THE

CEYLON FRIEND.

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INDIAN SKETCHES.

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DELHI.

DELHI has a history which commences far back in the dim past, at the time when the Aryan people settled on the plains of Hindustan—Indraprastha it was then called—is continued through the centuries by the echo of its turbulent deeds; its gorgeous pageants; its illustrious conquerors; its magnificent buildings; and stirs in us who live to-day, a deep interest from the part it played in the great mutiny.

Reaching it, as we did, from Lahore, we found we had got into the stream of the English tourist, and among the other disadvantages following therefrom, was the demoralised natives, who had grown shameless through an indiscriminate supply of "backsheesh." They meet you at all corners, and in every place of interest with their eternal whine, which was sickening in the extreme. If you had to step over a broken-down wall to get to some ruined mosque or tomb, the ubiquitous beggar was there, with his humble salaams,

paltry service, and loud-mouthed demand for money. To look at a man under such circumstances is valued at two annas, to speak to him costs a rupee. At the nobler buildings, these parasites literally swarm ; half-a-dozen all talk at once, explaining what your guide or guide-book has told you already. They point out the exquisite carvings on the marble, which, alas! are too often filthy—the cleaning of which would have been a more meritorious service than lazy begging ;—while others pluck a few flowers, arrange them in a bouquet, and on the strength of having done this—whether you accept the flowers or not—look for money payment. With the belief that the lazy habits of the beggar may prevent him from exerting himself too much, even when a supposed victim is near, you toil to the most inaccessible spots, and climb to the top of the highest minars, and when you are there enjoying the extensive and lovely view, you shiver to hear the puffing and blowing of some pertinacious beggar, who, hoping against hope, has followed on as fast as he can, and who as soon as he has recovered his wind, begins his unintelligible explanations, which gradually, but nevertheless surely, reach the plaintive whine which in these parts has been to us "the sad music of humanity."

Delhi abounds in magnificent buildings, and the wealth which has been turned into marble and mosaic there, might have ransomed nations. Within the fort, superb edifices cluster together to such an extent, that in the matter of an hour or two, the mind is more than satiated with the beauty of form and material. You walk through marble halls, with their wavy arches, slender pillars, rich but chaste gilding, and inlaid scrolls and flowers; the cold wind blows on you from the Jumna through exquisite filigree marble screens, pierced here and there with a round-shot—a relic of the terrible struggle of the mutiny ; you admire the elaborate carvings of the royal baths : you visit the quiet seclusion of the small pearl mosque—a copy of the one at Agra—where the emperor and his family performed their private devotions;

and you stand in the lustrous beauty of the Hall of Audience beside the marble platform, above which rested the famous Peacock throne of the Moguls; and your guide points out to you the raised gilt letters of the Persian inscription, and reads the triumphant burst, "If there be an elysium on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this." What a story these buildings could tell of Oriental magnificence, and the dark deeds of ambition and revenge; of struggles for power, and intrigues for place; of the triumphs of victory, and the terrors of defeat; of the times when Persian, Mahratta, and Afghan soldiery surged around them on a tide of victory, and despoiled them of their magnificence; of the coming of Lake and the supremacy of the British; of the arrival of the Company's mutinous cavalry from Meerut, and the massacre of the English; of the siege, and the sack of the city which followed; and of that grim gathering in the Mogul's marble hall of special audience, when after the assault of the city, and the first day's hard fighting was done, the officers of the force sat down to dinner, tired, but victors. Here, in the past, romance and tragedy have played their parts: but now,—the marble floors are covered with dust, and in the hall where the potentates of Northern India received their nobles, there is a canteen, where the privates of the British army, smoke their tobacco and drink their beer!!

In the centre of the city, standing on an eminence, is the great mosque of Delhi—the Jumma Musjid. It is built of red-sandstone and marble, and has three handsome gateways, reached by broad flights of steps. As you enter the spacious enclosure, 450 feet square, you are impressed with its extent; the variety of its outline; its sunny spots and shadowy recesses; and at the Eastern end, the space for worshippers is marked out, each being allowed a slab of stone of which there are something like five hundred. The Jumma Musjid is so near the palace, that the royal family used to worship there on all public occasions, and in the autumn of 1857, the last litany for the House of Timour, was read

within its walls. At a corner of the building, there is a room where some relics are kept, among other verities, a hair of Mahomet, but we did not visit the sanctum, although invited, having no liking for such questionable antiquities. From the minars or minarets, there is a splendid view of the city and surrounding country to be had, which more than recompenses the toil of reaching the top. In the afternoon, the bird-market of Delhi is held on the steps leading to the mosque, and the bargaining which goes on there is a strange contrast to the quiet of the interior. The mosque was built by Shah Jehan, took six years to complete, and there was a daily average of 5,000 workmen employed.

In a large city like Delhi you need a guide, but if you know the language the guide-books are sufficient. As we could not speak Hindustani we went in for a "Ferguson," and found that the type immortalised in *Innocents Abroad*, was in many points not unlike his Aryan brother. He had a large business connection, and had a weakness for taking you to the wrong shop. If you wanted cigars, the store you were stopped at had everything but that: if you wanted to get some children's toys, you were ushered in before a smiling shawl merchant, and when you demanded an explanation, your "Ferguson," insisted that toys were "ties," and ties were only another name for a shawl. Good English is not as a rule one of the strong points of the class, and this failing leads to curious mistakes. Our Benares guide was particularly anxious that we should see some "mountainous vegetables," which turned out to be a few ferns. We gave up shopping as hopeless, and drove off to see the city. The Chandni Chouk—the principal street in Delhi,—was soon reached, but it was sometime before we got out of it, for "Ferguson's" friends seemed to gather there, andhe was in his glory perched on the box, bowing to them. He turned round after the recognitions, and remarked, "That's a Hindu fellow," or "That's a Mahomedan fellow." One gaily attired native, glorious in silk, satin, and gold, and riding a fine horse, was

a "fellow" whose father had just died, and who was busy spending his late relative's money. "It wont last long" moralised "Ferguson," not without a little envy in his tone. We were driven up one side of the Chandni Chouk, and down the other, until the ever recurring clock tower and adjacent museum made us alive to the fact that it was a vicious circle we were in. But the difficulty was to get out of it. Our request to be taken to the bazaar, was ever answered "this is the bazaar," and "Ferguson" went on bowing and scraping more vigorously than ever. We roused him at last to a sense of shame by asking the name of the clock-tower whenever we caught sight of it, and by this means broke the spell, and were enabled to visit other parts of the city. And it was time, for the policemen, who always stood at attention when we passed, got tired of the eternal saluting, and had ceased to take any notice of us, long before we had been successful in breaking away from the charmed circle. Ere very long we found, however, that "Ferguson" was right, and that the Chandni Chouk was *the bazaar* of Delhi, and we soon returned to it. It is a broad handsome street, with a double row of neem and pipal trees down the centre, hedged in with houses of a strikingly Oriental type. Where the trees now grow there was in former days an aqueduct for conveying water to the palace. In the shops and on the broad pavements there were all kinds of merchandise exposed for sale. The place was crowded with natives and it was as noisy and busy as a fair. You met the English carriage with its pair; the native cart stuffed full of passengers, drawn by oxen with crimson stained feet; equestrians and clumsy camel trucks; bullock bandies drawn along by four bullocks; and the stuffy palkee, swinging on the shoulders of its bearers, but all moving at a leisurely pace. The groups of natives were picturesque in the extreme. A street corner had a crowd around it, watching a theological tussel between a Mussalman and a native catechist. The Mohamedan had just finished his harangue when we reached, and

the catechist was beginning to reply. He was coming up smiling, as if his antagonist had laid himself open to some home thrusts, or else he had had some himself and did not want to show it. But the carriage rolled along, and we mixed with the moving crowd. We passed boot shops, iron-workers, shawl dealers, miniature painters, general merchants, all busy or else indulging in the lazy lounge of the Asiatic trader, who can afford to take things easy and wait for customers. The pavement at places was piled with vegetables; cabbages, cauliflower, raddishes, turnips, &c. besides oranges and other fruits, and a few stray bullocks who evidently picked up a living in a precarious way, shoved their noses in through the bargaining crowd, seized a cauliflower, or bit of sugar cane, and when making off got rewarded with a thump for their pains. The shawl dealers rushed out with their cards, saying they did not want you to buy, just to look, and were prepared to come to our hotel, on the same extraordinary terms, and show us all the gorgeous garments and embroidered vestments of the East. Our knowledge of oriental hyperbole, however, made us decline the proffered services, and still the crowd surged past, and our carriage moved with it. As the sun was setting we were opposite a little mosque with a golden dome, and the muezzin was out on the roof calling the people to prayers. He put his hands to his ears and shouted loudly, so that he was heard clear and distinct over the hum of the crowd and the din of the streets. On the flat roofs of the houses, we saw pious Mussulmen responding to the call. Lights flickered; shadows passed and re-passed; the babel of tongues rattled on; and the stream of busy life was as attractive as ever; but with the setting sun, had set in the chill air of the Delhi winter, so to keep ourselves warm at all, we left the Chandni Chouk and returned to our hotel.

At a little distance from the city is the Ridge, upon which stands the Memorial Column raised in memory of the heroes who fell at the siege and assault of Delhi during the mutiny. It is literally covered with names, and many of them are as

renowned for bravery as any in the page of history. To this Ridge the avenging force of the British Army "clung like bulldogs" for months, while almost daily the ever increasing army of rebels, wasted its strength in trying to oust them. The English were supposed to be besieging Delhi, while in reality they were the besieged. Their numbers were a mere cipher to the armed hosts swarming in the city, but they had the one purpose of vengeance before them, and they sat down in that strong position, impatiently waiting for re-inforcements, but determined to die rather than retreat a step.

In the mutinous city, with its guilty soldiery there was a puppet king set up—the last of the Moguls—an old man who would willingly have died in peace, but his ambitious queen urged him to assume sovereignty for the sake of her son. This woman held together, until the final assault, the heterogeneous mass of crime and blackguardism which had collected in Delhi ;urged on the assaults against the British force, and when the repeated failures to carry the Ridge were breaking the spirit of the insurgent army, she was unsparing in her sarcasms; sending a pair of woman's trousers to one leader for his pusillanimity, and heaping reproaches upon all who hesitated or refused to fight. Swarms upon swarms of armed men, intoxicated with bang, and promises of high reward, left the city under vows, to sweep to perdition the little army which had sat down before it, but the result was ever disastrous failure; and in spite of every effort, the English flag floated securely within sight of the mock royalty of Delhi. To displace it was a vain enterprise; and the hearts of the bravest in that royal palace quaked with fear ; for they knew that unless it could be levelled the might of England would yet reach them, and a terrible retribution be in store.

For miles around Delhi, the monuments of interest and the buildings of a past age are scattered about in profusion, covering it is estimated an area of 45 square miles, and while it is impossible to mention them in detail, the tomb of

the Emperor Humayum, more than deserves a passing notice. Humayum was the first of the Mogul conquerors who found a grave in India; and his tomb was erected by his sorrowing widow and finished by his son Akbar. It is built of granite and marble, is a noble edifice, massive, solemn and grand, and takes a high rank among the architectural glories of Delhi. The Taj of Agra was built after its style. It was to this tomb that the royal family of Delhi retreated when the British took the city by assault in September, 1857; and from whence through Major Hodson's gallant daring they were again brought back. Hodson, of Hodson's horse, was the head of the intelligence department, and as his spies had brought in word that the old king with his favourite wife had taken refuge in Humayum's tomb, he asked and obtained permission to go out and capture them. With a handful of his men he set out for old Delhi, and after some preliminaries he entered the tomb alone, which was swarming with the king's armed attendants. He found the would-be-monarch in the central chamber, and the king was willing to surrender if his life would be spared. Hodson would however, make no promise, but demanded an unconditional surrender. Half-way up the dome, there is a gallery which runs round the building, and this was filled with desperate men armed to the teeth. A word from the king would have been the death-knell of that solitary Englishman; but the word was not spoken, for Hodson was the one who claimed supremacy; his name was his defence, and his bravery a shield about him. The king eventually surrendered, and was removed to the city. A few days later, Hodson captured in the same place, and under equally trying circumstances, the Princes of Delhi, and while conveying them to the authorities, he thought from the surging of the crowd, and signs of emotion, that a rescue was intended, so he stopped the procession, told the people that these wretched men had embrued their hands in the blood of English women, and deserved death, then, forthwith entered the cart in which they had been placed and shot them down.

From the minars of the Jumma Musjid, looking across the wooded plains, and away in the distance, is to be seen the Kutab, rightly called the glory of Delhi. For five centuries this wonderful stone column has looked down upon a world of change. The city of which it was the pride has become a ruin; a later Delhi has since risen and passed away: and eleven miles distant the city of to-day works out its history. The Kutab Minar is a tower of victory; built of red-sandstone and marble, with alternate angular and rounded flutings, projecting balconies, and elaborate inscriptions. It is 238 feet high, sloping from the base from a diameter of 47·3 feet to one of nearly 9 feet. As it stands alone, its grace, magnitude, and fine proportions, are seen unimpaired. The view from the top is superb. There is Delhi in the distance, with its dark battlements and blue haze of smoke over it: reaches of the Jumna glitter for a space, and the river is lost again among wooded groves and undulating knolls; the walls of older Delhi crumbling to decay, take fantastic forms, and stand up ragged and bold; the tombs with their marble domes, glint and glitter in their surroundings of green foliage; at your feet are the foundations of a rival minar—never to be built: the iron pillar which for fifteen centuries has stood, showing neither sign of rust or decay—a relic of the vanished Hindu city—throws its shadow on the court-yard, and the ruined mosque—strange composite remains—the hand of the spoiler being seen to-day in the mixture of Hindu and Mahommadan architecture, has its nakedness covered by the leafage of the surrounding fruit trees, and its memory embalmed to us in the perfume of flowers.

Before leaving Delhi, in which we have already lingered too long, there is one poetic spot sweet with the memory of filial affection which ought to be mentioned, and that is the grave of Jahanara Begam. She was the daughter of Shah Jehan: shared with him his captivity, when his son Aurangzebe, deposed him; and lived such a virtuous life that the memory of her good deeds and the influence of her

character dwells in undying remembrance. Accustomed to the vast mausoleums which perpetuated the memory of her dead ancestors, she yet deprecated for herself any such display. "Let no rich coverlet" she said "adorn my grave, this grass is the best covering for the tomb of the poor in spirit, the humble, the transitory Jahanara, the disciple of the holy man of Chist, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan." Her wishes have to a certain extent been carried out, for on the sacophagus above her grave, and which is enclosed by a marble screen, there are a few struggling roots of coarse grass tended by the natives, and which they point out to the visitor, while they rattle off the story of Jahanara. Within the same enclosure, are several other tombs, one of a holy man, one of a poet, and one of an incapable Emperor, all of exquisite workmanship, and richly inlaid; but abominably dirty; and through marble doorways on which swing solid marble doors that would grace any palace, the squalid population lounge in and out, evidently too lazy to attempt to keep things clean, or exert themselves in any way further than what is needed for a vigorous demand of "backsheesh."

"VARMER BOB."

A STORY OF THE TIMES OF JOHN WESLEY.

BY A FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. MORWELL FEELS "CRUEL QUEER."

I DON'T know what Father means by his little inuendoes. Why shouldn't I talk about Hatherton, and the Squires, when people ever since I can mind, about here, have scarcely talked of anything else. The young Squire is the great man of the place, and his name is in

everybody's mouth in this part of Devon. Everybody likes him, and he deserves that they should, for he leaves no stone unturned to make his tenants comfortable. It was very different with the old Squire. He didn't care what became of his tenants so long as he could get the rent. He was a perfect tyrant. His word had to be law in all the parish. He had some jovial, rollicking ways, such as some people liked. And many of the tenants thought it an exceedingly kind and friendly thing of the Old Squire to make them all drunk on "Rent day."

My father and grandfather had always been independent of the Squires of Hatherton. Full a half of Nosworthy, and the best half of it, is freehold, the rest we rent from the Squire. There was a time when that half was taken away from us but father will tell you all about that. It was good for us that we had our freehold property to fall back upon in those days. I believe he, the old Squire, would have put father and grandfather into the poorhouse or the county court, if he could have done it. And Parson Flummocks was quite as bad. I question if the old Squire would have persecuted our people as he did, if the Parson hadn't prompted him. But there is a very different Parson here now. Instead of persecuting our people, he works with them. But he could hardly do any other, when it was Master Reginald who gave him the rectory. He was an old College friend of the young Squire's, and I've heard that he did a great deal of good to the young gentlemen of the College where he was.

People say that Master Reginald, and Master Ralph, who died in the wars, both took after their mother. She was Cornish, a Boscawen. I have seen her picture up in the Hall, she had wavy, dark hair, like the Cornish girls have, and like Master Reginald has now. And she must have stood up tall, and straight, just as he does. She died when Master Reginald was a little boy, and before I was born. The boys took after the mother in disposition as well as in looks, but people say that Lady Luscombe, the daughter, and the eldest

of the children take after the old Squire, and I can well believe it.

Now I must take up the thread of father's story where he left it off, or else he'll be making insinuations again. And I shall follow Mistress Alice Morwell, and tell you what I've heard about her, because women can tell those things better than men. Father can tell his own part of the story.

Father has told you that he saw Mistress Alice in the crowd when Master George Whitefield preached. The sermon made a very deep impression on her too, I have never heard Master Whitefield but I have often heard the late Venerable John Wesley. I used to wonder that people could listen to him without having "a desire to flee from the wrath to come," and people say that Master Whitefield was a much more powerful preacher than the founder of the Methodist Societies. If so, I can well understand a sweet, tender girl, like Alice Morwell, driving back to the "Bedford" that day, having her eyes filled with tears. "I feel as if I had not heard enough father," she said to the old gentleman who was driving. "He has only made me disgusted with myself."

"And a very good thing too my dear," returned he, "but come now don't go cryin' 'bout it, that won't make it any better. After all I spose 'tes natural for women to cry when they hear things like that. I felt cruel queer myself. Sometimes when he was winding up, I felt all creepy-like, just like you do when you look out 'pon the Tamar over Chimney Rock. Wipe your eyes, dear, don't let the people see you've been cryin', else they'll think I've been rough with 'ee."

"I don't know what you mean by its being natural for women to cry, Father, but I saw men, and brave and honest men, crying too. That big, brave young farmer who stopped my horse on the bridge to day, he was there, and his eyes were filled with tears while he listened to the great preacher. He looked as if he could have killed that man who flung the turnip. I wonder what his name is?"

"Dang it, no I don't mean that, but I quite forgot to ask 'en his name, and he dedn't seem to know whether he had one. Squire Hatherton called 'en "Varmer Bob," but I spose there's something more'n that. Well now, there he is. I'll ask 'en and tell'n you want to know 'eh?"

"Oh dear no, not for the world," said Mistress Alice, "but there will be no harm in your asking his name of somebody."

"I'll drae up and ask 'en to git in the hind seat. Shall I gie 'ee a lift Master,--Bless me I quite forget your name now."

"Robert Willoughby, very much at your service," said Farmer Bob, "and thank you kindly for the offer."

It wasn't far to the Bedford, but as before, "Varmer Bob," wished it was further. They compared notes as to their impressions of the sermon, and they were all quite sure that they wanted something more.

"I wonder if us could git to hear'n talk private-like," said Varmer Bob. "Praps if he could see us by ourselves, he'd help us better with a little quiet talk than by preachin' a great sermon. And seemin' to me 'twould do more good."

"I believe you Master Willoughby" said the other farmer, but don't you know that Passons never speak to people 'bout their souls outside the pulpit. I reckon 'twouldn't be the right for 'em to do it, 'twouldn't be the right sort of thing, you know, unless they had their white or black gowns and bands and all the rest of their uniform on. Howsomever, we'll soon see 'bout that, for they say Master Whitefield is stayin' with a man that I know well, Master Giles, the bookseller and 'pothecary, up in Russell Street. Shall us go there straight, instead of the "Bedford?"

When they arrived at the shop-door Master Giles was standing behind the counter, pounding something in a mortar. "I hope I see you well, Master Morwell," said he. "My duty to you sir, and you Madam. You shall have my attention speedily. I am busy now making a plaister for that young gentleman there. Some designing men brought a packet of gunpowder to the preaching and dropped it on the ground. This gentleman got striking his flint near it to

light his pipe, and it exploded inadvertently and scalded him severely."

"Ugh! ugh! I wish 'twas old Squire instead of me," said a voice from the dark end of the shop. "Varmer Bob," started, it was young Master Pitts. I have heard father say that Master Pitts was never considered very sharp by the rest of the farmers.

A mutual recognition took place, and the whole conspiracy stood revealed. "Varmer Bob," thought he would never be able to look at Mistress Morwell's face again and was for carrying away Pitts at once, but the 'pothecary having made the plaister put it on the patient's foot, and invited the three visitors to follow him through the shop into the parlour where the great preacher of the day sat with two or three friends who had accompanied him home from the service. These retired as soon as the Morwells, and "a friend of theirs," were introduced.

"We've come Sir," Master Morwell began in his blunt, straightforward way, "to thank 'ee for your sarmint. It made us all feel cruel queer, and we want to hear some more 'bout it. But I've been tellin' my daughter, and young Master Willoughby, here, that Passons can't talk to people 'bout their souls onless they've got their robes on, so if so be as you've got yer gown and them white thingamies ready, we'll turn our backs while you whip 'em on, and then if you'll talk to us a bit, we'll be mighty obliged to 'ee."

"My good friends," Master Whitefield began in something like sermon style, "I am deeply grateful to you for your thoughtful kindness in thankin' me for my poor words. It is always a matter of encouragement to the servant of God to know that the Master has made his words useful in the pulling down of the strong-holds of Satan, or leading sinners to the Saviour—but remember that the word is not man's word but God's. Give the glory to God, and not to poor feeble man. And it is a mistake, a temptation of Satan's to imagine that that Word depends for its power on the gowns

and bands with which we clothe our bodies, bnt rather on that inner clothing of righteousness which cometh by faith in Jesus Christ. My brother in the Gospel, Master John Wesley, is engaged at this very time in training many good men who preach Christ and him crucified, who wear no clerical attire, and have never had the laying on of hands."

"Dang it! No, that was only a slip, Passon. But edn't it very wicked for men like that, without the proper regimentals-like, and without a license from the bishop? Why I might just as well stand up, and preach myself."

"God grant you may my friend," said the preacher, when "Varmer Bob," who had been wanting all the time to have his say, interrupted with,"—"Sir, I must out and tell 'ee I'm a downright wicked sinner. I dont't think there's a wickeder one anywhere. I comed to the preachin' to-day, meanin' to blow you up with gunpowder. You,ll forgive me, I know, 'cause 'tes 'gainst your nature to bear malice, but I shant forgive myself to my dyin' day. And you showed me what a vile sinner I'd been and I dropped the powder 'pon the ground, to hark to the sarmint, and now I want to know how I can escape them awful judgments which'll come 'pon me as sure as they did 'pon they wicked Jews."

"Thank God!" said the great preacher reverently. "Thank God, I can show you the way."

"There you be," said Master Morwell, "I thort as how the Passon would set 'ee right if so be as the law would let un in private-like."

"Yes," said Whitefield, "Brother Wesley, is right, it cannot all be done in the great preaching services. The awakened ones need such quiet meetings where they can talk with experienced christians as they would in their own homes." And then he went on to administer to the diseased soul of "Varmer Bob," and prayed with them. And Mistress Morwell said that every word said to Master Willoughby had suited her case exactly.

And her father said, "I don't know how it 'es, but some-

how, I feel a purty sight better inside than I did when I comed tu town this morning. 'Tes like I feel sometimes when the bad weather cleareth up all at once, and I look out of the window 'pon the corn a ripenin' and a wavin' beautiful."

Then Master Whitefield explained that he was going on to Plymouth that evening to embark for America.

"Then I won't take no for a answer," said Master Morwell. "We can make gig take four 'pon a push, and we'll take up Mother at the Bedford." I wish her'd been to the preachin' this afternoon. It wont be much out o' your way Passon, and you shall stay the night wi' us.

"To this Master Whitefield agreed on condition that he might be allowed to ride his own horse.

"We'll hope to see 'ee down sune, Master Willoughby," said Master Morwell, in his hearty way, in leaving. And Mistress Alice shook hands, and thanked him again for stopping the horse. And "Varmer Bob," thought that her delicate fingers closed on his great rough hand with a gentle pressure which had not been his usual experience in hand-shaking.

I have not given the strong Devonshire dialect used by Father and Master Morwell. If I had given it in full, none but Devon people would understand it. I had no thought of making a whole chapter about this when I began. It was my intention to write about the Morwells, and about Varmer Bob's visit to Beer, but it is just as well, because Father says he would like to do that part.

Cornwall. At the last Cornwall District Meeting, it was stated, that the church members meeting in class, and attending public worship, in Wesleyan Chapels, had greatly increased since Cornwall had been made a separate bishopric under Dr. Benson.

Educational Notes.

THE Advertisement on the cover of the *Friend* sent by the Secretary of the Examination Committee, is the result of a scheme sanctioned by the last District Meeting, for the graduation of the Lower Schools in the district up to the Wesley College, and the Galle High School. We believe a scheme will soon be published, similar to the one advertised in the *Friend*, for the group of schools of which the Galle High School is the centre. A pamphlet for the use of teachers, and others concerned, containing the recommendations of the last District Meeting on matters Educational, is about to be published. Full particulars of the scheme for Middle Schools will be found in it.

We understand that the Revised Code is undergoing considerable alterations. The most sanguine officials of the Department of Public Instruction could hardly have expected a unanimous and immediate adoption of the Code on its first appearance. Things of that kind, are, of course, liable to criticism, and are generally all the better for it. The Code as it came out a few months ago was not perfection, and we suppose nobody expected that it would be received as such at once.

The Public Instruction Department, cannot expect to escape adverse criticism, any more than the Public Works Department, or any other branch of the Service coming into immediate contact with the public. We hope that in the revision, special attention will be given to the clauses referring to *attendance*, and that the classification will be more definite—as, for instance that, what are *towns, villages*, and *sparsely populated places*, will be defined, and also that the clauses concerning C. schools will be made clearer. It should be known what circumstances would enable a Manager to have his school classified under C. We hope, too, that the payments will be on a more liberal scale than in the first Draft.

We hear that the Laboratory at the Academy is almost finished, and that Mr. Dixon will soon begin his practical Science Lectures in it. It will be a great boon to the Academy students. How far other institutions are likely to avail themselves of the opportunity it is difficult to say. We would ask whether the Department considers the teaching of a handful of boys in Colombo, as meeting the great need which exists throughout the island for an Elementary Science Education, or in other words, an Introduction to "a knowledge of common things?" It is to be hoped that in the revision of the New Code, care will be taken to make this provision for the class which needs it most. The scheme for Teachers' examinations should be made out with a view to meeting this want. Mr. Dixon could be of admirable service as Examiner, and it might very well be made the subject of a special or extra certificate.

A Botany class has been formed at Wesley College, conducted by the Principal, the Rev. A. Shipham.

The Principal of the Galle High School informs us that the Annual Examination for the Grant passed off very well. Mr. Marsh was the Examiner in English, and Mr. Abayasekere in the Vernacular. A high per-centage of marks was obtained.

The Parke Scholarship Examination has just been held. The successful candidates were, H. S. Jayawickreme, and Joshua Tytler of the *Galle High School.*

The application for the Registration of the Girls' High School, Kandy, has been renewed. We hope that this time it will be more successful than last. It is a large school, and meets the requirements of the *Code* in every way. The school broke up, for the vacation of two weeks, on Friday, August 20th. An Examination was previously held, which showed that a considerable amount of work had been well and thoroughly done during the term. We believe that if the facts were known, it would be found, that though the Government Girls' School were full to overflowing, it would

not provide for more than half the wants of Kandy in regard to female education.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Dunn, the able Principal of Trinity College, Kandy, who has been for some time seriously indisposed is now quite well. We hear that a new Principal has been appointed in the place of Mr. Collins, and that Mr. Dunn will take his old place of Vice-principal.

The Wesleyan Boys' School, Kandy, has just undergone its examination for the term, with satisfactory results.

The Rev. G. Baugh has established a "Girls' High School" in Calcutta, under the management, we believe, of Miss Beauchamp, so well and so favourably known as a teacher at Batticaloa. In her hands it is pretty certain of success.

Referring to a resolution on the subject of Higher Education passed at the Bangalore Missionary Conference, the *Madras Mail*, says:—"The Conference has thus arrived at the conclusion that the evangelistic and the educational work are not opposed to each other, but are mutually supplementary; that the results for which the supporters of Missions are always, and not unnaturally calling out, must proceed from both combined. It is not to be expected that the actual conversions made through the instrumentality of Schools and Colleges can equal in number those made by Missionaries working amongst lower classes, and in rural districts. Still, as far as the higher castes, and classes, are concerned, it is to Educational Missions that any accessions to the Christian Church must be credited.

Local Church News.

KANDY. At the last Quarterly Meeting, held at the Mission House, Katukella, all the Circuit officers, except one were present. The Chairman, the Rev. SAMUEL LANGDON, reported the following receipts for the Extension Fund during the half year ending June 30th :—

	Rs.	Cts.
Two brothers (first earnings)	23	50
The Rev. E. Strutt, ...	30	00
The Rev. S. Langdon, ...	10	00
A Friend	70	00
"Noncon"	30	00
C. De Zilva	5	00
Marriage Fee	20	00
Collected at Lectures, and service ...	45	94
" by the late Rev. J. A. Poulier, ...	7	00
W. D. Gibbon, (for Laggala)	100	00
TOTAL Rs...	331	44

The sum to be raised in the Kandy Circuit, for this fund during the year is Rs. 630. It is hoped that a larger sum may be raised, in order to meet probable shortcomings, in the subscription lists of the Laggala, and Ampitiya circuits, which are situated in the coffee districts. The report of the Kandy Schools was encouraging.

At Laggala, the work is carried on amidst great opposition. The greatest difficulty is experienced there in getting children to attend the school. In such districts the Gansabhawa should enforce attendance. We believe the ordinance gives them power to do this. The people at Laggala, it seems have been very much excited about the visit of the Theosophists to Ceylon. The rumour circulated, and thoroughly believed, is that a great European Prince, Olcott Kumara, and princess, have arrived here to preach Buddhism to the Europeans in Ceylon.

At Ampitiya things are improving. Both the boys' and girls' schools are increasing in numbers. The Ratemahatmaya has very kindly offered to give us a valuable site for a girls' school, and assist in the building. We hope before long to be in a position to build. A new room is very necessary. The school is at present taught in the house of the Catechist. We should be glad of contributions towards this object.

Kind offers of help from ladies in England, and from one in Switzerland, towards a bazaar to be held on behalf of the Kandy Educational work, were announced in the meeting. A successful bazaar will enable us to start a new girls' school in a neighbourhood altogether destitute of educational work, of which places there are several not far from Kandy.

The congregations both English and Sinhalese continue good. On the last Communion Sunday, there were 84 Communicants at the English service, and 19 at the Sinhalese. It is hoped that the members of the society, as well as of the congregation will not allow trifles to hinder them from being present at this most important service.

A Total Abstinence Society, and Band of Hope have been established in connection with the Sinhalese work. Both Societies bid fair to produce good results.

A Temperance Sermon, now an annual institution in Kandy, was preached on Sunday, August 8th, iu the Brownrigg Street Chapel, by the Rev. T. R. Stevenson, to a large and attentive congregation. A collection was made in aid of the funds of the Total Abstinence Society.

On Friday, August 13th, the choir of the Brownrigg Street Chapel, met at the Mission House, Katukella. After tea, a presentation was made to Mr. Arthur Eaton, the organist, in recognition of his valuable services. Mr. Langdon, in making the presentation said that he personally felt a deep indebtedness to Mr. Eaton, for none but such as had tried, could say how great an aid good singing was to the preacher. And good congregational singing depended in great measure on the choir, and everybody knew how much the choir depended on the organist. He had had numerous testimonies from

members of the congregation and strangers, to the improvement which had taken place lately in the singing. He attributed this, of course, in great measure to the orgainst, but also in very great measure to the unwearied efforts of Mrs. Vanderstraaten, and he would couple with her name that of Mr. W. H. Solomons as claiming a debt of gratitude from himself, and the congregation. He concluded with a caution to the younger members against mechanical singing. The heartiest singing was best, and they sang God's praises best, w'ose hearts were right with God.

Mr. Solomons, in the course of a short address paid a graceful tribute to Mrs. Vanderstraaten, to which Mr. A. Vanderstraaten replied. There were twenty one members of the choir present. It is hoped that such pleasant choir meetings may not be few and far between.

The Sunday School Anniversary Services will be held on Sunday, September 5th. The annual fete will take place at the Botanical Gardens on the 4th. Mr. J. P. Blaze, an old scholar of the Brownrigg Street School, is expected to take part in the services. The Sunday School attendance has considerably increased, especially in the Katukelle branch. Juvenile society classes have been formed with good results.

Interesting Missionary Anniversary Services have been held at various places in the Southern part of the District. The Chairman, and the Rev. R. Tebb were present at each. We believe in each case the collection has been larger than in previous years. We hope to be furnished with particulars before the next issue of the *Friend*.

Notes of the Month.

Conference. The one hundred and thirty-seventh Conference of the Wesleyan Ministers was opened on Tuesday morning, July 20th, at City Road Chapel, London. Eight-hundred Ministers were present. The vacancies in the

"Legal hundred," were filled by the elections of the Revs. J. Baker, T. B Stephenson, W. Wilson. and W. H. Dallinger. The latter, whose Biological researches have been frequently referred to in the *Friend*, has recently been elected an F. R. S.

We congratulate the Mission field, and indeed the whole Methodist Church, on the election of the Rev. E. E. Jenkins as President. Mr. Jenkins is an able writer, and an eloquent speaker. He was for many years a Missionary in the Madras District, and has been for some time past one of the Missionary Secretaries.

"During the past year three hundred and seventy-four Chapels have been erected, or enlarged, in connection with English Methodism, at a cost of £315,420. The total number of additional sittings provided through this outlay is 34,446. The new Buildings sanctioned during the past twenty-five years number 5,684; involving an expenditure of £4,967,502, or nearly five millions sterling."—*Harvest Field.*

The Rev. W. H. Dallinger F. R. S. has been appointed Governor and Chaplain of Wesley College, Sheffield, in the place of the Rev. W. Jessop, who returns to circuit work.

Some distinguished ministers retire from full work this year. Among these, are the Rev. F. J. Jobson, D. D. whose vigorous, and eloquent addresses while on deputation work in Ceylon, many years ago, some of our readers will remember; and the Rev. S. Coley, the Theological Tutor at Headinglay. The latter retires on account of ill-health. A resolution in appreciation of Dr. Jobson's great services to Methodism was carried in Conference by a standing vote, on the motion of Dr. Osborn, seconded by Dr. Punshon. Dr. Jobson has held important offices in the church, including the Presidency. Mr. Coley's retirement is matter of deep regret. He is an able preacher, and in every way fitted for the important post which he leaves.

The names of eighty-eight candidates for the ministry were submitted to the Conference. Fifty-four were received.

The following Missionary Representatives were elected to sit in Conference, as members :

Revs. J. C. Barratt, Richard Fletcher, Matthew Godman, Richard Ridgill, John Sargent, and J. Brown, late Acting Chairman of the North Ceylon District.

Considerable discussion took place in the election of Professors of Theology, chiefly over the nomination of the Rev. G. W. Olver, whose Fernley Lecture a year or two ago, was regarded as unorthodox. Finally, the Rev. J. S. Banks, was elected to fill the Headingley Theological chair. The Rev. F. W. Macdonald was voted to the Theological Tutorship of the New College, Birmingham, and The Rev. M. Randles, the author of 'For Ever," to Dr. Osborn's place at Richmond.

It was proposed that the President, as an old Missionary, and profound theological student, should be appointed to the Professorship at Richmond. The Conference agreed to the proposition at once with acclamation. We wish the President could have seen his way clear to accept the appointment. There could not have been a better selection. Dr. Osborn does not retire till the Conference of 1881.

The Rev. S. R. Wilkin writing from the Conference, says,— "Dr. Osborn seems as full of vigour as ever, and his influence in Conference is not abated in the least."

A service was held for the recognition of "Returned Missionaries.' We give the address which will be of the greatest interest to our readers.

The Rev. S. R. Wilkin said the first time he really felt a great longing to become a missionary was at a missionary meeting in Cornwall, at which the chairman referred very graphically to a shipwreck that he had just before witnessed on the Cornish coast, when a cry was raised to man the life-boat; and he then called upon the audience to help to man the missionary ship. He (the speaker) was glad to say it had been his privilege and joy to take an oar in that boat, and hoped he would continue to pull much longer yet. Seven years ago he went to Ceylon. In all his difficulties he had had the

sympathy and advice of his excellent chairman, who was upon the platform, the Rev. John Scott. He would not say that a missionary needed to come home to have the rust rubbed off his faith, but it really did put fresh enthusiasm into their souls to come in contact with Christian people who heartily sympathised with that work. He was happy to say many had been brought to a knowledge of the truth in connection with the work at Colombo. They had a day-school containing 250 boys, under the care of Mr. Shipham; ninety of the scholars were over fifteen years of age; and they had some excellent churches. At their last district meeting in Colombo one of the church officers came forward and said that if they had £25 given them this year he believed that in the course of a year or two they would be self-supporting. They had built a new chapel, for which they had raised money among their friends, and they were building a preacher's house. He hoped again to go back and labour, and to receive similar and even greater success than had been achieved in the past.

The final draft of Stations confirms the list for South Ceylon recommended at the last District meeting, with the addition of the appointment of the Rev. E. S. BURNETT to Colombo South. He may be expected in a month or two.

The Ceylon Diocesan Gazette, was giving promise of better things. Two or three recent numbers contained articles and paragraphs on the side of religious equality almost as pronounced as one might find in the *Liberator*, but in the number for August it returns to its old courses. In a "communicated," review of "a pamphlet on the subject of disestablishment purporting to issue from a society with a long name of whose existence we had hitherto been in ignorance," it returns to its old business of trying to identify Christianity with the State-church.

The following is a specimen of the argument. "The great plea raised is, it is unjust to tax the heathen for the maintenance of Christianity. Now this statement involves an error, and though we are aware that the exposure of this

error will be termed a piece of "Jesuitical Casuistry," yet this will not deter us from exposing it." One expects something dreadful to come next, a shock for the Liberationists, but this is what follows. "The heathen is not taxed to maintain Christianity, for if Christianity were abolished tomorrow, the heathen would not be relieved of one cent of taxation." The great exposure is now made, and humanity may breathe again.

If that is the only kind of argument which the writer in the Ceylon Diocesan Gazette has to offer, the State-church in Ceylon may well cry, "Save me from my friends."

Speaking of the Society "with the long name," the writer says:—"Macaulay in his essay on the Earl of Chatham shows what a party ought to be, and what it ought not to be, he says it ought to consist of men bound together by common opinions, by common public objects, and by mutual esteem, it ought not to consist of men bound together by no principle but the want of public money. It is easy to see to which class the Society in question belongs."

Now, whatever "the Society in question," may be, we know of a great Society which looks very much as if it were bound together by a *want of public money*, and that Society is called a Church, and often *The Church*. Is it possible that the writer believes that Society "to consist of men bound together by common opinions, by common public objects, and by mutual steem?" What, but "a want of public money," can bind together in the Church of England religious opinions, quite as much at variance as those professed by the members of the Society of the long name. There is a difference, however, and here it lies. The writer says the latter Society wants the public money for "*public works*." The Great Society which arrogates to itself the title of *the Church* wants it for *itself*. The Disestablishment Society is formed not on a religious question but on a question of political injustice, and has the sympathy of many excellent members of the Church of England.

We believe we have quoted enough from the paper in question to show our readers that any further notice of it would be a waste of ink.

Progress. The second number of this excellent periodical, is, if anything, better than the first. We are glad to know that the circulation in India has reached something like 2,500 already. The price is reduced for Ceylon to Rs. 1 25 per annum. It is got up something like the *Athenæum*, only illustrated. It is one of the best, and certainly the cheapest periodical of its class, in the East. Our readers should send to the Colombo Tract Depôt for specimen copies.

The Burials Bill, of the Government, is meeting with violent opposition from the High Church party. A Society has been formed for removing the Bishops from the House of Lords, because so large a number of them voted in favour of the bill. Bishop Claughton has written to the *Times* suggesting a "consecration," service which should be liberal enough to embrace all classes. He refers to a "consecration" service of that character which he used successfully in the case of a cemetery in Ceylon, which had caused great strife, and heart-burning. We believe that cemetery so successfully consecrated, is the one at Koralawella, where a few months ago a scandal occurred in connection with the burial of the wife of one of our Ministers. It would perhaps be a good thing, now that the question of burials is occupying the public mind in England, to make enquiries in regard to the subject of *burials*, and *consecration* in Ceylon, and to have the enquiries made in the approaching session of the Legislative Council. It would be interesting to have the opinion of the Council as to the legal value and authority of the act of consecration.

Christianity in England. The *Indian Mirror* says, "The opinion is generally held in this country that Christianity is losing ground in England and that the majority of Englishmen are not Christians. We are afraid this is a mistaken notion." Nothing is more certain than that such a

notion is a mistaken one, however much the *Mirror*, and other opponents of Christianity, would like to believe it, and allow their desires to colour their beliefs. If any such opinion is "generally held" in India, it simply serves to show how extremely little Indians in general know about it.—*Lucknow Witness, July*, 23, 1880.

The Rev. John O. Rhodes. *(Extract from a letter.)* Glenelg is a little watering place by the sea shore, much frequented during the summer but it is now mid winter, and yet as grapes have only just gone out of season, and we have apples and pears, (oh such nice ones) in abundance you may guess it is not like an English winter. The people here speak of the weather as unusually cold, but it is dry and spring-like and makes me feel that I would enjoy nothing so much as a long brisk walk—but alas! alas!! I am like a bird with both wings clipped. Still I am very much better than I was—I have not had the slightest return of any unfavourable symptom since I left Ceylon. I am certainly stronger and eat better. My great lack is want of breath, but I walked half a mile yesterday, and could not walk across three rooms, two or three months ago, so I must have patience.

I was going to say, Glenelg is only six or seven miles from Adelaide, and there are ten lines of rails, so that we can go into the city as often as we like. The railway is more like a tramcar than our Railways. It runs down the middle of the street—not therefore very quickly, and comes to a full stop in the road too. There are Railway Stations but they are simply waiting rooms, opposite where the train stops. We buy tickets at almost any shop in the town at one and sixpence a piece, or ten shillings a dozen and the tickets do for any day. It is a very simple plan, saves all the expense of station master, &c. and I don't see why it might not be adopted, on such a line as the Sea-side Railway in Ceylon. We have been into Adelaide about half a dozen times. It is a beautiful, clean looking city, with some very handsome buildings. The roads are wide, and the buildings being of white stone look neat and pretty.