

noxation if we would have peace to our people, and so the Punjab, Pegu and Andh were one after the other annexed to British India. We have great difficulties to contend with, and we did not go about our duty led by the Christian spirit of our religion, or the prudence which a different position might have brought out; and the sufferings of the great mutiny of 1857 brought up again the spirit of a better state, and we are now marching on in harmony with our glorious traditions. The people whom we have been brought into contact with are various, and their religious systems are very different from our own. The Soike are a people who have a reformed Hindooism. It rose in the sixteenth century through the preaching of two Toquiqs, Naruch and Gobind, who composed for the new disciples the sacred book. The Grootth includes in it an eclectic combination of Bible, Koran and Veda, and by an energetic system of preaching threw a new life into the people of the five rivers, which has not yet died out, and has vastly changed the genius of the principalities. The Hindoo religion is so intensely up in the every day life of the people, that it is impossible to select a single point in their lives which is not within its jurisdiction. No duty, great or small, from lighting the fire to working the feet, is free of its rules and dictates. It is an elaborate system of idolatry, and it is superstition. It is an obedience which bows the head, but shuts one eye and puts out the tongue in sly contempt at the same time. The sacrifice of the goat is one of their ritual acts, which is a model of their whole system. A little rice is thrown to the animal, after patting it so as to secure its attention, and while the neck is well stretched out in eating the bait, the sword falls, and since no sacrifice is good that is not effected by one stroke of the weapon, sawing the balance of the flesh of an ineffective stroke completes the transaction. The offering made. Reason says "It belongs to the gods." "No," says the offerer, "let the Brahmin have what has been cut off and the blood, but I feed off the carcass;" and frequently the battle for this causes human blood to flow, unless the Brahmin contents himself with cursing the worshipper, and carries off the head. In this way the whole is a course of deceit, fraud, and struggle. While trouble reigns, all sorts of vows are freely made, but if the suit is gained, and deliverance wrought out, the god may look out for a very small share of the performance; and if the suit is lost, the god may expect to be broken and well covered with abuse. One of the most striking features of Hindooism is its fabulous chronology. The calculation in its way is a marvel. It is a compromise of fact and fiction, a sort of running back of astronomical calculations to make out the wanted one. They give us a period of 4,320,000 years, as an element out of which to construct the age of the universe. This is to be multiplied by 71, which gives the period in which one Menue rules over the world. This result is then to be multiplied by 14, and then you gain the length of one single day of Brahma; and fifty of such days have passed since the time when Vishnu, a dwarf, asked Brahma for as much space as he could step over, and when the permission was given him he astonished Brahma, by at once assuming gigantic proportions, and in one stride encompassing the universe, which then became his platform of action. We tell them that we are expecting the close of the present time still. They reply, "O, no, you may count on 390,000 years yet. Man was made agreeable to this condition of things, and has to run out. In the earlier ages some

men were 21 cubits in height, and their average age was 100,000 years, and man has so dwindled down as to be what we see him, but he will go yet lower, until he grows no higher than a washroom, and he will be gathering in flower. If the field with a hooked stick and his basket will be a lot's surplus. Such are the elements by which to judge them. Now you will be the question asked "Why don't you give these people free institutions?" Why, what could such a people do with free institutions? Free institutions to be of value to a people, must be the natural embodiment of free thoughts. If institutions could make a free people, that might be a proper question; but we have learnt that it is not the institutions that make the people, but the people that make the institutions. You remember 1848. It was so then all over Europe, except in England, and with us our free institutions have been growing with our growth ever since the birth at Runnymede, and we have not reached the point of maturity yet. But we have one thing which consoles us, the head and the heart and all the members are in harmony. When the 180,000,000 of India can show that they have free minds, honest, self-governing heads; when they show us that they can walk without leading strings; when they are truthful and have the courage of men, and cease to wink and put out their tongues in their devotions, free institutions stand ready for their possession; but we don't want them to hurt themselves. The several castes of the Hindoos wish us to believe that they are of celestial birth, but we observe that they are as much human as ourselves. They have our preceptions and our instincts, and we have tried to get at their manhood and to cultivate that. We observe that their hopes for absorption into Brahma, the anticipated reward for virtue, and their dread of being transformed from a human to a bestial generation, is the fear that vice may be so punished; so that, like us, they have a belief in future rewards and punishments. Then again, their devotion is a manifestation of that divine impulse imparted to our true manhood by the spirit of God acting upon human susceptibilities. Hindooism superficially looked at appears as a dead dried up mummery, but when more closely observed it is spasmodically moved by a gurgling impulse, which runs through the dead and empty channels of our exhausted life. And if we look at the matter right we shall perceive that no one system of heathenism which retains any human sympathies can be otherwise, for humanity is a perfect circle of which the Son of God—the Son of Man—is the centre. The word was made flesh and touches humanity on every side. Allow this, and you discover a reason why a Buddhist devotee sits and dies in contemplation—why the Hindoo devotee throws himself under the wheels of Juggernaut—or swims in the Churrack Punjab with an iron hook through his back. It is the same divine impulse which leads Christians to devotion to Christ. In our forefathers that impulse took a material form and built our cathedrals and churches. In the Hindoos it built temples like those at Gyo and Patosnoth. Grant that in all heathenism the material development is caricature, this is the necessary consequence of the mist, the fog, the darkness of error in which it exists. Superstition and idolatry must distort every line of beauty. Christians have the true light, and in that all things appear in their true relationship. On the other hand, in heathenism all things are distorted. But the impulse which makes the heart long for holiness is divine, for we know that God

leaves not himself without witness in the Hindoo. The Brahmin has to be born again, or he is not a sacrificing priest. Here the worshipper is taught "You must be born again." The lower castes know that their new birth is to be manifested in a separation from all earthly affections, appetites and aspirations. This makes them valkires—sacerdotal—man, wife, family, all that is loved, admired and cherished is given up. "I will give my first-born for my transgressions, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul." That is devoteeism. Here, then, is a power. Can no one be master of it? Can we do nothing to guide it aright? Hindooism uses it for missionary purposes. Hindooism has its cathedral establishments, its body of ecclesiastics, Jaggernath, Govurknath, Paspuoth, and other shrines all have their thousands of Fakirs. There are the Nasswaries to proclaim the power of their gods. There are the Jogies, who induce those vast gatherings to come together at Sumpore, where the people meet in melos of millions. How have we dealt with this impulse? We have ignored it. We have cultivated the head, but neglected the heart. And now we are surprised that the seed we have sown has produced a plant of its own kind. Brahmism is just the growth we ought to have looked for. Pride is its boldest feature. "I will make my own table. I will form my own society, or church. God speaks in my heart as he did in that of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, Paul and others. Why should I take a western form for my church? I will adopt an oriental form, organization and worship. I have outgrown the nursery rhymes and toy idols of my boyhood. I give up the fable that I am of celestial birth. I throw away caste and all idolatry and superstition." This is Brahmism. "This is the effect of our teaching. Is it all to end here? It cannot. Pride will fall, affliction will deepen all human experience, and time will come when it will be seen that all this is a preparatory state. The outward form of the church may be changed, but gospel truth will emerge out of all this darkness struggling with light. The day will dawn, and a nation will be born in a day.

BIG INVENTION.

Lloyd, the famous map man, who made all the maps for General Grant and the Union army, certificates of which he published, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print Lloyd's Map of American Continent—showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40x50 inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished for the work so as to stand washing, and mailing anywhere in the world for 25 cents, or unvarnished for 10 cents. This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from surveys to 1875, with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, railway stations, &c. This map should be in every house. Send 25 cents to the Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and you will get a copy by return mail.

REMITTANCES Received on Subscription to THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW up to Saturday the 26th inst.

Middle River, N.S.—Major G. H. Sutherland, [to August 1871.]

Malpas, N.S.—Lieut. D. Robb, to July 1871.