

Missionary Intelligence.

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF VICTORIA.*

St. Paul's College, Hong Kong, April, 21, 1883.
TANJORE.

Here, I rested two days, one being Sunday, Jan. 23d. I thus had the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of the Rev. G. U. Pope, whose kind attentions rendered my stay at Tanjore doubly interesting and instructive. I preached twice to the English residents in the Mission Church, and once, through Mr. Pope as interpreter, to the identical one from which the venerable Schwartz preached sixty years ago. Once on the next day I accompanied Mr. Pope on a visit to the Fort; its magnificent range of temples; and, what was of first interest, the Mission Church within the Fort, in which stands Flaxman's celebrated monument, erected at the expense of the late Rajah to the memory of the aged pastor, and representing Schwartz in his dying moments, surrounded by the prince, his prime minister, and European colleagues, spectators of the calm trust and holy confidence in the Almighty which seem to irradiate the very features of the departed saint.

TRICHINOPOLY.

To mingle in scenes hallowed by such recollections, is like treading on classical and sacred ground; and such feelings are sustained and strengthened as a newly arrived visitor proceeds southward fifty miles to the next station, Trichinopoly. It was here, in company with your Missionary, the Rev. G. Y. Hyne, and the East India Company's Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Morris, that I visited the localities consecrated by the reminiscences of Heber's last hours. An aged East Indian servant, who twenty-seven years before, helped in vain, by restoratives, to re-animate the deceased Bishop, and was among the first bearers of the melancholy tidings of Heber's death, still survives, and was on this occasion our companion in visiting the bath in which Heber breathed his last. A simple tablet on the northern wall of the communion table records, in simple and pathetic language, the melancholy event, in St. John's Church, which three hours previously had been the scene of his last Episcopal ministrations. May the mantle of this modern Apostle of India descend on us, who unworthily occupy positions of awful trust and responsibility in the various Mission fields of Britain's colonial empire in the East!

It was with much disappointment and regret that, on two or three occasions in South India, I had to pass through some of the smaller Missionary stations of the venerable Society near the unreasonable hour of midnight, alone, with palanquin-bearers unable to understand any English, and therefore unable to comprehend my wishes to be set down for a few moments' interchange of friendly sympathy with the devoted men who occupy these Missionary posts.

TINNEVELLY.

On my arrival in the province of Tinnevelly, I determined to spend a fortnight in visiting the principal stations of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* and *Church Missionary Society*. I had the happiness to spend two days with the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, at the Edeyenkoody. This is generally held to be the principal and most successful Missionary station of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* in the province. It is situated only a few miles from Cape Comorin, the high bluff promontory of which is within sight. It lies within two miles of the Indian ocean. The country around partakes of the usual features of the scenery of South Tinnevelly; the all-prevailing palmyra-tree covering huge tracts of bright red sandy desert, and presenting the most unique appearance that I ever beheld. Interspersed are a few bits of land, more or less cultivated, and producing crops of rice and grain. Nearly the whole population of the district belong to the Shanar caste, and are palmyra-climbers. During the proper season they are compelled to climb the lofty erect stem or trunk two or three times a day, to collect the saccharine juice which distils from this palm, and which forms the principal article of sustenance and export to the people. A short time previous to my arrival, a special service had been held in the Church to invoke the divine protection on the palmyra-climbers during the approaching season, among whom fatal casualties are not unfrequent, from the breaking of the branches at the head of the palm, and the fall of the poor Shanar from a height of nearly a hundred feet. It would occupy too much time to detail the various services in which I took a part, both in the church and at the mission-house, for the benefit of the Catechists.

Concluded from last week.

EDEYENKOOODY.

On Feb. 3d. there were counted 830 native Christians assembled in the church, to receive from me an address, interpreted by Mr. Caldwell, after morning prayers. The whole village is a kind of model Christian settlement, where the superior advantages of Christian civilization may be visibly presented to the observation and imitation of the surrounding district; and I have passed from hut to hut in the village, and observed the beginnings of the church fabric, now rising a few feet from the ground, destined to succeed the present spacious but temporary building, and perceived the general signs of a native population rising above the surrounding level, and tasting the sweets of Christianity in the raising even of their temporal condition. I could almost envy the peculiar pleasure with which my friend must have regarded this village, in feeling that here, where eleven years ago all was desert and unoccupied, he has been honoured by God as an instrument in raising a village, lined with tulip and tamarind-trees of his own planting, covered with cottages of his own planning or rearing, and, above all, tenanted (as we trust) by not a few converts of the Spirit's heavenly teaching, among whom God has made him a pioneer, of Christianity in its higher spiritual benefits, as well as of civilization in its more exclusively temporal advantages; as a Missionary in such a post he has to fulfil the various offices of pastor, doctor, magistrate, and general councillor. His wife is a most efficient helpmeet in his work, and has, with wonderful success, introduced lace-making among the Christian wives and mothers of the village. As an instance of their isolation, from European comforts and society it may be mentioned, that the nearest European medical attendant is thirty miles distant.

CHURCH MISSIONS.

During the fortnight of my tour in Tinnevelly, in all, 8,000 native Christians were assembled in the various churches of the two Societies, and although the numerical majority of the *Church Missionary Society* Missionaries and native converts led me to spend a large amount of time with the Missionaries of a Society towards which such peculiar ties must always bind me as one of its former Missionaries, yet I have thought in this hasty communication by letter, to give you a sketch of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* Missions only. I can assure the venerable Society that, in the remote Missionary stations of Southern India, the Missionaries of both Societies live in cordial union and brotherly love. In Tinnevelly, more especially, this hallowed unity exists, and passing from a station of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* to a station of the *Church Missionary Society*, it was really gratifying and refreshing to the mind to behold fellow-bearers in the same great cause, and under the same great Chief Shepherd, from time to time meeting together for prayer, deliberation, council, and mutual help, presenting those features of spiritual and of external agreement which should always distinguish the ministers of the same Church.

MOODALLOOR AND KADATCHAPURAM.

On Feb. 14th. I was engaged to proceed to the *Church Missionary Society* station of Kadatchapuram, ten miles distant, but could not resist the importunate request (as well as to myself agreeable work) made by the East Indian Missionary of the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*, Rev. C. E. Kennet, to address in passing, his native congregation, of whom between 700 and 800 were assembled in the church at Moodalloor, at 7 P.M., and who listened with great attention to my exhortation. I afterwards found that my venerable friend at the *Church Missionary Society* station, Rev. J. Devasagayam and his son, also in holy orders, had been kept nearly two hours waiting to receive me. Their mode of reception was of a nature most pleasant and encouraging to a Christian Bishop; no compliments and no display, but an ascription of praise to the Almighty for my visit. The old man arrayed in his white flowing native dress, stopped my palanquin, shook me affectionately by the hand, and then a long row of native Christians, by torchlight, out side of the Church, sung the doxology in Tamil; and afterwards, on the other side of the road, all the school-children sung a Tamil verse composed for the occasion. But these matters come more appropriately into my intended communication to the *Church Missionary Society*.

SAWYERPURAM.

I cannot however, conclude, without mentioning the agreeable visit which I paid to the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel's* station at Sawyerpuram, and bearing my favourable testimony to the zeal and judgment with which their excellent Missionary, Rev. Mr. Huxtable, has entered upon his work, and sought to

repair the detriment which the Society is aware the station has recently sustained. I had the privilege of attending the services here, as at the other stations, as well as private meetings with the native Catechists and Readers. Limited space alone compels me to omit further allusion to the interesting station.

CEYLON.

From this place I proceeded, about ten miles, to an old Dutch post, Tuticorin, from which I embarked in a native vessel, 180 miles, to Colombo, arriving there on Feb. 14th. After visiting Cotta and Kandy, at which latter place the Bishop came down from Newera Ellia hills to meet me, during a stay of three days at the Pavilion, I returned to Colombo, and thence proceeding to Galle, embarked on Feb. 24th, for China, via Penang and Singapore. I arrived at Hong Kong on March 11th, after less than four months' absence, during which time, I trust, I have gained most valuable knowledge and counsel for our China Mission: and, not least, have learnt to appreciate more fully the labours and piety of many of the venerable Society's Missionaries, and the value of the great work in which they are engaged.

My letter has been more lengthened than I anticipated, but such as it is send it, and wish I could thereby transmit even a small portion of the pleasure and delight, in the perusal by others, which I have enjoyed in the actual eye-witnessing of a few of the incidents which are occurring in the Society's Missionary stations.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours, very faithfully,
G. VICTORIA.

Rev. Ernest Hawkins, S. P. G.
London.

Youths' Department.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near
And the faggot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear.
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of gladness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son
She kissed me and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played,
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our father's house—
To our father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight
Our love no broken ties
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be—
The little boy that died.

T. D. ROBINSON

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.—"I was drunk once," said a young man to us the other day, "and I shall never forget it. In company with several jovial fellows, I was induced to drink pretty freely, and by the time I got home, I knew scarcely where I was or what I was doing. I was put to bed, and how long I had lain there I do not know: but when I awoke, my sister was sitting beside the bed engaged in sewing. The moment her eyes fell on my face, she burst into a flood of tears, and wept as if her heart would break. Overwhelmed with shame, for my conduct, I then formed a resolution that I would never get drunk again. I have adhered to it for some years, and I mean to keep it."

Selections.

BROTHER SPONGE!—Absorption—that is the office of a sponge. Bring any kind of liquid within its reach and away it goes to accumulate the spoils of the absorber. A sponge is a very greedy fellow, covetous to the last degree. He fills as fast as he can all the cells and recesses of his own cavernous body. He will suck and suck till he is so full he cannot take another drop. And when he is full to suffocation, this r.