

and surrounded by its most sacred symbols, had we an opportunity of preaching the gospel of the grace of God.

*A Sermon in the Temple.*

I opened on them by asking some questions regarding some of the things which we had seen, especially those which had a symbolic reference to some of the doctrines of their system. This necessarily led to a statement of some of their objections against Christianity; to which a reply was given through the interpretation of our brother, Rajahgopaul. But I had a strong impression that this was not enough, for we might meet all their objections, and yet leave them in ignorance of the essentials of the gospel. Accordingly, having made little progress in the language, we handed over the matter to Rajah, who, at considerable length, made a vigorous and telling statement of some of the leading truths of the Bible. They listened with attention as he began, and as statement after statement fell from the speaker's lips, they became more deeply interested. But he came yet nearer to their hearts and consciences, and he spoke in fervid and eloquent strains to that strange audience.—He now described the *power of the truth* upon his own soul, and told them that though he had belonged to a family of caste, and had many strong natural ties to bind him to his social circle, yet he cheerfully renounced every former privilege and broke up old associations at the call of Jesus. He urged them to do the same, telling them that the peace which they vainly sought in heathen rites they would speedily find if they simply believed in Jesus. Just as in the case of the Jewish Sanhedrim, when listening to the speech of Stephen, so here, so long as the statements were *general*, the auditors could patiently hear, but as soon as they were brought home to their hearts, they soon manifested the opposition and enmity which lurked within their bosoms. They now began wildly to shout, and, as if the place had been desecrated by our presence and our words, they hurried us out to the open court under the shining of the silent stars. After we had been thus rudely and unceremoniously thrust out, looking back on the deluded men in pity, we made one other statement, lifted up one other note of solemn warning, and departed.

This is not the first time when such discussions have been held, and such statements made, within the walls of that temple.—When Mr. Anderson was there last year he had an interesting discussion with the Brahmans; and as his statements were telling, the uproar and opposition were correspondingly great. Every year, indeed, when on our annual tour to our branch schools, we attempt, so far as God gives us opportunity, to fulfil the Divine injunction, "Preach the gospel to every creature." On the highway, in populous villages, in lonely bungalows, within the sacred precincts of the idol

temples, wherever we can find an audience, through our native ministers or converts, we preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. O that the Church upheld us by her fervent and unceasing prayers, and drew down on the seed the dews of heavenly grace. An account of our visit to *Chinna* or *little Conjeveram* and its temple, must be reserved till a future communication.

*Mercy and Judgment.*

During the last few days in the mission we have had to sing of *mercy* and *judgment*. Mercy has been shewn and our hearts gladdened by the in-gathering of three additional souls, on the hearts of whom, so far as man can see, the Holy Spirit seems to be silently and calmly, but savingly operating.—The Lord has graciously heard our prayers, cheered our spirits, and is sending us to begin the operations of another season with high hopes of future success, and final victory.

The hearts of all the mission have been deeply affected and solemnised by the death of dear little Charlotte, a daughter of Venkataramiah. Her sufferings were very great, and, as the end drew near, some of us rejoiced that she was so softly sinking into the arms of her Saviour.

God has spoken to all in the mission in a way that he has never done before, and I know that no one is more anxious than her afflicted and sorrowing parents that God's voice be heard, and that the awful lesson thus taught should sink deep into every heart. Our strength and stay in such a time is the simple but sure Word of our God,—"Come and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up."

How natural are the feelings expressed in the following letter from the Rev. Robert B. Blyth of Madras, and dated 7th February 1853. When the missionary first sets foot on India, no wonder that his heart sinks, when he sees the whole of that great continent given to idolatry; and no wonder that he is tempted to despair of the conversion of India, when he contrasts the feeble instrumentality at his command with the overwhelming difficulty of the work. The trust of the missionary and of the Church must be in that God "who raiseth the dead," and with whom it is equally easy to call from the grave a single individual or a whole nation:

*Number of Temples—Muntapums.*

Since writing you, Mr. Campbell and I have had a little experience of our method of travelling in India, and have seen some of the country, with its wide-spreading, sandy uncultivated plains. Among the various things that met the eye, there was one sight which somewhat surprised me. I really was not prepared for the number of idol tem-