missionary's encouragement.* We send, not the ark, but the Gospel to the heathen, in obedience to the Saviour's last command,—assured that darkness shall flee before the light, that error shall give place to truth, and that the idols shall perish at His presence, as Dagon fell before the ark. EDITOR.

Little Henry and his Bearer.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

(Continued from p. 56.)

WHEN Henry first came to Berhampore, he was able to take the air in the evening in a *palanquin*, and could walk about the house; and two or three times he read a chapter in the Hindoostanee Bible to Boosy; but he soon became too weak to read, and his airings became shorter and shorter; he was at last obliged to give them quite up, and to take entirely to his couch and bed, where he remained until his death.

When Boosy saw that his little *sahib's* end was drawing near, he was very sorrowful, and could hardly be persuaded to leave him night or day, even to get his *khauna*. He did everything he could think of to please him; and more (as he afterwards said,) to please his dying master than his God, he began to read his chapters with some diligence; and little Henry would lie on his couch, listening to Boosy as he read (imperfectly indeed) the Word of God in Hindoostanee. Often he would stop him, to explain to him what he was reading; and very beautiful sometimes were the remarks which he made, and better suited to the understanding of his bearer than those of an older or more learned person would have been.

The last time that his bearer read to him, Mrs. Baron sitting by him, he suddenly stopped him, saying:

"Ah, Boosy, if I had never read the Bible, and did not believe in it, what an unhappy creature should I now be! for in a very short time I shall "go down to the grave to come up no more;" (Job vii. 9;) that is, until my body is raised at the last day. When I was out last, I saw a very pretty burying-ground, with many trees about it. I knew that I should soon lie there; I mean that my body would: but I was not afraid, because I love my Lord Jesus Christ, and I know that He will go down with me unto the grave; I shall sleep with Him, and 'I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with His likeness.'" (Psa. xvii. 15.)

He then turned to Mrs. Baron, and said, "'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," (Job xix. 25, 26.) "O kind Mrs. Baron! who, when I was a poor sinful child, brought me to the knowledge of my dear Redeemer; anointing me with sweet ointment (even His precious blood) for my burial, which was so soon to follow."

"Dear child!" said Mrs. Baron, hardly able to preserve her composure, "dear child! give the glory to God."

"Yes, I will glorify Him for ever and ever," cried the poor little boy; and he raised himself up in his couch, joining his small and taper fingers together: "yes, I will praise Him, I will love Him." I was a grievous sinner; every imagination of the thought of my heart was evil continually; I hated all good things: I hated even my Maker: but He sought me out; He washed me from my sins in His own blood; He gave me a new heart; He has clothed me with the garments of salvation, and has put on me the robe of righteousness: He "has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light," (2 Tim. i. 10.) Then, turning to his bearer, he said, "O my poor bearer! what will become of you "if you neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3.) "O Lord Jesus Christ," he added, "turn the heart of my poor bearer!"

This short prayer, which little Henry made in Hindoostanee, his bearer repeated, scarcely knowing what he was doing. And this, as he afterwards told Mr. Smith, was the first prayer he had ever made to the true God—the first time he had ever called upon His holy name.

Having done speaking, little Henry laid his head down on his pillow, and closed his eyes. His spirit was full of joy, indeed, but his flesh was weak; and he lay some hours in a kind of slumber. When he awoke, he called Mrs. Baron, and begged her to sing the verse of the hymn he loved so much, "Jesus sought me," &c., which she had taught him at Dinapore. He smiled while she was singing, but did not speak.

That same evening, Boosy being left alone with his little master, and seeing that he was wakeful and inclined to talk, said, "*Sahib*, I have been thinking all day that I am a sinner, and always have been one: and I begin to believe that my sins are such as Gunga cannot wash away. I wish I could believe in the Lord Jesus Christ!"

When Henry heard this, he strove to raise himself up, but was unable, on account of his extreme weakness; yet his eyes sparkled with joy: he endeavoured to speak, but could not, and at last he burst into tears. He soon, however, became more composed, and, pointing to his bearer to sit down on the floor by his couch, he said:—

"Boosy, what you have now said makes me very happy: I am very, very happy, to hear you call yourself a sinner, and such a one as Gunga cannot make clean. It is Jesus Christ who has made this known to you; He has called you to come unto Him. 'Faithful is He that called you.' I shall yet see you, my poor bearer, "in the general assembly and church of the First-born,'" (Heb. xii. 23.) "You were kind to me when my own mother and father were dead. The first thing I can remember is being carried by you to the *Mangoe tope*, near my mamma's house at Patna. Nobody loved me then but you: and could I depart in peace and leave you behind me in the way to hell? I could not bear to think of it! Thank God! thank God! I knew He would hear my prayer: but I

thought that, perhaps, you would not begin to seek Him till I was gone. When I am dead, Boosy," added the little boy, "do you go to Mr. Smith, at Calcutta. I cannot write to him, or else I would: but you shall take him one lock of my hair, (I will get Mrs. Baron to cut it off, and put it in paper,) and tell him that I sent it. You must say, that Henry L——, who died at Berhampore, sent it, with this request, that good Mr. Smith would take care of his poor bearer when he has lost caste for becoming a Christian."

Boosy would have told Henry that he was not quite determined to be a Christian, and that he could not think of losing caste; but Henry, guessing what he was going to say, put his hand upon his mouth.

"Stop!" stop!" he said; do not say words which will make God angry, and which you will be sorry for by and bye; for I know you will die a Christian. God has begun a good work in you, and I am certain that He will finish it."

(To be continued.)

A Suggestion.

WITH view of increasing the interest of our young friends in the work of the Mission, the Committee suggest that a *Mission Secretary* be appointed in every Sunday-school, whose pleasurable duty should be to foster a missionary spirit, and to promote the interests of the Mission, by receiving and forwarding periodically to Finance Secretary the proceeds of the weekly collections, and seeing that the young are well-supplied with copies of the *Olive-Branch*.

Reports of Special Meetings and Missionary Addresses will always be acceptable for our pages.

If an agent for the sale of the *Olive-Branch* were appointed in connection with every chapel, our circulation might be largely increased.—Ed.

The Annual Meeting

WILL (D.V.) take place at Soho Chapel, Shaftesbury Avenue, on Tuesday, Oct. 27th. Further particulars next month. Will Pastors and Deacons kindly avoid this date in making other arrangements?

Mount Ephraim Baptist Chapel, Thanet Road, Margate.—On Lord's-day, August 16th, 1896, special sermons will be preached by Mr. Licence, of London, when collections will be made on behalf of the Strict Baptist Mission.

Services will commence in the morning at 11, and in the evening at 6.30.

Received for S. B. Mission.—Mr. Hawkins, £1; Gamma, 5s.

"I venture to assert that if every child in our Sabbath-schools mentally mastered that compendium of truth, 'Milner's Catechism,' the Ritualists would find it hard to get foothold.....Surely the influence to-day of the Ritualists on the School Board demands the use of Catechisms more than ever. We will not have them in the Board School, but in our Sunday Schools we must [have them]."—*From the Address of* Mr. E. Marsh, *before the Metropolitan Association.*

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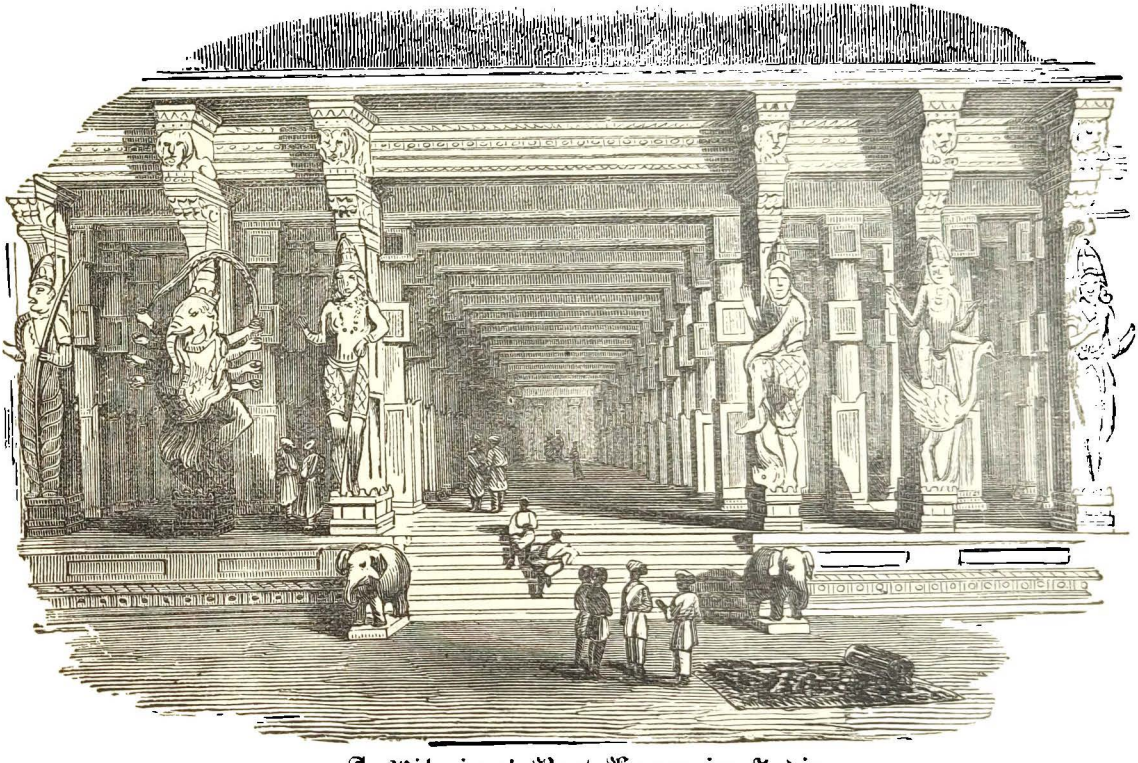
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Vol. XI., No. 133. SEPTEMBER, 1896. One Halfpenny.



A Pilgrims' Rest-House in India.

OPPOSITE to the houses of rich men, or before a consecrated pool of water, are resting places for pilgrims, such as our engraving represents. They are frequently

dedicated to Gunesh, the god of wisdom, which is represented with an elephant's head.

Occasionally these buildings are large, and will accommodate hundreds. After lengthened journeys to the shrines of their gods, the poor pilgrims and devotees find shelter and refreshment under these capacious roofs.

Enormous sums of money are expended in the erection of the places of refreshment for these pilgrims. The wealthy devotees believe that by such expenditure they acquire merit, and please their idol deities. They have a feeling that some atonement for their sins is required, in order that they may secure bliss in another world. Spending money for such an object, they believe, will meet the case, not having learned that without the blood of Christ there is no remission.

A Visit to a Hill Station in Southern India.

(*Concluded from p.* 58.)

THE season being an exceptionally dry one, the one or two waterfalls near to the settlement did not afford such a fine sight as they do after the burst of a monsoon. We had an enjoyable tea one Saturday afternoon, at a place some two miles down the ghât, known as "The Silver Cascade;" here, over a rock some fifty or sixty feet high, the water rolled in a mass of white foam, giving a very pretty effect.

During my stay at Kodaikanal, I joined in a missionary picnic at a place known as "Pillar Rocks." The party consisted of twelve persons, ten of whom were C. M. S. missionaries. The place was about four miles distant; some of the party drove, some rode, others walked. In a nicely shaded spot we refreshed ourselves, and after reading and prayer, roamed in various directions. Having spent an enjoyable day, I reached home at 6 p.m., fairly tired.

Sunday in India is very different from the same day in "the land of the brave and the free." Exactly where the difference lies, I cannot say; but none who have experienced both will deny that a difference *does* exist. Sunday on the plains is often the most wearisome day of the week, and one is heartily glad to embrace the opportunities afforded at a hill station to join with others in worshipping God; and yet, somehow, Sunday at a hill-station in India *is* different from the same day at home. There are three places of worship here, belonging to the American Mission, Church of England, and the Roman Catholics respectively. The two former I attended regularly, and few were the occasions on which I did not find spiritual refreshment and enjoyment.

Annually, at the American Mission Church here, a Convention and Conference are held. The former was, for the seventh time, held early in May for three days, two sessions being held each day. Each morning two addresses were given, and each afternoon one address, followed by prayer and conference. The chair was occupied successively by a Wesleyan, an Episcopalian, and a Baptist. The keynote of the addresses was "The Bible as God's word to man, under all conditions, and at all times." I enjoyed the meetings immensely, and found them a means of great spiritual benefit. The Conference was held about the middle of May, and many practical questions concerning mission work were freely discussed, some of which were fairly interesting.

An account of *my* stay at Kodaikanal would be incomplete without mention being made of the Christian love shewn to me by

Mrs. McNair and family. I found in Loch End a "second home," and shall always gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God in giving me such loving friends in India.

E. A. Booth.

Why should we support the Strict Baptist Mission?

FOR several reasons. First, because of the command of the Saviour to His servants, ere He left this world, that they were to "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Now, this is binding on us still, just as much as it was upon the Apostles and the early Church. We cannot all go to the mission-field, and carry the Gospel there; but we can support those who do go. They go in the name of our Master and theirs, to fulfil His command, and as our representatives, therefore, we ought to uphold them in every possible way in such a noble work, with our prayers and ready gifts; that the Mission may be well sustained, and that our Lord's last commission may be fulfilled and carried on, until He shall come again. This we feel is a weighty reason, and continually binding upon us, His followers.

Secondly, because the Strict Baptist Mission is carried on according to the New Testament, the methods which the Saviour laid down, and the Apostles followed, viz., they preached the Gospel, when souls were converted, turned from dumb idols to serve the living God, put their trust in Jesus Christ, they were baptized by immersion, then added to the Church,—this is the order the Mission we support still follows; therefore, we are following out the way Jesus commanded, and the Apostles practised. This is very important, because we can ask for the Lord's blessing on our work, and feel sure that He will grant it. Thus we are supporting the methods we know to be right, and on which we shall have our Lord's approval. Therefore, let us pray for the success of the Mission, and give heartily, freely, for its support.

Thirdly, we who have the light of God's Word, and the possession of salvation through Jesus, the bright hope of heaven in our hearts, are deeply anxious that the poor benighted heathen may possess this great blessing also. When our own hearts are resting on His work, enjoying the peace which He gives, we long that others may find that rest too, especially those who have never heard of His precious name. We dare not withhold the news of this great salvation which Jesus has wrought for sinners. How we desire that those who are bowing down to blocks of wood and stone may know Him who is the living and true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent! But it is vain to wish, if we do not help to send the Gospel. "How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Thus let us couple our desires with practical effects, uniting our prayers with earnest efforts, that they may hear the joyful news of salvation, and that our prayers be not hindered by lack of zeal in this good cause.

Fourthly, we know the two dear brethren who have left home and kindred to go on behalf of the Mission. They are men of God who can be trusted for their fidelity and zeal in this important work. They will be greatly encouraged to know that all the members of our churches, congregations, and Sunday-schools, are upholding them in their arduous toil, liberally supporting the Mission, praying for them constantly, with their native helpers; thus linking hands with them across the ocean,

strengthening and encouraging them. This will nerve their hearts to go on the great work they have undertaken for our Lord and precious souls. For these reasons, and others which might be urged, if you have not helped the Mission hitherto, begin at once; and if you have been a loving, ready helper, try and enlist others to engage with you in this good work; and, while you are seeking a blessing on others, your own heart will feel all the happier. Now we trust you will all say: "We must support the Strict Baptist Mission in India with all our power." E. WHITE.

Little Henry and his Bearer.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

(Concluded from p. 64.)

WHILE Henry was talking to his bearer, Mrs. Baron had come into the room; but, not wishing to interrupt him, she had stood behind his couch: but now she came forward. As soon as he saw her, he begged her to take off his cap, and cut off some of his hair, as several of his friends wished for some.

She thought that she would endeavour to comply with his request. But when she took off his cap, and his beautiful hair fell about his pale sweet face; when she considered how soon the time would be when the eye that hath seen him shall see him no more, she could not restrain her feelings; but, throwing down the scissors, and putting her arm round him, "O my child! my dear, dear child!" she said, "I cannot bear it. I cannot part with you yet!"

The poor little boy was affected; but he gently reproved her, saying, "If you love me, you will rejoice, because I go to my Father." (John xiv. 28.)

There was a considerable change in the child during the night; and all the next day till evening he lay in a kind of slumber: and when he was roused to take his medicine or nourishment, he seemed not to know where he was, or who was with him. In the evening he suddenly revived, and asked for his mamma. He had seldom asked for her before. She was in the house: for she was not so hard-hearted (thoughtless as she was,) as to go into gay company at this time, when the child's death might be hourly expected.

She trembled much when she heard that he asked for her. She was conscious, perhaps, that she had not fulfilled her duty to him. He received her affectionately, when she went up to his bedside, and begged that everybody would go out of the room, saying, that he had something very particular to speak about. He talked to her for some time; but nobody knows the particulars of their conversation, though it is believed that the care of her immortal soul was the subject of the last discourse which this dear little boy held with her.

She came out of his room with her eyes swelled with crying, and his little well-worn Bible in her hand, (which he had probably given her, as it had hitherto always lain on his bed by him;) and shutting herself in her room, she remained, without seeing anyone, till the news was brought that all was over. From that time she never gave her mind so entirely to the world as she had formerly done; but became a more serious character, and daily read little Henry's Bible.

But now, to return to little Henry. As there are but few persons who love to meditate upon scenes of death, and too many are only able to view the gloomy side of them, instead of following, by the eye of faith, the progress of the departing saint, I will hasten to the end of my story.

The next day at twelve o'clock, being Sunday, he was delivered from this evil world, and received into glory. His passage was peaceful, although not without some mortal pangs. May we "die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his," (Num. xxii. 10.)

Mr. and Mrs. Baron and his bearer attended him to the last moment, and Mr. Baron followed him to the grave.

Some time after his death, his mamma caused a monument to be built over his grave, on which was inscribed his name, Henry L——, and his age, which, at the time of his death, was eight years and seven months. Underneath was a part of his favourite verse, from 1st Thessalonians v., altering only one word.—"Faithful is He that called *me*." And afterwards was added, by desire of Mr. Smith, this verse from James v. 20. "He who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

When I first visited Berhampore, I went to see little Henry's monument. It was then white and fair, and the inscription very plain: but I am told that the damp of that climate has so defaced the inscription, and blackened the whole monument, that it cannot now be distinguished from the tombs which surround it. But this is of little consequence, as all who remember Henry L—— have long ago left Berhampore, and we are assured that this dear child has himself received "an inheritance that fadeth not away," (1 John ii. 17.)

Every person who reads this story will, I think, be anxious to know what became of Boosy. Immediately after the funeral of his little sahib, having received his wages, with a handsome present, he carried the lock of hair, which Mrs. Baron sealed up carefully, with a letter from her to Mr. Smith. He was received into Mr. Smith's family, and removed with him to a distant part of India; where, shortly after, he renounced caste, and declared himself a Christian. After due examination, he was baptized, and continued till his death (which happened not very long after) a sincere Christian. It was on the occasion of the baptism of Boosy, that the last verse was added to the monument of little Henry.

From Mrs. Baron and Mr. Smith I gathered most of the anecdotes relative to the history of Henry L.——

Little children in India, remember Henry L——, and "go, and do likewise," (Luke x. 37.) For "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever," (Daniel xii. 3.)

Intelligence.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, NORTHAMPTON.

SPECIAL services were held here on July 26th, 1896, in connection with the Strict Baptist Mission, by the beloved pastor, (J. Walker,) morning and evening.

In the afternoon the pastor gave a very interesting address as to the work for which collections have been made all the year by the scholars. The collections were taken, which amounted, with the Bible-class, to £5 10s. 3d.

At the close of the day we found we were able to send the sum of £9.

May the Lord constrain many more to help in this great and noble work. All that goes to the Strict Baptist Mission will be thankfully received: they greatly need all that willing hands are able to give.

We collected rather more this year than last, and we hope to do better still.

May the Lord still go on to own this Mission as His own work. May the workers realize His presence and blessing; then all will go well. ONE WHO WAS THERE.



"Next morning, by digging a deep hole in the creek bed, a good supply of water was obtained."

The Water of Life.

THE Gospel should be passed on by those who have realized its sweetness. I have read that, some years since, a Mr. E. T. Scovill, of Cleveland, was in charge of a corps of engineers in Nevada, surveying a route for a proposed railway. They were obliged to leave their base of supplies for a trip of six days. On the fourth day's journey their water gave out, and the sufferings of men and beasts were terrible. The heat appeared to rise from the sand like vapour, and dance a death dance before the sufferers' eyes. Not a breath of air stirred. The sun was like a great round furnace. The horses struggled on, their noses hung nearly to the ground, and their eyes bulged out of their heads, like knots on a tree. Two of the men had become delirious, and were bound in the waggons. Near night a gulch was reached, and all plunged into it, expecting to find water. *It was dry!* Their condition was desperate; when Mr. Scovill, realizing the situation at a glance, directed some to go up the gulch, and some down, and the one who found water to shout. Some found wet gravel and sand, and, with their hands, dug a hole into which trickled water. It was brackish and warm, but it was water. Nothing ever tasted sweeter. They were saved! Next morning, by digging a deep hole in the creek bed, a good supply of water was obtained. As they were

about to move away, the thought struck Mr. Scovill that some other poor creature might come along the trail, strike the gulch, find a dry instead of a wet camp, and despair. So he took an empty flour-barrel, and scrawled upon it: "Water 1,000 feet up the gulch.—E. T. Scovill, chief of engineers." This he stuck in the sand by the side of the trail.

Now the scene of the story shifts. Mr. Scovill sat in the Llama Club, Lima. He had gone to Peru to help Henry Meigs construct those wonderful railways in the mountains. Here, to a company of Americans and English, he told the story of his journey across the plains. There was one man in the party who was evidently excited. As Mr. Scovill reached the end of the story, and told how he had put up the sign that water could be found a thousand feet up the gulch, the nervous stranger, a man of giant frame, leaped from his seat, and took Scovill in his arms as if the latter had been a child. "Then you are the man, are you?" he exclaimed, "you are the man who saved my life! I went across the desert a few days after you. I—my companions and I—suffered as you suffered. On the way we killed our horses, and drank their blood. When finally we reached the gulch, we had just strength enough left to enable us to crawl down into the dry creek bed. There we lay down to die, when one of us happened to see your blessed guide-board. A thousand feet up the gulch we found water. If we hadn't, I should not be here to-night to take the hand of the man who saved our lives!

Brethren, let us write on many a sign by the hot highways of life, that "the water of life may be found *hard by the Cross*." May our lives be spent so that others, coming after us, may find and taste the grace of God; and thus our joy shall be great when one and another shall tell the listening angels, when we reach heaven, that our poor scrawled signs directed them to eternal life. — PHILIP REYNOLDS, (*in a sermon at Highbury, Lord's-day morning, May 31st*, 1896.)

A Chat about the Hindu Vedas.

BY SAMUEL GRAY, OF BRIGHTON.

(Continued from p. 59.)

ENTIRE HYMNS.

Hymn to Varuna.

[This hymn is versified by that eminent scholar, Dr. Muir. It is almost literal as a translation; but, perhaps, gains something from his graceful pen.]

THE mighty Lord on high, our deeds, as if at hand, espies;
The gods know all men do, though men would fain their deeds disguise.
Whoever stands, whoever moves, or steals from place to place,
Or hides him in his secret cell,—the gods his movements trace.
Wherever two together plot, and deem they are alone,
King Varuna is there, a third, and all their schemes are known.
This earth is his, to him belong those vast and boundless skies;
Both seas within him rest; and yet in that small pool he lies.
Whoever far beyond the sky should think his way to wing,
He could not there elude the grasp of Varuna the King.
His spies, descending from the skies, glide all the world around,
Their thousand eyes all-scanning sweep to earth's remotest bound.
Whate'er exists in heaven and earth, whate'er beyond the skies,
Before the eyes of Varuna, the King, unfolded lies.
The ceaseless winkings, all he counts of every mortal's eyes;
He wields this universal frame, as gamester throws his dice.
Those knotted nooses which thou fling'st, O god, the bad to snare,
All liars let them overtake, but all the truthful spare.

Hymn to Ka, ("Who?")

In the beginning rose Hiranyagarbha,* born only lord of all created beings.

He fixed and holdeth up this earth and heaven. What god shall we adore with our oblation?†

Giver of vital breath, of power and vigour, he whose commandments all the gods acknowledge:

Whose shade is death, whose lustre makes immortal. What God shall we adore with our oblation?

Who by his grandeur hath become sole ruler of all the moving world that breathes and slumbers;

He who is lord of men and lord of cattle. What god shall we adore with our oblation?

His, through his might, are these snow-covered mountains, and men call sea and Rasa‡ his possession:

His arms are these, his thighs are these heavenly regions. What god shall we adore with our oblations?

By him the heavens are strong and earth is stedfast, by him light's realm and sky-vault are supported:

By him the regions in mid-air were measured. What god shall we adore with our oblations?

To him, supported by his help, two armies embattled look while trembling in their spirit,

When over them the risen sun is shining. What god shall we adore with our oblations?

What time the mighty waters came, containing the universal germ, producing Agni,

Thence sprang the gods' one spirit into being. What god shall we adore with our oblation?

He in his might surveyed the floods containing productive force and generating Worship.

He is the god of gods, and none beside him. What god shall we adore with our oblation?

Ne'er may he harm us who is earth's begetter, nor he whose laws are sure, the heaven's creator,

He who brought forth the great and lucid waters. What god shall we adore with our oblation?

*The gold germ, the Sun-god, as the great power of the universe.

†Also translated, "Worship we Ka, the god, with our oblation."

‡The mythical river of the sky.

(To be continued.)

Reply to Correspondent.

THE remarks of "A Friend," (who should, however, have given his name,) are just and reasonable. We regret as much as he does the paucity of missionary intelligence, and are at a loss to account for it. Our Superintendent has been written to for an explanation.—EDITOR.

The Annual Meeting

OF THE

STRICT BAPTIST MISSION

WILL be held on Tuesday, Oct. 27th, at Soho Baptist Chapel, Shaftesbury Avenue. In the Afternoon the Annual Sermon will be preached by Mr. E. Mitchell. Service at 3.15. The Evening Meeting will be commenced at 6. Mr. John Box, (President) in the chair; supported by Messrs. Belcher, Bland, Reynolds, Sears, White, Willis, and others.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Mission will kindly note that all subscriptions should be sent to the Finance Secretary, Mr. Wakelin, 33, Robert Street, Hampstead Road, N.W., by September 30th at the latest, in order to be included in the balance sheet.

"I venture to assert that if every child in our Sabbath-schools mentally mastered that compendium of truth, 'MILNER'S CATECHISM,' the Ritualists would find it hard to get foothold.....Surely the influence to-day of the Ritualists on the School Board demands the use of Catechisms more than ever. We will not have them in the BOARD SCHOOL, but in our SUNDAY SCHOOLS we must [have them]."—*From the Address of* Mr. E. MARSH, *before the Metropolitan Association.*

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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. XI., No. 134. OCTOBER, 1896. One Halfpenny.

The Missionary Spirit.

HOW often do we use this phrase! but how little do we think of the fulness of its meaning! The missionary spirit should be possessed not only by our brethren abroad, who preach and teach the Gospel to the heathen, but it should characterise all who love the Saviour: for Jesus was the greatest of all missionaries, His spirit is the missionary spirit, and "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

The missionary spirit is a spirit of *benevolence.* Christ "pleased not Himself," but lived and died for others. If we are His disciples, we should strive to be like our Master, who "went about doing good." True, we have not the Divine power that He had; but we are all of us "better off" than our Master as regards "this world's goods." And some of His Apostles were obliged to confess, "Silver and gold have I none." But the blessings of the Gospel are without money and without price. Strive, then, to make it known.

The missionary spirit is also a spirit of *gratitude.* Next to the salvation of our own souls, should be an earnest desire for the conversion of others. Do we really believe the religion which we profess, which teaches that the soul is of infinite value, and that there is no other name than the name of Jesus, whereby we must be saved? Then we cannot be indifferent to the salvation of others.

You have read the anecdote respecting a heavy storm which occurred off the coast of Spain, when a dismantled merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. The order was instantly given to put the ship about, and a boat was lowered with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. They reached it, and a strange thing was hauled into the boat, which proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried up and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within his clothes. They conveyed it to the ship, and laid it on the deck. In horror and pity the crew gathered around it. It moved and showed signed signs of life, and then muttered in a deep sepulchral voice, "*There's another man!*" Rescued himself, the first impulse of the saved one was to seek another's salvation.

The missionary spirit begins with those around us: but the Gospel is adapted to every nation of the world. Britain was once an

idolatrous country: but the religion of the Druids is a thing of the past. Missionaries were sent to us, and it is an act of simple gratitude on our part to seek to enlighten the heathen. We have been far too slow in learning this elementary lesson of our holy religion. Doubtless there have been, there are, difficulties to be overcome. So there were in the days of the Paul, and of the early Fathers. But

The Gospel is essentially diffusive, and this is the missionary spirit. Men do not light a candle to put it "under a bushel" in the market, or "under a bed" in the house. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all; Christ is "the light of the world," and He has conferred a special dignity upon His people, by saying, "*Ye* are the light of the world. True we are but *reflectors* of His light; yet let us seek to be *bright* reflectors. We can only be so by walking in the light, or by sitting at His feet, and imbibing the *missionary spirit* direct from Himself. We live in an age of extraordinary achievements as regards *artificial light*, and of wondrous progress as regards *intellectual light*: but "the light of the *glorious Gospel of Christ*, who is the image of God" excels them all.

EDITOR.

EXTRACTS FROM

Mr. Samuel Hutchinson's Diary

FOR JULY, 1896.

Koilpati, Saturday, 4th.—I much regret to say that Mr. Booth had an accident with his pony this morning, the pony catching her foot in a rail, and both pony and rider coming to the ground. Mr. Booth is badly scratched; but as the pony fell on his leg, there is cause for much thankfulness that his leg was not broken, and that he was not kicked.

Sunday, 5th.—Preached in the village at 6.30 a.m. Mr. Booth unable to come in consequence of his accident. Sahayam read the story of the Crucifixion, and I spoke from the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." From twelve to twenty people standing round, and within earshot. Conducted service in the mud school at 8 a.m.: text, Rev. iii. 1: "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." About a dozen present, consisting of agents, servants, and their relatives. In the afternoon, Mr. Booth conducted the service, and preached from the words, "All seek their own; not the things which are Jesus Christ's," (Phil. ii. 21.) Congregation about the same.

Sunday, 12th.—Preached in the village at 6.30 a.m, (Mr. Booth accompanying me) distributing tracts as we went, and afterwards Gospels. Mr. Booth prayed, Sahayam read Heb. x., and I spoke from the 4th verse: "For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins." About thirty adults and thirty children. Service in mud school at 8 o'clock. Preached from 2 Tim. ii. 19: "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." About a dozen adults and a dozen children present, the adults being agents, and servants, and their relatives. In the afternoon Mr. Booth preached from Rev. xxi. 27: "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth," &c.

Monday, 13th.—Visited Brahmin's tank with Mr. Booth, and had a talk with some caste men, one of whom afterwards came to our rooms for a New Testament, but whether to learn or to oppose, I cannot say.

Wednesday, 15th.—Sent off the common bandy with the luggage, about half-past eight.

Started with Mr. Booth for Ilavarsananthal about 11.30, and reached there about 3. Found that they had built a new mud chapel, smaller than the old one, the latter having, they said, collapsed on account of rain. Examined a few of our members in the evening.

Saturday, 18*th*.—Drove through the village to see the temples, and distributed tracts and a few Gospels on the way. Examined the school. The children read fairly well part of the twelfth chapter of Luke; but, although they had been reading Luke's Gospel for the past year, it was evident they had not been taught the meaning of what they read.

Mr. Booth conducted the morning service at Ilavarsananthal, preaching from the words, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above," (Col, iii. 1.) In the afternoon I preached from Matt. vi. 26, 27: "And every one that heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it." The evening service, at eight o'clock, was held by Gurubatham, but we did not attend it.

Sunday, 26*th*. Mr. Booth conducted the open-air service at about 6.30, preaching from the words, "He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world," (Acts xvii. 31.) Very few stood around at first, only a few children; but towards the end a few adults stood and listened. Distributed tracts as we went. I preached in the school at 8 o'clock from Psalm li. 11: "Create in me a clean heart, O God," &c. In the afternoon Mr. Booth preached in the school: "If we say that we have no sin," &c. (1 John i. 8, 9.)

"All the World."

THIS expression of our Lord in His royal commission to His disciples, just before His ascension to heaven, shows that the Gospel is adapted to the needs of all nations, and that it should be preached universally.

"The field is the world,"—an extensive field truly; but nothing less would satisfy the Saviour; for that "great multitude which no man could number," which the Apostle John saw in vision, standing before the throne, was redeemed by Jesu's blood "out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation."

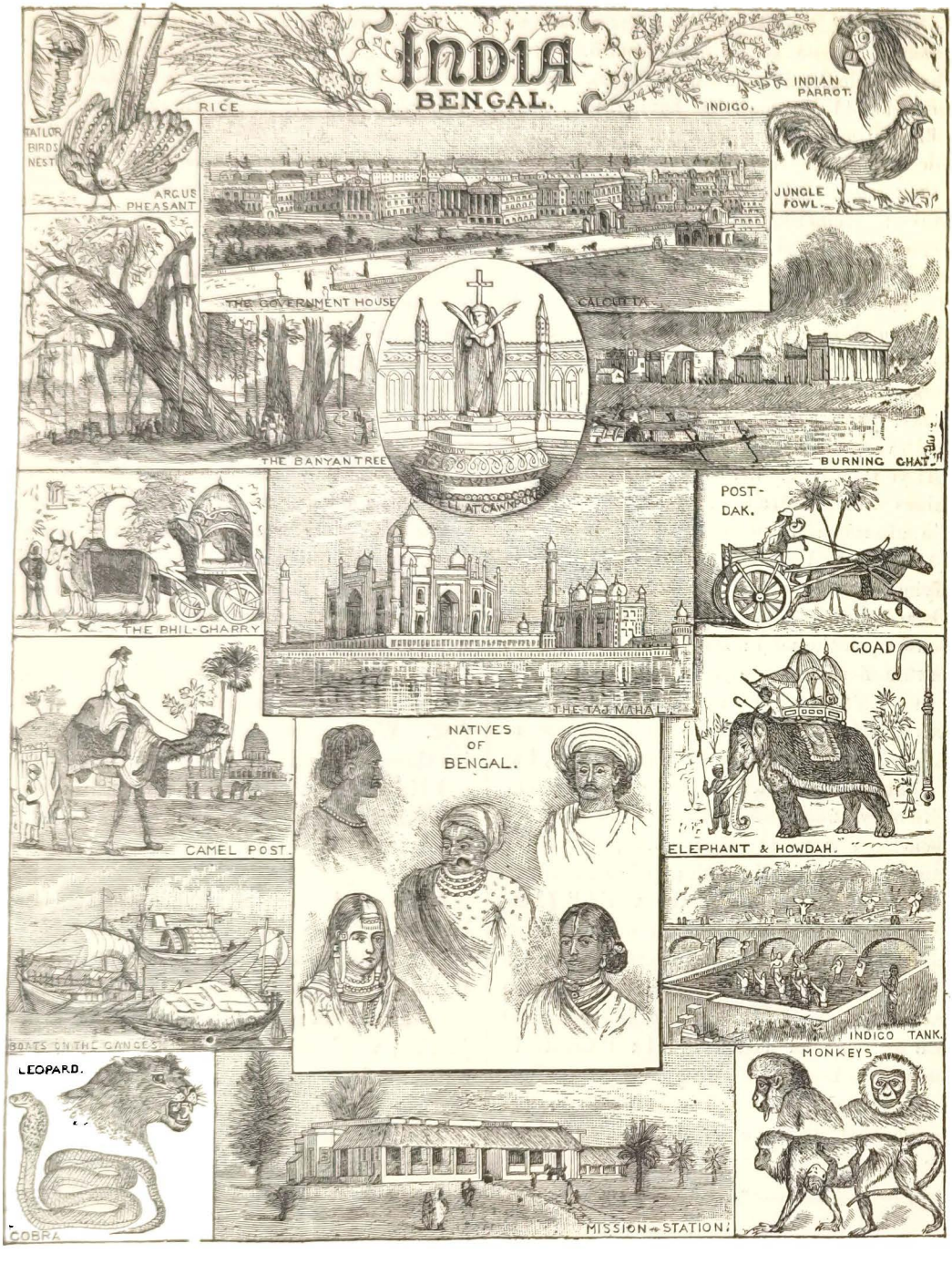
Having been asked to commence a series of papers on the various races of mankind and the countries they inhabit, we will endeavour to comply; but our readers will naturally be aware that only the barest *outline* can be given: yet, if this shall be the means of inducing further research, our object will be gained. Both the engravings and the articles will be *multum in parvo*.

But where shall we begin? The scene of our missionary operations naturally comes first. We therefore commence with India in its three great divisions,—Bengal, Bombay, and Madras. The first of the three will be sufficient for the present number, namely,

BENGAL.

If we could stand and breathe the thin air on the topmost snowy peak of the Himalayas; and if, with keener vision than the eagle's, we were to look south, beyond the cedar and pine forests of Nepaul, beyond the tiger jungles, we should see a vast, overgrown, but fertile plain, where the grass grows so tall that the elephants' backs are hidden by it.

Through this wonderful region winds the mighty sacred river Ganges, 1,350 miles long —five and a half times the length of the


INDIA
BENGAL.
RICE
INDIGO.
INDIAN PARROT.
TAILOR BIRDS NEST
ARGUS PHEASANT
JUNGLE FOWL.
THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE
CALCUTTA.
THE BANYAN TREE
BURNING GHAT.
WELL AT CAWNPORE.
THE BHIL-GHARRY
POST-DAK.
THE TAJ MAHAL.
GOAD
NATIVES OF BENGAL.
CAMEL POST.
ELEPHANT & HOWDAH.
BOATS ON THE GANGES
INDIGO TANK.
MONKEYS
LEOPARD.
COBRA
MISSION-STATION.

Thames. On its banks are situated the ancient cities of Delhi, Agra, Benares, and the modern, imperial Calcutta. This land is Bengal, the greatest of the three Indian Presidencies, and the seat of the Viceroy. To describe such a realm, with its races of men, their castes, languages, and histories, would take a volume. Over all these one monarch rules—the "Kaiser-i-Hind," the Empress of India—our own English Victoria.

This great river Ganges, rising in the Hindu Kush mountains, is very powerful and rapid. The mud it brings down forms, in a few years, islands many miles in extent, and carries away in other places some forty square miles in the same time. At its mouth are the terrible "Sonderbunds," immense marshy islands covered with forests, abounding with tigers, serpents and fevers.

Calcutta, the capital of Bengal, is some seventy miles up the Hooghly, as the Ganges is called here. It is not an ancient city like Delhi, or a place of pilgrimage like Benares, but it is one of the most beautiful cities of Asia. We show in our picture a view of the Government House, situated in a spacious park called the "Maidan." The Town Hall, and Treasury, and Fort William are close by. Rich merchant princes have their palaces in wide, tree-planted thoroughfares; and, alas! there are 170 heathen temples, besides Mahommedan mosques. There are about 480,000 native inhabitants to 12,000 or 13,000 Europeans.

Near Calcutta are the celebrated burning Ghâts. It is the wish of all aged natives to die on the banks of their sacred river. Those who have no friends are allowed to drift away in its stream: but others are brought here, after death, to be burned. We give a picture of this solemn spot, over which a black cloud of smoke ever hangs.

South of Calcutta is Orissa, a great agricultural province, with enormous tanks and canals to water the fields. When these fail, famine follows with sure steps. A few years ago nearly a million of people perished before aid could be brought by Government.

In Orissa is the great temple of Juggernath, where, once a year, a great fair is held, and the hideous idol is dragged out from its dark recess, and taken to bathe. Once, terrible cruelties were practised at this feast. Suicide was common; boys were swung from tall poles with hooks thrust through their backs. Now the English Government have forbidden such practices, just as they have put down suttee, or the burning of widows.

In the oval in the centre of our picture is a statue of an angel and a cross. This is a monument to the memory of the men, women, and children who were slain at Cawnpore during the Mutiny, built over the terrible well into which their bodies were flung.

The white marble-domed building underneath is the temple tomb of an Indian queen at Agra. It is called the *Taj-Mahal*, or Mountain of Light. It was twenty years in building, and cost over £800,000. Every traveller tells of its loveliness. The inside is inlaid with coloured stones and marbles.

On the left, near the top of our picture, is shown the banyan tree, with its air roots growing into new stems: one tree becoming a little wood. Below are shown four ways of travelling in Bengal; a bullock-cart, slow but stately, curtained and ornamented with silver; a post dâk, fast horses, but clumsy cart; a camel post; and an elephant with howdah, and a driver's goad, with which the noble animal is guided.

Notice the five portraits of Bengalese men and women. Some are nearly as fair as Europeans, others are nearly black. The

centre is a noble, and a worshipper of Siva; the white paint marks on his forehead are Siva's trident, and show his Brahmin caste. At the foot of the page we give a view of the mission station at Mulnath.

The products of Bengal are amazingly varied. We may mention rice, millet, and many kinds of grain never seen in the west. All fruits abound, from the apple to the mangoe, banana, custard-apple, melons, and many others; dyes, like the indigo, the manufacture of which is a great industry, and of the preparation of which in great tanks we give an illustration on the right; spices, like ginger, pepper, cardamons; drugs, such as quinine, and ipecacuanha; the teas af Assam and Darjeeling; atta of roses, worth its weight in gold; all materials for cordage—hemp, jute, and bamboo; nuts; and lastly, the terrible opium. We English people have reason to blush to think that this poisonous drug, which destroys both the mind and the body of the Chinese smoker, is prepared in India, and is the largest source of the Anglo-Indian revenue. "Alas! great nations have great shames, I say."*

I have little room to describe the wild animals of Bengal. They include the elephant, the Bengal tiger, the bear, the rhinooceros, the wild ox, and many kinds of monkeys.

Our English fowls are descended from the jungle fowls. The Argos pheasant, the parrot, and the curious nest of the tailor-bird are also represented in our picture. There are also of reptiles, the alligator, the cobra, the boa, the python, and other poisonous snakes, and many lizards. The insect life of Bombay is endless in its variety.

India has been called a little world. We have written enough to show how fair and marvellous is this beautiful land: but we should pity and pray for its heathen inhabitants, and seek to enlighten their darkness by sending them the light of life.

*Mrs. Browning.

To the Poor Women of India.

[A tract bearing the above title, and of which the following is a copy, has been written by the esteemed authoress, who has kindly paid the expense of printing 2,000 copies in Tamil, for distribution by our missionaries, and has given us permission to insert it in the *Olive-Branch*.—ED.]

Frogmore, Tring, Herts.,
England, March 21st, 1895.

DEAR SISTERS,—Perhaps you will be surprised to receive a letter from an Englishwoman whom you have never seen, and who lives far away from you across the sea, and will wonder why I am writing. It is because I have heard and read about you and feel a deep interest in your welfare, that I wish to speak to you; and the only way in which I can do so, is by writing a letter.

There are a great many very poor women in England, who work very hard, and earn very small wages, and I find it is the same in India, and life is a hard struggle for them.

Now I want to say a few words to those of my sisters in India who are poor, and work hard. Sometimes you may feel weary, sick and tired of life, and its monotony and drudgery, and, perhaps, long for something better.

The Bible, which is the Christian's sacred book, tells us the way to be happy even in this world; and it also tells us about a glorious world, full of happiness, where the Christian hopes to go, when he dies. This precious book tells us that the way to be happy is to be holy,—but we are sinful and unholy,—and it says that "the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all

sin," and this makes poor sinful men, women and children, "whiter than snow."

God has promised to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him, and a new heart,—a clean heart that hates sin, and loves God.

No pilgrimages to temples and shrines, or offerings to Hindu gods and goddesses, or bathing in the Ganges, can cleanse your sins away, or take away guilt from your consciences. Jesus Christ tells us in the Bible, that he is the Saviour and Friend of sinners, and that He came into this world to seek and to save them; and He died the cruel, shameful death of the Cross, and shed His blood, because—

> "He knew how wicked men had been,
> And knew that God must punish sin;
> So out of pity Jesus said,
> He'd bear the punishment instead."

And then He rose from the dead, and went to heaven, which is His glorious, happy home, and is there preparing a place for all whose sins are forgiven and washed away in His blood. There is no sin there, and no sorrow and trouble can come to that bright home.

And now all who feel their need of a Saviour to save them from sin, are welcome to come to Him, and He will receive them; for He says: "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

How can we learn about all these things? God has told us about them in the Bible, which is His word to us, and, as I said before, He has promised to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him; and the Holy Spirit teaches and helps us to understand these things.

Send your little children to school, and then they will learn to read all this good news; and, better still, get this precious book, the Bible, and read for yourselves all about it, if you are able, and that will make you glad and happy; for it tells us how we may be happy now, and shows us the way to heaven, the beautiful place where God lives with all His children.

Now I wish you good-bye, and I hope to write to you again some time.

I am, yours truly,
MARY A. BUTCHER.

A Chat about the Hindu Vedas.

BY SAMUEL GRAY, OF BRIGHTON.

(Continued from p. 72.)

ENTIRE HYMNS.

Hymn to Visve-Devas, (all gods.)

MAY Varuna with guidance straight, and Mitra lead us, he who knows,
And Aryaman in accord with gods.
For they are dealers forth of wealth, and, not deluded, with their might,
Guard evermore the holy laws.
Shelter may they vouchsafe to us, immortal gods to mortal men,
Chasing our enemies away.
May they mark out our paths to bliss, Indra, the Maruts, Pushan, and Bhaga, the gods to be adored.
Yea, Pushan, Vishnu, ye who run your course, enrich our hymns with kine;
Bless us with all prosperity.
The winds waft sweets, the rivers pour sweets for the man who keeps the Law;
So may the plants be sweet for us.
Sweet be the nights and sweet the dawns, sweet the terrestrial atmosphere;
Sweet be our father Heaven to us.
Vanaspati* be full of sweets for us, and full of sweets the Sun:
May our milch-kine be sweet for us.
Be Mitra gracious unto us, and Varuna, and Aryaman:
Indra, Brihaspati, be kind, and Vishnu of the mighty stride.

*The lord of the forest.

Hymn to Parjanya.

[Professor Max Müller says the following is a very fair specimen of Vedic hymns.]

Sing with these songs thy welcome to the mighty, with adoration praise and call Parjanya.

The Bull, loud roaring, swift to send his bounty, lays in the plants the seed for germination.

He smites the trees apart, he slays the demons: all life fears him who wields the mighty weapon.

From him exceeding strong flees e'en the guiltless when thundering Parjanya smites the wicked.

Like a car-driver whipping on his horses, he makes the messengers of rain spring forward.

Far off resounds the roaring of the lion what time Parjanya fills the sky with rain-cloud.

Forth burst the winds, down come the lightning-flashes; the plants shoot up, the realm of light is streaming.

Food springs abundant for all living creatures what time Parjanya quickens earth with moisture.

Thou at whose bidding earth bows low before thee, at whose command hoofed cattle fly in terror,

At whose behest the plants assume all colours, even thou Parjanya, yield us great protection.

Send down for us the rains of heaven, ye Maruts, and let the stallion's streams descend in torrents.

Come hither with this thunder while thou pourest the waters down, our heavenly lord and father.

Thunder and roar: the germ of life deposit. Fly round us on thy chariot water-laden.

Thine opened water-skin draw with thee downward, and let the hollows and the heights be level.

Lift up the mighty vessel, pour down water, and let the liberated streams rush forward.

Saturate both the earth and heaven with fatness, and for the cows let there be drink abundant.

When thou, with thunder and with roar, Parjanya, smitest sinners down,

This universe exults thereat, yea, all that is upon the earth.

Thou hast poured down the rain-flood: now withhold it. Thou hast made desert places fit for travel.

Thou hast made herbs to grow for our enjoyment: yea, thou hast won thee praise from living creatures.

These specimen hymns will enable us to form a judgment upon the worth or worthlessness of the best that Hinduism can display. It is by no means uncharitableness which apostrophises the Hindu polytheist, saying, "O ye Hindus,—"*ye worship ye know not what.*" The true God and Eternal Life teaches us, (within sight of the Samaritan temple on the top of Gerizim,) to think and speak of false worshippers after this sort. So that we may boldly say that the worshipper of "the unknown God" is *not* the worshipper of God. He worships "he knows not what;" *not God.*

In recent years intelligent Indians have declared it to be their deliberate conviction, that, "valuable as the Vedas may be as relics of a former age, they contain so much that is childish, erroneous, and impossible, as to make their descent from a divine source utterly untenable. Any devout reader of the above extracts, or of other such hymns as may be accessible to him, will have no difficulty in understanding why a Sanscrit professor should call the entire Rig-Veda "*a dreary wilderness.*" R. C. Bose, (in his excellent work on Hindu philosophy) speaking of Vedic hymnology, says, "the *puerility* characteristic of it as a whole, and the *obscenity* by which not a small portion of it is vitiated, are blemishes from which it were to be wished it had been free.

As the heavens are high above the earth, so are the Old and New Testaments high above the Vedas.

Celestial diameters separate the holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and the Rishis, or sacred bards, who composed the hymns embodied in the four Vedas.

(To be continued.)

The Annual Meeting of the Mission

WILL be held on Tuesday, Oct. 27th, at Soho Baptist Chapel, Shaftesbury Avenue. In the Afternoon the Annual Sermon will be preached by Mr. E. Mitchell. Service at 3.15. The Evening Meeting will be commenced at 6. Mr. John Box, (President,) in the chair; supported by Messrs. Belcher, Bland, Reynolds, Sears, White, Willis, and others.

☞ 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, 83, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.; and* MR. F. J. CATCHPOLE, 11, *Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E.*

VOL. XI., No. 135. **NOVEMBER, 1896.** ONE HALFPENNY.

The Tinnevelly.

OUR MISSIONARIES ON TOUR.

WHILE many of our friends have been on excursions for purposes of recreation and pleasure, our missionaries have been on tour in very different fashion, though we doubt not their highest pleasure has been connected therewith. Not by the "iron horse," but with patient bullocks,—themselves, their baggage, their tent and their attendants have travelled over rough roads, from station to station, "preaching the glorious gospel of the happy God," examining the schools, and pursuing the work of "vigorous evangelisation" which Mr. Hutchinson urged so strongly when he was here.

Many have applied for baptism; but at present he has not acceded to their requests, as much ignorance prevails; and he considers it well to test the sincerity of the candidates. We hope, however, that he will shortly immerse those of whom he reports favourably.

REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1896.

Sunday, 2nd.—Went to our usual open-air meeting-place, and to one or two others, at 6.30 a.m.; but owing to the dulness of the morning, few people were about, and there appeared no hope of a congregation. We therefore went to the railway station. The train was expected, and there was therefore no time for preaching; so we had the following Scriptures read in Tamil on the platform: Job xxxviii., Micah vi. and 1 John i. H ld service in the school-room at eight o'clock; about sixteen adults, and an equal number of children present. I preached from 1 John i. 9: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Mr. Booth stayed and talked with the children after the service, and in the afternoon preached from Psalm xliv. 21: "He knoweth the secrets of the heart."

Tuesday, 4th.—Went to Umathavarpati with Mr. Booth. Examined the school. Went on to Sinthakampati, where we pitched tent. About half-past nine p.m., we held open-air service; about 16 or 17 were present. Matthew v. 1—20 was read, and I spoke on "Blessed are the pure in heart," &c., and Mr. Booth spoke on "Except your righteousness shall exceed," &c.

Wednesday, 5th. Examined the school.

Very fair answers from one boy, but the other children had scarcely any Scripture knowledge. Left Sinthakampati about six, and reached Umathavarpati again about eight. Mr. Booth preached in the open-air from "To them gave He power to become the sons of God," (John i. 14,) and I followed on Psalm lxxvii. 13: "Who is so great a God as our God?" We examined a few candidates, but they were unsatisfactory. Left about 11 p.m. for Karisalpati. Thirty-five candidates proposed to me by Preacher Arulappan, from *one* year old upwards!

Thursday, 6*th*.—Reached Karisalpati about 6.30. In the evening Mr. Booth held open-air services in the village, and there were probably about 70 men, women and children present. His text was Rom. i. 23: "And changed the glory of the incorruptible God," &c. After this I conducted service in Swamithas' house; about 20 or 25 present: text,—1 John iii. 10: "In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil," &c.

Mr. Booth conducted service in Marryan's house at 10 p.m.: text, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Marryan's family, our servants, and one stranger present.

Saturday, 8*th*.—In the evening drove over from Aubinagaram to Melapathur, where I conducted service in the mud chapel. Text, —John vi. 53: "Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man, ye have no life in you."

Sunday, 9*th*.—Mr. Booth conducted service in the chapel at Aubinagaram: text, Mal. iii. 2; "Who shall abide the day of His coming?" Suvesashmuthu took the 2 o'clock service, preaching from the words, "This fellow teacheth contrary to law," (Acts xviii. 13.) At the evening service I preached from Rom. viii. 14: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

Wednesday, 12*th*.—Left Mathankoilpati at 7.30, after giving away tracts and Gospels. Reached Ramathavarpati, 8.30. Examined school register, and took particulars, while Mr. Booth gave Scriptures, and talked to the people. Examined the school, 17 present. Reading was indifferent; Scripture knowledge was, perhaps, a trifle better than in some of our schools, but they did not know why it was wrong to worship idols, or whether God had said anything about idolatry in the Bible. The Teacher, D. Christian, said he often told them, "but they forgot." Talk with four members. One seemed to be very confident that he was all right, and many of his answers were good; but I was not satisfied, and he ended by asking to be made a colporteur. The others showed no evidence of spiritual life. Examined one candidate; unsatisfactory. In the evening, about 8, Mr. Booth, conducted open-air service in the village; about 50 present. Text, "The word which worketh effectually in you."

Thursday, 13*th*. — Left Ramathavarpati about 6.30 a.m. Passed through a village called Pulvipati. Talked with the villagers about idolatry, and in particular with the village munsiff, who came after the bandy. He asked in course of conversation, of what benefit Christianity would be in this life, and ended by asking for a school, and a Tamil and English Teacher. About 60 or 70 people stood round. Gave Scriptures and tracts.

Friday, 14*th*.—Left Aralpathur about 12 noon, for Kovalakunnie, which we reached about 3.30. Peter (who built the chapel) almost at once asked for the administration of the Lord's-supper, saying it was four years since it was administered. I questioned him, and found that he wanted it because he

thought it necessary to salvation. I explained the error of this.

In the evening, about half-past 8, Mr. Booth preached in the open-air, just outside the chapel. Afterwards Nicholas proposed two candidates, who asked us to go to their village, and examine other candidates. I found on enquiry that these were the same as those I examined last year, and would not baptize. I therefore asked Mr. Booth to examine these two as specimens. Both of them wanted to be baptized to remove their sins. I told them that baptism could not do that, and that they were not fit for baptism. I asked Nicholas, the preacher, how it was they had this belief. He said he had taught the truth but they forgot.

Saturday 15*th*.—Drove on to Sangaranainarkoil, afterwards to Vagikullam. Examined the school in the evening, 16 children present; secular knowledge fairly good, Scripture knowledge not at all satisfactory. Scarcely any knowledge of the facts of Christ's life in the first standard. Much better answers in the second and third standards, (examined by Mr. Booth) but they answered to the question, Why should people be baptized?" "To become the children of God." One of them said that the "living water" was baptism!

Tuesday, 18*th*.—Examined five candidates. I was pleased with some of the answers of three, but particularly with those of one woman, who I cannot help thinking has the one thing needful. Gave some tracts and Gospels away, and started for Kuranjakullam at 8.30, reached there about 10.30.

Wednesday, 19*th*.—Talk with the crowd round the tent about Hinduism and Christianity, after having John vi. read to them. Mr. Booth examined three members, who said they were baptized to be saved.

Another member was afterwards brought, and Mr. Booth examined him. His answers were far above the average, and I am very hopeful that the grace of God is in his heart.

Drove to Kulakatakaratchy. Mr. Booth examined a candidate whom I examined last year, and was very hopeful of. His answers were above the average, and I am hopeful that he has the grace of God. Gave him some tracts to read and distribute. Returned to Pullyanathan, and afterwards to Koilpati.

Tuesday, 25*th*. — Having heard that my wife had a touch of fever, and there being no real necessity for me to stay at Koilpati for the pay-meeting, left by the 9 o'clock train, reaching Bangalore on Thursday morning. Found her better.

A Plea for the Heathen.

OH, how many heathen perish,
Knowing not the Christian's God;
They have never heard of Jesus,
Nor the way of life have trod.

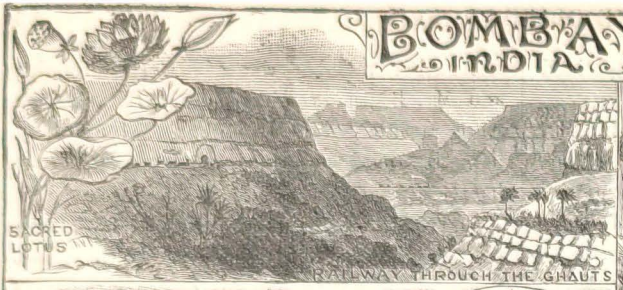
Shall we, then, refuse to tell them
Of that love so great so free,
And the Saviour's kindly welcome—
"Come, ye weary ones, to Me."

Lord of Missions! deign to hear us!
Send us faithful men and true;
For the fields are white to harvest,
And the labourers are few.

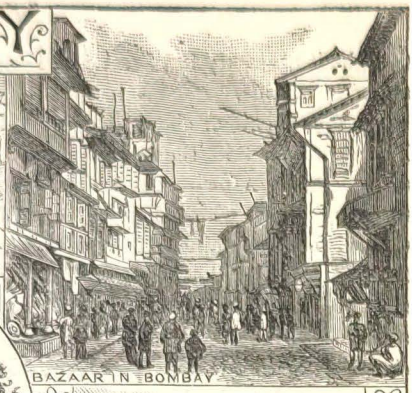
Teach them, condescending Teacher,
(None can ever teach like Thee,)
Own and bless Thy gospel message
To Thy dear ones o'er the sea.

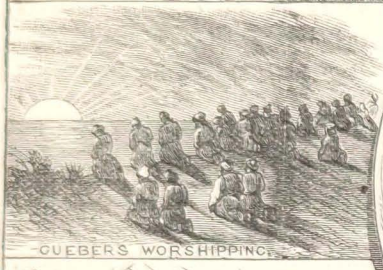
PHEBE PEARSON.

BOMBAY INDIA

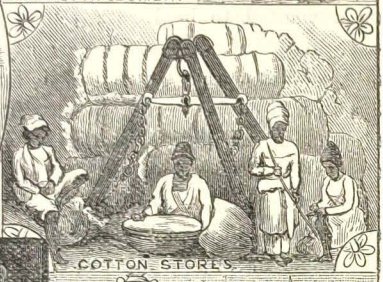

SACRED LOTUS

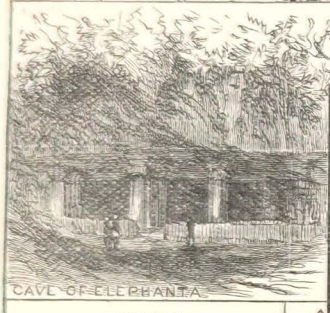
RAILWAY THROUGH THE GHAUTS

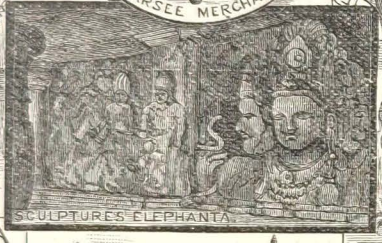

BAZAAR IN BOMBAY


GUEBERS WORSHIPPING

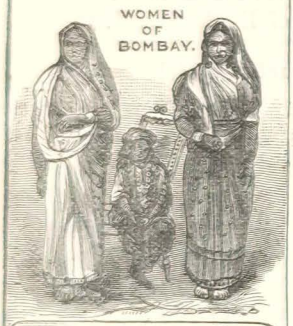

A PARSEE MERCHANT.

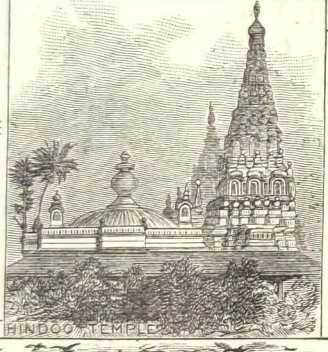

COTTON STORES

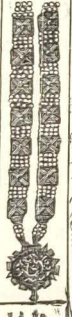

CAVE OF ELEPHANTA


SCULPTURES ELEPHANTA


SERPENT FESTIVAL


WOMEN OF BOMBAY.


HINDOO TEMPLE




FRUITS OF INDIA


PROCESSION OF A NATIVE PRINCE


RIVER BOATS.


PARSEE TOWER OF SILENCE, BOMBAY

"All the World."

No. 2.—BOMBAY.

BRITISH INDIA, as it is called, is divided into eight provinces, of which the three largest are Presidencies—Bengal, Bombay, and Madras. They are the three oldest settlements of the English in Hindustan.

Bombay is usually the first port of India visited by western travellers. It is much the largest and busiest city in India, and is said to be the second city in the British Empire. It is beautifully situated on an island, and the view of the bay and merchant fleet, as seen from Malabar Hill, is world-famed.

The Presidency of Bombay covers 124,134 square miles, with a population of 16,725,000. It was through our English King Charles II. that the East India Company acquired Bombay. It was part of the marriage portion of Catherine of Braganza, his queen. Charles wanted money, and sold it to the Company for £300. This was in 1665.....To-day it is a rich and busy city. Its bazaars (see our illustration) are full of shops and merchandise. They are daily thronged with buyers and sellers of every clime and costume. There you may buy the most intricate and fantastically carved work in teak, sandal and ebony woods.

Baroda is a city near Bombay; and we all remember the wonderful carved pigeon-house in the "Colinderies" Exhibition in London in 1886. Since our grandmothers' days the inlaid work-boxes of Bombay and Surat have been celebrated. They are the handiwork of poor and patient Parsee artists, but they have never been excelled.

The shops where brass and copper metal work is sold tempt the visitor with drinking vessels, lamps and dishes, embossed and engraved. Then arms, of every possible shape, swords, daggers, tulwars and tiger claws—examples at once of man's skill and cruelty. Lacquered work, bowls, trays, book-covers and heathen shrines. Ivory carvings, of astonishing delicacy, and horn work, moulded into the forms of trees, antelopes, tigers, and elephants are offered in one shop; in another gold and silver work, jewellery and precious stones (see pearl and ruby necklace in our picture), every district having its own style of elaborate design.

But the triumphs of the weaver's art are the most varied and precious, such as their silks, embroidered in gold and silver threads. The celebrated muslins are still to be bought so light and beautiful that they are called "woven air," "running water," and "dew of the evening," and are far more wonderful than any our Lancashire mills can make. We are told of turbans measuring fifteen yards long and one yard wide, weighing one and a quarter ounces only.

Bombay has a great cotton market. We have illustrated the weighing and packing the bales to be sent to England, and perhaps sent back to India again in the shape of cheap calicoes. But cotton mills are springing up in the suburbs of Bombay; so the nations learn from and teach each other.

There are three great religions in Bombay. The Brahmins of whom we spoke in our Bengal article; theirs is the oldest faith of all: the Mohammedans, who comprise about a third of the population, and the Parsees, almost all of whom live in Bombay and the country around. They are a very ancient people, and, as their name points out, they came from Persia. More than a thousand years ago they entered India, driven from their own country by a Mohammedan invasion. They are a very interesting and honourable race, and are sometimes called Guebres

and Fire worshippers. They are not idolators, and in their ceremonies only regard the fire or the rising sun (see our illustration) as a symbol of God Himself. They have no caste, and are very clever in trade. Parsees are partners in many of our great Anglo-Indian firms. Some of them are very rich and very benevolent (see our picture: a Parsee merchant.) There are about 50,000 in Bombay alone. Their ancient language is called the Zend, and their ancient book the Zendavesta, but scarcely one in a thousand can read it.

In our picture-page we have illustrated one of their customs—a very strange one. Instead of burying their dead as the Christians do, or burning them as is the custom with the Hindoos, they leave them exposed on the top of a high tower, "The Tower of Silence," round which are flocks of fierce vultures. No sooner are the bodies laid in rows inside these towers, and the mourners have retired, than the birds swoop down and consume the bodies utterly; in a few minutes only a few bones are left. This seems shocking to us, but the Parsees think it both right and repectful to their dead friends.

Great railways start from Bombay, west through to Calcutta, north to distant Peshawur, and south to Madras and Malabar.

Everywhere we are told there have been mighty changes in India since the Mutiny in 1857: we like to think so. But we are of those who believe that all progress that is great and lasting must be based on religion and morality. This hope is very beautifully expressed by India's great missionary, Bishop Heber, in the hymn you so often sing.

The subjects in our illustration not already mentioned are: The landscape showing the Great Southern Railway through the Ghauts, a marvel of engineering; the entrance to the great cave temple of Elephanta, which is 130 feet long; and a colossal carving from the interior of the Hindu Trimurti or Trinity. On the right is a scene at the Festival of Serpents, in honour of the god Krishna, who is fabled to have slain the great serpent. On the left are some women of Bombay. Below in the centre is one of the old temples, showing the early style of architecture. Next a group of fragrant and luscious Indian fruits; a series of marks or caste signs, which are painted on the forehead, moistened ashes being used for the purpose. Native river boats and a procession of a native prince complete our list.

In all cases these articles are written in the hope that our young readers will find out much more for themselves, remembering that the nations are really one great family.

A Chat about the Hindu Vedas.

By Samuel Gray, of Brighton.

(Continued from p. 80.)

TENNYSON'S lines may appropriately be put into the mouth of an old Rishi:—

> "What am I?
> An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

The burden of their hymns is, "Give us the wealth for which we yearn." Some of their compositions record the reception of vast gifts from royal benefactors, so that the Rishis either benefited immensely by their craft, or told immense falsehoods. Let us listen to a few of their cries.

"O Indu, Soma, send us now great opulence from every side:
Pour on us treasures thousand-fold.
Vouchsafe us wealth, to him who pours thrice seven libations, yea, to each
Give wealth, pleased with our eulogies.

So, lord of all prosperity, best wielder of the golden sword,
Make riches easy to be won.
No blame have we for Pushan; him we magnify with songs of praise;
We seek the mighty one for wealth.

Having extolled thee, Varuna, with thoughtful care, may we have high fortune in thy service.
With understanding, earnestly, of Savitar the god we crave our portion of prosperity.
Agni is master of sublime dominion, Agni is lord of strength and lofty riches.
Straightway the self-reliant god, most youthful, gives treasures to the mortal who adores him."

Thus, and so, the hymnists are ever crying, "Money! Money! Money! Cows! Cows! Cows! Long Life! Long Life! Long Life!" The *invisible* was rarely the subject of prayer. The visible and temporal had mighty charms for the authors. Human nature appears in no very dignified forms; but is ever eaten up with selfishness and worldliness. The Rishi was himself his own horizon. He never prays for wife, child, neighbour, or fatherland. He neither weeps with those who weep, nor rejoices with those that do rejoice. "*Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!*"

Rishis claim to be the authors of their own compositions; yet, strangely enough, in later days the Vedas were pronounced to be *eternal*. One argument to prove their eternity, is that *sound* is eternal! By this argument every book could be proved to be eternal. No doubt, the Vedas are ancient; but they are none the better for that. They were composed during several centuries, and abound in contradictions and absurdities from end to end. The marvellous consistency of the Bible with itself is an everlasting miracle; its evident unity and harmony are amazing.

A strange virtue is claimed for the very *metres* in which the Vedic hymns were composed. It is feigned that they have immense influence for good or evil. The *form* of speech is, it is asserted, the main thing. But who needs to be told that it is simple childishness to assert that the number of syllables in a line of poetry gives power to a worshipper? According to the Hindu, "without the Gayatri, or the Trishtubh, or the Jagati metres it is impossible to please the gods." But according to the Christian, "without faith it is impossible to please God."

An educated Hindu repudiates the geography of his fathers, with its seas of sugar-cane-juice, milk, and ghee. So he cannot but see much of the folly of the system embodied in the highest standards of his religion. Yet the Vedas were so venerated that, half a a millennium before Christ, every word and every syllable had been carefully totalled up.

From an historic standpoint, the Vedas are indeed a treasure; but as guides to mortal and immortal men they are valueless. They furnish us with interesting glimpses of old-time Indian civilisation, but are at best as Egyptian darkness with respect to the greatest problems which concern us all.

(To be continued.)

The Power of God's Word.

THE following interesting incidents are culled from the recent Report of the Bible Translation Society.

Miss Arnold, of the South Australian Mission says:—

A Hindoo's Bible-class.

"Last year, on visiting a village sixteen miles from our station and spending several days there, I came across the schoolmaster of the place, who brought his English Bible, asking for explanations of some passages. Afterwards he proposed starting a Bible-class

for his elder pupils, out of school hours, twice a week. Ultimately it was arranged that he should take such boys as wished to attend for one hour on Saturday afternoons, and he brought a number of copies of the Gospel of Matthew to supply the boys, we on our part agreeing to go out every three or four months to examine the class in the portion read, and to give rewards for attendance, small things received from home. It has been very cheering to see the interest aroused, and the hearts of our friends who pray for the scattering of God's own Word would have been gladdened a few weeks ago if they could have seen the lads coming down to the boat, bringing out their portions of the Bible, and asking for explanations of certain passages. Several boys who had left the school were continuing to read in the Bible-class, and those who had not Gospels bought them. A written examination was given with very fair results. This schoolmaster is a Hindoo, and is of his own free will doing much to encourage the study of the Bible, which is the sword of the Spirit. May God send forth His Spirit to teach all those who are reading, although workers are too few to allow of a missionary going there very often to give instruction. May the Lord incline all who read these lines to pray for the speedy conversion of this schoolmaster. Certainly he has been used to spread a desire to read God's Word in that village.

A Child shall Lead Them.

Some time ago, a missionary from Madras was travelling through crowded villages, and received an invitation to go to one never before visited. On his arrival the people collected round him, and begged him to send them a missionary and a schoolmaster to teach them "the sacred Book." The missionary asked them, "What do you know about my sacred Book?" And an old man sitting near him answered, "I know a little of it," and began repeating in Tamil the first two or three chapters of St. John's Gospel. To his surprise, also, he found that the man was totally blind. He asked him how he could possibly have learned so much, when the man answered that a lad from some distance, who had been taught in a mission school, had for months been working in this village, and had brought with him a part of the New Testament. He had read this aloud so often that the blind man had learned it by heart, and although the boy had left the village some time before, not a word of those precious truths had been forgotten.

Death.

WE are grieved to announce the decease of Mrs. Cooper, a school teacher at Poonamallee. She was an excellent Christian woman, who will be greatly missed. May the Lord raise up many more such.—Ed.

"I venture to assert that if every child in our Sabbath-schools mentally mastered that compendium of truth, '**Milner's Catechism**,' the Ritualists would find it hard to get foothold.....Surely the influence to-day of the Ritualists on the School Board demands the use of Catechisms more than ever. We will not have them in the Board School, but in our Sunday Schools we must [have them]."—*From the Address of* Mr. E. Marsh, *before the Metropolitan Association.*

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J. Briscoe, Printer, 18, 20 & 22, Banner Street, Finsbury, E.C.

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. K. Warelin, 83, *Robert Street, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.*; *and* Mr. F. J. Catchpole, 11, *Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E.*

Vol. XI., No. 137. **DECEMBER, 1896.** One Halfpenny.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE Strict Baptist Mission.

Held at Soho Chapel, Shaftesbury Avenue, on October 27th, 1896.

THE ANNUAL SERMON,

WHICH was preached in the afternoon by Mr. Mitchell, was so much appreciated, that it has been published in separate form, price one penny. This may be had of the Printer, Mr. Briscoe, 18—22, Banner Street, Bunhill Row, E.C. (3 copies post-free.) Its title is, "*Be not Weary.*"

THE EVENING MEETING.

By six o'clock the Chapel was well filled. The beloved President, Mr. John Box, occupied the chair, and announced the opening hymn of praise.

Mr. Sears read Isaiah xlix. 13—23 with Isaiah lx. 1—11.

Mr. Cattell, of Bessel's Green, offered prayer.

The opening address was then delivered by Mr. Box, who, in his own genial style, gave a hearty welcome to all present. He said:—

"I take it that all present are sympathisers with the cause and kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, with His will, mind and methods, by which that kingdom is maintained and extended. We are among that highly favoured people to whom the kingdom of Christ is dear, and for which we count it a privilege to labour.

"In these labours we have our joys. Undoubtedly there are times of deep searchings of heart; difficulties will arise, but these only send us to the throne of grace for heavenly wisdom and guidance.

"We are thankful to meet you this evening. We have been travelling a difficult course; and not being out of it yet, are glad to meet with our friends and sympathisers. If you have not heard much of the Mission of late, it is because we have not had much to tell you. There is nothing we know and wish to conceal. Matters are difficult and trying. I do not speak this that you may wear gloomy faces, or be filled with fear and dark forebodings. We have, I think, in this Mission almost coined the phrase "*blue sky.*" We are glad to see it; glad to see it in nature, especially so of late. For myself, I can see much of this blue sky ahead. Our brother's text this afternoon we shall see realised. We

are before you this evening to meet you with a welcome, and to tell you all about our Mission. We have nothing to conceal. Difficulties we have, but we shall see these overcome.

"Jesus said, 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.' I have come to trust more and more in the bare word of my Lord. The end toward which His word tends is the same to-day as when He gave utterance to it. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away; but My word shall not pass away.' 'The word of the Lord endureth for ever: and this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto you.'

"I do not mind what difficulties may arise in the way of individual Christians or churches; our Father's word has its own efficacy in it. Let us take that word and plead it before Him. He will fulfil it. What was our Lord's commission to His disciples? "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." We have that word with us to-day. We have our commission, "Go ye." Difficulties must not stand in the way of this. He who lives on the throne of God to-day *tests* and *tries* His instruments, but never breaks His word.

"I tell you frankly, the last few months have been filled with anxiety. Our prayer meeting last evening—a special prayer meeting it was, though not so designated—closed with the words, "stand fast." Our dear Brother Mitchell's sermon this afternoon has only deepened and confirmed this position." His word is, "Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Your Committee have laboured hard together. It has been no easy work at the close of a day's labour to sit for three hours, and then find we have not made much progress. But what wonder if you have to navigate a ship through fresh waters, if some of the piles or staging be not all cleared away, one says this should be done, and another that should be done. Time and patience are necessary. We have had our differences of opinion, but *we do not mistrust each other*.

"Since we last met we have had very important communications from Brother Hutchinson. He went out from us with a commission to enter on a course of *vigorous evangelisation*, and *gradual purgation*.

"Here I pause to draw your attention to the fact that copies of the *Olive-Branch* can be obtained in the vestibule; reading which you will see that evangelisation is going on, also the work of *purgation*. But we believe our Brother Hutchinson is a man of God, and he will be divinely directed. I believe the Spirit of God will be with our two dear brethren. They are labouring hard. Our dear Brother Booth is vigorously prosecuting his study of the Tamil language. God will yet lead us through all our difficulties. I want you not to join in mere perfunctory prayer, but to make yourselves acquainted more and more with our work, and join us in humble dependence on, and heart-wrestling with, God. I want you each to receive a copy of the printed paper which is being circulated. I am glad to say £900 has been gathered during the past year, but we want at least £1,200 every year. I want you each to say, 'Now, what more can I do for the Mission than I have done? How can I help on the President, Vice-President, Executive, and Committee at home, and our dear brethren abroad. How can I further help?'

"I shall not be with you many years longer; but others will rise up to carry on this noble, Christ-glorifying work of sending the gospel to the dark heathen lands. Our time is short at longest. Let us see to it that every hour is well filled with living service for Christ.

A hymn having been sung, BROTHER BRISCOE read an abstract of the Annual Report, which largely referred to the report of Mr. Hutchinson, the Superintendent of the Mission, and gave an account of Mr. H.'s visits to the various stations, and to the opinions he had formed of the agents and church-members. Mr. H. remarks :—

"I think the people are, with some exceptions, sincere, according to their lights; but are the victims, humanly speaking, of bad and defective teaching."

When asked, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" they readily answered, "Yes;" as also if he added, "Do you love Him *very much?*"

When other questions were put, much ignorance was manifested, or such answers were given as occasioned Mr. H. to remark :

"One hardly knows whether it is attributable to some mutual misunderstanding, or to lack of grace."

The Committee incline to take the more charitable view, until the contrary has been proved.

Numerous candidates have applied for baptism.

"The most hopeful feature," says Mr. H., "is that the people have definitely abandoned the worship of images, and acknowledge the one true God."

Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Booth have been making another tour round the stations. A brief account of this as given in the *Olive-Branch* for November, appears in the printed Report, copies of which may be obtained from any of the Secretaries.

BROTHER ABBOTT was called upon to read his account as Treasurer, which showed that with a balance in hand at the beginning of the year of £397 15s. 8¼d. and £218 9s. Consols sold, the income had been £1597 12s. 1¼d. The expenditure had been £1272 13s. 10½d., leaving a balance in Treasurer's hands of £250 11s. 3¾d., and a floating balance in India of £74 6s. 11d. It will thus be seen that with the reduction of the balance in hand at the close of the year, and the draft on the reserve fund, the expenditure has exceeded the income by £291 6s. 6½d. This account had been audited and found correct by Messrs. Millwood and Brett.

The expenses of the year have been exceptionally heavy owing to the voyage of our Superintendent and his wife, &c., &c.

The Finance Secretary, BROTHER I. R. WAKELIN, read a list of the subscribers' names, with subscriptions received during the year, prefacing the reading with a few warm-hearted words which showed our dear brother's heart was all aglow in the work, and that he tires not with his many labours.

The Minute Secretary, BROTHER F. J. CATCHPOLE, read a list of the names of the Officers and Committee for the ensuing year.

A hymn having been sung, the President called upon MR. S. K. BLAND, to move *the adoption of the Report.* He said :

"I came here somewhat hurriedly, almost out of breath, but not out of heart—certainly not out of heart with our Strict Baptist Mission, with all the difficulties we have heard about.

"You have heard of *Samson.* He would not have had the honey had he not first killed the lion. A copy of your report had been sent me. I have read it, read it carefully, and very heartily move its adoption. It contains a mournful string, I know. Well, why not? 'In the world ye shall have tribulation.' If we had to think of a Christ as our Leader who had no sorrow, we might wonder at ours; but He was 'a Man of

sorrows.' Our very discouragements are but tokens that He intends to use us in His work.

"We adopt a cheerful tone, because we have a right to do so. With such a Leader, with the assurance that our work is His, we take heart, and are of good cheer.

"We want the Holy Spirit's power to give the word preached living efficacy. Let us wait on Him. All depends on this. We would have the soundest and best policy, and our plans well organised. The means are ours to use, but He must make them effectual. We would have men to *preach* the Gospel; but if we cannot get this, let us get *the Word* circulated among the people in Tamil. *Circulate the Word of God.*

"I was with our friend Miss Butcher this afternoon, and urged her to go forward in the good work of writing Gospel tracts to be translated in the Tamil language.

"I have just come from the funeral of Mr. Butcher, whose daughter has recently gone to India in a medical mission. She has entered upon a noble work, and truly she has her work before her. There is no medical man within 35 miles of the place where she has gone to labour. The Lord bless her in her self-sacrificing labours in His cause.

"I heartily move the adoption of the *whole* of the Report. In it *facts* have been stated, and this is the most important part of this meeting. Christ overlooked the *manner* in which the disciples complainingly said, "Carest Thou not that we perish?" He arose for their help. He is our Lord to-day. I trust the report will be carefully read and widely circulated, and that your *hand* will carry out the purpose of the *heart*, according to our Lord's injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' God grant us all a stirring up. The appeal is to every member's own personal responsibility. Let us act up to our principles and privileges, and know that the Lord is on our side. Let us prove the Lord now, and He will open the windows of heaven and pour us down a blessing. God bless the Mission!"

Brother Willis seconded the adoption of the Report. He said:

"It is a real pleasure to meet you. The recollections of the past are pleasant. I have long had a wish to be at one of the Annual Meetings of our Mission, and to-night the realisation has exceeded the anticipation in pleasure. I felt Brother Mitchell's sermon was truly a word from the Lord. It ought to be printed and scattered far and wide. There is a weariness abroad of late in this work. There is at Chelmsford; but I shall go back from this meeting and seek to stimulate my friends in the work.

"I am a lover of foreign missions. As regards our own, I have carefully read the Report, the adoption of which I heartily second. After I had read it, I said there are clouds around us. I read it again, and I felt these clouds were dispersed; and as I listened to Brother Mitchell, the silver lining became more and more apparent. A sentence in the Report laid hold of me, '*Ours is no speculation; the work is the Lord's.*' This is true; the work is the Lord's, and as His servants and pastors we must encourage our people to maintain the work. God has sent forth our two dear brethren. We must support the Mission, for it is our dear Master's work, even His who left the glory He had with the Father before the world was, and said, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.'

The cause, if it be our Master's, is *ours*. It is the Church's cause. The commission was to a few poor fishermen. The world was given them for their parish. These were Strict Baptists, and went out to teach both the

doctrines and precepts of their Lord. The work is still in the hands of His people. Twenty years ago I was much impressed under a sermon by the late beloved John Huzelton from the words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." It is ours to do as He has said; and having done all, we know it is 'not by might, nor by power; but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.' Our brethren in India may feel a bit disheartened, but the might of the Spirit is their all-sufficiency. They work with God. I hope if another Commissioner has to be sent, it may be such a one as Barnabas, and with the same result, 'who when he saw the grace of God, was glad.' I heartily second the adoption of the Report."

The resolution was then put to the Meeting and carried unanimously.

Mr. Box then read a statement showing that while there was an increase in the income, the increased expenditure showed a deficit of about £300.

Brother Reynolds, after moving the adoption of the financial statement, together with the list of Officers and Committee for the ensuing year, said:

"I would direct the attention of this audience to 'The aims and spirit which should govern us in prosecuting missionary work;' and I wish, Mr. Chairman, that some echoes of this speech may float even as far as India, and be caught by our brethren labouring there.

"*Our aim in the Mission field should be in harmony with the Divine programme of salvation.* That Divine programme is set forth in the Master's parables of the kingdom, and is also presented very plainly to us by the Apostle Paul in Romans xi. A careful study of that Divine programme of salvation brings out the fact that their are *four* great stages in God's development of salvation:—(1) The Gospel sent to the Jews, and rejected by them. (2) The Gospel carried to the Gentiles, and an election drawn from both Gentiles and Jews. (3) The Lord's second advent, when the whole Jewish nation, previously brought to their own land, will be brought to the knowledge of Christ. (4) The "caught-up" elect church, and the saved Jewish nation, used to spread the knowledge of the Lord through the earth during the millennium. In bringing our aims into harmony with this Divine programme, we shall be calm amid the scoffing of the ungodly. The infidel Voltaire once made this bitter remark, 'If this is the best the Almighty Author can do, He deserves to be hissed rather than worshipped.' We may tremble at the blasphemy contained in these words, but let us be careful not to give the impression that there is nothing better to come than the present (so-called) Gospel dispensation. The best is to come; and the Holy Spirit and true believers are working towards that best. As we find ourselves involved in the working out of these sublime purposes, let us avoid building up false expectations. It has been said by some one, who could not have been a deep thinker, that 'the law of the kingdom of grace, like that of nature, is one of *constant* progress and increase.' Such a proposition cannot be maintained. Even the illustration used, or rather the comparison instituted, fails; for nowhere does *nature* constantly progress. And the law which has been revealed by the Divine developments of salvation is a law of ebb and flow, while each dispensation has gone out in comparative failure, to make way for another manifestation of God's unexhausted grace and wisdom. Since our God is continually working towards some great future, let us be inspired to labour in all our missionary enter-

prise with an eye to the coming age. Missionary results do not keep pace with the population. 'For every additional Christian, we have every year 180 additional heathens or Moslems.' In the face of this fact, is it not a dream to talk of the conquests won during this Gospel dispensation? The fact is, the present means are inadequate to bring about that universal reign of righteousness which has been prophesied. But we shall be kept from despair if we hold to the Scriptural view of election—a means to an end. We are to labour, under God, to save *some;* we are to preach the Gospel to all nations as a *witness*, that the end of this age may speedily come. Then the 'gathered out'—the elected Bride of Christ, and the elected Jewish church—will spread the salvation of the Lord far and wide, until His knowledge shall 'cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.'

"*Our work in the Mission field should not trespass on God's prerogative.* Results belong to Jehovah, and we make serious mistakes when we attempt to measure them up. The 'man with the measuring line' brought before us in Zech. ii. is reproved by an angel, who is commissioned thus,—'Run, speak to this young man, saying, Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls, for the multitude of men and cattle therein.' Such a message was equivalent to saying, 'You can take your measuring-line home again, young man; for God knows best how to arrange the limits of the future city.' In all our work for the Master, we should studiously avoid anything like measuring up. The grace of God's salvation will not accommodate itself to our poor calculations. Some people attempt to calculate how quickly the nations would be converted, if the number of missionaries were but multiplied. Others are apt to view the doctrine of election as narrowing down to a *very few* the number of the saved. Both parties forget God's 'Ho! ho! come forth, and flee from the land of the north,' as found in Zech. ii. 6. Let our hearts be strengthened, and our zeal inflamed, by an anticipation of the Lord's 'Ho! ho!' in the coming age.

"*Our spirit in the Mission field should be that of constant hopefulness.* To be pessimistic, is to dig a grave for the world's hopes; and the best service such a character can do society is to tumble into the pit he has dug for others. To be constantly hopeful we must remember our patient Lord. Our brethren have often preached about the final perseverance of the saints. I would venture to give them as a subject, 'the final perseverance of the *Saviour*.' 'He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He hath set judgment in the earth.' If we would catch this spirit, let us remember that the Saviour's perseverance is marked by great tenderness,—'A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench.' The Master always hopes the best of us, and even makes excuse for His sleepy disciples, saying, 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Let us carry forward our mission work in this spirit. Glad of the green ear, let us not be ready to cut it down and throw it on one side because it has not come to golden grain in a single day. God is patient, Christ is patient, the Holy Spirit is patient; let us be patient and tender and persevering too."

Brother Belcher seconded the motion as moved by Brother Reynolds. He said:

"We came to this meeting with a sort of half-feeling that our Mission had something discouraging about it, but what has transpired this evening stimulates us. We have with our prayers and contributions sought to help on the spread of the Gospel. There has been a cloud over our subscribers. Differences

have arisen among us in committee. We are men, not tools; we think for ourselves, and all do not see eye to eye. We are all glad of Brother Hutchinson's clear faithfulness. A sick patient will say to the physician, 'Doctor, let me know the worst; what is, and what is not true.' Having known the truth, we take heart. All is not gold that glitters. We are satisfied, when we find things are not right, to try and put them right, like a skilful physician. Let us cease to look at the gloomy side; and, knowing we have sent out two true-hearted men, let them be encouraged by the Committee at their back. Encourage the Mission all you can. I wrote and asked our dear Brother Booth a plain question, I will read you his reply. He says:

"You have asked me a great question, and one that I answer with pleasure. As I answer it, the text is with me, 'Apart from Me ye can do nothing.' You ask, 'Do you mean staying at all risks?' My answer is, God has called me to be a missionary of the Cross to the heathen; until HE, no one else, nothing else, calls me from this work, I remain, come what may. I say it humbly and consciously dependent on Him; but I say it unhesitatingly, and I say it thankfully. I am thankful to say I have not, and am not, worrying. I feel I can leave it all with Jesus."

"God bless our Mission, and our Brethren Hutchinson and Booth."

BROTHER R. E. SEARS proposed that a telegram be sent from this meeting to Brother Hutchinson. The proposal created a little discussion as to the wording, and eventually an amendment was proposed by Brother Mitchell, and seconded by Brother Reynolds, that the sentence,

"*Annual Meeting—Sympathy—Love.*"

be cablegrammed to our Superintendent. The amendment was carried with only one dissentient.

BROTHER WHITE was the next speaker, who said:

"The first word I headed my study paper this morning with was '*Difficulties.*' Many of the thoughts I jotted down have already been expressed. Our brethren have pointed out our difficulties. In the face of these let us be nerved to *prayer, greater effort, more zeal,* and *intense earnestness.* Difficulties have made the Church what she is to-day. Let them nerve us to *courage,* and to *find out where our weak places are.* They should make us *more united.* We must study more closely Scriptural models, and with Paul exclaim, 'None of these things move me.' They should also make us put more confidence in our Leader. We are few, we are weak; but how many shall we count our Leader for? He is with us; He is on our side. Hath He not said, 'Lo, I am with you alway!'

"Let us rely more on the Holy Spirit than on our best concerted plans. We believe in our plans, and would have the best arrangements and *methods* possible; but our trust is in the Lord Himself. We believe in our plans, but more in the Holy Spirit."

After a hymn of praise and prayer, the Chairman closed with the benediction.

The collections amounted to £16.

Pursawalkam and St. Thomas's Mount.

Extracts from Mr. Hutchinson's Report for September.

THURSDAY, 3rd.—Drove with Solomon at 7 a.m. to Elephant Gate, where he sang and preached. A stream of people was passing to and from Madras, but for the most part no notice was taken. A few stopped and listened, and towards the end there were about twenty-five people.

Friday, 4*th*.—Drove with Solomon about 7, to see as many of his preaching places as possible, viz., Wall-Tax Road, Park Gate, Chintadrepet, Naviankudi, Pudapet, Perambur, Choolay, Newmarket, Pursawalkam.

Saturday, 5*th*.—Drove with Solomon and Paul Williams to Wall-Tax Road, about 7 a.m. Solomon read a few verses of Heb. iii., and spoke; after which I spoke on, "The wages of sin is death," &c. About twenty-five people listened, and afterwards a Mohammedan asked some questions, denying that Christ was a Saviour, but admitting that He was a prophet. A larger crowd gathered closely around. I endeavoured to argue that if He was a prophet, He must be a good man; and, therefore, would not tell a lie; yet He claimed to be God, and the Saviour of men. He died and rose again, and is now seated on the right hand of God. Owing to the man's constant interruptions argument was impossible. We then drove to several places in Madras, where Paul Williams preaches, *e.g.*, Mint Street, Washermanpet, and Popham's Broadway. Called on Dr. Narayanaswamy. About 5 p.m. went with Paul Williams to the Esplanade, close to the Law Courts, where he sang and preached. About four or five men stopped and listened for a few minutes. In the evening went with Dr. N. to hear a discussion by natives on Idolatry; the chair being taken by the Rev. Mr. McLean, of the Free Church of Scotland, and about thirty or forty natives being present. Two argued in favour of idolatry, and two against. I was unexpectedly asked to speak. Referring to one or two points in the opener's speech, I said that as, admittedly, there was but one God, it was reasonable to suppose that there would be but one true religion, and that *assuming* that God might be worshipped by means of symbols, the symbols must bear some definite relation to the Divine Being. But what relation could a stone bear to Him who was almighty, eternal, and infinitely glorious? The Chairman made a speech admirably suited to the occasion.

Sunday, 6*th*.—Preached in the evening at Dr. N.'s house, 1 Cor. x. 16, "The cup of blessing which we bless," &c., (Dr. N. interpreting;) and afterwards communed with the Telugu church.

Wednesday, 9*th*.—Drove with Jacob John to Adyar; saw a candidate, but not satisfactory. Went on to Thousand Lights and saw one member. Returned to St. Thomas's Mount, and in the evening Mr. Pearson and I accompanied Jacob John to the Bengalee Bazaar, where he read a portion of a tract on Fate, and preached. A small crowd gathered round, and for awhile listened quietly; but a wrangle arose between two of the people, apparently drunk, which gradually increased to a general hubbub, so that we had to go away."

"I venture to assert that if every child in our Sabbath-schools mentally mastered that compendium of truth, 'MILNER'S CATECHISM,' the Ritualists would find it hard to get foothold .....Surely the influence to-day of the Ritualists on the School Board demands the use of Catechisms more than ever. We will not have them in the BOARD SCHOOL, but in our SUNDAY SCHOOLS we must [have them]."—*From the Address of* Mr. E. MARSH, *before the Metropolitan Association.*

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