THE CEYLON FRIEND.

MAY, 1880.

ALL ABOUT OUR 'AIN' TOWN.

A BONNIE wee place was our 'ain' town, and dearly loved by all who lived in it, or could claim any connection with it. It lay in a nest of hills,—the soft green hills of N.—shire,—and many a 'lilting 'bum wound in and out among its green 'braes',' ere it found a home in the broad waters of the Clyde, a mile or so from the village. It was an agricultural district round about W.— and the distant farm houses were as small white dots giving point and emphasis to the cultivated ground, which lay like a variegated green and brown patchwork, on the slopes of the hills.

Everybody knew everybody in W.— and as nearly one half of the people were related to the other, it was a very clannish community. Generation after generation, the same families had lived in the same houses, had gone to the same Church, and been buried in the same Churchyard. The stranger, who did not know of this peculiar characteristic of our 'ain' town, was driven almost demented by having scraps of history about "Jock Peterson, no, the Jock noo,, nor his faither, but auld Jock, the weaver, young Jock's grandfaither;" or about "Kirzy Pillcues' Auntie, that married

Nell Adam's Cousin, by the Mither's side;"—scraps bewildering enough to the visitor, but perfectly plain, and intelligible to the good people themselves, whose talent for genealogy was as wonderful, as their patience in unravelling its mysteries.

There was, originally, only one good, broad street in W.—running the whole length of the town, with here and there a 'close,' or alley, going off to the roads and lanes outside the village. In after days, when the railway came, bringing fashion and civilization in, and pushing old folks and old ideas out, the town considerably increased, but it never lost that quaint '*auld fanant*' look, that ages of privacy and seclusion had given it. The manners and customs of the natives remained the same in spite of the long chimney of the gas works, at the foot of the town, and the 'select boarding school,' which the two Mulatto ladies from St. Kitts started. The old ways remained the same, and how good and kind those old ways were, many a heart can testify, looking back across the vanished years to the homely circle of our 'ain' town, and the happy hours of youth spent there.

The houses in this street were as singular, and characteristic, as the people who lived in them. Big houses and small, cottages and shops, all were mingled together in one delightful friendly confusion. There was a West End, it is true, but, being almost entirely given up to the Irish who came over at the harvest time to help in the reaping, it was not considered a particularly aristocratic quarter. Going up the street, and looking at the house, it seemed as if they had come because they liked to come, and not because they looked best there. There were a good many shops. Indeed nearly everybody in W.—either had, or once had had a shop, so that a well-to-do shopkeeper was a person of great importance indeed. He was a leader of the community. Of course, we do not mean to include, in that term, the one or two landed proprietors in the district, who drove, in state, on Sundays

to the Parish Church, and were viewed with awe by the children, and with a lofty interest by the grown-up folk. To the minds of most of the children, at least, the tall footmen, with the gold laced hats, were to the full as grand as their masters, and attracted quite as much attention. Yes, our town was certainly a primitive place.

These grandees, as I have said, went for nothing. They were the far distant suns and systems of the W.—universe, but every man in the town counted himself a star, and as bright a star as anybody he knew. Consequently everybody was happy.

About the middle of the town, the street widened out suddenly, and there, on the left hand side, shaded by some magnificent old elms, stood the Manse, keeping guard over the village. Dark, green, and mysterious was the garden of the Manse, and to those of the village children, whose parents attended the Dissenting Churches, it seemed as if something 'uncanny' must lurk among those deep glades and recesses, never explored by such small infidels as we were. The differences and disagreements between the rival Churches, were about as clear to us then, as they were to the Glasgow boy years before, at the time of a long since forgotten theological dispute called, 'The old and new light controversy.' This boy and a companion were playing in the grounds of an 'old light' Church, as it was called, when the Minister suddenly rushed out, and catching one of the delinquents proceeded to give him a beating. "Lick him well Minister," shouted out the delighted scapegrace, who had escaped, "Lick him well; he's a *New light.*" Our knowledge of religious questions was quite as practical, but not more extensive than his, in those days,

From the windows of Miss Hetherington's drawing room, next door, we could see over the Manse-gate, and even, by squeezing tightly into the corner, a glimpse of the lawn could be got, over the high ivy covered wall. 'Carriage people' used to call sometimes at the Manse, and whenever

that happened, a very strange thing took place immediately, on the opposite side of the street. Jack Lowrie, the cobbler, Sandy Deans, the saddler, and Rob Strang, the cooper, were sure, by some remarkable accident, all to appear at their shop doors the next moment to have a gossip over the weather, which always occupied their entire attention till the carriage drove off, when the conclave generally broke up. Not that they confined their chats to times when there were visitors at the Manse. On the contrary, they were so often to be seen outside their shops, that one wondered what business could be done inside, but there was no pushing of fortunes or struggling for existence in W.— A general easy leisure pervaded everything, and a shopkeeper put up his shutters and took a holiday, whenever he had a mind to.

'The Minister' himself was a tall, portly old man with white hair, and a dignified carriage. A fine specimen of a good old Christian gentleman was he, whose kindly and courteous bearing to all around,—to those who differed from him, as much as to those, who agreed with him,—rendered 'religious disputes' but a name in the town in his day. Quietly happy among the people to whom he first came more than half a century before, Dr. Elliot lived and died, kind to all and loved by all; no great divine perhaps, nor startling orator, but a good man, who did good work, and like David 'served his generation' well. Now he sleeps peacefully beside the Church, where he preached the truth as he knew it, week after week, to all that listened;—beside the Church, and surrounded by many of those who heard his voice in life, all alike now silently resting in the quiet Churchyard, unknowing, and rapidly becoming unknown to the race of men, who walk where they used to walk, and perpetuate their names.

The Parish Church stood a little way behind the Manse, on a hillock gently sloping up at the back of the town. It was believed to be one of the finest old Churches extant in that part of the country, and a grand old place it was, with a grassy Churchyard where, as I have said, the bones of

many an old W.— worthy lay. A good many burials had taken place inside the Church itself, and as, at the time I speak of, it was in a notable state of disrepair, sitting in the pews, or 'seats,' as the people called them, the musty presence of our ancestors, who lay beneath the stone-floor at our feet, was sensibly felt all around. I do not think the W.— people minded much, however, through it was certainly much pleasanter outside, where the grass grew ancle-deep over the graves, and one could study the crabbed, and often hardly legible epitaph on the flat "table stones." There were upright stones, too, plenty of them, but the old fashioned ones, that were level with the grass, and often covered by it, were by far the most curious, and attractive to our childish eyes. Some had skulls and cross bones, or urns and weeping willows and nearly all had epitaphs in verse; verse that read more like bad prose than any attempt at poetry. Everywhere the same names as those you heard spoken everyday met your eyes, till, at last, confused, and perhaps drowsy after Dr. Elliot's long sermon you began to wonder whether the John Hunter of Laurencehope, whose name was engraved on the stone before you, was the dead John, or the one that sat before you in Church, an hour before, with the black clothes, far too small for him, (probably come down to him from the defunct John) and the sunburnt face, with the white mark across his forehead where the shelter of his hat began. It was a cheerful change to turn one's eyes away from the graves, and look up at the old belfrey tower, which the rooks had long appropriated for their nests. The best view of the country side was to be had from that tower, but to get it you had to climb up a dark winding stair, with more than one 'eerie' corner. Once at the top, the whole smiling landscape lay before you and the graves at your feet were lost in sight of the hills and valleys which stretched, mile after mile, as far as and farther than, eye could reach.

W. H.

A ROUNDABOUT PAPER

CONCERNING

SCRIBES AND SCRIBBLERS.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

PART SECOND.

MORE things come within the compass of the Post-offices than are dreamt of in the philosophy of ordinary minds. A few of the experiences of the officials, in 1877, are thus narrated by the Postmaster General in his Report:—

"The following articles, among others, were transmitted during the year: A dormouse, four white mice, two gold-finches, a lizard, and a blind worm, all alive; cutlery, medicines, varnish, ointments, perfumery, articles of dress, a stoat, a squirrel, fish, leeches, frogs, beetles, caterpillars, and vegetables. Many of these, being prohibited articles, were sent to the Returned Letter-office. A snake about a yard in length, which had been committed to the post for transmission in a box, was observed to be at large on the floor of one of the night mail sorting carriages, on the London and North-Western Railway. After a good deal of confusion and interruption to the work, it was killed. A small box, which reached the Returned Letter-office in Liverpool, was found, on being opened, to contain eight living snakes. A cheque for £9. 15s. was found loose in a pillar letter-box in Birmingham, but the owner, who was traced through the bank, was unable to explain in any way how it had got out of his possession."

The next anecdote seems to rival that concerning the famous magpie or jackdaw:—

"Complaint having been made last year that certain letters, which ought to have reached a book-seller in a country town, had not been received, it was concluded, after enquiry, that they had been duly delivered, but had subsequently been withdrawn from under the street-door, which was furnished

with a slit to receive letters, but without a box to retain them. During recent alterations in the shop, however, when it was necessary to remove the flooring under the window, the discovery was made of thirty one letters, six post-cards, and three newspapers, which had been carried thither by rats The corners of the letters, &c. bearing the stamps, were nibbled away, leaving no doubt that the gum upon the labels was the inducement to the theft. Several of the letters contained cheques and money-orders."

We had a somewhat similar experience to this, when we lived at Point Pedro. We lost a large number of unused stamps, and several bank-notes, from a drawer secured by a Chubbs' lock, and at length discovered that they had been carried, at the cost of much nibbling, over two other drawers into a fourth, where the rat had made a nest, using, as materials, the stamps, the notes, and a sermon, selected from some scores of others, amongst which it was by no means placed at the top, with the title "The Dignity of Man," which title the spiteful animal had bitten into tiny shreds.

One department of the Post-office, in England at least, is that of the Telegraph,—and this, we learn, furnishes some amusing instances of blunders. Thus a pleasure party telegraphed home that they had arrived all right; but the Telegraph clerk wrote that they were "*all tight.*" This, says the Post Master General was "due to electrical defect."

Another section of the General Post-office has to do with directions hard to be deciphered, and the difficulties triumphantly overcome by the experts, who are denominated "blind men," are wonderful in the extreme. A good illustration is given in the Introduction to the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, recently published. We are told that the Bishop was so overwhelmed with correspondence that he was in the habit of utilizing his railway journeys to write his letters which he generally dated from "The Train."

"Having headed a letter so written, (during the time he was Bishop of Oxford,) "Rail, near Reading," the receiver, ignorant alike of his identity and of his practice, directed the reply as follows:—

S Oxon Esq.,
Rail
Near Reading.

Nevertheless the letter was delivered within a post or two at the Bishop's London address 61, Eaton Place. The envelope was preserved for many years as an example of the perception of the officials of the Post-office."

A story, bearing on this topic, is related of a letter from Ireland, simply directed to "My Mother, New York, America." On the very day the letter reached the New York Post-office, a woman called at the General Delivery-window, and asked for a letter from her son. She gave no name to her son, but, strangely enough, it turned out that she was the "Mother" indicated on the envelope. We have heard of several friends in Ceylon who have been asked by mothers in England to bring messages to their boys who were "somewhere in India," but we never heard of the messages reaching their destination.

An old Scotch lady was told that her Minister used notes, but would not believe it. Said one, "Gang intil the gallery above the pulpit and see." She did so, and saw, to her horror, the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said, "But I will not enlarge." The old woman called out from her lofty position, "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's give out."

Now, judged by reasonable limits of space, it is certain that our rightful share of paper is "giving out," but we are not prepared to admit that, therefore, we cannot enlarge. An old Spanish proverb describes a tedious writer by saying of him: "He leaves nothing in his inkstand." That is not our case; we have far from exhausted our inkstand, but we must, nevertheless, be careful, or we shall exhaust the patience of our readers. One more question, however, suggests itself, in connection with our subject, though the question is so great a one that it is almost presumptuous for us to attempt an answer:—

WHAT IS A GOOD LETTER?

A distinguished author has said that a good letter is one which you wish were not so brief; and another tells us that it is one which the writer commenced without knowing what he should say, and finished without knowing what he had said. Perhaps both these definitions amount to the same meaning; namely, that a good letter is one which is penned "out of the abundance of the heart." In other words, a good letter, like a good sermon, implies that somebody has had something to say; whilst a bad letter, like a bad sermon, implies that somebody has had to say something.

But one more requisite is essential, though subordinate. We are told that it was a favourite form of expression with Archbishop Whateley to qualify his admiration of a person or thing by saying; "He is an eccentric genius, *all but* the genius;" "That is a rough diamond, *all but* the diamond." So we are sometimes inclined to characterise certain eloquent epistles as "excellent letters, *all but the letters.*" The caligraphy is such as to constitute a conundrum not easy to be solved. Some people sign their names especially in a fashion so fantastic that the only resource left to common mortals, who know not the key to the riddle, and yet must needs send a reply, is to cut out the signature, stick it upon an envelope, and give the "blindmen," before-mentioned, an opportunity of exercising their talents.

Now, however deep the hidden meaning of such effusions may be, they cannot be denominated good *letters*, if they do not contain a single letter, properly so called. One celebrated author is said to have scorned to make any distinction between *s*, *a*, and *r*, or between *b*, *p*, and *h*; and the guiding rules for copying the manuscripts of another were, according to his daughter, to remember that if a letter was dotted it was not an *i*, if a letter was crossed it was not a *t*; and if a word began with a capital, it did not begin a sentence. The *Lucknow Witness*, which supplies the above examples of hieroglyphical ingenuity, also tells us that

Napoleon I. had so little mastery over his pen, that his letters from Germany to Josephine were, at first sight, taken for rough maps of the seat of war; and that a gentleman, whom Lord Eldon described to George IV. as "the greatest lawyer in England," succeeded in hitting upon three different methods of putting his ideas upon paper; one being intelligible to himself, but worse than Greek to his clerk, another which his clerk could, but he himself could not, decipher, and a third, which neither he, his clerk, nor anyone else could comprehend. Old times were certainly not better than the present in respect to penmanship, for it was once considered almost vulgar to write legibly.

But there is yet room for improvement, and it really is too bad that so many people endowed with ability, learning and "accomplishments," should deserve to be classed as scribblers rather than scribes. Rarely can wretched handwriting serve any rational purpose, which would not be better served by carefulness and clearness. We have only heard of one instance to the contrary, and whether that was recommendatory, or otherwise, will be judged by the point of view from which it is regarded. A railroad manager wrote to a man, threatening to prosecute him forthwith, unless he removed a barn, which he had run up on the company's property. The recipient did not read the letter, because reading it was impossible, but he made out the signature and arrived at the conclusion that the manager had favoured him with a free pass along the line. As such he used it for a couple of years, no conductor on the route being able to dispute his reading of the document. But even a result like this is no exception to the rule that, if *writers* will not take pains, pains will take them. So an English nobleman learnt once by sad experience. He lost all chance of winning the lady of his love, through her misinterpreting his clumsily written offer of marriage. She took it to be an offer of a box at a concert for a certain evening, and wrote a short note expressing her regret that she could not accept his offer, as she was "engaged."

Is it tautology to add, yet further, that a good letter is one calculated to do good? one which carries cheerfulness, strength, comfort, information, guidance, counsel,—each or all,—to those to whom it comes? An earnest, loving Christian may use it as a messenger for the Master, when nothing else can find an entrance, or when a reticent reserve would check the flow of spoken words. Not that it is needful always, or often, to employ the set phrases of our creed. If we are true disciples of the Lord, the spirit of Him, Whose we are and Whom we serve, will reveal itself without effort, and without affectation. We never think of noticing the brightness of the sun,—it is so constant, so all pervading; but we often express our admiration of the soft and silvery, but borrowed light of the moon. Nevertheless, none disputes that sunshine is infinitely superior to moonshine. And so that letter which thrills and throbs with Christianity, without the needs-be of its writer saying in so many words, "I am a Christian," is certainly not the second-best letter.

We learn more of the real nature of our friends from their correspondence than from their conversation. Indeed there are no surer nor more significant indications of a man's character than those to be found in his private, unstudied letters to intimate friends, written freely and fully, in all the *abandon* of familiar intercourse, with no public interest to serve; when the scribe unbosoms and unburthens himself, without the slightest suspicion that his outpourings will ever be handled by the world at large, and when there can be no possible motive for posing so as to catch the popular eye. If this be so, it behoves us to be true to ourselves, when we may be tempted to be otherwise. Whilst engaged on this paper we have read in one of the popular Monthly Magazines from England, an article containing a passage, which so well expresses what we would say upon this point, that we cannot do better than quote it in full:—

"It would not be a bad moral habit for a man to pause before affixing his postage stamp, and to consider whether

judiciously and conscientiously he had not better save his penny. There may be all sorts of wrong and evil connected with letter-writing; but to specialise an instance, you may have been writing an angry letter. It may be a clever and caustic letter, and you feel rather inclined to regard it approvingly, considered as a literary production. But it may be a passionate and unjust letter. It may be unreasonable and untrue. You may be giving unmerited pain by sending it. You may bitterly regret the moments when your hand obeyed the immoral behest of your mind. You have heard of the physician's prescription about the cucumber: to peel it carefully, slice it tenderly, be gingerly with your vinegar and plenteous with the oil, sprinkle the pepper, brown or red, over it,—and then fling the mess out of the window. So when you sit down to your letter, my dear and slightly excited friend, pile up your invectives, accumulate your adjectives, be caustic and cutting in your phrases; but, just before you post it, give a thought to the ethics of a postage-stamp, light your pipe with it, and save your halfpenny."

The remark is sometimes made, both as a warning against inconsiderateness, and as a guard to security, that "*a letter is there to be seen.*" This is a solemn thought. It IS there to be seen, not only presently, but, it may be, years after the hand which penned it has lost its cunning in death. "What becomes of the millions of old letters that have passed through the post?" asks Dr. Doran.

"When Sadi and his friend were in the garden of roses they both enjoyed the fragrance, but one took home a heap of flowers, and enjoyed the delicious odour for months, even in the dried leaves. We may scarcely expect the same pleasure from old letters:—

"So mournfully they bring again
The past, with less of light than shade,
Before the mind; the pleasure, pain,
The joy that gleamed out, but to fade.

The sorrow we were wont to feel,
The laughing tide of sunny youth;
And hopes and thoughts that used to steal
About the heart, and seemed like truth."

There is a letter in the Bible over which a strange mystery hangs. Elijah was taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire

during the reign of Jehoshaphat, King of Israel. Years afterwards, as we learn from 2 *Chronicles xxi.* 12—15., "There came," to Jehoram, the son and successor of Jehoshaphat, "a writing from Elijah the prophet," sternly denouncing the evil doings of Jehoram, and predicting for that monarch as an idolator, an oppressor, and the murderer of his six brothers, a most terrible disease, and very cruel death. Many conjectures have been hazarded to explain the difficulties of this narrative. Some, like Krummacher, have even held that the mysterious document, which bears the strongest resemblance in style to Elijah's spoken utterances, actually came from the world of spirits. But it is more probable that, before the prophet's ascension, God had revealed to him Jehoram's future course, and had instructed him to write this prediction, that it might be delivered at the proper time. Solemn indeed, in such a case, must have been the interest which attached to this message to a monarch of earth, from one who dwelt upon earth no more.

Not less solemn is the interest which the writings of our departed friends often possess to us. How we treasure the words of love! how we reverence the words of counsel! Our friends, as it has well been remarked, "are away from us; a gulf is set between us and them which no love nor care can cross, yet here is a bit of paper—fragile as the nautilus stem—that outlives the writer and bears his living thoughts to those who yet rest in this lower sphere." Moreover, these long-ago written letters may exert a power and influence, which we cannot possibly foresee. By those of whom we little think, but to whom our memory will be of no small moment, it may be that we by our fading letters may be justified, or by them we may be condemned.

There is a beautiful passage in the *Life Thoughts* of the Rev. H. W. Beecher, which just illustrates what we mean. Mr. Beecher says:—

"I never knew my mother. She died when I was three years old that she might be an angel to me all my life. But one day, in after years, turning over a pile of old letters in my father's study, I found a package of her letters to him,

beginning with her first acquaintance with him, and coming down into her married life; and, as I read those pages, at last I knew my mother."

Mr Beecher comments upon this fact thus,

"What those letters were to my mother's life, that are the four Gospels to the life of Christ. But I remember that there was one letter in which she first spoke freely and frankly of her love. That, to me, is the Gospel of John. It is God's love-letter to the world."

But God has sent other love-letters to the world besides those which he has given to men in the Bible. Thus St. Paul tells Christians (*2 Corinthians iii.* 1—3.) that *they* are "the Epistles of Christ, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart." Whether we will or not, the world judges of religion by what it sees in its professors; and more, —the world has authority from our Lord so to do. If we are true Christians the mind of Christ has been impressed upon us; though alas! the superscription is too often dimmed and marred by the touch of earth. As open letters, "known and read of all men," Christians are sent by Christ to every country, city, street and house; to the bazaar and the cutcherry, to the Court and the office, to the workshop and the field. It ought to be but the simple truth for us to sing:—

"We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land;
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesu's witnesses."

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Poetry.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers;
Which bloom their hour and fade.

TEMPERANCE AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY L. E. B.

THERE are some truths which gather additional force with every repetition. We repeat them day by day just as we teach the same rules in the Mathematics which generations before were taught. We are not disposed to yield them up to oblivion because they are trite and hackneyed. On the contrary, the experiences of every day increasingly confirm what has already grown strong enough to baffle all contradiction. Of this kind are the truths of religion. "The old, old story," is ever new to even the greyheaded Christian. Of this kind, too, are the warnings against vice, and the persuasions to virtue; and of this kind, we affirm, are the principles of Temperance. They can claim a history dating even from the Levitical dispensation. They have gathered strength and proportion with the increase of years and centuries. And mankind still draws from this treasury the stores of health and gladness which elevate and purify the race.

We do not intend, in this paper, to consider the general bearings of Temperance on the manners and customs of the time. This subject has been thoroughly discussed, and the truth has been prominently declared. But we wish to consider what attitude Christian men and women should assume with regard to the movement. This view of the subject has its peculiar interest. We are not to look at it with the cold calculating eye of the politician; we are not to consider it as an interesting problem in social economy. But we must examine the subject from a standpoint as sound as it is pure and exalted. We see Temperance principles fast leavening the world. Are these principles, as some declare, opposed to the doctrines of Christianity? Or are they, as others affirm, in strict accordance with the spirit and teachings of the great Master? As these questions are answered, so shall our own relationships to the movement be correctly estimated.

What attitude shall Christian men and women assume in this contest? What are the relations subsisting between Temperance and Christianity? Before proceeding to answer these questions directly, let us take a glance at the nature and extent of the vice we seek to grapple with. What are the facts with regard to Intemperance, and what do these facts prove? Confining ourselves to Ceylon, we would make the following statements:—

1. *That Intemperance is a vice producing the worst consequences.* Every vice is detrimental to the welfare of society; but there in no vice so pernicious, so degrading, so fatal as Intemperance. The drunkard is banished from all good society, and condemned to unholy and low associations. There is something extremely repulsive in him. Drunkenness is the parent of nearly all the vices, certainly of the worst. And we need not go far to prove the truth of what we maintain. As a local writer once justly observed, taking into account "the normal inoffensiveness," of the natives of Ceylon, intoxication is *necessary* to the successful commission of crime, —not only to stir up bad passions, but also to stupify the mind and partially to erase the fear of consequences. "It is a notorions fact," said Governor Gregory, "that so far as the Estate coolies are implicated in the crime of Coffee-stealing, the hope of obtaining arrack from the low grog-shop proprietors is the chief incentive." The Acting Chief Justice, in 1874, declared upon a certain occasion that "drunkenness was the root of the crimes in *all the cases but one* he heard that sessions, and it was Intemperance which had demoralized the people of the district." The same testimony is repeated on every hand. And shall we appeal to personal experience? How many a manly frame, how many a noble intellect, how many an immortal soul has, within the range of our own observation, been destroyed by strong drink!

2. We observe that Intemperance is *a growing vice.* In his farewell address to the Legislative Council, Governor Gregory said, "The large increase of arrack rents during these

five years proves that the drinking of spirits does not diminish, but grows from year to year." Further on, he added, "In the last five years no less than 402 arrack taverns have been suppressed, and whereas there were 1,403 in 1871, there are now (1877) but 1,097. Nor has the revenue suffered in consequence. The Arrack rents of 1871—72 were Rs. 1,695,145, for 1876—77 they were Rs. 2,547,420!" Compare these items with the entire revenue of the Island. In 1871, this was Rs. 11,216,790, and in 1876, Rs. 14,676,000. No less than $\frac{1}{8}$ of the revenue in 1871, and no less than $\frac{1}{6}$ in 1876 was derived from arrack rents! And this, notwithstanding the suppression of 402 "dens!" "The revenue from this source," writes a compiler of official statistics, "has increased from £59,000 in 1853, to £117,312 in 1872, being an increase of much more than threefold within twenty years."

If the duties on wines and spirits imported were added here we should have to alter these figures very considerably. But is this species of exchange worthy of a land under Christian influences? Or is it at all satisfactory to a Christian Government? Good money for bad drink; "filthy" lucre for much filthier liquor; but the gain has been neither on the side of the people, nor of the Government. Not on the side of the Government, because of the expenditure involved in punishing and suppressing crime, and because of the degradation of the people. Not on the side of the people, for ruin of health and perdition of soul are hardly fair equivalents for the temporary gratification of unnatural and fatal passions.

3. But there is this startling fact more suggestively important than even the statements made before. *To the heathen mind Christianity and drunkenness are inseparable.* It was so in the West Indies and America. It is so in India, and undoubtedly so in Ceylon. Our readers have surely heard the following story which has found its way into the *Methodist Temperance Magazine*, and which was inserted on the authority of "Father Taylor," of California: "One of the chiefs

of Kandy had a son some years ago in the College at Colombo, and Bishop Chapman, who took a great deal of interest in the youth, tried to convert him to Christianity, and spoke to his father about the subject. The father replied in the following words:—'I have one insuperable objection to my son becoming a Christian; if he becomes a Christian, he will become a drunkard.'" Those of our readers who have not heard the story will readily admit that the answer was not an unlikely one. Let a "native" imitate the Christian European; what will be his first step? Indulgence in the "bottle," of course. *Christian* and *Drunkard* are with him nearly synonymous terms.

What is our duty then? Seeing that Intemperance not only ruins the people physically and morally; but it even mars and destroys the spread of Christian Missions, and brings disgrace and dishonour to our Christian profession—what shall be our position in relation to it? Are there not grave responsibilities attending our decision? Let us remember one fact. *There can be no neutrality here.* We must either ban or bless; We must either support or discourage. There can be no compromise with sin, no half-way settlements with vice. If Intemperance bring dishonour to the Gospel, which our Saviour died to give us, we must count it ingratitude, nay, sin, if we do not use all our influence to suppress the vice, and to preserve our faith unsullied and unimpeached.

It is evident that if we would disabuse the heathen of the false impression he has conceived of Christianity this should be one of our most prominent objects. But how shall we do this? By precept? This were worse than useless if unsupported by personal practice. And if the maxim that "Example is better than precept," be at all applicable to civilised society, it becomes tenfold more so when we allude o a heathen race, who look to their enlightened superiors for direction and guidance in Christian life.

We must discountenance the vice,—this too is clear. To do nothing in this direction bespeaks apathy and carelessness,

shows sloth and indifference in the Master's service. Let this be far from us. But *how* shall we discountenance the viee? Will "moderate drinking," do it? No, decidedly. It is unnecessary to repeat the unchallenged facts that from "moderate drinking" alone can immoderate drinking spring; that the remedy will not apply to all, certainly not to drunkards; that "moderate drinking," has proved only a delusion, and that physical health is only compatible with abstinence. "Moderation" implies, on the face of it, a compromise with those very customs which are proving injurious to society, and fatal to the spread of the Gospel. This should not be the example which Christians should set. "Come out, and be ye separate."But failing all these, shall we not remind ourselves that the Saviour has, by His sufferings and death, taught us the privilege and duty of self-denial? The glass of wine, which we may perhaps think is "lawful" for us, is not "expedient." Be the sacrifice great or small, in making it we do God service.

Will personal abstinence help to discountenance the vice? Yes, so far as we ourselves are concerned. And here is the point we would especially suggest to our readers. Personal abstinence will do much, yet that 'much' must necessarily be very limited in its influence. Personal abstinence must be regarded not as the ultimate object towards which we move, but only as the first step towards the attainment of a grander and a nobler object. It must be regarded as the preparation for the conflict, as only the means towards a higher end—this end being no other than the entire suppression of Intemperance.

What is our duty? Would that this question might suggest itself to the hearts and consciences of all our readers. If men would only repeat it a little more frequently to themselves, we should have less reason to mourn over moral inactivity and spritual sloth. It is this indifference of Christian men and women which forms so disheartening a barrier to the spread of Temperance truths. If it did not exist, there

need be no Temperance Societies no Templar Lodges, no Bands of Hope. Nor would the baseless outcry have arisen that Temperance seeks to supplant the Gospel, and usurp the throne of Christ. Is this indifference a Christian virtue? Is it a feature in the religious character? Why then are Christians indifferent? In spiritual matters such negligence would indicate moral stagnation, and be considered a certain sign of declension from faith. Why should it be less so in relation to Temperance, which provides excellent opportunities for the exercise of the noblest virtues, and large spheres for usefulness in the Redeemer's cause.

What should we think of a person who has the love of God in him, but who hesitates to impart the same happiness to his neighbour? So, if by the exercise of some virtue, or course of conduct, a man obtain happiness and contentment he would preach the same course to his friends and associates. And if Temperance has given thousands comfort, prosperity, and peace, it is able to extend the same benefits to many thousands more.

Do we substitute Temperance for the Gospel? God forbid. We preach, we practise the former, only that the latter may sooner spread, and that all those hindrances which now oppose its progress may be removed. John never substituted himself for Jesus. Those who rolled away the stone from the tomb of Lazarus never presumed to perform the work of Christ. Neither does Temperance seek in any way to exalt herself, but rather in all ways does she endeavour to hasten the time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

Note by Editor. In connection with the subject of the preceding article, we would call attention to a very eloquent and powerfully written paper, by the Rev. W. E. Codling, read before the Liverpool Wesleyan Ministers at their Monthly Meetihg January 3rd, 1879. The paper is published in the form cf a tract, price two-pence, and the copy before us is marked, "Tenth Thousand." Its title is "*Intemperance and our Relation to it as Wesleyan Methodists.*"

CEYLON ECCLESIASTICAL TROUBLES.

SINCE we last referred to this subject the whole question of the relation of the Church Mission Society and its Missionaries to the Bishop of Colombo has been submitted to a Conference of the five highest dignitaries of the Church of England; *viz:* the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester. The decision of this Conference has lately been published, and the Committee of the Church Mission Society has publicly expressed its warm thanks to the Bishops, and has stated its ability to accept, with cheerfulness and cordiality, the results arrived at. It is true that the English Episcopi have displayed much tenderness in the handling of their young and errant brother; but, on the other hand, not one syllable of censure is cast upon the course of conduct followed by the Church Missionaries, individually or collectively, throughout the whole of this delicate and irritating controversy. We may be well content to let Dr. Coplestone escape under cover of "sad misunderstandings," so long as his apparent pretensions are ignominiously kicked out of court, as so utterly ridiculous that the mere idea that his words meant what they had been thought to mean cannot, for a moment, be entertained. The fact, among other facts, that "the Church Mission Society is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the greatest instruments by which the Church spreads the knowledge of Christ amongst the heathen, precludes," we are told, "the possibility that the impression can be well-founded," that the Bishop should be prejudiced against the Church Mission Society, or should seek to remove its Missionaries from his diocese. We might have thought so but for the logic of scores of other facts, to many of which our pages, for more than two years, have borne witness. But the prelates evidently wished, as much as they could, to let the past be past, and to deal with the living present, and, perhaps, we cannot do better than follow their example,

though, certainly, some of the Bishop of Colombo's repudiations are exceedingly puzzling, and we cannot help the feeling that, somehow or other, the text must be at fault which runs: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Our present purpose is briefly to analyse the ruling of the Conference.

It is said that the translators of certain Eastern State-papers for the British Government are instructed to compress no small portion of the same into two letters:—A.C., which letters being interpreted, mean "*After compliments.*" We may, in a somewhat similar manner, pass over Paragraphs 1. 2. 5 and 17. of the documents before us. Nor need we dwell upon Paragraphs 15 and 16, which are acknowledged to refer to personal matters only; though we rejoice to notice that a very high, and well deserved compliment is paid by the five prelates to the character and services of the Rev. J. Ireland Jones, of the Church Mission. As for the rest, we will take up:—

I. *Those points on which Bishops Coplestone pleads that he has been misunderstood.*

3. The conviction that the Bishop was prejudiced against the C. M. S. and wished to have none of its Missionaries.	3. Ruled to be an impossibility, and repudiated by the Bishop.
4. The belief that the Bishop wished to divide the diocese into quasi-parochial districts, and to subordinate the Missionaries to Chaplains of his own choice.	4. "The Bishop distinctly and altogether repudiates such an intention."
7. Objections on the Bishop's part to the C. M. S. Missionaries having authority to minister to the heathen at any place within certain wide limits.	7. The Bishop assures the Prelates of his readiness to comply with their recommendation that the Missionaries should have such authority.
13. The interference of the Bishop with Lay-readers and Catechists.	13. The Bishop states that he only wishes to exercise direct control over such Lay-agents when there is no ordained Clergyman in charge of the Mission station.

If the Bishop had made his statement, under 13, clear from the first, surely no difficulty would have arisen; for, we should think, that no Catechists or Lay-readers are ever left without Missionary supervision. But the Bishop has, evidently, changed his mind on this subject; for when he did, very emphatically, interfere, with the Lay-agents some time since, his words then were that, in doing so, he had "recourse to the power which he undoubtedly possessed of direct interference."

II. *We now take up the more numerous paragraphs in which the Bishop's actions and assumptions are virtually condemned.*

8. The Bishop hopes that the C. M. S. will accept the revision of licenses on which he is engaged.	8. The Prelates remark: "We are unable to understand how this general revision of all licenses has been entered upon, and we hope earnestly that no time will be lost in re-issuing all the licenses, and thus putting an end to an unsettled and unsatisfactory state of things."
9. The Bishop urges that, pending the decision of the Metropolitan, his own decision concerning licenses should be accepted as binding.	9. Ruled (1.) That pending appeals against the *withdrawal* of licenses, the Bishop's decision shall *not* be binding. But (2) in case of the *refusal* of a license, not previously held the Bishop's decision is binding, till set aside by a higher authotity.

Paragraph 9, therefore, condemns the action of the Bishop in the cases of Messrs Clark, Schaffter, and the others, and proves that these Missionaries would have been justified in continuing to preach and hold services, notwithstanding the Bishop's decree.

11. The tests imposed on the Church Missionaries as a qualification for license, such as those of joining the Bishop in a "celebration" of the Sacrament.	11. "We unanimously deprecate the imposition of any such tests," say the two Archbishops, and three Bishops.

12. The action of the Church Missionaries in declining to associate themselves with the Bishop in the Communion of the Lord's Supper, under circumstances which committed them to countenancing Ritualistic practices and doctrine.	12. The Prelates say: "We cannot but express a strong opinion that, so long as the Missionaries are required to do nothing which is contrary to the declared law of the Church, they cannot be justified in declining to join the Bishop," in this act of worship.

Paragraph 12, has been criticised as illustrating the true Episcopal policy of compromise. The criticism is not unjust; still, we take it, that the burden of the paragraph lies in those words "*contrary to the declared law of the Church.*"

The practices objected to by the Missionaries *have* been distinctly pronounced illegal by the authorities of the Anglican Church, and when the five Prelates declare the Missionaries justified in declining to do anything that would be contrary to the declared law of that Church, they, in effect, say to them, "Well done." We might have wished for a more down-right declaration anent the "sacrificial aspect" heresy, but, when we remember that the end which the Bishops had in view was rather practical than theoretical, we can hardly wonder that they avoided the discussion of disputed doctrinal points.

But, at anyrate, we have thus far found, in the Conference document, very little comfort for his Lordship of Colombo, nor is the remainder likely to be much more to his mind. When Bishop Coplestone's admirers coolly assert that the Episcopal utterance is "a complete and most satisfactory vindication of his position," the Missionaries may afford to listen complacently, whilst they recall a not uncommon incident of English school-life when they have often seen a lad return bravely to his fellows, after a disciplinary interview with the Head-master, carrying a desperate attempt at a smile upon his distorted face, and the averment upon his lips that the Master's cane did not hurt, and that, on the whole, he rather liked its application.

The next paragraph deals with a question of much difficulty and one concerning which the pundits differ. We believe, however, that few, if any, of those who have had practical experience of Ceylon Mission work, or, indeed, who have resided for any length of time in the country, will admit the wisdom of Bishop Coplestone's judgment.

14. The Bishop is of opinion that all races in the Island ought to be fused into one common Church organisation. The C. M. S. is anxious that nothing should interfere with the future development of a vigorous native Church.

14. Ruled, That nothing ought to be done, on either side, to pre-judge the decision of a question, which cannot be settled hastily.

There remain only two paragraphs, 6 and 10, which we will take together. These refer to the relations of the C. M. S. and its Missionaries, to the Bishop of Colombo, the Metropolitan in Calcutta, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

6. The C. M. S. claims the right to appoint Missionaries to its present or future stations, and the Bishop acknowledges this right "generally," but imposes as conditions:—

The Prelates rule that the right of the C. M. S. should be acknowledged, and as to the Bishop's conditions:—

(1) His power to withhold licenses without giving reasons. In one official deliverance, at least, he claimed that his permission or non-permission was of divine force, and that to go counter to his decision, however ignorantly, would be to commit sin which could not be measured by ordinary intelligence.

(1) That no license shall be withheld without the reasons being given. Otherwise, they say, the result would be "to subject the Clergy of the whole colony to the mere will of the Diocesan."

(2) That he held no "canonical obedience" to anybody but the Metropolitan at Calcutta. But, nevertheless,

(2) That since the Metropolitan is subject, by his letters patent, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, so, most certainly, is the Bishop of Ceylon.

(3) (Parag: 10) The Metropolitan held himself unable, on legal grounds, to entertain appeals relating to the Bishop of Colombo.

(3) That the Metropolitan is legally qualified to confirm and reject the decisions of the Bishop of Colombo and may, therefore, be appealed to.

Thus Bishop Coplestone's characteristic arrogance, and what the Americans would call "high-falutin," on his departure to the Conference, is quietly set aside. He wrote, from Bombay, to his friend the Archdeacon, to say that he was visiting England "not for purposes of reference, or of arbitration, but of consultation only;" that he alone would be "strictly speaking responsible for any decision arrived at;" and that "it would be wrong of him to put the matter for decision even into the hands of Prelates of such dignity and wisdom as the five English Prelates." Bishop Coplestone now learns that he cannot cut himself and his followers off from their Church in England, at his own will and pleasure. Will he, therefore, regard, or will he disregard that most solemn oath, which was ministered to him at his consecration, when he did "profess and promise all due reverence and obedience to the Archbishop," as well as "to the Metropolitical Church," with which he is immediately connected? We shall see.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

These, which we spoke of last month as "coming," are now completed, and the result has been a surprise to all parties. According to the latest Telegrams the returns show:—Liberals 349, Conservatives 235, Home Rulers 62. This gives the Liberals a clear majority of 114, over the Conservatives without counting the Home Rulers, whereas, previous to the Election, the most sanguine of the Liberals only talked of coming into power with a majority varying from 12 to 30. The Wesleyan Candidates, of whom five or six are the sons of Wesleyan Ministers, were as follows:—

On the Conservative side. Mr. Alderman H. J. Atkinson of *Hull;* Mr. Green, of *Pontefract;* Lieutenant Colonel G. A. Fernley, and Mr. H. Bell, of *Stockport;* and Professor Webb, of *Portarlington.*

On the Liberal side, Mr. J. C. Clark, of *Abingdon;* Mr. Wm. Hoyle, of *Dewsbury;* Mr. Alderman Macarthur, of *Lambeth;* Mr. Alex. Macarthur, of *Leicester;* Messrs. W. S. Allen, and S. R. Edge, of *Newcastle-under-Lyme;* Mr. S. D. Waddy, of *Sheffield;* Mr. A. Brogden, of *Wednesbury;* Mr. D. J. Jenkins, of *Falmouth;* Mr. Ross, of *St. Ives;* Mr. H. H. Fowler, of *Wolverhampton;* Mr. James Howard, of *Bedfordshire;* and Mr. R. B. Mackie, of *Wakefield.*

IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE REV. JOHN SHIPSTONE.

IT is with very deep grief and a great sense of loss that we record the death, at Matara, on April 7th, of the Rev. John Shipstone, one of the Ceylon Wesleyan Missionaries. Mr. Shipstone, who succumbed, after a short illness, to a virulent attack of typhoid fever, was in the maturity of his powers,—in the 36th year of his age and the 12th of his Ministry,—and we had reason to hope that the experience, which he had long been diligently gathering, would add to his usefulness, for many years to come. But the Master said, "It is enough; come up higher." We cannot explain the mystery of such a removal, at such a time; but we can unreservedly trust in His wisdom and love Who holds the keys of death and of the unseen world, and at Whose will alone the gate from time to eternity is unlocked. Jesus Himself speaks to us this blessed truth and, when doing so, He first expresses a thought which ought to convey inexpressible consolation. He says: "I am the Living One;" the I AM,—to Whose nature, unchangeable and eternal, life is essential; Who, therefore, cannot, for a single moment, cease to be. Nevertheless, "I, THE LIVING ONE, WAS DEAD." Hence death isnot an end, not even a parenthesis, but simply an *experience* of life. Just as we live when and whilst we sleep, so we still live, as Christ lived, when and whilst we die. Yes, and when that last conflict is over, they who are Christ's shall be, like their Redeemer, "alive for evermore." In the touching account which Sir Theodore Martin gives of the death of the Prince Consort, whose last illness was very similar, in its character and course, to Mr. Shipstone's, the biographer says: "Death, in the Prince's view, was but the portal to a further

life, in which he might hope for a continuance, under happier conditions, of all that was best in himself, and in those he loved, unclogged by the weaknesses, and unsaddened by the failures, the misunderstandings, the sinfulness, and the sorrows of earthly existence."—This is very beautiful, and it is very true.

Mr. Shipstone came to Ceylon after a residence at the Wesleyan College, Richmond, in 1868, and, by painstaking study, acquired a scholarly knowledge of the Singhalese language and literature. He was a thoughtful preacher, and few Missionaries have pondered more earnestly and anxiously than he did the many problems of Missionary economics, which the development and extension of our Mission Churches in Ceylon have brought into prominence. Mr. Shipstone realised intensely the difficulties involved, and the intensity of his concern probably shortened his life.

Earnestly and affectionately will the widow and the fatherless little ones be remembered by many at the Throne of grace, and assuredly God, even the God of our dear departed friend, will abundantly bless and comfort them.

Notes of the Month.

WESLEY COLLEGE. The Gogerly Scholarship, of the monthly value of Rupees 10, tenable for two years, was gained by J. W. Perera,—he having obtained 72 per cent of the total marks. There were four other competitors. The examination was held towards the close of last term, and the warmest thanks of the Wesleyan Mission are due to the following examiners:—The Reverends E. F. Miller, M. A. (Warden of St. Thomas' College,) T. R. Stevenson, S. Langdon, and Messrs. M. Cochran, M. A., F. C. S, and T. Vijayaratnam.