


# THE CEYLON FRIEND.

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MARCH, 1879.

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“Each year to ancient friendship adds a ring,  
As to an oak, and precious more and more,  
Without deservingness or help of ours,  
They grow, and silent wider spread each year,  
Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.”

HESE lines occur to us in commencing our tenth year's intercourse, as a magazine, with our readers, and they very appositely express our thoughts. We have always had a fond tenderness for the name on our title-page, and it well indicates our purpose and spirit. We would fain be a true *Friend* to those amongst whom our pages circulate. Addison describes Friendship as “a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another.” But there must be much more than this. St. Paul seems to us to enjoin the first ruling characteristic of Friendship when he says: “Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another.” “A friend is a second self,” said Pythagoras; and a modern poet, referring to his friend, adds, “Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me.” As a periodical it is not ours, perhaps, to aspire to so grand an ideal as this, nevertheless we would try to remember that

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“Love, and love only, is the loan of love,”

and we would go on our way with the whole-heartedness of genuine affection, keeping ever before us the highest and the best concerns of those with whom we have to do.

But we do not think it a necessity of friendship that all our friends should be the duplicate of ourselves. We would rather have them our complement and supplement, corresponding as the joint to the socket, though not resembling as the mirror to the face. Dr. Paley remarked when he heard of a married couple who had never differed, though they had been wedded for years, that life with them must have been mighty dull. Up to a certain point dissimilarity helps rather than hinders strong attachment. We have no sympathy with that universal friendliness, much in vogue with some, which may be as broad—certainly it is as thin—as the unbounded atmosphere. “Friends, but no friend,” as the Greek Proverb has it. The poor Quaker Seth understood what this means, when Martha responded to his plaintive, “Wilt thou love me?” “Of course I will, Seth; for the Bible says we must love all men.” He, doubtless, felt happier in his mind when Martha afterwards confessed: “But when I try to love all men, thou dost get more than thy rightful share.” It is told of Dr. Bunting’s son that when a fussy associate, who had attacked his father, thrust himself upon his attention, amidst a large circle of members of the Evangelical Alliance, with an appeal as to whether he did not love him, the answer was short but emphatic: “O yes! I *love* you, but then I do *not like* you.” We do not pretend to like everybody, nor everybody’s ways, and there are some systems with which it is neither “possible,” nor “in us” to live peaceably. We will give place, no, not for an hour, to those who would bind the fetters of a grievous slavery upon men’s souls, nor will we ever cease to lift up our voice with strength against injustice such as that which taxes the heathen to support Christianity, forsooth! nor against bigotry such as that which carries religious rancour to (would that it were into)



the very grave. Evils like these true friendship will deal with in no mealy-mouthed, namby-pamby fashion. Hezekiah "broke in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, and to which the children of Israel did burn incense; and he called it *Nehushtan*,"—a piece of brass. And the calling of the thing by its right name had not a little to do with the destruction of the idolatry which its venerableness had excited.

"Gently, softly touch a nettle,  
And 'twill sting you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains."

But there are many friends, whom we both like and love, and yet with whom we do not see eye to eye nor do we expect to do so. God has "distributed" His gifts, "dividing to every man severally as He will," and none of us has a monopoly of whatsoever things are excellent. There are, and always will be, "schools of thought," and conscientious thinkers will continue to be attracted to some truths more than others. There is in all of us a tendency to a species of colour blindness, and we are apt to regard those truths which we ourselves see most clearly, as the only truths worth preserving. This must be guarded against; yet as the Bishop of Rochester well says in a recent Pastoral: "Possibly, on the whole, Truth is a gainer by it, for thus each doctrine in turn comes to be valiantly garrisoned deep behind its own entrenchments, and Divine wisdom turns to account our very imperfections in accomplishing its own designs." This we heartily endorse. Let us be true to our own convictions, and we shall be truest in the end to the Universal Church. Only we must have "the Truth IN LOVE."

"Stand to your colours," said a friend of ours to his daughter, in the midst of a theological discussion. "Yes, father, and mine are water-colours," was the witty and immediate rejoinder. We like that advice, as well as that response. Let us stand by the banner, whatever it be, which God has



dead letter. At any rate, but few indeed of his pupils satisfied his requirements, though that did not prevent his doing his utmost for their advancement, and more than one young architect now rising into note in the ordinary branches of his art confessed that "But for Parkyns' drilling, I should have known no more of building than a hod-carrier."

Once indeed Mr. Parkyns found a congenial spirit in that of his own son, a lad of rare promise, but by one of those strokes which we call "Mysterious Providences," he died when he was but nineteen, in the midst of his studies in Italy. It was a fancied resemblance to his own lost boy which first interested him in Fred Trevellyan. "It is not the lad's features," he said to his wife, "but his clear manly expression, and a wonderful depth in his eyes, which is so like our dear boy's, and he shows decided talent, too. Who knows what he may become if I give him a helping hand now?"

Mrs. Parkyns smiled a little doubtful smile. She was not enthusiastic on any subject, and least of all about her husband's pupils, on so many of whom he had sorrowfully written "failure," but she was too good a wife to discourage her husband's kindly schemes.

"It will be one of your many good works, at any rate, love," she answered. "He will need help in order to get suitable clothing and books for his new position, of course, and you may rely on my charity-purse for that."

"Why, my dear, what are you talking of?" asked Mr. Parkyns in amazement. "This is not a case for charity. Trevellyan must be at least as well-off as I am, and far better, I daresay. This lad has had as thoroughly good an education as the west of England can give."

"Dear me! I thought they were simple cottagers, I have surely heard so."

"Trevellyan does live in a cottage, but I believe it is because of old associations connected with the place. In the beginning of his career, he was poor, and lived in that cottage with his young wife, who died there. That is the reason,



I fancy, why he has never moved from it. In Cornwall, the style of a man's house has little to do with the respect in which he is held. Trevellyan is nearly idolized by the whole neighbourhood, while everybody looks down, yes, actually *looks down with scorn* upon the man who owns the land they live on, because he is overbearing and mean. Then again, Trevellyan is a Methodist, and that must account for half their liking I suppose."

"A Methodist!" cried Mrs. Parkyns in a horrified tone. "If you intend, as you say, to have that young man here often, I hope you will make quite sure that *he* has nothing of Methodism about him. I wouldn't let the children come into contact with a Methodist, on any account."

Whatever were Mrs. Parkyns' fears of the mischief which a Methodist would do in her family, they seemed to vanish with her first welcome to Fred, on his arrival in Plymouth, and she joined in the cordial invitation which her husband gave him, to pass his evenings frequently at their house, which Fred was only too gratefully glad to do.

He found his mother's aunt, Miss Rogers, so completely an invalid that she passed her whole time between her bed, and dressing-room, and though nominally her house was his home, for she would not hear of his taking other lodgings, yet the lonely house bore little but the name of home, and proved at first but a dreary place in which to pass the long hours after office work was over.

Fred found his work equal to his utmost efforts, but it was congenial work, and though he felt the restraint of an indoor life to be very irksome, he promised himself a full indemnity for that at Christmas when he would have a holiday, and get back to dear old Perran again. It was wonderful to him how soon his work grew delightful, and he threw himself into it with all the energy of his nature. Very soon too the other pupils found out that Trevellyan was "no end of a good fellow," as they said, and he was able to assure his father that he was entirely satisfied with his choice of a profession.



But we have left Mr. Everard King looking over Fred's shoulder more than long enough to read the essay, and criticise his drawing.

"Um," said he, imitating Mr. Parkyns' tones to the life, and sticking a half-penny into his eye-socket to serve as an eye-glass, "Yes, Mr. Trevellyan, you have done pretty well, pretty well. In fact your drawing of that cylinder is an exquisite bit of work. I prophesy great things for you, sir. We shall see you high in the world yet, perhaps dangling at a rope's end. Mr. Forsythe and Mr. Casselle, I must call your especial attention to the drawing of this cylinder. In its size, rotundity and general appearance it irresistably reminds me of a—barrel of beer, and I would suggest in consequence, gentlemen, for your instant consideration a proposition of 'liquoring up.' 'When the cat is away,' gentlemen, as the poet hath it, 'the mice will play.'"

"Hear, hear," responded Forsythe and Casselle, not at all unwilling to vary the monotony of the office. :

"Gentlemen, I must request that you will not waste your time in this manner," protested a voice from a high-railed desk in the corner of the office, and a mild old face, with weak eyes, looked out over the rail for an instant, and then dropped again, leaving only a bald crown visible.

"The Oracle hath spoken" said King, solemnly rolling up his eyes, and lifting his hands. "It warns us from a waste of our precious time, which, being interpreted, meaneth that we should no longer defer to sip the malty nectar, and—" Here the office-door quietly opened, and Mr. King collapsing into his seat, began diligently to mend his pencils with a most innocent air, which gave as sudden place to drollery when he found that the new-comer was not Mr. Parkyns as he expected, but a lean, shabbily-dressed old man, with claw-like hands, and sharp, ferreting eyes, that peered suspiciously out between his pent-house eye-brows, and high cheek-bones.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, regaining all his native impudence, and springing off his stool to greet the new-comer with a



profound bow, "How do you do, Mr. St. Henry? Can I do anything for you, Sir, in the absence of my revered Principal?"

"Mr. Parkyns not here, eh?" queried the stranger in a high, piping voice, which reached the ears connected with the bald head hidden behind the railed corner desk, and on hearing it, the owner of the bald head and mild face, got down from his stool, and came out from his corner, showing himself to be a little man of fifty or thereabout.

"I am Mr. Parkyns' confidential clerk, Sir," he said slowly, rubbing his white hands one over the other, as he spoke, as if to get a stiffness out of their joints. "Can I take a message, or oblige you in any way?"

"I'm afraid not, I'm afraid not," piped the stranger, who, however, was no stranger in Plymouth, being well-known there as a man who owned a great deal of house-property, and also as the most niggardly miser in Devonshire.

"I came to consult Mr. Parkyns about a monument for my poor dear wife's grave," he continued. "It has been a terrible expense, Mr. What's-your-name, a terrible expense! There were the doctor and the nurse, the coffin and the hearse. It has nearly ruined me, but nobody shall say I haven't buried her well."

"Noble man," put in King, in a sympathetic tone, looking round at the others with an emphatic shake of the head.

Mr. St. Henry's ferret eyes glanced at him for a second.

"No, nobody shall say that, and I'll give her marble, too," he squeaked triumphantly, "I've got a piece by me. You can tell Mr. Parkyns about it, and ask him to let me have a plain design, as cheap as he can, mind, as cheap as he can. Don't forget that."

"Mr. Parkyns is not in the habit of supplying such designs," returned the clerk doubtfully. "But I will give him your message, of course."

"As cheap as he can, mind that," shrilled the old man, backing out of the door-way.



A moment after, a rattling sound and a shriek on the stairs outside the office-door startled clerk and pupils alike.

"It's St. Henry shaking his bones together to get into his overcoat," exclaimed King, but the laugh which this raised died away in concern as they looked down the staircase, and saw their late visitor lying in a still, huddled heap at the bottom.

To leap down and raise him was the work of an instant, but what to do then? Grey, the bald-headed clerk, wrung his hands helplessly; Forsythe and Casselle quite lost the few wits they had been possessed of, and King began wildly calling to the deaf old house-keeper, who lived in the lower part of the house, and "kept" the offices above.

It was well for Mr. St. Henry that a steadier nerve and readier thought were there, in one accustomed to such sudden emergencies and accidents as occur in every mining district. In a moment Fred saw that the fall had tightly twisted a roll of neck-cloth round the old man's throat, and that he was strangling whatever other injuries he might have escaped.

"Hold him up steadily, while I cut this wisp of cloth," said he, and three or four careful strokes of his pocket-knife did it.

"Is he dead?" asked Forsythe fearfully.

"I don't know. I think not. We must get him up to the office again. It is of no use to bawl to Mrs. Carter, King, give us a helping hand in getting him upstairs, and then run out for some brandy and a doctor."

By the time they got to the top of the stairs, their patient was moaning in a dismal way, and when laid on Mr. Parkyns' sofa in the inner office, he opened his eyes, and began to feebly claw and clutch at his clothes.

"There is brandy here," said Mr. Grey, tremblingly, "but perhaps Mr. Parkyns might not like our touching it."

"Nonsense! Yes he would," replied Fred. "Hand it out, quickly. I'll give him a little, and feel if any bones are broken. No, not one, I believe," he concluded, having



carefully kneaded and pulled every part of the old man's body.

"You have had a wonderful escape," he said, nodding down at him as he revived, under the influence of the brandy and the manipulation. "What is it that you want?" as the clawing and clutching went on more vigorously with his returning strength,

"M-y pock-et-book," he gasped.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" Then you are not much hurt, and there is no need for a doctor."

"I don't want a doctor. I wont have a doctor. I'm almost ruined. The doctor and the nurse, the coffin and the hearse. Oh here it is," and with a sigh of delight, he grasped the object of his search, a fat, heavy pocket-book, bursting its bands with papers.

"That book explains the mystery," remarked King, looking at it. "I couldn't imagine how it was that he fell down the stairs, instead of up to the ceiling. He is so light, that he always wears leaden soles to his shoes, to keep himself from being blown off the earth like a feather, and in windy weather, he is tied to a stone. This pocket-book is a part of his balance. No wonder it was his first thought on coming round."

Mr. St. Henry favoured King with another momentary glance, which did not in the least discompose that gentleman, and then tried to raise himself to his feet, but staggered, and dropped back again.

"Take care," said Fred, "you are too dizzy to stand, Sir. You had better lie down for an hour,"

"No, no, young man. Time is money, don't you know that? I am too poor to stay wasting it in this way."

"Then wait only one minute," urged Fred, who saw that the old man, shaken as he had been, was in no fit state to walk through busy streets. "I will call a coach for you."

"A what?" he squealed. "A coach says he, and who can afford to pay for it."



"No, no," to himself, "a coach indeed!"

"Phsaw! I'd leave the old curmudgeon to his own devices if I were you Trevellyan," broke in Forsythe in disgust.

"I really do not see what more we can do for you, Sir," said Mr. Grey deprecatingly, rubbing his stiff white joints harder than ever.

"Take away his boots and pocket-book, open the window, and let him fly," suggested King, *sotto voce*, "He'll sail off like a bit of paper, and good riddance to him, say I."

"I thank you gentlemen," quavered Mr. St. Henry, "and I wish I could pay you better," he added, looking perhaps accidentally, at King, "but I am a poor man, and I must walk," and he rose from the sofa, and went waveringly toward the door.

"I cannot let him go alone, in this state," exclaimed Fred catching up his hat. "You will excuse my leaving the office, will you not, Mr. Grey, and if Mr. Parkyns comes in, kindly tell him why I went out?"

"Trevellyan, you are never going through the streets with that scarecrow!" began King, serious for once; but Fred was already outside the door, carefully helping the "scarecrow" down the stairs.

It was not a pleasant thing, to walk through the crowded streets with that shabby, lean old man clinging tremblingly to his arm, and at first Fred felt his cheeks burn, at the thought of probable ridicule as he saw the notice which they attracted, but a better thought rose the moment after—

"It is *right*, why should I care?" and he lifted his head firmly, and gave all his attention to his tottering companion, who held on to his arm with both hands, making the most of the support he so evidently needed, but without uttering a word save to point out the way, which led them toward Mutley where the houses became few and isolated.

Stopping Fred at length before a large substantial house standing in a well-kept garden, "This is the house," said he, and as if anticipating any surprise Fred might express, he



went on, "It is a big place, isn't it, for one poor old man to live in, but I am only here till the owner can get a tenant. It is 'To Let,' you see, 'Enquire Within,' that is, of me."

"Ah, I see," said Fred, who had been expecting him to turn into each more than usually shabby courtyard, and close, as they came along. "Well now that you are safely at home, I will say good-bye to you."

"Won't you unlock my door? I shan't forget you, I shan't forget you," he quavered, as Fred turned away, having unlocked the door.

He had reached the gate when he heard the old man's thin voice calling, "Young man, come back, I want you."

"What now?" thought Fred, vexed at so many calls on his patience, but turning back.

"Come in, come in, I want you," he said, with fussy, trembling eagerness, pushing open the door upon a wide, empty hall. "Come in here," opening another door into a small room furnished meagrely as an office, with desk and stool and iron safe, but with no attempt at ornament save an oil painting which hung over the empty fire-place.

Perhaps because that was the only pleasant object in the room, Fred's eyes became at once attracted to this picture. It was that of a young, beautiful girl peeping coyly out from the folds of a Spanish mantilla. Her rippling black hair could be seen here and there beneath the lace, and the outline of her face, though shrouded, but her dark eyes looked forth unveiled, and struck Fred with a sudden, strange sense of recognition.

"Why, who is it?" he exclaimed. "I know those eyes quite well."

"Whose eyes? Where?" asked St. Henry, giving a startled glance round, then seeing that Fred was looking at the picture, "No, no," he said sadly, "you never saw those eyes. It is the picture of a Spanish girl who died in Spain years ago."



"It is wonderfully like somebody I know, though I cannot tell who" returned Fred.

"Pshaw, fancy, young man," said he fidgetting with a bunch of keys, and going hesitatingly toward his safe. Then as if summoning a resolution which he feared might give way, he quickly unlocked the safe, drew something from it, locked the safe again, and sidling toward Fred, dropped the something into his hand.

Fred looked, and found it was a shilling. "What is this for?" he asked in amazement.

"Why, for your trouble and kindness to be sure," cried he, exultingly. "You didn't expect anything I daresay because I am so poor, and I really think you ought to be grateful."

"I cannot take it, indeed I cannot, Mr. St. Henry," said Fred, nearly choking with laughter, and yet feeling heartily sorry for the poor, mean old creature.

"Eh, what! Not take it! Oh, but you ought to keep it," he protested, holding out his hand at the same time for the coin, and then clutching his fingers over it as over something precious lost and recovered. "Well, if you wont take it, I can't force you, can I now? And I am very poor you know. There were the doctor and the nurse, the coffin and the—"

"Is that all you wanted of me?" asked Fred, cutting him short. "Then I'm off. Good-bye to you," and with another glance at the puzzling picture, he made his way out of the room and house.

"*Wouldn't take MONEY?*" soliloquised the old man locking up the precious shilling again. "A fine young man, but he'll come to want."





# THE ZULU WAR.

BY

THE REV. S. R. WILLIN.

**T**HE startling news from South Africa of the defeat, and almost annihilation, of the 24th regiment of Her Majesty's forces, by the Zulus, has caused many, who, before, had taken no particular interest in South Africa, to look up what information can be gained, as to Zululand, the Zulus and the causes of the present war.

For two or three years now, considerable attention has been given to affairs in that part of the world. The increased attention began with the events which led to the annexation of the Transvaal. Since then there has been a Kaffir rebellion in the eastern districts of the Cape Colony which perhaps we were too eager to believe was suppressed. That rebellion was but the prelude to others of greater magnitude to come. Now all eyes are turned to Africa, and to Zululand in Africa; for it is probable, perhaps more than probable, though we would fain hope otherwise, that the success of the Zulus will set the whole Kaffir race on the move and that rebellion will be general from Capetown to Pretoria.

For the information given below we are indebted mainly to recent articles in the *London Quarterly Review*.

Zululand is a territory, nearly square, lying about eight hundred miles north-east of Capetown. Its extreme length is about one hundred and forty miles and its extreme breadth one hundred and thirty; that is about half the length of Ceylon but very nearly the same in breadth. It is bounded on the north by the Pongola river and the Amatonga country, on the west by the Blood river, on the south-west by the Buffalo and Tugela rivers, which divide it from Natal, and on the south-east by the Indian Ocean. It includes the Lake and the Bay of St. Lucia, the latter being capable of transformation into a safe harbour for small vessels, though it is



hardly necessary to say that the transforming touch will never be given so long as the Bay is in the hands of the Zulus.

The rivers have no open mouth, and, from the constant occurrence of rapids, and, in winter, of the shallowness and, in summer, of the rush of the water, are useless for navigation. The country lies below the Drakensberg, a mountain range which runs parallel to the coast but one hundred and twenty miles away from it; but many of the hills of Zululand rise to more than five thousand feet, above the sea level, and more than two thousand feet, from their own base. In the neighbouring states, wheat, oats, barley, maize, millet and tobacco are all matured, and though the Zulus grow only maize, and millet, there is no reason to believe that the agricultural capabilities of their country are inferior to those of the border states. This country was formerly occupied by a much larger population than at present, but that was before the devastations of Chaka and Dingan began.

The Zulus are a race of martial savages whose prowess has been felt by all surrounding tribes whom they have slain or driven from the land of their fathers. Chaka was the first of their kings who raised his people above the neighbouring tribes. In some things he reminds us of Peter the Great who left his country and lived and laboured amongst strangers to gain a knowledge of their arts and sciences. But the cause of leaving was very different in the two cases and so were the results of the knowledge gained. Chaka, compelled to flee from his father's presence, labours as a domestic servant at Grahamstown, acquires a knowledge of military discipline, returns to his country, not to bless but to blight the happiness of thousands of peaceful homes, by fire and bloodshed. Dingan compassed the death of Chaka, and he himself was slain by Panda, the nominal father of Cetywayo, the present king.

From the time of Chaka's succession all the male population from sixteen upwards have been enrolled as soldiers. The



entire Zulu army is about thirty-six thousand, but the effectives were never more than about thirty thousand. They were formerly armed with the assegai, but within the past few years nearly all have obtained guns. These guns are principally English muskets and Enfield rifles which have been obtained through the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay. And from intelligence to hand it seems they are in possession of ammunition and know how to use their guns.

From 1843, the time that Natal was declared a British colony, its government has exercised a nondescript control over the Zulus. Although, till the ultimatum of Sir Bartle Frere was sent a short time ago, they manifested a more or less willing respect for the British Government in Natal, this was by no means, their feeling towards the Boer Government of the Transvaal.

The Dutch settlers had occupied lands, which they declared Panda, Cetywayo's predecessor, had given them. Cetywayo denied their statements and their right to occupy the territory they then possessed. A dispute thus arose which was not settled till the Transvaal was annexed on April 12th, 1877, when Sir T. Shepstone, the Queen's Commissioner, sent a message to Cetywayo to the effect that as the Transvaal had become the land of the Queen he must respect it accordingly. This message was received with great disfavour by the king who was ready and eager for some affair of blood and slaughter.

At the time of the annexation the Boers had been beaten, in several engagements, by the Amaswazi, one of the tribes of the Kaffir race. The spectacle of the white man being worsted by the savage roused the cupidity of the dangerous Cetywayo, and had the Transvaal not been annexed, at the time it was, the Zulu hordes would have joined the Amaswazi in "eating up" the Boers of that Republic. Cetywayo was stopped and because of the check given him by the British, the arms he intended to use against the Boers are turned against us: At least this may be assigned as one among other reasons for the war now being waged.



This chief had, for a time, to keep his murderous designs in the background, but though he did not himself take the field at that time it was his part to foment discontent and rebellion among the Kaffirs. Being a wily, astute savage, he was clever enough to conceal from the authorities his part in the disturbances. Nevertheless there was hardly any one who did not believe him to be at the bottom of the whole rising. Cetywayo easily disposes of an individual who might tell tales.

The Kaffir outbreak was quelled, and it was in the power of the High Commissioner to turn the undivided attention of the British forces on the Zulus. That Sir Bartle Frere had ample reason for demanding what was asked, but has not been granted, there can be no doubt. The British had been compelled to annex the Transvaal to prevent the Kaffir hordes from overrunning it. A general Kaffir rising had been put down. The territory annexed had to be protected. But the protection, it needed, was unusual because of the large Zulu army, which menaced our frontier. In addition there were disputes as to boundaries. What could the Government do but call on Cetywayo to disband his army and submit to the boundary line as indicated by them?

It may be pleaded that Cetywayo was friendly and should not have been provoked by being called on to submit to the above conditions. But his friendliness is such as the spider showed the fly when he enticed him into his parlour.

The anxious colonists were asking, with eager interest: What will the Government do? A professed friend, but really an ally of our foes, had amassed on our frontier a large and powerful army. This, causing the anxiety it did, left the Government no choice but to take a decisive step.

But Cetywayo is the enemy of civilization and the enemy of progress. The Zulus found a country, flourishing, well-peopled and supplied with cattle, but half a century of their blighting influence, has turned the greater part of it into something little better than a desert.



When Cetywayo came to the throne, fair promises were made, in the presence of the Queen's representative, that the government should be exercised justly, that property should be respected, and that human life should be sacred. But every promise this King made has been broken and the best guarantee of a man's life in Zululand is that he is poor and so nothing can be gained by killing him.

Witchcraft is the ostensible reason, but hatred, envy and covetousness are the roots from which the killing comes. The king hears that a man has several head of cattle; soon a false charge is brought against the man; without trial he is killed and his property confiscated. Such is the law and its administration in Zululand. In one district, within a radius of eight miles, there have been put to death without trial since Cetywayo came to the throne in 1873, twenty-four persons. And what takes place in one locality is happening regularly throughout the country. He could *promise* but the disposition of the savage would not allow him to keep his promise.

The Government not merely in their own interests but in the interests of humanity were compelled to call upon the Zulu King to submit. No doubt the disbanding of his army would be to him worse than death, hence the resistance he is showing.

In addition to the disbanding of his army the Government demanded from him internal reforms, and that he should allow the missionaries, who had been compelled to leave his country, to return, considering no doubt that if the means of destruction were taken away, human life would be more secure, and that the ambassadors of Christ were needed to teach a "more excellent way."

It was mainly through the influence for evil of the Bishop of Natal that the missionaries were compelled to leave Zululand. The Bishop's proceedings have been anything but creditable to himself, and in assuming the rôle of protector of the blacks he has gone exceeding near being traitor to his Queen and his country.



Britain has taken the decisive and necessary step, which she, in honour, was bound to take, a step that will conserve her own interests and, at the same time, prove beneficial to a nation of ill-governed savages. We have met with a reverse but the regiments ordered to South Africa will soon retrieve our losses. The cause of right against wrong; of justice against spoliation; of philanthropy and of Christianity against heathenism bordering on fiendishness must prevail.


With the sad news of the disaster in South Africa came orders to the troops, which have for some time been stationed in Ceylon, and which were under orders to proceed to Gibraltar, to go, instead, and at once, to the Cape. The 57th regiment—the “Die hards”—therefore sailed in the steamer “*Tamar*,” on Feb. 19th, and will be followed by much sympathy, interest and concern, and we may add by many prayers. We like the spirit of the Colonel’s address in announcing the orders, brave, manly and soldierlike, but free from boastfulness and “jingoism” as the following sentiments are:—

“Brother Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and men of the 57th Regiment, I have assembled you here this afternoon to say one word with reference to the news you have already heard, that the Regiment has had the honour of being selected as one of the Regiments to proceed to the Cape as reinforcements. The Regiment will be one of the first, if not the first, to arrive on the scene of action, and I do not wish to conceal from you that the service is likely to be both arduous and severe. I ask you all, most earnestly, so to behave both here before and at our embarkation, and in Natal on disembarkation, and in the field, in such a manner as will add fresh leaves of laurel to the wreath we already wear. This can only be attained by steadiness and implicit obedience to orders under *all* circumstances.”





## THE BIBLE AND PRAYER UNION.

“ NEVER enjoyed reading my Bible so much as I do now.” So said a young man, as he stood among a small group of friends in the verandah of a house in L. on the first Sunday of this present year. They were talking of the advantages of others who are able to attend God’s house regularly. One remarked that out of the fifty-two Sabbaths of the past year, only about six or seven times had he enjoyed that privilege, and another, that he had had no opportunity of approaching the Lord’s Table for more than nine months. “Well,” said a third, “we are not debarred from reading God’s Word, at any rate, wherever we may happen to be on the Sabbath.” This it was, which elicited the remark, I never enjoyed my Bible as I do now.” The young man then went on to say that some months previously he had joined the “Bible and Prayer Union,” and he recommended us all to follow his example. What do you mean by the “Bible and Prayer Union”? Let us try and answer this question. It is an association of people to read the Bible through chapter by chapter, consecutively, one chapter daily, asking God’s blessing upon it, and pledging themselves every Sunday morning to pray for their fellow members. It was commenced in London in 1876 with 50 members and now numbers more than 60,000. These are to be found in all parts of the world, among all ranks of society, and among all the different churches in Great Britain, Ireland, and America, as well as in the Armenian, Greek, and Nestorian Churches. Branch associations have been formed in various places, and one has been, or is about to be, begun in the Chinese language. Other Unions have been commenced either before or since the Bible and Prayer Union, but as far as it has been ascertained, all have adopted the same chapter, though, as in the “Christian Progress Union,” they take other parts of the Bible as well.



That it is a Christian duty to secure some time every day for reading a portion of God's Word, almost every one is ready to admit, but as a matter of fact, what do we find? Many allege they have so many duties to attend to in the early morning, they can find no time for their Bibles then, and when the hour for retiring to rest arrives, they are too sleepy and tired to do more than satisfy their consciences, by reading a few verses, selected perhaps ap-hazard. This is their rule, but even this is sometimes broken. Can such expect to "grow thereby"? Is it surprising we hear so frequently of spiritual declension? And if we watch these very people carefully, shall we not find that they are able to secure time, during the day, for the pleasant book of fiction? There are others, who read regularly, but who, as Miss Havergal puts it, "waste their time in indecision, and wondering what to read next." "How many," she goes on to say, "are familiar with their favourite parts of God's Word, neglecting others almost entirely, thus overlooking many a royal command and loosing much of the royal bounty, and gaining no wide and balanced views of the great field of His truth. How can we be "thoroughly furnished unto every good work," if we do not use God's means thereto—"all Scripture."

To this class of persons, we would appeal. Why not "keep rank," and "lie down" together in "green pastures"? Why not join the Bible and Prayer Union, and read what thousands of others are reading? Why not share the blessings—the light, and the teaching—which united prayer brings down on those who seek them. Listen to a few of the testimonies, which from time to time, are sent to the secretary, as to the benefit received by thus unitedly reading God's Word.

"My sister and I joined the Union more than two years ago, and it would be difficult to express all the help and knowledge, which has been given, or how the chapters and verses, fit into one's daily life."

"Although," writes another, "I have been a Bible reader



all my life,—I was born in 1813—I knew nothing of its preciousness, till I commenced being a member of this Union.”

A blind man writes:—“For years I have lost my sight, but I have been taught to read with my fingers, so God’s Word is once more opened for me, and the knowledge of this Union has come, just at the right time.”

One of the early members of the Bible and Prayer Union died of consumption in November 1877. He was a musician, and accustomed to play the violin at dances, public houses &c, but when, after joining the Union, he learned the truth as it is in Jesus, he left off playing his old tunes, and learned songs of praise. How greatly he enjoyed the daily reading of the chapter. “I make sure of that,” he was accustomed to say, and, until the very last, would copy into a book, kept for the purpose, some verse which particularly struck him.

One objection raised against this systematic reading of the Bible is that it ties a person down, by some sort of fetter, to one particular portion, and that it may happen the portion will contain nothing suited to his or her especial need. Surely this is but a poor argument, for it obliges no one to confine himself to the daily chapter. In fact, where it is practicable, as it may be, for instance, on the Lord’s day for some people, the assigned portion can be used as a sort of text, and by comparing one passage with another, to what “hid treasures,” may not the explorer be led!

The secretary of the Bible and Prayer Union, the Rev. P. Richardson, Mile End Road, London, issues a small magazine, entitled “Monthly Notes,” which contains suggestions and helps on the Word read. He also sends members a card of membership, on the back of which is a calender of the chapters for the year.

In order to facilitate matters, should any wish to join this Union, if they will send their name and address to Mrs. Nicholson, Wesleyan Mission House, Colpetty, Colombo, enclosing twelve stamps of 4 cents—as a yearly subscription



she will undertake to procure cards of membership, and "Monthly Notes." It is not of course obligatory to take in this magazine, in which case two four cents stamps will be sufficient.


Twenty-four names have already been enrolled, and it is believed, all feel it a privilege to have thus associated themselves. If faithful to the pledges given, may we not anticipate "showers of blessings," on hitherto unwatered and unproductive fields.

We would only say, in conclusion, try the experiment for yourselves. No one need feel fettered, for at any time they can return their ticket of membership, and discontinue their connection with the Union, but this is an event, we can with difficulty persuade ourselves as likely to occur.

M. J. N.

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## *FORTY YEARS IN A CROWN COLONY.\**

E have carefully read through Mr. Digby's last book, the full title of which is given below, and it deserves and shall, if possible, receive from the *Ceylon Friend* a fuller and better treatment than we are able to give to it at present. We have found the work deeply interesting, and even fascinating, for, having begun, we could hardly lay it down until we had finished it. A great deal of valuable information has been gathered together; the style is clear, straightforward and vigorous, and the two handy volumes are printed on the very best paper and with the very best type,

\* *Forty Years of Official and Unofficial life in an Oriental Crown Colony; being the Life of Sir Richard F. Morgan, Kt., Queen's Advocate and Acting Chief Justice of Ceylon. By William Digby, C. I. E., Author of "The Famine Campaign in Southern India, 1876-78."* Madras: Higginbotham & Co. London: Longmans & Co. 1879. To be had at the "Observer" Office, for cash only, 10.50; by post, 11.62.



the binding being exceedingly neat and elegant. We have never seen a book better "got up" by publishers in India; it will adorn any library; and as the subject matter concerns all who care for Ceylon, whether as missionaries, statesmen, legislators, citizens, or residents for a time, and as the work will be useful, not only for present enjoyment but for permanent reference, we trust that this Life of Sir R. F. Morgan will find its way into very many bookshelves. It is the biography, faithfully written, of a good, manly man, who dared, with all humility, to "seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness," but it is, as we suppose its principle title is intended to indicate, much more than a biography. Sir Richard was closely identified with almost every matter of public importance, which occurred in the Island between 1840 and the date of his death; and, hence, in his memoirs, we have a very complete history of Ceylon, socially and politically, during that period; we, also, get glimpses behind the official screens, and, on the whole, think the better of the "powers that be,"-or were,-for what is revealed; we watch the origin, and the progress and the outcome of the "Ceylon League," the "Municipal Ordinances," the change in the currency from £ s. d. to the decimal system, as well as such far-reaching legislative measures as those relating to Irrigation, Education, Service Tenures, Village Councils, and many other enactments which all bear the impress of Sir Richard's genius; and we have well drawn complete vignette sketches of the Hon. James Stewart, and Mr. C. A. Lorenz, together with several little essays on the politics of the times under review. Mr. Digby has, moreover, constantly kept before him another great object, namely to shew "what in the way of distinction and usefulness it is possible for a Eurasian subject of Her Majesty the Queen of England and Empress of India to achieve and perform." He has championed the cause of the Burghers right gallantly, believing, as he says, that there are "many misapprehensions current about the factor in oriental rule, which this community furnishes."



The author need scarcely have told us that this has been a "labour of love," for the fact is evident; the enthusiasm which glows in Mr. Digby's rose-tinted pages is undoubtedly as sincere as it is earnest. Many will *wish* that they could see with Mr. Digby's eyes, who will yet hesitate to do so. Questions will arise as to whether, notwithstanding the fascilities which our author had, and has made such good use of, as one of the staff of an able and thoroughly well-informed Ceylon newspaper, the hemisphere of ordinary Ceylonese life, and life as it is away from Colombo and the larger towns, may not have remained as dark to him as the antipodes; whether those who belong to the interested section of the population would take as cheerful and favourable a view of their own condition and prospects as he does; (it would be easy to quote Sir Richard against Mr. Digby); and, especially whether Sir Richard can really be regarded as a fair representative of the diverse, in some cases almost antithetical elements which Mr. Digby includes under those he refers to as the "Burgher class." (See Vol. i. page 43.) Crayle says: "He who has battled, were it only with poverty and toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home abiding by the stuff." So it proved with Sir Richard. His early struggles and difficulties, manfully met, were the making of him, and the contemplation cannot but be helpful to us all, and especially to the genuinely Burgher young men. Nevertheless we do not feel free to conclude that Sir Richard's surroundings and circumstances were ever such as to help us much towards a solution of the difficult and delicate problems affecting the masses who are made, by a stretch of imagination as it appears to us, to group around him as their chief. We should like to hold Mr. Digby by the button and talk over such topics as these, and others he suggests. They are so absorbing that we might run the risk of being served as, it is said, Coleridge was once served by Charles Lamb, when the latter, to his dismay, was button-holed in the streets, by the poet. Coleridge had shut his



eyes, as was his wont, and so Lamb, who wanted to go on urgent business, quietly cut off the button and went his way. Returning three-quarters of an hour later, he found his friend still standing where he had left him *talking to the button*. We fancy the above is a myth, but it is no myth to say that Mr Digby has written a most readable and excellent book, which well deserves a wide circulation especially in Ceylon, where its "local colouring" will give it extra piquancy. We are glad, as we conclude, to congratulate our author on the letters which distinguish his name, and yet more, on the manner in which they have been earned. When we remember the press of work under which "Forty Years in a Crown Colony" has been written, and under what circumstances and sorrows, we do indeed feel "wondrous kind" towards the writer, though there is no need of either blindness or kindness in judging very favourably his valuable production.



### Notes of the Month.

DEATH. It is with much regret that we have to announce the death of the Rev. P. Salgado of Andiamblam, which sad event, as viewed from our human standpoint, occurred on Sunday, February 23rd. The old man was bright and cheerful at the District Meeting, though he complained of slight indisposition. He went back to his circuit full of large schemes for the coming year, but God has seen fit to take one of his faithful servants to rest after 35 years of toil. His end was in keeping with his life; he was gathered into the heavenly garner, "as a shock of corn fully ripe."

THE REPORTS of the Jaffna Auxiliary Bible Society, and of the Ceylon Christian Vernacular Education and Religious Tract Society—each for 1878—have been received, and are deeply interesting. We hope to notice them more fully in



our next number. An earnest appeal for enlarged support of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has also reached us, and deserves most careful attention. Much more might and ought to be done for this noble Society, and we should thankfully hear of a public meeting being called in Colombo to urge its imperative claims.

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THE WESLEYAN THANKSGIVING FUND amounts already, in the London circuits alone, to £41,170, so that there seems every reason for confidence that the £200,000 originally fixed as the sum to be aimed at, will be, before 1881, considerably surpassed. It has been determined not to make any organized appeal, on behalf of the Fund, in the Foreign Mission Stations, but contributions from those stations will be gratefully received, and will, unless the contributors desire otherwise, be reserved for the special benefit of Foreign Missions, over and above the £40,000 already allocated to Missions. We understand that our Methodist friends in the North are meditating liberal things; the missionaries there having themselves subscribed £133 besides setting themselves to raise £1000 in the District during the next two years. What will South Ceylon do? We hear of one gift of £21, but the giver holds back thinking that there *must be*, and *will be* a better start. Donations are payable by instalment at the discretion of the donors until March 1881. We think that the Thanksgiving and Mission Committees would not object to allow what is *raised* in the District, to be *spent* in the District for some special object, as for instance a Thanksgiving Chapel.

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STATISTICS of the whole Wesleyan Mission in Ceylon, and a comparative statement showing the growth of the work during the past 14 years in which the Rev. J. Scott has been Chairman of the South Ceylon District, stand over till next month, as does also an address to Mr. Scott from the District Meeting.