

THE CEYLON FRIEND.

DECEMBER, 1880.

A WALK THROUGH LAGGALA.

TWO DAYS AT AN EXTENSION STATION.



U R readers will hardly need to be reminded that an Extension Station is a place where the work is supported by a fund now well known as the Extension Fund; it was started a few years ago in response to an appeal in the *Observer*, which was vigorously expressed and generously assisted by the Editors. The scheme had for its object the carrying on of christian work in places, hitherto unoccupied by the operations of any Society. The Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society were so deeply impressed by the appeal, and the statement as to the need of the people, that they, with great liberality offered to supplement the fund by an amount equal to half the local contributions.

One of the first places occupied in this way was Laggala. The claims of this place had been pressed on the Kandy minister, the Rev. R. TEBB, by Mr. W. D. GIBBON, who has contributed most generously to the work ever since its establishment.

Laggala was said to be one of the wildest spots in all Ceylon. The people were spoken of as extremely ignorant, and living for the most part a life not only destitute of religion, but without even a show of morality. The poorer people lived a life, which was only a remove or two better than that of the Veddahs, on whose district the Laggala Pattus boarder. It had been a convict settlement in the days of the Kandian Kings. The Kandian soldiers, or police, took the convicts, so the villagers tell us, to the brow of the hill, a part of which is now covered with the Laggala Estate, and sent them down into the valleys below, there to follow the leadings of their own sweet wills, or to settle and make what they could out of the lands. There the king washed his hands of them, and saw nothing of the outlaws unless it was in the course of an occasional hunting expedition.

The Mátala Coach, which before these lines are in print will have become a thing of the past, took us as far as Mátala. From thence to Rattota was but a short drive of an hour and a half. There the cart road ended and our walk began.

Laggala was on the other side of a high range of hills, which it would be our business to cross, and as we looked up at the summits of those hills towering up into the clouds, and saw the road-line winding away up the rugged sides for some miles, we thought we could understand the description of the Hill Difficulty in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. From that spot, with the prospect of that long hard walk before us, they certainly raised no association in the mind with the Delectable Mountains.

To a Planter, all this chat about a walk of a few miles up-hill will seem a mighty fuss about nothing, and not worth two lines in a magazine. I do not agree with him. It may be that the less said about the difficulties of the way, the better. My belief is that many planters in Ceylon have in the course of their walks on most mornings or evenings over their estates, sights infinitely grander—as Dickens, I think, says somewhere, about his morning walks—than the pageantry of

“Lord Mayor’s Day,” or of the Opening of Parliament by Her Majesty the Queen. There is not the slightest doubt of it, if their walks are anything like the one which we took up the hills which guard the Udesiya Pattu.

Life has its compensations. That, I am afraid is not a very original remark, but it is not an easy thing to be original in these days. And like the walk of life, the pull up the Hill Difficulty is not without some very precious compensations. Compensations that will almost make one forget, blistered feet and, even corns.

It is no slight compensation to find that the road runs for a long way by the side of a clear running stream, which ripples here and dashes there, and then goes with a rush over a huge hard boulder, a plunge, and then a surging beneath; and then a bend in the path gives you a combination of all these sounds, filling the valley with “the noise of many waters.” I do not know whether this remark has been made before. It is probably just as original as most things that one says, and like most original things that we say, may not be true,—that the music of water is never discordant. It always manages its rippling, its rushing, and its roaring, in a rhythmic sort of way, so as never to produce a false or grating sound. But we shall never get to Laggala, if I make every note by the way as long as this.

Is there a tree in all this land of beautiful trees more graceful or beautiful than the Sago-palm? ‘I trow not’ as the old Puritan orators used to say. The fern-tree with its feathery plumes is strikingly beautiful, the cocoa-nut and areca palms carry their glories up out of our reach; but the sago-palm is surmounted by layer on layer of foliage which is most grateful to the eye, and presents a crown of living beauty. For a long distance, these palms line the stream on either side, imparting a most beautiful effect to the glimpses of water underneath and between.

Up we go until we enter what is almost a gorge. Perhaps it would best be described by the Irishism that it was a

'gorge on one side.' It was a huge cliff of hard gneiss rock veined with quartz, presenting a sheer descent of about 6 or 800 feet. One could almost make that fall without striking against the face of the cliff, if that would be any advantage. The name of the rock intimates that an elephant did once make it. The rock is called Aliyawetunagala, or the rock of the elephant fall. Not quite so romantic a name as "The lover's leap" and other names associated with the tender passion in England, but the Sinhalese people have not been altogether without romance in their name-giving as many of the names of places in this neighbourhood will bear evidence.

A Laggala man who was carrying my box told me the story of the Aliyawetunagala, of the foolish elephant that jumped, or fell, down the cliff.

"Is the elephant dead?" I asked, something after the manner of "The Innocents abroad."

"Appooyi, I believe you Sir, there is no doubt of that."

"And what sickness did he die of?"

The only reply to this query, put in as earnest a manner as I was capable of assuming, was a prolonged, open-mouthed stare, which shewed a want of appreciation of the mental capability of the reader's humble servant.

Talking of elephants reminds me of the manner in which our Catechist opened a religious conversation with the same man shortly after. The man had been talking of some elephants which had paid a visit to the district in which he lived, and expressed himself as rather afraid of them.

"Ah," said the Catechist "that is because you are not a christian. If you were a christian you would not be afraid of elephants.!"

"Why, would christianity kill the elephants?"

The Catechist explained that it would not kill the elephants but it would take away the fear. This novel way of introducing the subject certainly had the effect of fastening the attention of the man on what was said about that power of the Gospel of love which "casteth out fear."

It was getting towards evening when we arrived at the Cattarantenne Estate, and as we were told it was still near five miles to the top of the pass, I decided to avail myself of a kind invitation which had been given me at Matale by the Superintendent to stay the night at his bungalow. The native Minister and Catechist had got a similar invitation from a Sinhalese man who lived in very uninviting quarters on the border of the estate. The man was a Roman Catholic, his wife had been trained in the Cotta Girls' School. Her grateful remembrance of the education received there, shows itself in kind hospitalities to our native Ministers and Catechists whenever they pass that way; and poor, though she is, the Catechist tells me that she, last year offered him, *voluntarily, three shillings as her contribution to the Extension Fund.* Nobody knows, how far the blessed influences of a good girls' school may reach.

While my native colleagues are enjoying the hospitality of this liberal Roman Catholic woman, I climb higher to the estate bungalow, perched about half-way up the pass, reminding one of the sublime old song.

“O the good old Duke of York!
 And his ten-thousand men;
 He marched them up to the top of the hill
 And marched them down again.
 And when they were up, they were up,
 And when they were down, they were down,
 And when they were half-way up the hill
 They were neither up nor down.”

A bit of poetry between the lines looks well on the page, and that stanza from the old song will do as well as anything else to relieve the monotony of the prose.

The sun was setting as I reached the bungalow. I have hardly seen a finer sunset in Ceylon. The sun went down behind one of the two hills which form the Matale Gap, which ought to be distinguished by a much more euphonious name. The whole valley between was suffused with a soft,

grey light, which brought out the purple shadows on the hills in striking contrast. And this contrast was deepened when a soft cloud rested on the mountain peak, flamed through and through with the glory of the setting sun, until it looked like a crown of gold surmounting the imperial purple. The two hills looked as if they guarded the entrance to the heavens beyond, a thought suggested by the resemblance between this splendid sunset scene, and a beautiful Picture in Ruskin's "Modern Painters" which he has entitled, "The Gates of the Sky."

Early the next morning I took leave of the hospitable Scotch planter and his wife at the Catarantenne Bungalow, and joining my colleagues in the road, soon re-commenced the ascent. The morning was fresh, and as we got higher, seemed almost raw.

As we go up, we pass hollows here and there, which form magnificent natural ferneries, the tree-fern being conspicuous with its graceful Prince of Wales's plumes. It reminded me a little of the Hakgala Fernery. On asking during a visit to the Hakgala gardens, a short time since, to be shewn the fernery, we were directed to a splendid bit of jungle with four or five tree ferns, and a profusion made up of a few other varieties mixed with jungle plants underneath. Perhaps this is as it should be. It is natural.

The road (to Laggala, I mean,) is not at all bad in fine weather, but is trying to shoe-leather at all times. It is well paved, if a road can be said to be paved which is made of loose rocks and stones. Hard gneissic rocks, stained with oxide of Iron, veined with quartz and felspar, lie about in every direction. Here and there you see large blocks of red Hæmatite, or Ironstone, evidently rich in metal, as you observe when you try to lift them. Further up, and you come across a quantity of Magnesian Limestone which somebody has been trying to burn, judging from the remains of an old kiln standing near.

Now the wind blows as they say it always does blow here,

as if you were entering the very caves of Æolus. Here as we reach the top of the Pass the wind beats with increased violence, and the clouds thicken as if passing through a funnel. A planter, whom I met at the Matale Rest House, informed me that this was regarded as the boundary of civilization. However that may be, there is one adjunct of civilization which you may as well leave behind you here at the top of the pass, and that is the umbrella. It is not that the Laggala boys will stone you as the street Arabs did Jonas Hanway, on its first introduction into England, but the wind renders it an impossible luxury.

But here there are compensations again. If the wind persists in beating down your umbrella, it is a cool, refreshing wind, which renders an umbrella not indispensable. Then, as you get down out of the mist, the compensation in scenery covers a multitude of discomforts. Here are the happy hunting grounds of the Kandian kings stretched out beneath our feet. I wonder if the villagers tell tales of a Kandian 'Herne the hunter,' at the head of a ghostly troop careering across the plains on moonlight nights! Here to the right is the Udesiya Pattu, a natural basin surrounded by tall cliffs, with the blue peak of Hulangkanda—the peak of the winds-guarding the entrance to the valley on the other side. The valley itself presents a beautiful variety made up of green patenas, terrace upon terrace of ripe green paddy fields, interspersed with dark knolls of forest with the glimmer of streams under the branches.

Beyond all this a little to the left is the Bintenne country, populated by the Veddahs or wild jungle men, who were declared at a British Association Meeting some years since to be devoid of the power to laugh. To the South are mountain ranges with peaks rising into the clouds, beyond which says a Laggala man with us, who has never seen the sea, is "The great river which runs round Maha Méru."

But a long hot walk tells upon one after a time. Notwithstanding the compensation of natural scenery, the going down

becomes nearly as tiresome as the going up. After six miles of it you begin to get less æsthetic, and to say that viewing "the landscape o'er" doesn't quench thirst or satisfy hunger. At this juncture a man appears opportunely with a pot of honey. We "fall to," of course with the consent of the owner, but honey is sticky, and we feel just as thirsty as ever.

Down into the valley we go, and here in one of those blessed little bits of forest, we find a very Elim with its grateful shade of trees, and spring of clear, pure water.

What an agreeable sensation, the cool shade and cool drink impart; more than compensation for the long hot walk.

Rested and invigorated, we set out again over a long stretch of patana. That crossed, we enter the group of villages in which our Extension Station is fixed. Here the villagers gather to see the new arrivals. We give them a few words in passing, and tracts to the very few who can read; and a few minutes' walk brings us to the Mission House, a welcome sight, after a long walk up hill and down dale for nearly five hours.

A mission house on an Extension Station is not by any means a palatial affair, and this is by far the worst that I have seen. It consists of two rooms, with mud walls and mud floor, and a roof of dry Mána grass. Being in an exposed situation, it is with the greatest difficulty that the grass is kept on the roof. But for this, the house would do very well.

Many a Sinna Durai is just as badly housed, but the constant shifting of the grass by the high wind which prevails in these parts, makes it a rather undesirable residence. Tiles are being made in the neighbourhood now, and for a small sum, comparatively, we could put a less precarious roof over the head of our agent here. Will any of our readers contribute a few tiles? Or, better still, will they subscribe to the 20 or 30 pounds which would be required for putting up another house in a better and less exposed situation?

At breakfast which we soon got ready, the conversation turned on the work of God in the neighbourhood.

“How is it that the work is so discouraging here?” I asked, “why are you so low in church-membership?”

“Ah,” said the Catechist, “it is a great grief to me but those who did call themselves christians and church members, they did “run well” for a time but the temptations were too strong for them. The villagers live bad lives, and once a year the Buddhist priest comes to make his collection, or a great devil ceremony is held, and to them these are very great sights, and they cannot resist the temptation to join in the heathen festivals. Then of course we cannot consider them Members of our Society.”

“But look here” said my Kandy Colleague, who is great in parable, “If you catch an old rogue elephant you cannot tame him all at once, and make him settle down to the fixed habits of the road elephant. You cannot do that in one day. It is *tikka, tikka*, (very little, very little) for a long time. And we cannot expect to see the wild rogue of a nature, which some of these men have, changed entirely in one day, and even if they are changed you cannot expect them to become immediately like you and me.”


Now there is a logic in that which is often lost sight of. If some grumblers at the low moral character of some native christians would remember my friend's parable of the elephant, it would perhaps help them to more charitable thoughts and words.

I find that I have occupied all the space the *Friend* can give me this time with a sketch of my walk to Laggala. My walk *through* must come next time. It is to me a most interesting locality and decidedly *out of the way*. Here you are out of the way of telegraphs. Letters come with some difficulty. And fancy the darkness of a place where a newspaper is rarely seen, and which is never penetrated even by the friendliness of the *Ceylon Friend*!

S. L.

ALL ABOUT OUR 'AIN' TOWN.

FOURTH PAPER.

 F all the stories Miss Hetherington used to tell her favourites among the village children, none delighted them, so much as the history of 'Wandering Nancy,' a very old woman who lived in the smallest cottage in Greenland, and was therefore one of Miss Jean's own tenants. Every Sunday, and many a day besides, Mary Dawson, Miss Hetherington's little servant, might be seen running across to Nancy's with a good share of her mistress's dinner in the little basket she carried; and every Sunday afternoon exactly at four o'clock Miss Jean herself would appear on her way to read a "chapter" out of the 'Good Book' to Nancy and a few other old women who used to drop in to the little cottage as the gloaming came on. Nancy was getting rather "silly" now, the neighbours thought, and would often interrupt Miss Jean with strange incoherent comments, but she was very fond of the reading, and as Miss Hetherington said "She was may be no 'thocht that silly up yonder, an' it would be tellin some o'us if we were a' as muckle taen up wi' the Word;"—so she went on perseveringly with her good work. One of Nancy's oddities was always to wear a man's hat except on Sundays. She was a most regular attender at church until she grew too old and feeble to go out, but even then on Sunday mornings her hat which at other times was never off her head was laid aside. Once a neighbour asked her the reason of this, and received the severe answer, "woman ye ken naething ava; it is needfu' that we pay respeck to ordinances." But, now, Nancy was too feeble to go to church, and the oldest inhabitant of the town, so old that few remembered her, the young and blooming girl she had been more than half a century before, though every person in the place knew her history

well. Nancy Brown in those old days was the beauty of W. a bonnie black eyed lassie, admired and sought after by all the young men about the place. George Macdonald, a thriving young mason just setting up in business, was the one who had got furthest into Nancy's good graces, however, and already the gossips of the village had begun to speculate about the wedding, when an event happened that put Nancy, and her affairs, quite into the shade. A stranger arrived in W.—and what was even more wonderful it turned out soon that he was neither English, Scotch, or Irish, but from a further off country than any of these. It was the most exciting thing that had happened in the town for years, and every one turned out of doors to watch the new arrival as he went up the street with the step of a man who had walked a good many miles already that day. “Losh me, wha's yon?” asked one eager starrer of another, “an whaur's he gaun', think ye?” That was soon settled, as after a moment's hesitation when drawing near the end of the town, his glance fell upon the welcome signboard of the village inn, and he disappeared within its friendly door. “Aye aye” said old Tam Fortune the shoemaker, rising from his work, “it's gettin' near stoppin' time ony way, wife, I'll just awa' up to Jennie's, and smoke ma pipe a wee by her fireside, an hae a crack wi' Soutar about that coo he has to sell,” and so he leisurely departed, and was quickly followed to the Inn, by every other man in the place, who could find anything like a good excuse to justify himself. Curiosity was mainly for the “women folk,” as Tam often had had occasion to observe to his wife before, but it was really wonderful what a lot of business the nobler sex found they had to transact at Mrs. Dean's that evening. Bell, Mrs. Dean's pretty maid, was quite driven to her wits end by the sudden increase of trade, and the constant call for “a gill o' whuskey lassie,” and was almost inclined to be impatient at the stranger who had caused all this commotion. Preserve us, said she, “what made him come here to pit a' the folk doite!” Mrs. Dean, on the other hand, felt the importance of her position as

the only person who had actually spoken with the new comer, and detailed at great length to her more privileged favourites all that had been said and done. Hearing what he had ordered for his supper, and perhaps having a peep at the contents of the pot which was already hung on the fire, was all the satisfaction the curious got that night, for after the visitor had gone 'ben' he returned no more to the kitchen the whole evening.

Next day, however, he was early seen strolling about the town, and soon Tam Fortune managed to find some excuse for speaking to him. He was not at all reserved, and Tam very speedily had all his history at his finger's ends. He was a Norwegian sailor he said, the first mate of a vessel which traded between Leith, and Christiana, and his name was Ortmann. After the last trip of his vessel he had been left behind to transact some business that had not been finished, and was now spending the time till the ship came back again by walking about the country to see what he could of it. He was a stout broad shouldered man with an open face, and frank manners, and soon made himself popular with everyone. This very first day of his stay, Nancy Brown was going to and fro across the street, fetching the water for her weekly house cleaning, and Ortmann's admiring glances followed her as she passed and repassed him. Nancy was of course quite alive to the stranger's vicinity, and perhaps not sorry that the only way to the well was straight by where he stood. By and bye Ortmann stepped across the street, and took the two last pails from her hands. "They are too heavy for you" he said with a slow precise accent, which proved him foreign, although his English was very correct; "I must carry," and so he followed the blushing girl to her own door, where he laid them down for her. Her old grandfather with whom she stayed was in the garden among his cabbages, and it was easy for Ortmann to make an opening with him. The visit was prolonged, and repeated again and again, and Nancy and the Norwegian grew daily more friendly. Poor

George Macdonald saw with dismay that the girl he loved best in the world no longer cared for him as she used to do, and that his attentions were nothing to her now this stranger was near. Before, Nancy and he had often wandered in the quiet summer evenings away down the lane which followed the course of the burn as it ran through the meadows; they had spent many happy hours talking of each other, and the future, sitting on the grassy slope above the old mill in the woods. But now all was changed. Nancy either refused to come, or if she went with him, they were sure to meet Ortmann on the road, and George felt they might as well not have gone at all.

“I’m no ony way bound to keep company wi’ you, George Macdonald, that I ken o’,” said Nancy who was coquettish, and perhaps rather pleased that George should know he was not the only one that admired her, in answer to his entreaties “ye’re may be no sae pleasant yoursel as you used to be, sae ye need na be lookin’ sae glum at me.” And poor George felt that the accusation was true, for in his despair he had quite lost the cheerful look and manner, which once was his greatest charm. And so matters went on till Nancy fairly gave George to understand she had no thoughts of him at all now, and openly showed her preference for her foreign wooer, who on his part seemed to have no other anxiety than to please her. The old women shook their heads over the way she had treated her old lover, but Nancy heeded none of them. Her heart was wholly given to Ortmann and she loved him with an affection quite different from any thing she had ever felt for any other one. The time came for him to return to Leith, and join his ship. This voyage he was to go alone, but he would return for her in three months, he said, marry her, and take her with him. The day for his departure arrived, and Nancy walked as far out of the town with him as she could. At the last moment she clung to him, and implored him to take her with him, but he gently told her that could not be, and comforted her with many promises

of his speedy return. At last he released himself from her hold, took one last embrace, and was gone.

The three months passed away, and three months more, and still he came not. Nancy grew pale with waiting, while the neighbours who had shaken their heads at first, now grew loud in their reproaches, and said that Ortmann's conduct, was just what might have been expected from a man nobody knew any thing about, and Nancy deserved it all for behaving so badly to George. He, on the other hand picked up heart as the months wore away, and thought that surely now Nancy saw Ortmann was not coming back, she would forget him, and go back to her old lover again. But Nancy was constant this time, though everybody but herself believed she had been cruelly deceived. "He'll come back I ken," she said in answer to all George's overtures when a year had come, and still there were no signs of the Norwegian. "I canna forget him George, I never cared for you like this." About a year and a half after Ortmann's strange arrival and departure her grandfather died, and Nancy was left alone in the world. She was greatly changed now, from what she had once been, for suffering had caused the bloom to fade from her cheek, and the light to go out of her eye, but still her heart clung to the vain hope that Ortmann would return some day to claim her as his bride. After her grandfather's death, she went to live in the house of a distant relation, a small farmer near W.—and gave her assistance in the house work in return for her board. Another year passed away, and many of the young girls in the town, who had once envied her, her admirers, and her good looks, were married themselves. Again George renewed his offers, and at last she consented to be his wife. She was now seven and twenty, and he had wooed her for seven years, but though his faithfulness had touched her heart, she had no pleasure in thinking of the wedding. It was to be a very quiet one in the lonely farm house, with her cousin and his wife as the only witnesses. The night before her lover came to see her. "After the night, I'll never hae to say gude bye to ye again, Nancy," said

George as he lingered by the gate, looking tenderly back at her. "Aye after the nicht; that's true," said Nancy with a strange dreamy look; "God forgie me George. I've never done ye ought but ill a my life, but after the nicht,"—she paused, and burst into tears, "my ain lassie, dinna' dinna' said George alarmed, and trying to soothe the sobbing girl ye've aye been the best, and dearest o' a' the warl to me." At last she was calm, and he left her, but as he went along he thought how sadly changed she was from what she had been seven years before, though hopefully he said to himself once they were married, everything would go well, and Nancy's light heart would come back to her again. Early the next morning he went to the farm house, but when he got nearly there, instead of Nancy, he met the farmer and his wife coming to meet him with looks of dismay. "Where's Nancy?" he asked, where? Nancy was gone. After he left that night she had gone to her room, and as she never appeared next morning the farmer's wife had gone to see what was wrong and found her room empty. Every where they searched, but Nancy was not found. At first George would hear of no one being told of her absence, and sought for her by himself far and near. But soon the news spread, and others came to help. Ponds were dragged and parties sent hither and thither, but Nancy was never found. That she had made away with herself George felt mournfully sure, after her words of the previous night, but no traces could be found of her body, and at last the search was sorrowfully discontinued. George never married, but lived on in the same house, to which he had hoped to bring Nancy as his wife, working at his business, and turning an old grey haired man as the years rolled away.

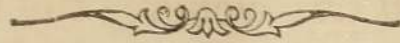
Forty-five years after that, a white haired but still erect old woman walked quietly into the town, and went straight up to the little house in Greenland where Nancy Brown, and her grandfather had once stayed. She opened the door went in, and sat down. The woman who lived there, looked at her inquisitively, and asked her what she wanted. "I'm Nancy

Brown," she said simply, "I used to live here, and I've come back to die here." At first the woman who had not been born when these things happened did not understand her, but she had heard of Nancy, and gradually it flashed on her. With hands uplifted, she ran out of the cottage, and spread the strange news. Nancy Brown come back; it could not be believed, but still the woman persisted, and soon a crowd collected round the cottage. Few were alive in the town that remembered her, and even these few were unable to recognize in the old worn out woman, the bright beautiful girl they had once known. At last there came an old man leaning on a staff, and shaking in every limb. He looked at her a long time in silence, but at last he said in a low tone. "Aye its Nancy," and that was all. The long lost had returned again. She lived for other ten years after that, but never could be got to tell much of where she had been. Bit by bit it came out that she had made her way to Christiana, but could find there no traces of him she looked for, and not caring to come back again to the place where she had gone through so many troubles she had settled down there, and lived on in Norway till at last in her old days that longing for home which is familiar to every traveller and sojourner in the earth, came too strongly upon her to be resisted, and she wandered back once more to the birth place of herself, and her forefathers. That her story as to where she had been was true, there could be no doubt for Miss Hetherington's father was enough of a linguist to recognize the Norwegian tongue when she used it, which at first she did almost constantly. Long absence from her native country had caused her to forget its language almost entirely, but by and bye, as old age blotted out the memory of all she had gone through, her tongue went back to the sounds of her childhood, and she spoke her own Scotch again. She out lived by several years the lover who had so faithfully devoted his life to her, as he died very shortly after her return. The shock of her sudden appearance was too much for him, and he sank from the hour of her entering the village. But at

last when rest closed in on her also, and she was borne up to the churchyard, where all those who had known her troubles best were long since sleeping, she was laid beside him, and they whose lives had been so strangely crossed, and divided, now are together at last.

Such was the tale of wandering Nancy, and as Miss Hetherington always concluded, "There's mony a novelle sounds mair like the truth."

W. H.



THE SOUTH CEYLON WESLEYAN MISSION.

BY THE REV. JAMES NICHOLSON.

(*Reprinted from the Bangalore Conference Report.*)

ANOTHER feature of depression was, that our senior experienced ministers were removed by death, or disabled by disease, during that season of conflict and loss. All eyes were turned to the revered and gifted man, whose pen had raised the controversy, when the buddhists were aroused, and their press was at work. He lived to see the marshalling of the foe, to hear the clang of arms, and knew what the points of contest would be; in the very room where the writer now works at this paper, he sketched with acute and prescient foresight the line of argument which buddhists would take, and the probable effects of the controversy. But, to our surprise and sorrow, God said to His servant: "Your work is done:" and the spirit of Daniel John Gogerly passed away, September 6, 1862, just when his learning, courage, and devotion, seemed most needful for the church to which he had given forty-four years of unbroken service.

When the atheism and superstition of Lanka were asserting most of their force, another intrepid heart ceased to beat on

earth. A romantic loving interest centres round the name and memory of William Alexander LALMON, who found the Saviour during the first service held by the Wesleyan missionaries in 1814, and lived to work for his Redeemer until Good Friday, 1862. Simple as a child, yet brave as a lion; earnest in youth, and zealous to old age; bold in reproving sin, yet tenderly generous to the needy and helpless, Pastor Lalmon, the pioneer of our Methodist Asian Ministry worthily sustains his honoured and honourable position.

A bright youth, of ancient lineage and high rank, was attracted to our first mission school, at Point de Galle; and the sunny nature of Benjamin Clough soon won the affections of Don Cornelius de Silva WIJESINGHA, who was led to the cross by his teacher, gave up splendid prospects in the world, and joined the pastorate as our earliest purely native minister in Asia. No wonder that the hearts of our fathers were buoyant with gladness, when this true helper was sent to their aid. He never lost the fervency of his early conversion, was present at the Jubilee Meeting of our Mission in Colombo, June 29, 1864, and then calmly waited for Jesus, till his call home came, on September 2nd of the Jubilee year.

Yet again the fatal arrow fell upon the toilers in this wasted field of strife. Pantura has been one of our hardest stations, and suffered bitter opposition during the controversial years; but the spirit of John Raynol PARYS, never faltered, and his faith was firm as a rock. His people partook of their pastor's triumphant trust, and they faced the storm together, as only brave hearts can stand. But this loyal loving man was summoned away from his duty, and went calmly to rest, at his new station, Point de Galle, March 29, 1865.

Here, then, is a picture of depression and discouragement. A third of our Church members swept away, and another third panic-stricken before the onslaughts of the raging atheism around them; four experienced ministers lifted into the brighter day above, making our trials heavier because of their vacated places here; every assailable point fiercely tried

by the wily priests of Gótama Buddha; social pressure and violent bigotry active in every circuit; nervous waverers shrinking away into the gloom, not daring to meet the blasts of evil; no wonder if our hearts were sometimes burdened, while we wondered what the results would be. The Native Church of that day was like the three hundred of Gideon, but a remnant of those who had once come to the help of the Lord: and like them, too, in simple reliance upon the unseen yet ever present God. There were some cases in which the civil law had to be enforced for the protection of the Christians; for desperate haters of Bible truth invaded Christian assemblies, to vent their blaspheming rage.

The next period was one of wondrous grace and power, bringing life and increase to the labourers. No man can tell when the revival really began; no minister has the right to claim the glory of that work for himself; no station received a monopoly of the blessing which came with such living and glorious fulness. When the "cloven tongues like as of fire" entered the upper room at Jerusalem, none of the hundred and twenty could tell at which point the first illumined symbol appeared, but they knew that room was filled by the presence which awed Moses in the burning bush, and shone in the holy place of tabernacle and temple. They heard the "mighty rushing wind," the breath of a mysterious Person within that humble dwelling; they were thrilled by the touch of Omnipotence on every spirit and conscience; and they all rejoiced with glowing hearts in the rapture of that hour. Thus it was in the South Ceylon Revival of 1865. The same Spirit of power who passed by the temple to enter the unknown private house in Jerusalem, sent His soul-renewing love into rejoicing hearts while in the lower apartment of our Pettah Mission House, not in the adjoining sanctuary. The Lord of Glory did indeed irradiate and change human souls; but it was done in His own way, to repress all pride, and yield Him the praise.

Those who filled or surrounded that small apartment of our Mission House on the thirteenth of March, 1865, will

remember the sudden sharp cry which broke forth from penitent and wounded natures, there struck with conviction of sin, keen and terrible in its reality. Each memory will recall the surprised and ingenuous gladness with which one after another received "joy and peace in believing" on the Saviour.

And who does not think with expanding exultation of the sweet impulse which impelled the newly-forgiven to kneel by the side of relative or friend, to tell the story of their own delight, until the seeking ones also found conscious pardon of sin.

And what a scene it was, when the pastor asked those who had received forgiveness of sin, through faith in Jesus, to rise, and twenty persons stood up, whose radiant faces were evidences of the grace they had received.

That memorable night in our mission history marks a new era in our devotion and faith. The sacred fire, once kindled, spread rapidly during that week of services, so that when we met on the 19th of March, for praise and thanksgiving, one hundred and twenty had "received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, ABBA, Father." Every nationality had been affected by the power which attended these meetings; English, Dutch, Portuguese, Singhalese and Tamulians alike, had obtained the conscious sense of pardon, which God alone can impart. "And there was great joy in that city."

Of course there was great excitement, and greater opposition, concerning these things; and, as usual in such seasons, a few cases of mere emotional effects, without any real repentance, or reliance on Christ for salvation. In other instances, the relatives of young converts were offended by their profession of acceptance with God; derided and vexed at every point, the inexperienced ones yielded to doubt and fear, and lost their enjoyment of the divine favour. With others, a sneering worldly companionship put their courage to a test that it was not prepared for, and an open confession of Christ missed, avoided, or feared, soon clouded a bright spirit, and eclipsed the witness of pardon in the heart. There were a

few cases, where cruel oppression wrought its own end, and the tormented converts gave way to anger and indignation, thus losing their own rejoicing power. Some, too, were unable to watch and sustain the conflict; they lived in neglect of prayer, and wandered into doubtful ways, till their joy had fled, and their peace was gone.

But the results of that wonderful week in Colombo yet influence this district. Our larger and long-established Singalese churches felt instantly the current of a warmer, more genial life, which the revival had introduced; the meetings for fellowship, hitherto irksome to cold members, became scenes of glowing fervour and thrilling testimony. And when so many hearts had gladsome news to give, our older members shared the happiness of these lively earnest disciples. The Church took a leap forward in her exertions, and was strong to fight against the foes of truth. The heart renewed and the life consecrated, soon opened the hand and the purse; thus our gifts were easily increased, and the Lord's treasury better supplied. Ten of those who found their Saviour in March, 1865, were removed after nine months to Kandy. Taking with them their zeal and ardent love, they soon began to work for others. We think of apostolic days, in following that happy band of renewed christians to Kandy. The simple yet beautiful record of the Acts tells us, that those who "were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen went everywhere preaching the word." They had no commission from the Church to do this; they had not been chosen for the pastoral office, and could claim no right of authority; they went into Antioch without letters of recommendation to any person there: but they carried in their souls the pentecostal fire, and their burning lamps brightly shone in that dark city. And the same power abode upon our lay preacher who went to testify of the grace of God; his words were sealed by the gracious Spirit to those who heard them, and his heart was thrilled with new gladness, as one after another came to the Great Physician, for healing and blessing: and each one

forgiven became a worker in the good cause. Six months after the arrival of that circle of converts in Kandy, they requested the English Conference to appoint them a pastor, and a few families were asked to raise Rs. 1,500 per annum towards his maintenance. Their minister was appointed in 1866, and from that year our Kandy church has paid its appointed share towards the pastor's support. Every member gave the tenth of his income to the Lord; no faltering faith hindered them, no cold hearts paralyzed their zeal; all opportunities of usefulness, and ways of sacrifice for God, were heartily embraced, and when that wonderful year of blessing came to an end, the storehouse was filled, and the rich promise of Malachi fulfilled to our Kandian church, the earliest fruit of our Colombo Revival.

Our Singhalese churches rejoiced in these gifts of divine favour, and sought to obtain their share. The village of Morotto returned at that time about 400 members of our Church, many of whom were spiritless and dead: but when some of the Sabbath scholars obtained a sense of forgiveness, their youthful fervid witness awakened the whole Church, until young and old, parents and children, husbands and wives, obtained like precious faith, and filled the village with their song. At Kurana, Seedua, and Negombo, this glowing flame was carried by new converts, while in each station pastors and people rejoiced over the mighty work of our ever present Redeemer. Matura and Galle, in the southern province, received bright gleams of life-giving love, and our members were blessed with clearer views of the power which saves to the uttermost, and saves to the end.

The days of controversy were not passed; the spirit of persecution continued still to harass and destroy; painful failures grieved and distressed us: but the Shekinah abode upon our churches, and the new force was consciously felt throughout this district. The learned and gifted Rev. R. Spence Hardy said in the English Conference, of July, 1865: "Forty years ago, I entered on my duties as a missionary;

therefore what I have to say is not the language of youthful enthusiasm. Forty *days* ago, I was addressing an audience in another language; so that the contrast I have to make, between the present and the past, is not drawn from a very distant date. There is now a blessed revival of God's work, and perhaps more souls have saved during the last six months than at any time during our former history."

Our chief gain from that year was this: after our members had *seen* what the Lord could do, in shewing us His great power, they would not sink down to the coldness and deadness of formal religion. They had lived in the sunlight, and desired to continue in that radiance; they knew, now, the promises were true, and could trust them. They prayed for, and received continuous seasons of revival, so that the rapturous blessedness of a newly-found pardon was constantly before their view.

Thus, when the Rev. William Taylor of California came to Ceylon in 1869, he began his Indian career among churches ready for his methods, and prepared for their higher Christian life. His work in Ceylon was a course of marvels; but the fields from whence those harvests were reaped had been long under cultivation, only needing a master-touch like his to respond with golden grain. One of the best results of that tour was the effect it produced upon our native ministers. Their views of faith, their closer fellowship with God, and expectations of success in soul-winning, have made a deep mark upon their ministry, and lifted them in experience of spiritual life. Only those who have come into actual contact with the oriental world, can ever know how hard it is for buddhists and hindus to rise beyond their surroundings, and gain the higher level of perfect consecration to God: but those Singhalese converts who realized this great blessing, and have lived in a state of perfect loyalty to Christ, are the living witnesses of a divine and wonderful change. And the majority of those who were thus blessed, were children of native Christians, removed one generation from the darkness of heathendom, and the reforemore ready to understand the privilege.

A genuine sign of vitality in this mission, was seen, in the formation of our Extension Fund, in 1873. How strangely this history has run, in a crisis or development every four years! The fierce controversy of buddhists rose in 1861; the first revival year was 1865; the richer out-pouring of grace came in 1869; and four years afterwards a true missionary effort arose from a mission Church, and was carried into effect the following year. Our Home Committee promised to contribute, for four years, five rupees for every ten raised in Ceylon towards Extension Work, up to Rs. 2,500 per year. That gave us a prospect of Rs. 20,000 to raise, in addition to all other funds, to which the Committee would add Rs. 10,000 more. With unusual efforts this money was obtained, and fourteen new centres of Christian light and purity were opened during that period. Earnest and prayerful Singhalese Christians were found to enter these open doors of service, and the Gospel has been widely made known by this zealous organization. From the wilds of the Veddahs, and the home of ignorance in Bintenne, to the town and district of Hambantota on the eastern coast, Christian workers have found their way. The Morawa Korle, the Kandabada, Giruwa, and Wellabada Pattus have been traversed for many miles, by our young and brave evangelists. Another entered the dreaded region of Magal Kanda, an abode of crime and sin, on our sea-coast; while Riligala, a centre of malaria and fever, in the North-Western Province, has been nobly undertaken by successive sufferers in the good cause. Boossa and Akmimana, near Galle, have also received the Saviour's light, and are not fruitless stations. Mirissa near Weligama, is another of these new points of interest, where native Christianity has sustained a development of Christian toil.

The full results of all these efforts and contributions we do not know, and we never expect to find out, in this life; but many testimonies from varied sources convince us that the better and brighter side of our mission work is the unseen and unrecorded fruit. When the Son of Man shall come in His

glory, and the secrets of the inner life are known, we shall all be astonished to find what was accomplished by one career of true devotion to God.

Let it never be forgotten, that oriental fervency glows in the records of Pentecost; and it was an eastern wealth of love which broke the spikenard box over the Master's head; and the brilliant beauty of the eastern sun shines on every page of the Holy Book. The men who formed those gigantic systems of buddhistic and hindu lore lived in the radiance of oriental sunshine; and the exquisite touches of skill we see in marble, metal, or pillar, are the productions of eastern hands. And the time is coming, when orient genius, thought, and force, will be attracted round the cross, and bring another Pentecost.



THE GANGAROHANAYA.

(Continued from vol. xi. 282.)

31 නම් ගම් ලැබූ මැතිවරන් සමහින් දනැත්තෝ
නම් ගොත් පසන් පරපුරෙන් පැවතා නුලැත්තෝ
සව් සත් බලා ලොව සිරිත් දැනගත් තැනැත්තෝ
සිත් සත් ගුණෙන් යුතු දහම් අසනා කැමැත්තෝ

Officials of note, and men of opulence, persons descended from distinguished ancestors, those who had studied, and were cognisant of worldly matters, and men who were eager to listen to the Dharma.

32 පරසිදු පුරවැස්සන් පින්කිරීමේම රිස්සන්
සුදෙහි නොපසු බැස්සන් ලෙව් නොයෙක් දේව නිස්සන්
පබුදන අත වැස්සන් ගම් වීසු සැම වැස්සන්
සමගිව දැසි දැස්සන් නත්පසස් ඉන සෙස්සන්

Distinguished citizens, and men bent on performing meritorious acts, warriors who did not retreat in war, and men fit for various walks in life, servants of gentlemen, and rustics, menials, and the common people.

33 කරුණ දන යොවුන් වස්පත් විරැම් කම් කරැන්තේ
 කුමරැ කුමරියන් සිත් කල් කතූන් ඇ සියල්ලන්
 පහුරැ මරැ අඟුල් හම්බන් පඩවි පාරැවෙන් ගොස්
 එහඟ තුරැ නොවි රුස්වි විසූ ඒ පුදුද

Young men and virgins, the aged and the valorous, men who followed various pursuits, boys and girls, and charming women, all proceeded in the various boats, and swarmed in the river on that day, when the relic offering was celebrated.

34 දෙවි නැවි නැඟි සුරගඟේ මුරැසෙන් ලෙසින් පත්
 කවි හි රුහුම් වෙන වැසුම් සමහින් දනන්පත්
 ඒ නිල් වලාඟඟ දිශේ මරැ පාරැ හම්බන්
 පත්භූ නැනක් කෙලවරක් මෙතෙකැයි ගණන්නැත්

Like heavenly vessels in the Akasa Ganga crowded with a celestial host, there was no place unfilled in that Nilwalá river with boats, having musicians and singers.

35 පෝමන් ලෙසින් පුම්තිරින් සැරසි මනාසේ
 රුස්වි ගඟේ දෙතොර දෙවි සෙනගක් ලෙසින්පත්
 දක්වා අහුන් අදරපත් සුවදුක් අසාලා
 උත්තන් නොයෙක් සියදහස් සිවියන් ගණන්නැත්

Endless were the thousands of men and women who were gaily clad, and who thronged the banks of the river like a celestial host, kindly enquiring after each others' health.

36 සුතුනෙක සුසිරින් දහම් එකල්හි
 ගඟ වොරැවෙන් අඟුලෙන් සැපත් උහුන්ගේ
 ගඟ දෙපස ගොඩින් ඇවිත් පතුන්ගේ
 විතර වෙසෙස් කියතොත් ඉතා බොහෝවි

It will be too much to enter into the details of those virtuous persons who were in the boats, in the river, and who crowded its banks on that occasion.

37 තෙල් මල් පහන් සුවද දුම් සදුනෙත් පුදන්තෝ
 අත් දී මුදුන් සවන මා සදහම් අසන්තෝ
 දත් දම් ඇරත් විමසමින් තුටු සිත් වඩන්තෝ
 රුස්වි පලින් පල නිදස් පුර මොක් පතන්තෝ

Offerers of oil, flowers, lights, perfumed smoke of sandal, listeners with uplifted hands to the Dharma as nectar to the ears, people glad at being able to investigate the abstruse doctrinal terms they doubted, and crowds, in various places praying for Swarga and Móksha.

38 නන්කම් තැනින් තැන ගොසින් විමසා බලන්නෝ
එක්වී පෙලින් පෙල සැදී වෙසෙසුන් වනන්නෝ
නන්වෙස් දරා විරිදු හි කියමින් නවන්නෝ
දැක්මෙන් අනුන් සිත දරින් බුහුමන් කරන්නෝ

Admirers of the various decorations, and crowds in companies extolling them, dancers in various habiliments singing verses and extemporary productions, and others gladly welcoming those they meet.

39 මල් කන් ඉරන් වන වනා සතුවින් දුවන්නෝ
පොල්තෙල් පිරිකල බදුන් ගෙණ ගොස් තබන්නෝ
දැල්වූ පහන් ඉස තබා නිසලී සිටින්නෝ
මල් පැස්සුරා ගෙණ ගොසින් එපවත් කියන්නෝ

Men running swiftly and joyfully with loads of flowers, some arranging jars and vessels filled with cocoanut oil, some standing firm with lighted lamps on their heads, and others intimating that they have brought baskets filled with flowers.

40 පන්සිල් ගනිවි බණ අසවි අබගා කියන්නෝ
බත්පැන් බුලත් කව පොවස් කියමින් බෙදන්නෝ
අල්ලා කනුන් දරුවනුන් බැහැරින් සිටින්නෝ
දුක්වී ඇතම් ලදරුවන් නැතිවී සොයන්නෝ

Some summoning (the crowds) and saying take the five vows and listen to the doctrines, some distributing rice, water, and betel, and asking to partake of them, some with their wives and children standing on a side, and some anxiously searching for children that have gone astray.

E. R. G.

(To be continued.)

Educational Notes.

THE Director of Public Instruction took the opportunity at the distribution of the prizes at Trinity College, Kandy, to reply to a criticism which had appeared in our issue of October last. This is the Report of that part of the *Director's Speech* as given in the *Observer*, of November 22nd, 1880. "Mr. BRUCE, then read a paragraph which had appeared in a number of the *Ceylon Friend* a month or two since, in which the editor stated that every new school which the Chairman of the South Ceylon Wesleyan Mission had proposed for registration during the last year had been refused, and if the same policy of the past two years had been pursued in regard to other missions the readers need not fear that the Government would wear itself out in its strenuous efforts for the spread of education. The Director then shewed that the Grant-in-aid expenditure had very greatly increased during the last two years. He would not say that it was the result of the policy of the last two years, but it was certainly a striking coincidence. He then gave other evidences of the spread of education during that time, and said that the largest number of the new schools received by the department had been Wesleyan Schools. It was true that they were in the Eastern Province, but Mr. NICHOLSON, the Chairman, knew how anxious he had been to meet his wishes on the subject."

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Our readers will be able to refer to the paragraph in question, and see for themselves whether it will bear the construction put upon it by the Director. We complained that all the Schools presented for registration in the SOUTH CEYLON DISTRICT had been refused, and surely it was quite a legitimate thing to say that if the same policy had been maintained towards other Mission bodies, "our readers need not fear that the Government would wear itself out in its strenuous efforts to spread education." It was a complaint of the

ungenerous treatment of the South Ceylon Mission, and was in the press before the Director's Report reached us. If, on presenting the schools, the Chairman had been told at once that the Department had no funds, and that therefore the registration of the schools would have to be postponed, he would probably have acquiesced in the decision without a murmur, but the refusals were put on other grounds which were considered unsatisfactory and unfair.

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We have frequently pointed out the distinction between the Wesleyan Mission of the North Ceylon District, and that of the South. The schools,—and, indeed all the work in the two districts,—are under entirely separate management. We do not know what the constitution of the Roman Catholic Mission is, but we should fancy that the distinction between the Northern and the Southern Vicariates, under their respective Bishops, is very similar to that between our Northern and Southern districts under their respective General Superintendents.

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There can be no objection in the world to the Director's availing himself of such opportunities as the one referred to for reply to criticism, and it must be allowed that there was no want of courtesy in the reply. It contained a defence of his general policy which had not been attacked, and we willingly allow to the Director all that he claimed for it in his address. It would have been, however, a much better answer to the paragraph, if he had explained why the schools offered by Mr. NICHOLSON had been refused.

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We noticed the kind manner in which the Director expressed himself towards the Missionaries and their work. Both the Lieutenant Governor, and the Director recognize in their speeches the fact pointed out in the *Friend* some months since, that the Missionaries must be regarded as *assisting the Government* in the work of education, and they speak with that courtesy, and consideration, which are in keeping with

such a view of the subject. This is not a question of "beggars being choosers." That is not a fair way of putting it. It is rather a question of the conditions on which the payments for good, honest work shall be made, work which is very much more than an equivalent for the money paid.

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The subject of Teachers in the New Code, demands attention. We are in agreement with the Director as to the necessity of securing trained teachers, and cordially approve of his pupil teacher and training institution systems. We believe that in course of years, these measures will promote increased efficiency. We cannot look with favour on his interference with our present teachers many of whom have done years of faithful service, others already hold certificates as having passed prescribed examinations. We cannot consider it just to break our engagement with them, and render their retention of the office of school teacher dependent on conditions they have never accepted. We regret to see in the last report that the Director has made the claim of Government teachers to pension dependent upon their passing an examination. We cannot reconcile this course with justice much less with kind consideration to long serving and faithful teachers. We shall have something more to say on this subject if the condition is pressed. We, however, trust that the decision of Sir H. ROBINSON in his letter No. 89, 8th September 1869, will be upheld both as regards government teachers, and especially as regards teachers in aided schools over whom the Director has not the shadow of claim for control.

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The Lieutenant Governor said in Council recently that Rs. 45,000 additional, were required to meet the very great extension which has taken place in Grant-in-aid schools. We should like to see the detailed estimate in which this result is obtained. We imagine that sum includes the expense of increased staff for inspection, also for general educational purposes.

There was a further intimation at the same time, that additional schools will have to wait for aid until Council can vote the funds. This is an unexpected blow. At present heavy incidental expenses are incurred, and the school is supported for 18 months, or two years, before the manager obtains any Government help. Under the new proposal it will be hopeless to look for recognition under a much longer time. We believe, however, that the Council which has invariably been generous in its support of education, will still devise liberal things.

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The REV. JOHN SCOTT was at one time, a member of the old Central School Commission. He has had for many years the direction of a large number of schools. If it is not too late, we would suggest to the Sub-Committee of the Council the advisability of examining as a witness an Educationalist of such experience as MR. SCOTT.

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It has been suggested that there should be a Commission appointed which should be associated with the Director of Public Instruction as a consulting board on the Principle of the Central School Commission. If that suggestion is not carried into effect it will be well for the various Educational Agencies to appoint an Executive Committee in Colombo, to deal with Educational questions, as they may arise, on behalf of the different Societies.



Local Church News.

The Rev. John Scott. By the time this number of the *Friend* reaches our readers, we trust Mr. Scott will have arrived with his family and Miss Scott, at Colombo. We are sure that all the members of our church in the South Ceylon District, and a large number of friends of all denominations, will join us in according a most hearty welcome back, to the

respected Chairman of our District. To Mrs. and Miss Scott also our welcomes will not be less cordial. We pray that God may give the Chairman the spiritual grace, and bodily strength necessary for the increasingly onerous duties of his office.

The Rev. S. R. Wilkin, who has laboured successfully for seven years in Colombo, comes with Mr. Scott, and will receive a most cordial welcome back to the District. We wish him all happiness and success, in his second term of Mission Work.

The Rev. J. O. Rhodes. We are glad to find from the Missionary Notices, that Mr. Rhodes's health is improving under the influence of the genial climate of South Australia. He had taken the chair, at a public meeting, a day or two before writing, and had assisted at a Sacramental service on the previous Sunday. Our readers will be equally pleased with ourselves at these indications of recovery.

Notes of the Month.

The Ceylon Friend. It is hoped that the *Friend* will, now that we are devoting so much of our space, and attention to Educational matters, have a wide circulation amongst teachers and scholars. We hope to give in future numbers hints for teachers, and some helps for scholars, in connection with the Revised Code. It is our intention also, as far as space will permit, to give reports of Inspectors' Examinations, and other items of interest to those who are engaged in educational work.

Bishop of Madras. We extract the following from the Journal of the Bishop of Madras: Chickmuglur, November 8th, 1880. On Sunday morning (7-30. A.M.) Mr. Morley preached, and we administered the Holy Communion to 12 persons besides ourselves. The Offertory was Rs.23. 8. This was given, together with the collection made in the evening, for the Local Mission School (Wesleyan.)