

Missionary Intelligence.

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Wesleyan Missions in Continental India.

THE CANARESE MISSION IN THE MYSORE.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Edward J. Hardey, dated Bangalore, September 10th, 1850, and of his Journal of a Tour in the Mysore in May, June, and July, 1850.

You will have heard, through Mr. Garrett, of Mrs. Hardey's indisposition, arising from her continued watchings for twelve months over a very delicate infant. Her nerves were so much shaken, that she was ordered to the Neilgherries for four months. I took her thither in April; and, by the blessing of God upon her residence in that beautiful climate, she and our child have been perfectly restored to health. She returned to Bangalore about a month ago.

We have, as a Mission, long felt the necessity of more itinerancy in connection with our work in the Mysore. And as Mr. Glanville's presence in Mysore, and Mrs. Hardey's absence from Bangalore, afforded Mr. Sanderson and myself a fine opportunity for taking a pretty extensive tour, we set out from Mysore, on my return from the Hills, in May; and concluded our interesting journey on the 25th of July. Fifteen days we spent in Bangalore, and ten in Coongul and its neighbourhood.

As a tour of this kind must partake of much sameness in its details, our daily work being of precisely the same character, it would not be interesting to relate the particulars of each day. I shall, therefore, first name all the places we visited, adhering to the orthography of the Company's maps; and, secondly, give in detail some particulars which I think may interest the friends of Missions at home. We had the happiness to preach to ten thousand people, and to ride over six hundred miles of country. We distributed hundreds of portions of Scriptures and tracts, which, by the blessing of God, and the teachings of the Divine Spirit, we pray may be as seed cast upon the waters, and, though not found by us, produce a rich harvest of ingathering to Christ's fold by our successors. We feel, in all our work in the Mysore, that we are pioneers of the Gospel: we are clearing away the thorns and briars which bestow the entire path. We are aiming our blows at the great outposts of the enemy, and entering his very camp at every opportunity. We have confidence in the Gospel of our blessed Saviour, and know that it shall prevail over every form of superstition and error; it shall turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; it shall root out from the earth every species of idolatry; it shall bring about the acknowledgment of "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." And, though we may not be spared to see the glorious sight of thousands bowing at the foot of the Saviour's cross, yet we labour in hope, and sow in tears; knowing that he that soweth, and he that reapeth, both receive their reward, the fruit of their toil.

PLACES VISITED.—We visited, in order, Seringapatam, Mundium, Muddoor, Chennappatten, Closepelt or Ramgerry, Biddadee, Bangalore, Nellamungalum, Soloor, Coongul, Bidnagairy, Hebbula, Maisundra, Hebboor, and several other villages near Coongul, Hiddoor, Belloor, Mysundrum, Cuddaba, Nittoor, Gobbee, Singounahully, Bellary, Toomkoor, Cortagerry, Muggerry or Maddegiri, Seerah, Heerioor, Ayamungalum, Chuteldroogh, Vygapoor, Burmasgur, Anajee or Aunagodi, Davanagerry, Hurryhur, Honhully, Shemoyga, Benkyur, Turrykairy, Cuddoor, Banavaram, (Here we proposed visiting Hallabred, the ancient capital, Hassan, Gram, &c.) Arsaicairy, Gandashi, Chinraipatam, Shravana, Bella Gola, Zeekairy, Atticoopa, Seringapatam, Mysore.

The whole of the places mentioned between Mysore and Bangalore are important to the Missionary. We had large congregations, the entire of which listened with marked attention. The demand for books was very great. Seringapatam and Ganjam, which are only a mile or two apart, are very large towns, and afford ample scope for abundant Mission labour. In the latter was

the residence of the celebrated Aboe Dubois. His chapel is still standing; and his heathen car, with Christian figures carved upon it, is still in existence. The Roman Catholic cause, I am told, is very low, both in Ganjam and Mysore. In Mysore they have a large church, which was built by the Rajah, on the front of which is an inscription, in which they acknowledge their obligation to His Highness.

COONGUL.—We remained with our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, in Coongul, from the 6th to the 17th of June. We preached many times in the fort and pettah to attentive listeners. One morning we visited Bidnagairy, and found the people very friendly, but just where they were six years ago as regards Christianity. They appear to have renounced idolatry; and appeal to their broken and fallen god in confirmation. They insisted that they were Christians, just as earnestly as when I visited them in company with Mr. Gestick. They have become a difficulty to the Missionary. They rest in the fact of their having renounced idolatry; and appear toward all appeals to their conscience, and all exhortations to embrace Christ and receive baptism. If they are sincere in their renunciation of idolatry, they are still dead bones and require the breath of the spirit to quicken them into life. Nothing would be more grateful to the feelings of Mr. Morris, than to hear them crying to God for mercy, under a sense of their lost and perishing condition. If our friends will make their case a matter of earnest prayer, we may hope to have to record their genuine conversion. At present they appear to me far too worldly-minded and self-righteous to accept Christ upon his own terms. The Goroos and his son at Hebbula, of whom Mr. Gestick entertained hopes, are still living by their idolatry. The old man was absent on a tour amongst his disciples. The son collected his friends, to whom I preached on the resurrection of Lazarus. They appeared deeply interested, and responded to all my statements in favour of the divinity of Christ, and the necessity of salvation through Him alone. After the sermon, Mr. Morris and I had a very close and pointed conversation with the young Goroos, on the danger of trifling with the clear convictions of conscience, and on the necessity of an immediate embracement of Christ. Their resistance of, and trifling with, the strivings of the Spirit, was very painful to us. The young man said, "Sirs, all you say is very good and very true, and we believe it all; there is no hinderance to our becoming Christians." We replied,—"But you have heard the Gospel so often, know so much, and have so frequently talked in the same way, that we tell you there are very great hinderances to your becoming Christians. Christ calls, and you make excuses. His Spirit strives, and you say, 'Go thy way, at a more convenient season we will call for thee.' You are thus trifling with God, with your souls, and are perishing in your sins." We warned them solemnly of their danger and commended them to the tender mercies of God.

The Coongul Circuit is an interesting one; but Mr. Morris feels his being left alone. He ought to have at least one European brother, and two zealous Catechists. He labours alone, in the midst of great discouragement, and frequent depression of spirits. And it is not to be wondered at. The wonder is, that amidst so much surrounding darkness, and with no sympathy from those amongst whom he labours, he is not overwhelmed with despair. His piety supports him; but it is a warfare which only the solitary Missionary knows. Mr. Morris appeared greatly cheered by our visit, and I trust he may be spared to give a church for the living God. The schools connected with the Coongul Station have always been superior, as they have better masters than at any other Station.

CUDDABA.—June 20th.—I reached Cuddaba at half-past eight A. M. I found Mr. Sullivan from Goobbee, and Soobiah from Coongul, waiting for us. Ezra, the converted Brahmin from Mysore, was with us. The news of his coming had preceded our arrival by seven or eight days. The large school room was crowded by at least 150 persons, principally Brahmins. I preached and disputed for near two hours. They then

asked who that man was who was sitting behind me; and being informed that he was a converted Brahmin, they all at once rose to their feet, clenched their fists, and looked more fiendish than any men I have ever seen. Had we not been there, I believe their passion would have led them to tear him to pieces. They had rowed amongst themselves, before we came, that they would kill him. We had, nevertheless, a very profitable day: I preached and talked the whole time. Annajah and Soobiah, both Brahmins, are in a pleasing state of mind, and appear determined to stand or fall together. I dealt very faithfully with Soobiah in Coongul, and I think I never witnessed the strivings of the Spirit more powerfully than in him;—so much so, that he took off his sacred thread, and gave it into my hands. This, if known amongst his people, would seal his fate forever. It was a real renunciation of caste. He determined at once to become a Christian, and came to Cuddaba to converse with Annajah, and, if possible, to bring him to the point of receiving baptism. This Soobiah is the man mentioned in my Goobbee Reports for 1844 and 1845, as having given a tenth of all his income to the Mission. Annajah is the Brahmin who gave me a large house, an account of which is given in my Goobbee Report for 1847. In the early part of this year he gave me, in the presence of the Amildar and his whole cutcherry, a piece of land worth four hundred and fifty rupees, for the purpose of endowing the Cuddaba School. This I shall have much pleasure in presenting to the Mission at the next District-Meeting. This land is to be exchanged for land near to the Goobbee Mission-house; and Annajah is very anxious to build a Mission-bazaar in Goobbee, and a house for himself, and another for Soobiah. He has renounced all heathen customs, and has gone from village to village with Nallanuttu; and has not only heard, but, in one sense, preached, the Gospel. He is not yet baptized, but seems to be placing all his worldly circumstances in such a position, that he shall not have trouble when he does come out. This is perhaps wrong; but being a respectable man, and having scores of relations, who would be glad to pounce upon his property, he seems determined to give it all to the Mission. He is in the Lord's hands, and I trust, before the close of this year, he may come out with Soobiah. This would indeed be matter of rejoicing.

(To be continued.)

General Miscellany.

Odd Things in China.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN UNCLE ADAM AND HIS NEPHEW.

"You have heard me say, William, that the Chinese are a very odd people; and now, if you like, I will tell you a few of their oddities."

"Thank you, uncle; I like to hear of anything odd."

"Most young people do; even old people have no objection to it."

"If the Chinese were not an odd people, they would never shave their heads and plait their tails. They had need have a great many barbers!"

"They have a great many. In Canton there are, I think, about seven thousand."

"Seven thousand barbers! What a quantity of soap they must use in shaving so many people."

"Why, no, you are wrong there; for they do not use soap in shaving; that is one of their oddities. They soften the hair with warm water only. I wish the Chinese paid as much attention to their heads as they do to their heads."

"Now for the next oddity, uncle."

"When English people go into mourning, they put on black clothes; but when the Chinese go into mourning, they put on white."

"White clothes for mourning! They must be an odd people, indeed."

"Every Chinese gentleman wears two watches; when, as you know, we wear but one."

"What can they want with two? Surely one is enough to tell the time of day! Why do they wear two watches?"

"Because, they say, if one should 'be sick-ee,' the other would be able 'to walk-ee;' and they think that is a very good reason. People who are so very careful to know the time, ought to take all pains in their power to improve it."

"I wonder what odd thing you will tell me about next!"

"In China it is no uncommon thing to see an old man flying a kite. Kites are common enough here; but to see an old man flying one, for his own amusement, would be somewhat of an oddity."

"It would, indeed; why, I should hardly be surprised at anything the Chinese did, they are such a strange set of people."

"English officers in the army carry swords; but Chinese officers, military Mandarins, often carry fans and beads. You would suppose, by his dress, that a person of station in China was armed to meet an enemy, whereas he is much better provided to enjoy the company of a friend. The silken sheath at his side contains no dagger, but only a fan; the leathern bag, hung to his belt, is no cartouche-box filled with powder and ball, it carries a flint and steel for lighting his pipe; and his rich, showy pouch has nothing in it more warlike than tobacco."

"Well, that is odd! Military Mandarins seem dressed for peace; and those who are not soldiers seem dressed up for war."

"In England, our mariner's compass points with the needle to the north; in China, their points to the south. In England, we begin our books at the first leaf, and read from left to right; in China, they begin at the last leaf, and read from right to left."

"It is just as if they did it to be different to other people."

"If they had God's holy word instead of their foolish idol-books, it would be of little consequence whether they read it one way or the other, so that they understood it, and believed it, and loved it, and practised it; but the day may yet come when this will be the case."—*The Chinese, by Uncle Adam.*

Dignity of Labour.

In early life David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labour, yet in the eyes of wise men industry is truly honourable, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and the most favourable to mental vigour and bodily health. Bishop Hall says, "Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed man to do nothing." From the ranks of industry have the world's greatness been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel; Jesus Christ himself, during the early part of his life, worked as a carpenter. His apostles were chosen from among the hardy and laborious fishermen. From these I infer, that when God has any great work to perform, he elects as his instruments those who by their previous occupation had acquired habits of industry, skill and perseverance.

A Monkey Funeral.

I must relate a curious circumstance which I believe to be perfectly true, as it was told me by a lady who would not exaggerate. I now allude to a monkey funeral. My informant was walking on the top of her lofty husband, looking out to the sea for the return of her husband, when her attention was attracted by chattering and unusual noises: she turned her eyes to the place whence the sounds came, and there she perceived a number of monkeys making a hole with their hands, after which she saw them lift one of their dead companions, and put him in the grave, taking care to bend the tail so as to fold it by the body, after which they covered the whole with earth. She was so surprised, she called the servants, who all saw what was done; and some of them said, they had seen the dead monkey there the day before. I should say, this cannot be nature, cannot be the result of instinct; but of observation, of imitation, arising from having seen human beings bury their dead out of their sight.—*Anecdotes of Monkeys, Madras.*

The Miser.

"What an unfortunate being am I!" complained a miser to his neighbour. "Some one last night has taken away the treasure which I buried in the garden, and laid a cursed stone in its place." "And yet you have never used your treasure," answered his neighbour. "Only bring yourself to believe that the stone is still your treasure, and you are none the poorer." "If I am none the poorer," returned the miser, "is not some one else the richer? So much the richer! The thought is enough to drive me mad."—*Lessing.*