


THE CEYLON FRIEND.

AUGUST, 1880.

A MEMORIAL OF
The Reverend John Adrian **POULIER**,
Wesleyan Minister, South Ceylon District.

HEN our fathers in this Mission arrived at Galle on the 29th of June, 1814, there was not one person in Ceylon of whom they had any personal knowledge, yet their way had been wondrously prepared by providential foresight and kindness.

Sir Robert **BROWNRIGG**, the Governor, welcomed them with generous goodwill, sanctioned and aided their plans for uplifting the people, and rejoiced with them over every token of divine favour in their toil. Sir Alexander **JOHNSTONE'S** brave heart had moved the eloquent Wilberforce to action, and it was through him that the Methodist Church had entered this lovely land. No wonder, then, that the Chief Justice and his gifted Consort, bestowed their cordial help and munificent generosity upon the earliest efforts of our missionary fathers. Lord **MOLESWORTH**, the Commandant at Galle, received those "messengers of the churches" to his home and heart, and all that hospitality could offer, or affection suggest, was done, to prove the sincerity of his welcome.

The Honorable and Reverend T. J. TWISTLETON, was then Chaplain General in Ceylon, and forwarded the interests of the missionaries with noble deeds, and courteous christian counsel.

But beyond all, and above all, there rested upon them the Shekinah of a sacred and gracious blessing which clothed their ministry with pentecostal might, and illumined the path leading sinners to their Saviour.

The first four names on our ministerial roll, are those of converts from Galle and Mátara, in the Southern province. In the poetry of ancient days, we are told, that wherever sacred feet touched the ground, some sign of a divine presence rested there; and it seemed as though this olden fancy had been realized in the history of our fathers.

We can never forget the old Dutch Church, at Galle; for the thrilling joy of Christ's renewing grace, entered the soul of William Alexander LALMON, during the first service held there by the Wesleyan Missionaries. And Mr. Lalmon was not only the first Asian-born seal of our ministry, but the earliest minister of our Ceylonese Churches.

Our educational enterprise was opened at Galle, and there a sprightly Sinhalese lad attended the school of Benjamin Clough, to be prepared for his future career. But another hand was laid upon that youth's intellect and conscience, when he had "received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father," and "know that we have passed from death unto life." Bravely that noble convert went forth to tell how the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" had won and subdued his heart; fearlessly and lovingly he declared how his burden of sin was removed, as he looked unto Jesus, and trusted on His blood: and thus, step by step, Cornelius de Silva WIJASINGHA became the first purely Native Minister of all Asia, who was enrolled in our pastoral fellowship.

There was another young man in the Galle Circuit, longing and pleading for that closer knowledge of Christ promised in the New Testament; and the moment came, when he arose

“out of darkness into marvellous light,” fixing his whole nature upon JESUS then revealed to his spirit. For twenty-seven years John ANTHONISZ “walked with GOD,” and then “he was not, for GOD took him,” straight from labour into rest for ever.

When Robert Erskine, our first missionary, entered Matura, he found there a youth of sweet simple manners, and reverent child-like spirit, yet endowed with a remarkably persistent faithfulness. A mother's instructions had filled his mind with holy thoughts and high aspirations; and, possibly, she had presented him to the LORD, asking for her son what Hannah did for Samuel, a place in the temple service. If so, that mother's request was granted by the Lord.

The glorious fire of William A. Lalmon shed its glowing beauty into the young man's soul; the quick discernment of Robert Newstead saw how his heart longed for closer service in God's cause; and then the versatile scholarly William B. Fox, was sent as the human messenger, to shew this young seeker the path of peace, and lead John Adrian POULIER to his Saviour's side. His life was laid at once upon GOD's altar, and accepted: the great Head of His Church took this case into His own hands; all secular bonds were quickly removed, all opposition withdrawn, and a path was opened for him into mission life, by a series of events which he ever looked upon as providential and decisive.

His first actual engagement was with the Rev. J. McKenny, at Caltura; and in writing to London, October 12th, 1820, he says, “My excellent, pious, and zealous assistant, comes up “in every respect to my wishes, and is a great comfort to “me, as well as a help in my labours.”

During the first week of November, 1820, a Mission House was finished in Caltura, at such a cost as surprised and delighted our fathers. And on January 18th, 1821, the first Caltura Chapel was opened, amid scenes of unusual interest and rejoicing. Towards those two buildings, the conscientious labours of the young convert were given, with unsparing industry, and unswerving faithfulness.

Then we find our willing worker for a time, in the Southern Province again. The Rev. A. Hume writes from Matura, October 21st, 1821, and says:—"At Belligam, where Cornelius Wijasingha has been since the beginning of the year, our work amidst much tribulation, is gaining ground. Cornelius has been employed, with the aid of Mr. Poulrier's son—a valuable young man, and much attached to our mission—in making a place to be used as a chapel and school room. He has succeeded in raising a small class, and though several in and about the town have threatened to burn the house in which he lives, and to injure himself, we still maintain our ground." Thus Mr. Poulrier was tried, by persecutions and hindrances; but he cheerfully endured hard labour, and bitter scorn, rather than forsake his Saviour, or neglect his duty.

In this manner his course naturally led him into our ministry, and on December 13th, 1824, the question was asked in our district synod, "Whom do we recommend to the Conference to be Received on Trial," as a Native Minister? The answer was, "John Adrian POULIER, of the Caltura station;" and our record adds, that he was "called in to the Meeting, and examined"—as to his belief in our doctrines, his loyalty to our discipline, and his personal realization of salvation through Christ—and the missionaries "unanimously agreed to recommend him."

Then in the Summary of the year 1824, addressed to the Conference, and the Missionary Committee, we find this note:—"It will be as much to you, we are assured, as to us, a matter of gratitude and praise to GOD, that we are enabled to recommend, from this meeting, as an Assistant to us in our great work, John A. POULIER, the son of a respectable Dutch Gentleman, who has for many years sustained the office of sitting Magistrate. This young man was brought under the saving influence of divine grace, during the first year of Brother Fox's residence at Caltura, and from that period he has been enabled to go on his way with marked steadiness and perseverance; and from his piety, devotedness,

“and zeal, much good is to be expected, as he is greatly
“respected among the people.”

Here, then, we see him accepted as a Probationer for the Ministry in the Wesleyan Church, and appointed to the Caltura circuit, where his gifts and graces had already shone with fruitful vigour. It was at that time, that weekly meetings were begun in the homes of our people, and at Caltura these gatherings were conducted with remarkable success. The Missionary at Caltura bears testimony to the interest which these social services excited there, in September 1826, and mentions a striking occurrence at Pantura in connection with one of these assemblies.

One of the most thrilling scenes of our entire history was witnessed in Caltura, on Sunday, March 18th, 1827, and in that memorable service Mr. Poulier took a prominent part. In a letter to the Committee, dated April 19th, 1827, our missionary, the Rev. J. McKenny, says:—

On Sunday the 18th of last month an exceedingly interesting scene was exhibited in our chapel here during the English service, at the commencement of which, Wallegeddere Piedasse Terrunansa, a learned Buddhist priest of the temple of Wissidagama in the Raygam Korle, took his seat in his robes in front of the pulpit, with the intention of making a public profession of his belief in the Christian religion, and of laying aside his priestly vestments. The chapel was well filled, and the virandas crowded with natives whose curiosity had brought them to the place. Brother Roberts preached a very appropriate sermon on the occasion, and immediately after, the Priest stood up, and facing the people read an address in Sinhalese drawn up by himself, and immediately afterwards Mr. Poulier our Assistant read the following, being a correct translation of the Priest's paper:—

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

It is now fifteen years since I was constituted a priest of Buddha: for four years I held the office of Samenero or assistant, after which I was elevated to that of Upasampada, by which I was invested with all the honours and powers of the Priesthood: during this long period I have been diligently employed in reading the sacred books of the religion in which I have been educated, in

order to my being well informed on the subjects on which they treat, and to my obtaining the salvation of my soul. The statements of the books in general were of a kind which I could not believe, because I could not reconcile them with reason: I shall here only notice a few which I could not get over. From the book *Jatakapota* we learn, that *Maha-bodi-satweyo*, who is said to have become Buddha, after reigning twenty years at *Barrenes Nuware*, appears to have suffered in hell 20,000 years: in the book called *Anguli-male Sootra* it is said, that a person by the name of *Anguli-male* massacred several thousands of human beings, and in that same life he was taken to Nirwana; from the book *Deweduta Sootra* we learn, that when the soul of a man separates from his body that it goes like a flash of lightning and must appear before the King called *Yama-rajjuwo*, to receive judgment, according to the good or evil nature of its actions in this life, and receive from him a body according to the merits or demerits of these actions: that until this body be given the motion of the soul is like unto that of a land leach, and that it is born again beyond one thousand leagues from the place it left its former body. From the careful consideration of all these matters I have been brought to conclude that neither I, nor any one else, can gain the happiness or salvation aimed at, by the worshippers of Buddha, and my conviction is that there is no truth in the system.

While suffering under these distracting circumstances, I thought of a friend of mine named *Don David de Alwis Wickremesingha Gunsekere Appuhami*, school master of the Wesleyan Mission school in *Wissidagama*, who I understood had some knowledge of the Christian religion, and while conversing with him on the subject of both religions, in friendly but free debate for many days, I was at last fully convinced in myself that there must be a Creator of the world, a Saviour, and forgiveness of sin; and came to the conclusion that there was no salvation for my soul in any other religion that is professed in these countries, but the Christian.

The change of mind which I have experienced has I believe taken place, first through the infinite goodness of God my almighty Creator and Preserver, and secondly through the instructions I have had from the schoolmaster I have already mentioned, and from *Messrs. Meynert and Poulier*, and subsequently from *Mr. M'Kenny*.

It is only but a few weeks since I took my leave of my Temple for ever, and since then, still wearing my robes, I resided with Mr. Poulier, the assistant missionary, with whom I have daily united in Christian worship, and I now come openly in the presence of this congregation and declare all these things. I lay aside my robes, and as an humble learner of the right way take my place among you, and the prayer of my heart to the God Omnipotent is, that as I rejoice in embracing this faith, that all others also may be brought to this knowledge through this Saviour.

After the priest left his temple and placed himself under our protection against the insults of the enraged Buddhists, his sincerity and decision were put to a severe test. In the first place he was waited on by a deputation of priests, with an aged high priest as their head who had been his instructor, and for whom he had always felt great respect and regard. They made use of every inducement and argument they could possibly think of to prevail upon him to return to his temple, but all was in vain, for he assured them that he had from conviction taken the step he had taken, and that he was immoveably fixed in his resolution. The high priest then turned to Mr. Poulier at whose house this interview took place, and commenced in a strain of high invective against him and our Society for encouraging their priests to leave them, and then receiving and protecting them; and when he had spent his ire, Mr. Poulier addressed him with firmness and coolness in justification of his conduct, as well as that of the Society, with which he stands connected, and took the opportunity of reminding the priest of his unbecoming warmth, and how contrary such tempers were, even to his own religion. The old man admitted the force of his remarks, and received the reproof well, and enquired how he (Mr. Poulier) could be so cool under such circumstances, which afforded this zealous and amiable young man an excellent opportunity of bearing his testimony to the *truth* and saving *power* of the religion of the blessed Jesus.

Then we find another record, where a singular and beautiful incident is given of Mr. Poulier's labours in the Pantura Station:—

We have had at Wakeddy—a village near Pantura in which our assistant missionary resides,—a very pleasing and encouraging

instance of the saving power of grace, in a Sinhalese woman upwards of eighty years old. She has been in the habit of hearing the Gospel in the village school as often as her feeble state would allow, from its introduction to that place, which is about seven years ago. I recollect the poor old creature coming to me a little time after the school was opened to express her gratitude to God, for the blessing she enjoyed in hearing the *good news*. Mr. Poulrier hearing that this woman was ill, went to visit her, and notwithstanding her extreme age found her in the perfect use of her senses, but unable to speak much. She said she was now waiting the call of her *heavenly Father* and requested him to pray that the time of her departure might be hastened, and said she had no uneasiness about her children or grand children. As Mr. Poulrier perceived that her prayers were particularly directed to God the Father, he felt rather uneasy lest she might not have clear views of Christ and His work, he therefore asked her the following question, “do you know of one Jesus the son of God?” her reply was short, but expressed much: “*He is my Saviour,*” said this dying Christian. She would not hear of any heathen ceremony being performed on her account, but continued to her last moment to give her relations and friends certain evidence of her steadfast faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

We cannot now follow this patient zealous toiler at Negombo, Matura, Galle, Kandy, and Colombo, but we see from his Journal that he frequently preached four times on the Sunday, in different places, in addition to class-meetings, and visits to sick members.

When Mr. Poulrier was in charge of the Kandy circuit, in 1837, this was his report:—“The blessing of the LORD has attended our labours, both in the Chapel, and in private houses. We have often had delightful seasons in preaching unto the people the Word of Life. Christianity is spreading among the Sinhalese. Many who once stood in battle array against us, are now our friends. Unto the LORD be all the praise.” And in October, 1838, we find this characteristic experience:—“With respect to myself, I can state, that I feel such a sweet consciousness that I have committed my

soul into the hands of Jesus, that I am confident His grace will always be extended to me, and be sufficient for me."

Those who remember with rejoicing that glorious gift of grace, which came to this district, in 1865, will also call to mind the way in which this grand veteran, then at Caltura, triumphed with us, in that wondrous manifestation of divine power. Never shall we forget his bright and glowing face, while listening to the narrative of what the LORD had done for us. And when he was told of the zeal and love of one he had long known and honored, it was then that the old man's heart was filled with its highest rapture, as he said, "Thank GOD that I have lived to see this day! Oh! that my children had found their Saviour too!"

And when the same grace rested upon the Kandy season of Commemoration, the following year, that joyous week of renewing and peace-giving power sent a new thrill into the father's heart, as he rejoiced over children walking in the fear of the LORD. It seemed as if the blessedness of his own conversion had been realized afresh in that glad hour.

Fifty years of ministerial service he was permitted to give as his life's work towards the enlightenment of Lanka; and he carried with him into his seclusion, the interest and affection of every minister throughout the district. In our official minutes, it is stated, that, "We rejoice to record, that through the whole of his lengthened career, he has had the esteem and confidence of all who knew him; and in his advanced years is still beloved, for his meekness of spirit, gentleness of deportment, and general thoroughness of christian character."

"In retiring from the ranks of our general work, the brethren are assured that he carries with him the undiminished love and esteem of all; and that he will have the prayers of our people for his portion, here, and GOD's blessing as his hope for the world to come."

Few points of our last district synod touched us with more tender and refreshing memories, than the presence of our venerable father Poulier, in the opening session, after 55 years

of loving devotion to his Master's cause, as a minister of the Wesleyan Church.

His fellow labourers can never forget the warm-hearted loyalty with which our father Poulter attended the ministry of his brethren, and the unaffected simplicity of his fellowship with them in matters relating to the spiritual life.

For above sixty years he showed the proofs of a true conversion, by a life of devotion to his Saviour, and he will be ever remembered as a christian whose life and example were without "spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." The bitterest haters of christianity, throughout our district, would at once acknowledge the purity of Mr. Poulter's life, and the forgiving gentleness of his spirit. The "meekness of wisdom" never was seen in greater beauty than in the deportment of this good man, as he moved among our people, and helped his flock in their trials, temptations, and sorrows.

Our aged father Poulter was the only minister of our district who had seen, known, and worked with, every missionary in South Ceylon during the past sixty-six years; his love towards the early standard bearers of our cause, was as fresh and full as his own joy and communion with JESUS. He always referred to the first band of labourers, as "those men of GOD," and looked forward with glowing anticipation to his reunion with them in the land and home, where separation and sin will never be known.

He has joined them now "within the veil," and sees them, "face to face," as they assemble in that realm where the LAMB on the throne appears in His glory. The smile of his LORD, and the approval of his REDEEMER, have given the servant his reward, and lifted his spirit into holiest rapture.

Money and property he leaves not, but he bequeathes to his family the precious inheritance of a father, a husband, and a brother, whose generous hand and loving heart soothed every wounded spirit, and whose solicitude for others often made him forget his own need. He leaves them the legacy of unnumbered prayers, registered in heaven, for their conversion and usefulness.

Our records and memories prove that Mr. Poulter transmits to his brethren an unsullied name, centering in a pure bright flame of burning zeal, and a grand example of entire consecration to GOD. His sacrifice in youth, was made, when worldly prospects were temptingly opening before him, and allurements to gain were strong and many. But, he never hesitated in his decision, he never regretted having made such an offering to the Lord, but rejoiced in all his labour, and daily renewed his vows.

The methodist church will cherish the remembrance of a fidelity which never betrayed its trust, and a scrupulous exactness which delighted to give for its establishment and extension. Without bigotry, and without pride, Mr. Poulter was a loyal son of the Wesleyan Church, and maintained his allegiance under all circumstances. He believed in our form of christian service, doctrine, and worship, as that which best followed the teachings and practices of apostolic days, and firmly accepted what he conscientiously obeyed.

One interesting trait of his later days, was the great interest he took in our "Extension Fund;" and the pleasure with which he gave in his collections for that movement, made those sums doubly valued. Even during the last week of his life he was troubled about this enterprise, and fancied he had not paid sufficient towards its support. In zeal and freshness of heart he was never old; the springs of a living desire to do good, were ever full and free in his tender nature.

Among his last acts was that of joining our Kandy Pastor, the Rev. S. Langdon, in repeating that beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Almost within sight of the celestial world, he prayed,

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A little while after that reverent plea had been uttered, the doors of his bodily tabernacle were gently opened, and the spirit escaped to the mansions above, on Wednesday the second of June, 1880, in the eightieth year of his age, and the fifty-sixth of his ministry. No language could better express his faith and experience, than these stanzas of Charles Wesley:—

I sing of Thy grace, From my earliest days
 Ever near to allure and defend ;
 Hitherto Thou hast been, My Preserver from sin,
 And I trust Thou wilt save to the end.
 O the infinite cares, And temptations, and snares,
 Thy hand hath conducted me through !
 O the blessings bestowed, By a bountiful God,
 And the mercies eternally new !
 In a rapture of joy, My life I employ,
 The God of my life to proclaim ;
 'Tis worth living for this, To administer bliss,
 And salvation in Jesus's name.
 My remnant of days I spend in His praise,
 Who died the whole world to redeem:
 Be they many or few, My days are His due,
 And they all are devoted to Him.



ALL ABOUT OUR 'AIN' TOWN.

THIRD PAPER.

MENTION has been made, several times, of Miss Hetherington, and it is now necessary to explain who she was. There was not indeed, a more respected person in the whole town, and nowhere could there be found a better example of a Scotch lady of the olden time, than she. She was about fifty five-years old, tall, and rather stout, with clear blue eyes, and grey hair, which was arranged

round her face in neat curls. Those curls were kept in their place by 'side combs,' and crowned with an elaborate structure of net, lace, and flowers, which she called her cap. Miss Hetherington's cap was, however, it must be observed, none of the airy fly-away things, which, I am led to believe is the fashion among ladies of the present day; trifles that a breath of wind might blow away. Her's was a large, round, substantial article, tied under her chin with broad ribbons, generally lavender or blue, and carried, when she went abroad, in a good sized wicker basket. In other matters of dress too, she stuck firm to the fashions of her younger days, and despised all modern innovations with a contempt that rather troubled the feeble minded who followed them. 'I'm thinkin' this sort's more decentlike than yon,' she would say, glancing down at her own tight short skirts, and then pointing at some unfortunate young woman who was approaching, dressed up in far off imitation of the fine, trailing gowns of the Edinburgh ladies, who used to visit W.—in the summer time: probably adding as the victim came within hearing, "Heather Jock, (the man who made the brooms used in W.—) winna be sellin' mony besoms (brooms) to Jennie Forbes, the noo!"

She had a keen eye for the failings and weaknesses of her fellow creatures, and a tongue the edge of which was sharpened with real Scotch wit, but her heart was, after all, so true, and kindly, that it took the sting out of her most sarcastic sayings, and as the W.—people said, 'Miss Hetherington's bark was waur than her bite.' Besides that, she had a sort of hereditary authority which gave her weight, and made many take a rebuke from her, which they would have resented keenly from any other quarter. For generations back her ancestors had sent their sons to the ministry as regularly as more noble lines send their heirs to Parliament,—and many of them had been ministers in W. itself, or other parishes near at hand;—and thus Miss Hetherington, as one old woman expressed it, was descended

from the 'Seed Royal.' Her father had also been a man, who in any larger sphere would certainly have risen to honour and fame, but there was no Samuel Smiles in those days to seek out the retiring genius, and publish the discovery to an astonished world, and so the student lived out his days in his native village, undisturbed and unknown. He was a constant reader, not only of English literature, Latin, and Greek, but also of what was then more uncommon, French, Spanish, and Italian, all of which he knew well. Mathematics and Astronomy were also favourite studies with him, and in these he reached great attainment, originating I believe a theory about the revolutions of one of the planets, which has since been developed by a more eminent discoverer. He was usually called 'the Laird' by his neighbours from the fact of his having one or two houses, and a few acres of land reaching down to the burn behind the town. These fields he did not cultivate himself, but let them out, and in doing so he shewed his wisdom, for he had no talent for business, as the following anecdote will prove.

At one time he took it into his head to start a shop like the rest of the town, and announced that he was ready to sell sugar, tobacco, and other such stores to all comers; but one day, not long after the business was set a going, a customer came in just as he was engaged in some abstruse problem, and asked for snuff. The philosopher, interested in his studies, and loth to leave them, looked over his glasses at the visitor for a moment undecided, and then said, turning a page as he spoke; 'Ye had better gang owre to Kirzie Pillan's man: ours is no vera guid.' It is needless to say that a business carried on on such principles did not flourish long,—and Mr. Hetherington soon gave it up, and returned to his studies as his sole occupation.

This he was the better enabled to do, as his property, small as it would be considered now-a-days, was quite sufficient to maintain him and his family, in the simple ways of fifty years ago, and gave him a position of superiority in the town. It lay

beyond the town, and it, and the few houses on it, were always known as 'Greenland.' What originated the name, I cannot tell, and certainly it was not the barrenness of the soil, for nowhere as it seems to me, do such roses grow now, as grew long ago in the little gardens behind the houses in 'Greenland.' Up to your head and over, were the rose trees, with, in summer, great cabbage roses on them: you could almost bury your face in their sweetness, and the memory of them is a pleasure for a life-time. I don't think they were ever pruned, but grew in sweet wildness as they listed, and straggled here and there, over the low walls, and into the next gardens, as if they would fain give to all the presence of their beauty. Beyond were the hay fields, and the oats, and down at the foot of the slope, the burn gurgled past. Such was Greenland in Miss Hetherington's day, and such I could fancy it had always been. Her own house had no garden near it. It was not in Greenland, but in the very middle of the town, and was such a house as is only seen in an out of the way place like W. It was two storied, with windows to the front, but to reach it you had to go through a 'close' or passage open at both ends, and then up a long stair, at the end of which you went three steps down again and came to the door. Three of the windows faced the street, and from them everything done in the whole town could be observed,—and *was* observed, for Miss Hetherington took a great interest in her neighbours. There was a well just opposite on the other side of the road, and morning, noon, and night, there was always somebody to be seen there. Sometimes it was a stout country lass with cheeks like peonies, who lifted and carried away her heavy pails with no sign of fatigue, sometimes the school children taking drinks all round; sometimes a hot labourer refreshing himself by ducking under the stream; and sometimes white haired little Sandy Duncan, who lived in the house over the way, and was so like the little dead brother Miss Hetherington had lost long years ago. Many a kind act was done to Sandy for the sake of

that old memory, and to Sandy's brothers and sisters, too, who did not understand the reason, but joyfully took the out come of Miss Hetherington's fancy.

Indoors the furniture was all old-fashioned like the owner, and mostly consisted of straight-backed chairs, and tables with crooked legs. In her bed room hung a reminiscence of her school days, in the shape of a wonderful bit of work she called her 'sampler.' In it, trees, beehives, and parrots, were worked in colours that would have driven an artist crazy, whilst a pink and green house was the centre; letters of the alphabet stood for a border, and the date of its completion was written at the bottom. On either hand were the samplers of her grandmothers, and beyond that profile portraits, in black, of her relations. These were strange looking things, but Miss Hetherington saw no fault in them, and considered them quite worthy of the frames in which they were enclosed. The great merit of Miss Hetherington's house in the eyes of the young people however, was its vicinity to the tailor's. His fire burned just behind her kitchen wall, and when he was busy, and had many irons on, the heat was so great on the other side that clothes hung there soon got quite warm. The height of enjoyment to Sandy Duncan, and Wattie Hetherington, who was an orphan nephew of Miss Hetherington's, or 'Miss Jean,' as her friends called her, was to warm their toes there, while the old lady sat at her own fire-side curling her hair, and telling them stories out of her own history, or that of her forefathers; all in the broadest Scotch, for Miss Hetherington had been educated before that intricate system now in fashion for teaching Scotch men and women how to forget their native tongue, was invented, and she did not think it any sign of vulgarity to talk as her ancestors had done before her. "O, the pity of it, the pity of it," that a language in which some of the sweetest songs ever made were written, should be so forgotten that those who have the best right to sing them, do not know how. It was not so with Miss Hetherington. To hear her clear warbling of 'My Nannie O'

or 'The flowers o' the Forest,' was a thing never to be forgotten, for she could sing as well as tell stories. Perhaps it was because she sung with all her heart that her singing was so pleasant; I know not but this I know, that the sound of her old sweet voice will ring in some memories for evermore, as never other voice can.

W. H.



CLOUDLAND;

OR

NUWARA ELIYA IN JUNE.

SECOND PAPER.

S everybody knows, "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." We talked of going up Pedro. It was to be something quite out of the ordinary run of scrambles: we would rise at an unearthly hour of the morning,—somebody suggested three o'clock—and get to the top so as to see the sunrise from there.

The wise one had made a morning expedition of it a few days before, and had come back glowing with what he saw, and what he might have seen had he only been an hour or two earlier.

"The pull up will nearly kill you," said he, "but never mind; it will be worth all the pains. It was glorious! The far-off country all clear and fair, but so tiny, and somehow dream-like, and the clouds lying beneath Pedro like a sea frozen into stillness, just as it was foaming into storm."

I am sorry to say we laughed, but the poetry impressed us, or the enthusiasm did, and we readily agreed to go up and see for ourselves. But somehow we put it off from day to day. Pedro looked cloudy to the very top at night, or we had had

too much walking to make the thought of such early rising pleasant, and then a friend said dubiously, "There is no danger—I suppose. You would not be likely to meet with anything worse than jackals, but it would be well to have two or three servants with you, who are not afraid of animals, to carry torches."

Instantly a vision of the procession passed before our eyes. Half-asleep, we were toiling and stumbling up the steep jungle pathway, the torches flaring and darkling before and behind.

Snap! Rustle!

What was that?

A dead branch falling.

But that wailing sound?

Some creature "crying for the light, with no language but a cry."

Hark! What a crashing this way; and oh, what a terrible noise!

It's an elephant charging and trumpeting! Run! Run! The finale admits of variety, and may be treated according to fancy.

The days went on, and the last day came, and it was with real regret that we looked up to Pedro thinking "that saddest thought of all" as Whittier says, "it might have been."

One day we went up One Tree Hill. All the lower part is cleared of jungle, and planted with chinchona, and the old pathway, shaded and sheltered for generations, is now bare and unromantic as the newest estate road about it. But the hill runs up steep-sided to a knife-like ridge, and along the ridge a fringe of forest is left, so narrow, that on the one hand, looking through it we see Dimbula far away down, with hazy valleys, and softly-rounded hills, and on the other, our own Happy Valley, Nuwara Eliya, with its gleaming lake and white dotted homesteads, set round—"a cup-like hollow"—by its own cloudy mountains.

“There is a cheetah-trap about here, or there was one, five years ago,” said the wise one, peering into every narrow pathlet, but without success, though we afterwards heard that it was still there. So we went on to the very top where a “trig-station,” is set.

The top gave us nothing finer than what we saw in coming up, so we picked some violets as souvenirs, and went down again, wondering how the hill got its name. We tried to make poetry of it, but this degenerated into rhymes so pathetically like the American bard’s:—

“Uncle Simon he,
Clum up a tree
When presently
Uncle,”—somebody else, I forget who—

“Clum up and squatted down by he,” that we gave up in despair, *Poeta nascitur fit*.

Talking of names, there is the Lady’s waterfall, too. What Lady’s? I looked at the fall, and tried to fancy some resemblance to a lady, and by “making believe very much,” I could imagine it a graceful flowing robe, but that was all. Surely the dress does not make the Lady?”

They say there are gems to be found in the pools beneath the fall, but who would think of standing shivering as an amateur gemmer in those clear brown depths?

Not we, certainly. We preferred leaving the waterfall, and making our way out by a narrow combe for a mile or so, to the lake sluice, where the little river that runs down from Pedro, to further Art in the lake, is set free again, and twists its way off among the hills, by sudden turns and unexpected circlings.

After these long walks, not simply rest, but also warm, glowing firelight glancing here and there on papered walls and pictures, drawn curtains, and real, downright cosiness, awaited us.

“This world is not such a bad place to live in,” wrote a friend to me. The Nuwara Eliya world is not indeed. To

have a fireside to come to, wonderfully heightened our outdoor pleasure when else the wind might have seemed too cold, and the mist too much like rain.

Being of an enquiring disposition, one of us wondered one evening whether the black peaty-looking earth that for an inch or two underlies the grass on the plains would burn, so we brought a piece or two home, to the detriment of our pockets, and tried them in the fire. They did not burn readily, but after a while became glowing coals, red through. They might help along with other fuel, we concluded, but would not do alone.

About four miles from Nuwara Eliya, on the Uda Pusselava road, is the most splendid piece of forest one can imagine. Untouched by hatchet or fire, from valley to mountain top it rises, giant in growth, and exquisite in tinting. Here, leaning over a wall built at a curve in the road we looked far down into the depths of the valley, a dizzy depth; at the bottom of which a little dark stream ran along, fringed with tree-ferns, dividing two mountains by its few feet of level bed.

“How beautiful!” we said, and then were quiet, feeling how little we were. But presently we saw something smaller, and could laugh again.

“Hallo! There’s a Monkey!”

“Where? Where?”

“Just crossing the stream. What a big one?”

“There’s another—and another—and another!”

All popping out from beneath the same clump of undergrowth they came, about a dozen of them, like so many hunted covenanters, and scattered across the stream in such ridiculous haste, and with such odd gestures of dismay that we fairly shrieked with laughter. I wonder which we shall most associate with that place, the forest-valley, or the monkeys.

Our going to Hakgalla, was a thing to remember, not for any special adventure, but for the enjoyment we had in it.

The round, patana-grassed hills swelling up to the forest

above them, and contrasting with it, so finely in colour, were delightful, especially where the evening sunlight slanting across the grass brought out its warm topmost tint of reddish brown, and then we came to where the river sloped,

“To plunge in cataract on black blocks.”

A breadth of thunder. O'er it shook the woods,
And danced the colour,” as Tennyson says, and as they did.

Hakgalla Rock looked very black indeed, a thunder storm seemed ready to burst over it and we did not stay long in the gardens, only long enough to enjoy the roses, and see the process of chinchona drying, stoving, or curling. I do not know the technical term.

Little could Sir Samuel Baker, whose old home we passed on our way, have imagined, with all his enterprise, how rapidly and surely tea and chinchona would take the place of his “Happy hunting grounds.”

The old churchyard, disused now, has in it some names of those who like Sir Samuel, loved the chase, and a stone there bears the name of one who is known as the friend of Henry Kirke White, and perhaps better known here as Sergeant Rough, Chief Justice of Ceylon.

In another burial-ground, a white cross stands conspicuous from almost every part of the valley, *in memoriam* of another Chief Justice, Sir William Hackett, who died but the other day, as it seems, and yet the Stone says it was in 1877.

Happy days fly most swiftly, and almost before we knew it, our time in Nuwara Eliya, our walks, and long drives around the plains were all over, and we had to come down again into the work-world, bringing with us most pleasant memories, and strength to do, and if needs be, we trust, to suffer, from our month of rest in Cloudland.

M. L.


“VARMER BOB.”

A STORY OF THE TIMES OF JOHN WESLEY.

BY A FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II.

THE FATHER GIVES HIS FIRST INSTALMENT.

“ R A T that maid! I never meant her to write like that. She’th been writin’ more ’bout herself than ’bout me. ‘Old men don’t understand things,’ eh? You’me a purty sight mistaken there my dear. Old men understand more’n you think for. A purty thing to begin a story about “Varmer Bob” and then run off to Mistress Dorothy and Master Reginald. She was right though in saying that I wished that drive to the “Bedford” that day would lengthen out to Nosworthy.

When we got to the hotel Miss Morwell introduced me to her father and mother. They were gentlemen-farmers down at Beer. She made a purty fuss over me about stoppin’ the hoss by the bridge. It wadn’t much at all, and she wadn’t in much a danger but somehow I couldn’t contradict her, or say anythin’ while she went on talkee talkee about my bravery in savin o’ her life as she called it. I fancy I see myself now, standin’ there afore min like the gurt country jout that I was, with my hat in my hands, not knowin’ what tu do wi en. And she, young Mistress Morwell, comed and took en away from me, and asked o’ me to sit down. I hardly knowed ef I was standin’ ’pon my head or my heels.

Then Master Morwell, he begun to talk ’bout the varm, and ’bout cattle, and then I could talk fast ’nuff I can sure ’ee, and the young lady begun to talk ’bout hosses, and I told ’em the story ’bout Passon Flummocks up to Hatherton, and his knowin’ hoss, how he, the old Passon, got drunk one

night at Launceston, and when he got down by Otterleigh he slipped off the old hoss, back into the river. And the Passon was so stout, and so drunk that he couldn't get out. The hoss tried to help 'en and knocked off his wig, laid hold o' 'en by the hair 'f hes head and pulled it nearly all off, and he would have drowned ef somebody passing along dedn't help 'en out. After that he goeth about like a Roman priest, till he got a new wig, with all the hair off the top of hes head.

And I told em 'bout the joke that we have with Passon, lettin' hes head out for grazin! Oh my, they did laugh, and the old gentleman said 'twas a gude thing the Passon dedn't fall into the river down by their place or he would never have got out again. And they asked me to come down and see 'em. And I was gettin' all homey with um and promised to come, when who should be gwain by the window where we was settin' all confidential like, but Passon Flummocks hissself, with Squire Hatherton. Young Mistress Morwell, I thought her would go into fits, when Passon took off his hat to set his wig right, and put up his gurt yellow handkercher to wipe the place where the hoss had been grazin'.

The Squire, he seed me at the window, and he sends in word that he wanted to see me. Says he when I went out to en in the passage; "Varmer Bob," says he "There a man come down here preaching without a buke, and hes crying down all honest people, and working the very mischief with a passle of poor women, and they say he wants to get up a rebellion. Anyhow there must be something wrong about a man that'll preach without a buke. There must be something either 'gainst God or the King in a Passon who preacheth out of doors, and duthn't look in a buke. What say you Master Flummocks?"

"Something wrong, I should think so, said the Passon, "nobody but an emissary of Satan would do that." Down with the whole tribe of them I say."

"Well Squire," says I, "what be I to do with this

Emissary? Be I to take en by the hair of the head, and dray en up yer afore 'ee or shall I ask Passon to laud me his hoss to du it?"

How Squire did laugh to be sure, and he 'poked his fist into Master Flummocks' fat side, and said, "Well done, Varmer Bob! What do you say to that Master Flummocks?"

"Well this is what I want you to do, you and young Pitts. I would du it myself only I'm a magistrate you see, and ef Master Flummocks were to du it, it would look like a jealousy of trade like. They say this raving Methodist preacher is going on to Launceston, and there he won't be long afore he is at Hatherton, and I want you to give en such a dose that he'll go back again to London. We'll come out to watch the fun. No fear but if you begin it, the people'll join and given en a good duckin' in the river."

I had heard all 'bout these Methodists. People used to say they wor a sort of Papists, only ten times wuss, and I've heard Nicholas Dodge, the parish clerk, say in at the Hatherton Arms that they wor tryin' to make the country like it was under Bloody Mary, and how we might look out for another gunpowder plot sune. I was as gude a Protestant as the Squire or Passon Flummocks, and I wornt a goin to let these out-and-out Papisters come down to Hatherton with their gunpowder plots, if I could help it. So Pitts and me, we put our heads together and we made a little plan for blowin' up the preacher. We made a little gunpowder plot o' our own. I got a big squib, and I was to stand near the preacher, and put the squib down quiet-like under his chair, and then when Pitts throwed a turnip at his head, I was to purtend to light my pipe and put a slow match to the squib.

It was in the market-place, just behind the old Guildhall, and the place was crowded "thick as thieves," as the sayin' is, and I believe a purty lot o' 'em was thieves. I should think there was thousands there. And there 'pon an old stannin, belonging to a market-woman, there was the Methody Papist. He wadn't a handsome man to look at, he

had a little twist in one eye seemin'. I thought when I seed en first 'twas no wonder Passon called en an 'Emissary,' he looked rather like one, and I got my squib ready and tried to get up near tu en.

But when he begun to speak, I shall never forget it to my dyin' day, and that edn't far off now. He was dressed in a black gown and bands, an he lifted his hand, and no sooner ded he du that, and all the noise stopped. You could most about hear a pin drop. His voice was like a silver trumpet, and as you listened, it seemed as if the air was full of that beautiful voice. Squire was all wrong 'bout its bein' without buke. He used a little Testament, and he gov out hes text. 'Twadn't like the Papists at all, there was no Latin. 'Twas all in English and purty plain English tu. Hes text was that varse in the Gospel, where our Saviour wept when he looked 'pon the city, and said "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, how often would I have gathered thee as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but ye would not." He begun by makin' a purty wordy picture like, of the old mother hens' care for the young chicken, and 'twas 'zactly like what I'd seed in the farm-yard at Nosworthy, scores o' times, and everybody there had seed it scores of times tu. And then he went on tu talk about God's care, and Christ's love, and afore I knowed where I was, I felt the gurt tears comin' down my face, and I forgot the squib altogether. And just then a gurt big swede turnip come whizzin' up by the preacher's head and smashed to pieces 'gainst the Guildhall wall. "There," says I "tes that thick-headed old vule of a Pitts. I'd give it tu hes old buffal head, if I could get at un." 'Twas the signal, but my squib was gone, and I dedn't want 'en then, nether. And then I seed outside the crowd in the two-wheeled gig, a face that looked full of pain, as the turnip went smashin' gainst the wall. It was young Mistress Morwell, who was there with her father. If I could have got at Pitts then I should have wringed hes neck for un.

The preacher went on with his sermon all the same, only his voice was a little more tender like. Somehow it was like as if the voice was comin' out of your own heart all the time. And there was young Mistress Morwell lookin' 'pon 'en like one of the pictures of the Saints up tu Hatherton Hall.

When he finished, the Squire come up tu me, and said, ses he. "I didn't think you was sich a baby, Varmer Bob, cryin' over the rantings of an old Methodist like that. Why didn't 'ee shut 'en up?"

"Squire," says I, "Squire I never felt like this afore in my life. Instead of blowin' up the preacher, I felt like standin' 'pon the squib and blowin' up myself. A baby be I? I hope I be Squire. I'd like to be a baby, to be born again in the way he told 'bout. I wouldn't touch that man for all Hatherton. And I'll tell you what Master Flummocks" says I to Passon who was with Squire, "he's no more of an 'Emissary' than you be, and ef you like to set your hoss 'pon 'en to eat up that wig of hes you may, I baint gain to touch 'en."

I couldn't help gien Passon a little fling in laivin' o' mun. I asked a respectable lookin' man who was standin' near, who the preacher was, and he said. "You've bin listenin' to Master George Whitefield, the greatest preacher in all Europe."

Now, I'll let that maid o' mine do a bit. I don't know much Grammar or Dictionary myself, but her du. Her's always readin' o' they big books o' Doctor Samuel Johnson's that Squire gov her.

There's "the Rambler," her purtends to understand and like it. I can't make head or tail out o' it; seemin' to me, "Rambler's" the right name for't. I wish her would read Master John Wesley's Journal more, and Master Charle's Hymns, instead of all that Shakspeare, and Spenser, and stuff, and all they things that Master Reginald keepth tellin' her 'bout. But they all like Master William Cowper's poems, and so du I.

You see ef her don't have somethin' tu say 'bout the Hathertons. "Old men don't understand things, eh?"

Notes of the Month.

Saul also among the Prophets. Though by degrees kings and emperors wrested from the Church her rights—in exchange for which they gave ‘State patronage,’ yet in the earlier history of the English Church, in the Anglo-Norman day, the Church was on the side of Liberty, and

The priesthood, like a tower

Stood between the poor and power.

So much so that an historian of those times complains that “priests and bishops were foremost among the demagogues of the day” Had the Church adhered to her original constitution, the spiritual tyranny of Romanism, which centers all power, right, and authority in the Pope, could never have existed: nor would the freedom of the English Church now be limited by State interference—there would not be the confusion of temporal with spiritual powers. It is true that Liberals profess to be anxious to accord to all ‘religious liberty;’ and certainly Mr. Gladstone has done much to remove obstacles in the way of the freedom and efficiency of the English Church, and he therefore deservedly commands the esteem of a large section of Churchmen. But in the minds of many of his followers, ‘religious liberty’ means rather liberty to be irreligious, and professions of wishing to free the Church from State control imply rather ridding the State of all religious control.—*Ceylon Diocesan Gazette, July 7th, 1880.*

It seems now to be generally understood, that, in spite of noisy agitation and lengthy petitions, the question of Ecclesiastical Grants in Ceylon will not be considered by Parliament apart from the question of such grants in India. In time it is, we suppose, certain these grants will be withdrawn, but those alarmists among professing churchmen who say that the Church in Ceylon will then soon die out—or as a Government Official some years ago put it—that ‘religion will go to the dogs,’ really pass sentence on their creed as

worthless, and labor to prove how powerless is the faith they profess to hold, since they believe it has not generated sufficient enthusiasm and generosity in its adherents to keep it alive. If the Church is not true to its high mission, no amount of state aid will sustain its life; while if it faithfully proclaims the Truth and rightly and duly administers the Sacraments, and exercises right discipline, no amount of persecution can crush it.—*Ceylon Diocesan Gazette, July 7th, 1880.*

We are not so sure that it is generally understood that Ceylon will be identified with India, in the question of the Ecclesiastical Grants. The petition which has been sent home from Kandy has been forwarded, not to the Secretary of State but to the House of Commons, where the Ceylon Grants will be dealt with separately. We are glad to quote the excellent arguments for religious equality with which our contemporary supplies us.

A new Wesleyan Training College. During the Wesleyan Conference of 1878, it was determined that a branch of the Theological Institution, which has Colleges at London, Leeds, and Didsbury, near Manchester, should be provided for the Midlands; and on Tuesday, June 8th, at Handsworth near Birmingham, five Memorial stones of the new building were laid by the Rev. B. Gregory, President of the Conference, Sir F. Lycett, Messrs. Isaac Jenks, of Wolverhampton, W. Mewburn, of Banbury, and Joseph Wood, of Southport. The College will stand on a commanding site of eighteen acres and accommodate seventy students. The total cost is to be about £40,000, towards which, upwards of £36,000 has been already raised.

The Harvest Field, a new periodical, just started in Madras, is one of the results of the Conference of Wesleyan Missionaries at Bangalore, last year. It has an attractive prospectus, and the first number contains some very interesting papers on various subjects connected with Mission Work. We wish the new journal, whose objects are so much like our own, every success. It may be had for a little over two rupees per annum, including postage, and, judging from the first number, is well worth the money.