THE
CEYLON FRIEND.

JULY, 1880.

"VARMER BOB."

A STORY OF THE TIMES OF JOHN WESLEY.

BY A FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE DAUGHTER BEGINS.

MY name is Dolly. If you intend being precise, Dorothea. If you are very stand-offish, it is Mistress Dorothea Willoughby. I hate making a mystery about one's name. I am the youngest of the family and I am not so very young, and my exact age—well after all, a little bit of mystery, is no harm to anybody. We were all gathered around the old hearth the other night celebrating father's seventy-sixth birthday. When I say *we*, I mean all father's sons and daughters and sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, and poor Dolly who is nothing *in-law* to anybody, not but what she might have been though. We were there at the hearth singing and chatting, and father was telling lots of old-world stories chiefly about himself and about dear mother. We had never known him so lively and his stories. were, to us, intensely interesting. Just before we broke up for

the night, my eldest brother, Robert, we never called him, "Bob," he was always a little too grand; he broke out with, "Father why don't you write your life. 'Twould be as good as a romance if you would."

"Whoy doant I go and make a precious old vule of myself," said father. "Don't you go trying to make a laughing stock of your old father Robert, a purty buke I should make shouldn't I now?" "Well," said Robert, "I didn't mean that you were to make a grand big book like that one I was reading to you from the other night, lately brought out by Master Boswell about Dr. Samuel Johnson, nor yet altogether in the style of the late Master John Wesley's Journals, but you have got such a wonderful memory, you could give conversations and such like to make it interesting, and then you talk so much about the good, great men who have gone, that "our people" would be sure to like it."

"Do father, do!" we all shouted in chorus. "No my dears." "I'm vulish enough but I baint gone so var as all that.—What write a buke? Varmer Bob write a buke? Nobody 'ud believe that. How would a look now up there 'pon that shelf," said father pointing with his pipe. "Holy Living and Dying, "by Jeremy Taylor" Bishop. Sermons, by Archbishop Tillotson. The Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and the Life of "Varmer Bob!" It edn't natural my dears."

"Now, father," said Robert "you've suggested the title. Nothing could be better. And I'll tell you how you can manage it. You and Dolly shall do it between you. She'll know how to do it; how to set you right if you go wrong. She's always scribbling something or other. And it shall be called "Varmer Bob," and all "our people" will know who that is."

That was how it was settled and perhaps that will explain the title to people who don't know our Devonshire dialect. But lest that should not be quite clear, let me say that my father's name is Robert Willoughby, Farmer. But if you mentioned that name here about Nosworthy, people would think you meant my brother. Everybody calls father "Varmer Bob."

Nosworthy, that's the name of the farm,—and the Squire says there has always been a Varmer Bob upon it,—is in a part of Devonshire where the Tamar is no more than a stream. And I have often heard father say that he has stood on the bank down in five-acre field, and shaken hands with his Cornish neighbour, Mr. Thomas Tredinnick who stood on the Cornwall side. But they were both tall, big men, and I question if there were two other men in the two counties who could have done it so easily. The Parish church, and the church town of Hatherton, are about five miles from Nosworthy. I ought to tell you that Nosworthy is a village, and not a very small one as villages go in this part of Devon. But when we talk of *the* town, we always mean Launceston, which though it is in Cornwall seems much more a Devonshire town than Cornish.

The Squire is Mr. Reginald Hatherton, and he lives at Hatherton Hall, a little way from the Parish church. He is a bachelor and lives in solitary state in the great house. He calls here often on his way back from Launceston. He says he can get such Devonshire cream nowhere else as he can get here, and sometimes he declares that "Farmer Bob's" cider makes him very much in disgust with the cider at Hatherton. He is fair spoken and an excellent good man is the young Squire. We still call him the young Squire. The old Squire, his father, died twelve years ago. Mr. Reginald used to come here very seldom in his time, but there were reasons for that which will perhaps come out in the story. He made me a very beautiful present the other day. He knows that I like pictures and he brought me a picture all the way from London, painted by a great London painter, called Opie. Master Tredinnick says he knew the great painter when he was only a poor Cornish carpenter's son. It was a portrait. He, Squire, said it was only a little recognition of the best junket in all Devonshire. I am so glad he likes the things which I make.

There, I had almost forgotten that I was to introduce

father to you. He will tell you all about the Squire, that is, the old Squire himself. I shall tell you about him, Farmer Bob, for there are many things that he would probably not like to say, and would still be necessary to the story. He says that his great difficulty lies in beginning a story. That is also my difficulty. There is so much necessary by way of preparation.

At the time when this story begins, Varmer Bob was about twenty. He was the Young Farmer then, and I've heard dear mother say that he was as fine a specimen of a young farmer as could be seen at any fair in the West. Grandfather used to entrust most of the affairs of the farm-stock to him, and this brought him into contact with nearly all the farmers and Squires in our side of the county. Many and many a time, I have heard old Tripp say,—Tripp is a superannuated labourer of ours—that he has seen the big farm-yard full of cattle, brought in by the farmers for miles around to get father's opinion. Devonshire people think a great deal of a good judge of cattle, and Devonshire people thought a great deal of young "Varmer Bob."

It was Michælmas day, and "Goose Fair," at Tavistock. Crowds of people came in to the town from all parts, farmers from Devon to sell and buy, miners and mine maids from Cornwall, to see the shows and the wrestling matches and to buy "fairin." It was a long way from Nosworthy, but with a good horse the journey could easily be done in a day, and the Tavistock "Goose Fair," was more noted in those days than any other fair in the two counties. I have visited the town on several occasions. It is one of the most beautiful places that I know, perhaps not quite so fine as Hatherton, but then Hatherton is different. The last time that we were there father pointed out to me the place where he first saw young Mistress Morwell. He was coming into the "Goose Fair," on the occasion I have referred to, in company with young Pitts and Lakemam, both dead now. They had got to the bridge at Fitz-ford, near the old Abbey, when all at

once a two-wheeled carriage came dashing down the road on the other side of the Tavy towards the bridge. The horse had run away, and the young lady who was driving was evidently very much afraid of the bridge.

It was only the work of two or three seconds. "Varmer Bob," took it all in at a glance. In an instant he was across the bridge. In another moment his strong hand held the rein of the horse who stood snorting and panting as if with astonishment to find his career so simply and so resolutely checked. I can imagine Father doing it, as quietly as he would hold a sheep by the leg. He had not been trained up amongst cattle for nothing. After quieting the horse, he turned to the affrighted young lady, I have heard him say that when he took off his hat and spoke to her, he was much more nervous than when he laid hold of the horse's rein. Some men are like that. I have heard that Master Ralph Hatherton, was always in a tremor when he spoke to a lady, but his monument in the old church says that he did wonderfully brave things before he was killed in the great war in America. He was the old Squire's younger brother.

Father thought the young lady very beautiful, he was "struck all of a heap," he said, when he looked at her after he had got the horse quiet. Her bonnet had been blown off her head and was hanging loosely by the strings, and her hair, auburn, was streaming down her back glistening like the waterfall at Lydford when the sun shines on it. She sat bolt upright in the carriage, and bowing stiffly, said, "I thank you Sir. It was a kind and brave thing to do. Bess gets unmanageable sometimes. I believe she must be related to Dick Turpin's "Black Bess." I don't know what would have become of me, if you had not done what you did! Now if you would add to the obligation, by driving the mare to the "Bedford Arms," you would make me doubly grateful, and Master Morwell my father, and Mistress Morwell my mother, will add their thanks to mine. I have heard father say that he wished the "Bedford," had been at Nosworthy that day

instead of only a few yards distant. He said that and told me what the young lady had said to him, as we stood on that very bridge the last time I was at Tavistock. He said he remembered every word as if it had only been uttered ten minutes before.

It was the same day, the day when father recalled this old memory on the bridge, that the young Squire, Master Reginald, drove us home. Oh, the beauty of that drive home! The lanes, and there are no lanes like the Devonshire lanes, were literally covered on either side with the flowers. The high hedge-rows were clothed in a variety of colours and Mr. Reginald told me the names of the flowers and stories about the great Botanists who gave them the names. It was very grand to hear him say all those hard Latin words, how he could remember them I don't know. But I told him that I liked the simple names which the country people gave the flowers much better. And he laughed and said he did too. He talked about the hot-house at Hatherton and the great conservatories he had seen in London and near London, and the fine flowers in them, "but" he went on "do you know Mistress Dolly, I like the wild flowers of Devonshire better than all the hot-house plants I have ever seen. And I often think the flowers of the hot-house are like the city ladies, and the Devonshire girls are like these beauties here." And he laid his whip on a bed of hyacinths in the roadside. Father had been half asleep on the seat behind and I had forgotten him just as I have now. He interrupted our conversation with the question,

"Did'ee hear about poor Lord Nelson, Squire, when you were in town? They say he's dead, but like Samson he killed more of the Philistines in his death than he did in his life." Old men don't understand things. Now I'll let father tell his story himself.

(To be continued.)

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THERE was a very large audience at the Annual Meeting of this Society, which was held in Exeter Hall, London, on Monday, May 3, 1880. W. BICKFORD-SMITH, ESQ., of Trevarno, Cornwall, presided, and the attendance of Ministers, and Friends of our Missions, was unusually large. The Rev. W. M. PUNSHON, L.L.D. read the Report, and announced that the total RECEIPTS had been £165,498. 12. 8. including a donation of £37,622. 4. 11. from the "Thanksgiving Fund." The EXPENDITURE was £190,686. 12. 3, leaving a Debt of £25,187. 19. 7, due to the Treasurers.

The address of the Chairman, was in excellent taste, as a historical summary of successful missionary enterprize; and the President of the Conference beautifully enforced upon his attentive listeners the potent fact, that our giving and our working for the Saviour, are measured by our devotion and love. The Hon. Sir Alexander T. GALT, G. C. M. G. worthily represented the Canadian Methodist Church, and was heartily welcomed. The next speaker was the Rev. James SCOTT, Chairman of one of our South African Districts, himself the Son of a Missionary. His address was upon the African Missions; and we give our readers a portion of it. He said:—"Wherever I go the question is put to me, "What is your opinion about the Zulu war?" I know that this is not a political meeting but a missionary platform; I have nothing to say from a political point of view, but I have an opinion to give, from a missionary point of view, and a great apostle furnishes me with the words: "Those things which happened have fallen out rather to the furtherance of the Gospel." There is now what there was not before—an open door. Without let or hindrance the Gospel can be preached. But you say, "What about John Dunn? What about this exclusion of missionaries from Zululand?" Do not believe it. First of all, I have to say this, that if John Dunn lifts up his hand or utters

his word, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have him in derision." This has taken place before. Cetewayo opposed Christianity. Where is he? Sekukuni persecuted the Christians and expelled the missionaries Where is he? And not only will the Lord laugh, but if John Dunn thinks of opposing the missionaries, then many thousand Christian men "will know the reason why." There will be limitations: and, I ask if Nonconformity has had a struggle—long, terrible, and severe—a struggle which, in the opinion of some men, has not issued in full triumph in happy England, no wonder if NONCONFORMITY TO HEATHENISM have a struggle in Zululand. But here comes the newspaper correspondent—who says, "Are you not ashamed to stand upon a missionary platform? I thought I had annihilated you; did not I give it forth to the world that the missionaries made the natives worse than they were before, and that the missionaries ought to be treated in a most undignified manner?" Mr. Correspondent, I have to ask you what is your knowledge of the missionaries? Have you lived on their stations? Have you seen their work? Have you weighed its results? If you have something to say, let us hear the other side. This is the testimony of one who has lived for many years in Basutoland, and who has a lifelong acquaintance with the natives, Mr. GRIFFITH, Her Majesty's Representative in that country: "The work of forty years has not left the missionaries of Moshesh without valuable testimonies to the faithfulness and efficiency of the labours of this country—testimonies which consist, not in elaborate reports to societies at home, but in the religious life and Christian conduct of thousands of natives who would otherwise be enveloped to-day in the darkness of their primitive heathenism." What is to be done? A work of conquest is to be done. And how? I look on Sekukuni's mountain, apparently impregnable, and there I see what has *been* done; and by *whom* has it been done? It has been done by regular forces from England, by colonial forces, and by volunteers; and it has been done by the aid of native allies. So it is to be with South Africa, and missionary conquest.

Now, let us come to facts with regard to South Africa. In 1815 Barnabas Shaw commenced on behalf of the Methodist Churches a work in Western Africa. In 1820 William Shaw, in Eastern and Southern Africa, commenced his work. Since that time sixty years have passed, and very glorious have been the results. There were units then, now there are more than 100 missionaries and assistant missionaries, and several of these are natives. There are 18,000 members of Society and 5,000 on trial; 18,000 children in our schools, and [illegible],000 unto whom the word of the Lord is preached by the missionaries sent forth by the Methodist Church.

Now, you say perhaps, "All that is light: are there no shadows?" Yes, there are many shadows. We preach, and the testimony may be written: "Many believed not." Then, with regard to some of those who are united with the Church, we may say they have been baptized with John's baptism; they have repented, but they have not entered into the light and liberty and enjoyment of the children of God. Over many we have to mourn who did run well. Here and there we meet with the representatives of Ananias and Sapphira. or the men in the Corinthian Church who grieved the Apostle's heart. And as our congregations are gathered before us we find—and here, again, we tread in the steps of the Apostle of the Gentiles—that it is not out of place to preach from, "Let him that stole steal no more;" "Lie not to one another;" or, "If any man will not work, neither let him eat;" and we should not be sorry if, as some people imagine, that text were in the Bible, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." As we say spiritually, so would we say physically, "He that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger;" and "Wash you, make you clean," would come with wonderful power to the natives in South Africa.

This speech was followed by one of remarkable brilliancy from WILLIAM OULTON, Esq. of Liverpool, who said there are some things that are worth more than money because no amount of money can represent them, and to value them by means of money is to convey no idea of their worth; they are

things which at the time may appear to be resultless so far as the main object you have in view is concerned. I read only yesterday an anecdote which tends to illustrate this. It was one concerning a painter who had become famous after the lapse of years, and he still lives. A gentleman came into possession of one of the works of his early days, and he considerately thought that the sight of this product of his youthful genius would be a pleasant thing to the old artist; and he sent it to his house by a messenger. The picture was placed upon a chair, and the old man came in to view it. He looked at it silently for a considerable time, and then burst into tears and said to the messenger, "Young man, when I painted that I painted for fame." There is very little doubt that at the time when he sold it he sold it for much less money than pictures which in later life he painted, and which according to his own judgment, were much inferior as works of art; and there can be little doubt, too, that, so far as the achievement of his fame went, at the time he turned the picture from his easel it appeared to be resultless, accomplishing nothing towards it. Why, any attempt to value the product of the human mind will lead you into all sorts of absurdities and inconsistencies. It was well known that Milton's "Paradise Lost" was valued at £5, and it was generations before that work made its fame; and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" was sold for a few paltry shillings. When you come to this work of the missionary, you come to the work which is done upon human minds and hearts, and it can neither be judged or measured by ordinary standards. What ability is contained within one soul?

> Knowest thou the value of a soul immortal?
> Behold this midnight glory, worlds on worlds,
> Amazing pomp! Redouble this amaze,
> Ten thousand add, then twice ten thousand more,
> Then weigh the whole;
> One soul outweighs them all.

I should be satisfied myself, I confess, if there were no tabulated results visible in the Missionary Report as it is issued, because I have confidence that the work being done is of the character of God's work, and therefore it will be

followed exactly by the results which invariably accompany the works of God. Let us remember that the faith of man is God's certainty. If the Almighty Ruler were to estimate the work upon the minds and hearts of men as we sometimes estimate the work of missionary and kindred societies, He would almost be prompted to stay His hand. But we know that not one drop of rain in God's material universe, not a single ray of light, falls upon the earth, but is productive of result. And so in the work of God in the moral world, in this missionary work. You may see no immediate result that you can tabulate, but the result is going on, and it must be accomplished. Not a single word spoken can ever fall useless to the ground; it may not be by our hand or in our time, but the harvest shall surely be garnered.

THE REV. J. C. W. GOSTICK, Missionary from the Mysore, India, said: There is a story told of Sir Jung Bahadoor, the late Prime Minister of Nepaul, that when he came to London to make a treaty with the British Government, he was for some time unwilling to do so, and could not be induced to come to terms with the Government. So the officer who had charge of him, one day put the Ambassador into a carriage and drove him from the West-end to the East-end of this City. The Rajah said nothing for some time, but as he surveyed the streets and the great population, he clapped the officer on the back, and said, "I will sign the treaty: I am a firm ally of the British Government from this time forth." So, if any one could see the extent and influence of this mission work in the world he would better understand its position and need. The people of India may be said to stand in three great classes in relation to christianity. There is first the great mass of the people, the mute millions of India, toiling for their livelihood, subsisting from hand to mouth, who are slaves of habit, enchained by custom, who walk in their ancestors' paths and dreamily note the great changes taking place around them. Ages of hopeless servitude and crushing toil have dimmed their sight, and with lustreless eyes they see the civilisation which they regard as another tyrant, the railroad and the telegraph as another chain, and the christian religion but as

another means of bondage. Then the second class are the men of the old school in the priestly families, those whose prosperity is intimately connected with idolatry, and many of the old aristocratic families whose traditions and associations seem inseparably connected with the past. These men will fight to the last; they cling tenaciously to their system; they will die hard. They travel by train to sacred shrines; under telegraphic wires they repeat their senseless formularies; under the shadow of great universities they propound their absurdities; in close proximity to halls of medicine they practice the pharmacy of the shasters; in spite of the nearness of the ports they dilate on oceans of milk and melted butter and spirituous liquor; and, notwithstanding astronomy, they pray that the sun may not be swallowed, standing up to their chins in water. These men will keep an unbroken front to the end, and the reputed end of the old guard may be prophesied of them—they will die, but will not surrender. The third class is young India. This class exists side by side with the class I have just spoken of, the one intensely conservative, the other slightly imbued with the spirit of advance, produced by English habits and Western education. Young India learns English words, wears English materials, walks in elastic side boots. Youug India has not much respect for the gods of the Hindu Pantheon, and instead of learning Sanskrit verses quotes Shakespeare and Milton. It must be confessed that as a class they have been somewhat disappointing. They often advance rapidly and then retrograde. But this is not to be wondered at. They have enormous difficulties to overcome. Many of them have to live a life of constant martyrdom, and they deserve all honour. May God bless and help them! They deserve all honour as the van of India in her onward march towards light and truth. So, India is altering. It is not the India of our fathers; it has quite changed. Caste, that greatest of obstructions, is being weakened; secretly it is frequently broken; its burden-some injunctions are murmured at and ridiculed all over the land. As an instance of this, I will just tell you a short record about

the young Maharajah of Mysore. About two months ago, he, a high caste Hindu, was out hunting with his English friends. The day was hot, the sport was good, refreshment was scanty, and the distance they had travelled was very great. Suddenly a coolie came up to the party and offered cocoanuts to the Europeans, but the Maharajah took hold of one of the cocoanuts, raised it to his lips and drank the milk. The Hindu villagers looking on were amazed. They had never conceived that a Prince of their royal house would take refreshment from the hands of a pariah, but my authority said the Maharajah had no idea that in doing it he was giving offence. He probably laughs at all such caste scruples. Then, as you know, a few months ago the caste sepoys of Bombay, Bengal, and Madras crossed the black water to Malta, and at the present day the native gentlemen of the three presidencies are all vieing with one another in order to support the Indian Institute at Oxford.

Now, with regard to the conntry in which I have been living for the last nine or ten years. Mysore became connected with the English about eighty years ago. Eighty-one years ago to-morrow Seringapatam was conquered, and the Mysore became connected with English rule. We Mysore men are proud of our mission-field. In one respect it is unique amongst the mission-fields of India. Outside the city of Bangalore we have the whole country entirely to ourselves. We are the only Protestant missions carrying on operations there, and we have had great success. During the last decade our Society has more than doubled ; our native agents have increased not only in numbers, in character, in ability, but in piety also, and our schools and scholars are thrice the number they were ten years ago. Not much more than fifty years ago the land was unbroken, the mission seed was not sown, and now we have some 32 chapels, between 500 and 600 members in Society, thousands of attendants on public worship, 57 schools with about 5,000 scholars, of whom 1,600 are girls, and the amount received for mission purposes in the province amounts to some 29,000 rupees.

CLOUDLAND,

OR

NUWARA ELIYA IN JUNE.

AT Ramboda we looked at each other disappointedly, and declared our conviction that it was "not much colder than Kandy," and one of us wondered fearfully whether Nuwara Eliya itself would be cold.

"Oh yes," said the wise one, who had been to Nuwara Eliya before, and knew all about it. "It will be cold enough for all your wraps there."

So, reassured on that point, we visited the glorious waterfalls that make musical every nook and corner of the valley, and the sadly-neglected little church, which might be a very dream of loveliness and rest were only a few hours' labour now and then given to the clearing away of weeds, and training of the splendid roses that now grow as they will over the tiny grave-yard.

Then the sun went down, and we went back to the Rest House perched on the hill-side, and watched the mists creep over the mountain-tops, and distant lights spring out red and clear, from far-off bungalows or cooly-lines as the darkness deepened. Then it grew so dark that all the world beyond the Ramboda valley became a blank to us, and one by one the people in the bazaar down below the Rest-house huddled themselves into their cumblies, and shut themselves into the inner darkness of their huts.

"It is never quiet in Ramboda," said somebody just then. That is no doubt, true, for when all human sounds cease, the grand chorus of those "many waters" becomes more fully realised, and yet, when the voice of the waters is all we hear, it brings a loneliness which is very much like silence in its effect.

"We must start early in the morning. Not later than seven, for it is a long pull, and uphill all the way but the last

two miles," said the wise one, and at ten minutes past seven next morning we began to climb.

"Are there any waterfalls about Nuwara Eliya?" somebody asks, looking regretfully back at those we are leaving.

"Beauties!" is the enthusiastic reply, and on we go, up, and up.

We "wind about, and in and out," among the hills, now shut into dim, wooded corners, then out again into bold prominence, with the wide country lying open beneath us. Looping the mountains, up and up we go until we are amidst the clouds, or is it rain that drifts against us? We do not know which to call it, but it is wet and cold.

"Rather colder than Kandy," satirically remarks the wise one, who is walking behind the carriage, and notices the stealthy buttoning-up of an ulster.

We cannot go very fast up the hills; that gives us the more leisure when the mist or rain lifts off for a few minutes, as it does now and then, to enjoy the beauty of the way, and compare it with other parts of the country which we have seen, and we think it finer than most, not, perhaps, that the hills, as hills, are more striking, but the coffee planters have not burnt out all the beauty of the land here, as they have in some districts.

They are here though, in patches, and we are sorry to see that their enemy, the leaf-disease, is with them. To us it seems that native coffee suffers less from this pest than that which has been cultivated by planters' art.

But how cold it is getting! Do see how pinched the Muttoo looks, and those cartmen coming down, what a medley of "looped and windowed raggedness," they have hung about themselves to keep them warm!

"I am glad the carts have to take the out—side," says somebody, peering fearfully down into a tremendous gorge. On which somebody gets a lecture on selfishness, and a terrible picture of smashed cartmen is held up.

I wonder if anybody else has been struck as we were with the

beauty of a tree which stands prominently on one of the outward curves of the road. Once upon a time it evidently had a trunk like other trees, and above it, a wide crown of outspreading branches, but a great strong creeper twined and twisted itself about it so closely that the trunk died and crumbled, and became dust, and "the wind blew upon it, and it was gone."

That is the evident history of the tree-trunk. What remains is, the interlaced creeper, like an immense rustic vase, bearing up the green and flourishing tree-top as well as its own leafage.

It grew colder and colder as we went up; the very trees in the jungle told the tale by their waving ragged mosses and lichens.

How like decrepid old men they looked!

Up here the wise one began to assume airs of proprietorship, not that anything belonged to him, save a little knowledge, as he had been here before, and we had not.

"Isn't this English like?" asked he, pointing grandly to the hoary old trees. "I'll show you the potato gardens presently."

But no potato-gardens appeared, though we did see a few cabbages. The potatoes failed, we have since heard, and their place has been taken by tea and chinchona.

At last we reached the top of the pass, and began to descend into Nuwara Eliya, and here the rainy mist, or misty rain left us, and we had a fine view of the "City of Light."

Do you smell the mignonnette? was asked.

No, nobody did. But we did smell something just as sweet and home like.

Oh, the golden furze-bloom! Oh, the sweetness of it! In a moment Nuwara Eliya was not; and we were far away on high, breezy downs overhanging, and sloping down to the sea. Downs, purple and golden in their heather and furze-bloom. At home again, through the magic of one whiff of its perfume!

Friends talked of incessant rains, and shook their heads over our visit to Nuwara Eliya in June.

How it may be in other years I do not know, but nothing could be better than the weather we have had thus far.

What! Are there no mists? Yes, mists of course; hanging now on the hill-tops, white and motionless, and then with swift movement like that of strong wings, sweeping through the valley, hardly veiling the sunshine, or advancing slowly over the lake, a dense, impenetrable wall of whiteness, but always beautiful, and enhancing the glory of the sunlight beneath and between.

No one who has seen the endless varying of mountain and lake by mists and cloud, could wish them other than they are here in this month of June.

The valley seems full of flowers, home flowers.

How curious it is that though in a general way we depreciate "home-made" things, yet no sooner do we find ourselves in a foreign land, than we value everything in the exact ratio in which they remind us of what we had at home.

I am not sure that tears did not spring over a butter-cup found by the lake-side yesterday, while there are fragrant clover-heads to rejoice over amid the grass, and violets in what wood is left on "One Tree Hill."

By the bye, five years ago, when Governor Gregory ruled in the land, it is said that the delightful walks about Nuwara Eliya were kept in order. Not so now; but by dint of scrambling through the jungle, and never minding bramble-scratches, we have had some glorious visions.

One we got by following the Lorne Road a little way, and then diving through the jungle by a knotted thread of a pathway, down into the depths of a deep valley.

We went to see a famous pool, whose waters were said to be curiously black, but in the midst of the pool, and spreading nearly all over it, were great heaps of sand, forcing the waters to run in narrow channels around and between.

"Silt from that Lorne Road." Said the wise one, savagely.

Isn't it a pity that things useful, so often spoil things beautiful?

The Black-pool was gone, but there was something which the silt had not spoilt.

Rushing, tumbling, slipping over rugged rocks and smooth-worn boulders, down came the waterfall that should have found rest in the lost pool.

Not like ordinary waterfalls was this one. Not making one grand leap from hill to valley, but frothing white with its hurry, here, it lingered there, in clear brown pools under the ferns, and then ran out sparkling and slid over the smooth boulders, parting this way and that, meeting with a rush at their base, and then flinging itself against other rocks, meeting roughness with noise and splashing, all wholly gladness and fun; down it came, and away by the narrow channels the silt had left, under the trees, and out of sight.

We sat there enjoying it for a long time, and might have sat longer, but thought of rheumatism.

Oh, the tug up that hill! That is the worst of going to see sights at the bottom of a hill. The coming up again is sure to act as a set-off.

How glorious the rhododendrons are! Such clusters! And on such trees! It is worth while to go round the lake, only to see them.

But by the lake-side is another attraction. *Blackberries!* Not shiny like home-blackberries, but luscious and sweet for all that, and we have been blackberrying in real earnest.

The evening we did that, we walked all round the lake, and although we do not easily tire in Nuwara Eliya, it did seem rather a long way, so seeing a Tamil woman, and then a Sinhalese man taking a short cut across a meadowy looking piece of grass, we thought that we could do it too, and tried it; the wise one first taking the precaution to ask the Sinhalese man if it were feasible.

"Ou, ou," said he, and on we went unsuspectingly into the blackest, stickiest, ooziest bog I have ever seen off Dartmoor.

After floundering in great distress for some time we got out in a state too muddy for words to make clear, and slunk home as fast as we could.

In next month's *Friend* I hope to say something about our going up "One Tree Hill," and "Pedro."

M. L.

INDIAN SKETCHES.

BY J. L. DEWAR, ESQ.

AGRA AND FATTEHPUR—SIKRI.

AGRA has a renown which is world-wide. Its palaces, its mosques, and its tombs, are full of interest, but its pearl of buildings, the Taj Mahal, stands unrivalled, and its peerless loveliness is unapproached and unapproachable. Once seen, it for ever takes the position of the ideal in Saracenic architecture, and the glamour of its perfect grace, and the witchery of its beauty dwell in the mind, and throw a shadow over what otherwise would have received the highest praise. Descriptions of this tomb have been the theme of some of the finest passages in word-painting, but the most eloquent of tongue and pen, have had to confess, that when the highest note was sounded, and the treasury of imagination exhausted, the result produced was abject failure, and the glories of that wondrous mausoleum must ever remain unexpressed and unexpressible. "A dream in marble,"—"the sigh of a broken heart,"—"poetic marble arranged in eternal glory,"—"the inspiration is from heaven—the execution worthy of it,"— "too pure, too holy to be the work of human hands," "I cannot criticise but I can tell you what I feel, I would die to-morrow to have such a tomb." These are a few of the fine things which have been said of it, but

they are the mere overflowings of a fulness which floods the heart, and whose expression gives but a hint of the unexpressed.

It was at night when we first visited the Taj. The air was cold in the extreme; the moon was almost at the full; and a thin creeping mist,

"Like a face-cloth to the face
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still."

Passing through a high and wide gate-way, the Taj was before us in all its glory. An avenue of funereal trees lined the broad path-way leading to it, down the centre of which were the fountains not then in play. The mist gradually crept half-way up the splendid mausoleum, blurring and rendering shadowy the lower portion of the building; while the pure marble dome stood out sharp and clear against the deep blue of the evening sky. It was like a moonlit cloud, whose loveliness we might have expected to have seen fading before us. The extreme beauty of the building; its exquisite contour; and the purity of its material; were all heightened and enhanced by the witchery of the moonlight, while the remembrance of the strong human affection, which devised and carried out such a splendid monument of its love, roused us into the highest admiration, while it stilled us into the deepest reverence. You reach the platform on which the Taj stands, up a flight of enclosed marble steps, and enter the building by a magnificent door-way. The stillness which might have been expected in the resting place of the noble dead, was broken by the demands of importunate beggars. The murmur of their voices reverberated like growling thunder in the dome above. The cenotaphs and fine marble screens were examined; the rich inlaid work was admired; and on payment of a rupee, the blaze of two large blue lights lighted up the darkness of the vaulted dome. A sound like a pelting rain-storm was heard, but it was only the multiplied echoes of the spluttering light. The effect of the

light added nothing to the beauty of the Taj,—vulgarised it in fact—casting a ghastly blue over the fair white marble. At one side of the Taj the Jumna crept onward to the Ganges, but the mist lay thick upon the river, and and its waters could not be seen.

In the sunlight the glare of the Taj is bewildering, and you can only look at it, when you have your hand shading your eyes. The inner recesses of the building are then, however, rendered more distinct, and the rich carving, and chaste scroll-work of inlaid-flowers, blossom into beauty in the subdued light. When a cloud crosses the face of the sun, you can notice with comfort how perfect is the exquisite work around the handsome door-ways. Passage upon passage from the Küran, in letters of black marble encircle the immense height, and tell to all comers the faith of the builder, and the final hope of those who sleep therein. In striking contrast to the sombre inscriptions are the parti-coloured wreaths of flowers which twine around and beautify the whole building, and are so natural both in shade and form, that one might be excused for fancying that they had just been picked from a garden, rather than the result of the patient labour of the mosaic worker.

Shah Jehan and his wife are buried in the Taj. It was built in honour of the Empress—the exalted one of the palace—as she was called, and Shah Jehan had intended to have erected another like it for himself, but his death prevented. From the Taj, and looking across the Jumna, the foundations of the second one are yet to be seen,—a neglected piece of rough masonry—the mere inception of an idea, which if developed and carried out, would have added another to the many magnificent buildings, with which the Mahomedan rulers studded the continent of India in the days of their greatness.

As at Delhi, so at Agra, the palace is within the fort and there is much to admire and linger over. Red sandstone

and marble, ornamented with jaspar, agate, cornelian, blood-stone and lapis-lazuli, have been used to display the exquisite taste of the Mogul architects, but like a picture gallery their work would require to be visited and re-visited, to appreciate it fully or learn its worth. You wander through the palace which is redolent with the memories of Akbar, Jehangir, and Shah Jehan; pass through the court-yard where the emperor and his nobles, in its palmy days watched the fierce fights between elephants, tigers, and other fighting animals: visit the zenana quarters, and among other things see a large court-yard which formed a fish-pond for the queen to fish in, and the marble pavilion on which she sat; you look out from a balcony where the court watched the races of the royal boats in the Jumna far below: you enter the Pearl mosque, which is built entirely of marble, and whose white domes have been compared to "silvery bubbles which have rested a moment on its walls, and which the next breeze will sweep away" (*Bayard Taylor;*) but the most pathetic spot of all was the place of execution for the suspected or unfaithful wives, reached through a dark passage, past a tank where the condemned had to wash, on to a small plain room, where there was a beam for a scaffold, and a well for a grave.

In the vicinity of Agra, are the tombs of Akbar, and Itmad-ud-Daulah, the father-in-law of the Emperor Jehangir. Both were well worth a visit. Akbar's tomb is situated in a large garden, reached through a massive gate-way, and is a fine building of a vast size. After his death there was placed in the mortuary chamber, the books, armour, and raiment of the great Emperor, to be ready to his hand in case he should rise again. But "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well," so well indeed that his martial spirit was undisturbed, when the Jats of Bhurtpur sacked Agra, ravished his tomb, and carried off the relics of the slumberer.

Twenty two miles from Agra, are the ruins of Akbar's capital Fattehpur-Sikri. It is reached by a fine road, lined on

each side with trees, and some of the Emperor's mile-stones, placed at two miles distant from each other, are still standing. They are of such a size that there is no chance of the traveller missing them. It is said that when Akbar left his capital on a visit to Agra, a drummer was placed on the top of each, so that the roll of the drums might give early notice of the Emperor's approach.

Save the mosque, Akbar's palace, and the lofty walls, little now remains of that once bustling city; and as it is built of red-sandstone, the pensiveness which ever attaches to crumbling ruins, is deepened by the sombre tints.

Akbar was one of the best of the Mogul Emperors. He was just, chivalrous, and able; one who built up a kingdom, and earned for himself the love and esteem of his subjects. His mind was of a theological turn, and a religious discussion was as dear to him as a bout of arms. There is to be seen in Fattehpur-Sikri, a building where those discussions were held. In the centre of the room is a massive red-sandstone column, elaborately carved with struts, going to the four corners. On the centre column, Akbar sat, while the controvertialists occupied the struts. Here many a fierce fight was fought between the contending parties; and the result of this bandying of faiths on the mind of the tolerant prince, was, that Akbar thought out a creed for himself, a kind of reformed Islamism, with the Emperor as chief Imam. On his first public appearance as a religious teacher, his nervousness mastered his zeal; for while reading the litany he stammered and trembled, and in spite of all encouragement, hardly got through a few lines of a poem, which the laureate of the court had composed for the occasion, ere he had to descend from the pulpit. The lines referred to have been paraphrased thus :—

"The Lord to me the kingdom gave,
He made me good, and wise, and brave;
He guided me in faith and truth;
He filled my heart with right and truth;
No wit of man can sum his state;
Allahu Akbar! God is great." (*Keene's Agra*)

Although Akbar could neither read nor write, he nevertheless, caused the sacred books of the religions current in Hindustan to be translated so that he might be acquainted with their contents. Hearing of the Jesuits at Goa, he invited them to his capital; had the New Testament translated into Persian; and for some time was suspected of being a Christian. He ever remained however, "a rationalist and deist, and never believed any thing, as he declares himself, that he could not understand."—*(Max Müller's Science of Language.)*

There is still standing in excellent repair the houses of Akbar's favourite wives. Their size is that of a small villa, but the elaborateness of the carvings is simply amazing. As no wood has been used in their construction, the opportunities for displaying the work of the chisel are great, and they have been embraced to the fullest extent: for the pillars, cornices, and indeed wherever the artist could effectually work out a design, there are to be seen the labours of the patient sculptor. The work has been compared to the finest Chinese ivory carving, and as far as stone can be compared with ivory the comparison is not inapt. On the walls of the "Christian Lady's house"—one of Akbar's wives was said to have been Portuguese—there are to be seen patches of faded frescoes, and highly imaginative visitors are asked, and declare that they *do* see, the remains of a painting of the Annunciation in those mural decorations.

Close to the hall of religious controversy, there is a building with numberless rooms and doors in it. Here the Emperor played "hide and seek," with the ladies of the court, when tired of discussing the matters of religion or the affairs of state. There are many other curious pavilions, halls, and houses in the palace at Fattehpur-Sikri, the use of which is left entirely to the conjecture of the visitor, which we cannot particularly notice, although each has a striking individuality, and the impress of Akbar's genius is to be observed on all. A curious tower 70 feet high, and stuck all over with imitation elephant tusks,—till the thing bristles

like a porcupine—was used by the Emperor as a stand from which to shoot deer and antelope which were driven across the plain below.

The mosque at Fattehpur-Sikri, which is Akbar's finest, has a famed gate-way, the largest in India, if not indeed in the world. The court-yard of the mosque measures 350 ft. × 440 ft. There are the tombs of two holy men within its precincts, and in one of them the delicate pierced marble screens are all tied with tags of string, which childless wives who have desired a family, have from time to time bound there. The mosque has three domes, and its broad, deep, and shadowy arcades have a solemn grandeur about them, well befitting the religious character of the building.

There is a fair held yearly at this mosque, and traders assemble from all parts of India for the exchange and purchase of goods. In Akbar's time these fairs were frequent, and there is still to be seen the places assigned to jewellers, shawl, brocade, silk, and other merchants, who brought their tempting wares within sight of the veiled beauties of the Emperor's harem.

Close to the gate-way, is "a jumping well," into which, for twenty-five cents, a man will leap, from the walls of the mosque, 80 feet high, and plunge feet first into the green stagnant water. In former times, the jump used to be taken from a higher point—120 feet, but the Government put a stop to that, as there had been one or two fatal accidents. As it is, 80 feet seems a perilous height, and the miserable people who earn a pittance, by a feat of this kind, might be much better employed in some other way.

Fattehpur-Sikri stands on rising ground, and as a site was well chosen. The water however, was bad, so bad, indeed, that the city in half a century—less than the life-time of a man—was built, inhabited, and deserted.

Notes of the Month.

Progress, is the appropriate title of a "Monthly Illustrated Journal for the Educated Classes of India and Ceylon," the first number of which has just reached us. It is published for the Madras Religious Tract and Book Society, and will, of course, be also identified with the Ceylon Religious Tract Society. We wonder the Society has not thought of establishing an English periodical before of this class, but "better late than never." The first number is well got up, and contains a variety of interesting matter. We quote the following from the first article on "Our Aims." "The leading contents will be as follows :—

1. Papers on India, giving the results of inquiries into its history, ancient literature, antiquities, &c. An intelligent knowledge of our native land, is one means of promoting our interest in its welfare.

2. Descriptions of foreign countries. Macaulay says, "The importance of geography is very great. Indeed, I am not sure that it is not of all studies that which is most likely to open the mind of a native of India." Instead of keeping jealously apart, India should mix with the great family of nations. At a meeting of the Social Science Congress in England, the late Sir Muttu Coomaraswamy, of Ceylon, expressed a hope that the time would come when, "a Hindu crew, commanded by a Hindu captain, should steam into New York or London, in a steamer built by Hindus in Bombay or Calcutta.

3. Lessons from biography and history, showing that the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" is possible, and how men of the humblest origin may benefit the whole human race.

4. Accounts of discoveries in science, and inventions in the arts.

5. Brief notices of public events.

6. Hints on self-culture, both to students and others who wish to improve their minds.

7. The advocacy of sanitary, social, and moral reform.

Lastly, articles on the religious questions chiefly agitated in India at the present day, and counsels to inquirers after truth and righteousness."

A very tempting bill of fare, which should win for the New Journal a large circulation. It can hardly fail to be of very great service to our Educational Institutions and to educated natives generally. We would suggest that a Table of Contents would perhaps be a convenience.

It will be one of the cheapest English periodicals in the East. We notice that the Ceylon Annual Subscription, including postage, is only ONE RUPEE AND FIFTY CENTS.

"Varmer Bob." In this issue of the *Friend*, a new story is begun, by an old friend, which is intended to throw some light on the early history of Methodism and Methodist Institutions.

The Prince of Wales' College, Moratuwa. There has been a discussion as to the undenominational character of this institution in the public papers. We are glad to see that a letter from the Head-master has placed it beyond dispute. The founder, Mr. C. H. de Soyza, gave the Chairman of the South Ceylon Wesleyan Mission, a distinct pledge, when the Wesleyan day-school was handed over, that the College should be worked on thoroughly undenominational principles.

The late Rev. J. A Poulier. A brief memorial of this loved and respected Minister was read at Kandy, on Sunday Evening, June 13th, 1880; and the same paper will be read at the Pettah Chapel, Colombo, on Sunday Evening, July 4th. We shall, therefore, defer the publication of this history until next month, when it will give us much pleasure to tell our readers what we know of one of the most cousistent christians we ever met with.

The Wesleyan Mission, in South Ceylon is to be reinforced by the appointment of a Missionary, at the Conference which meets in London, July 20th, 1880.

The Rev. J. O. Rhodes, and family, had safely arrived at King George's Sound, in the "S. S. Siam," on June 9th, 1880: our readers will join us in expressing our gratitude to GOD, for the renewed health and vigour Mr. RHODES has already obtained.

The Extension Fund. This work has to be supported by voluntary contributions, quite apart from our ordinary operations. We need for the year 1880, Rs. 7,000 to meet our estimated expenditure, and shall be glad to receive or acknowledge any donations for this interesting movement. The following sums are thankfully published as Receipts for the current year, viz:—

For RELIGALA, from circuits in Negombo District		Rs. 65 83	
" MOLLIGODA, from Kalutara circuit	..	" 10 86	
" MAGGONA, from Maggona circuit	..	" 38 19	
" BOOSSA AND AKMEEMANA, from Galkisse Wellewatta and Dehiwala	.. ..	10 28 18 00	28 28
" EXTENSION STATIONS IN MATARA DISTRICT:—			
Colombo—Baptism Marriage and Burial Fees		26 50	
Ana Maria Perera,	..	3 00	
F. E. D' Silva,	..	15 00	
G. V.—Pussellawa,	..	5 00	
Editors of the Ceylon Observer		17 93	
Public Meeting, Kollupitiya,		39 42	
Collections—Maradana,	..	6 50	
" Fort,	..	9 67	
" Pettah,	..	12 89	135 07
		TOTAL Rs.	279 67

The Circuit Groupings for this year, in aid of the Extension Fund, are watched with deep interest; we hope to have news to give of their efforts in future issues.