

Missionary Intelligence.

(From the *Wes. Missionary Notices*, Sept., 1850.)
Continental India.—Bangalore.
Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Thomas Cryer, dated Bangalore, July 4th, 1850.

Half of the year has passed away, and I prepare to give you a brief summary of the Mission-work on this Station during the part of the year thus gone.

Upon the whole, we have had cause for rejoicing in the Society. A second Tamil female class has been commenced; and a few sincere seekers of salvation have been added since the commencement of the year. From the men's Tamil class, Joseph, a promising young man, has been called to a better world. Joseph was awakened, under the preached word of God, while in the head native school at Nagapatam; but did not find deliverance from the burden of his sins till some time after he reached this place, to which he accompanied us at the commencement of last year. He obtained a sense of pardon while engaged in private prayer; and, ever since, his conduct has manifested the reality of the change. During his last illness, which only continued about three weeks, he expressed an unshaken confidence in Christ his Saviour. In the English cause we have had some awakenings, and a few have joined the Society; but we have had several cases of backsliding.

You will be glad to know that the circulation of the "Watchman" newspaper among our members here, has been exceedingly salutary. The connexion between India and England has become much closer since the establishment of the steam-communication; that, and the free postage to soldiers, give an opportunity for the circulation of very many English papers; and not a few of those adverse to our cause have found their way here. The plain truths of the "Watchman" have, however, in many cases, cleared the muddy waters, and have cast down a sediment, the smell and colour of which have shown its origin beyond any mistake.

When I last wrote to you, we were still engaged in the necessary, though unpleasant, work of re-roofing the Mission-house. I have had some experience in erecting new, and in altering old, buildings; but, I confess, I was not prepared either for the amount of trouble or expense connected with re-roofing an old Mission-house.— Happily, the walls of the building were excellent; but, between old age and the white ants, the roof had become worse than useless,—it was dangerous. The estimate for the work was about three hundred rupees; but it has cost one hundred. The friends to whom I applied very liberally supplied the former sum, accompanying their subscriptions with strong expressions of confidence in the right application of their money. As the work progressed, and very rapidly approached the latter sum, I began to feel very anxious about the deficiency. This did not, however, continue long; for scarcely was the work completed, when a peon came in from General Cubbon, with a polite note, accompanied by three hundred rupees. Thus were all my fears scattered, and my debt cancelled. I think the work is well done; and the only expense that will now come on the Committee's funds will be that connected with putting on a finishing coat of thin tiles and mortar, which cannot be put on till after the heavy rains. The wood-work is of new, strong teak; the walls are raised nearly two feet; the rooms are much more airy and healthy; and the appearance of the whole place is much altered for the better. The chapel, which was rebuilt at as little expense to the Committee twelve years ago, is still both an ornament and a blessing to the cantonment.

After long waiting, the Government have added a piece of ground to the cantonment cemetery, for the use of Nonconformist Protestant Christians. As far as our English friends were concerned, we did not complain of the old state of things; but our native Christians had cause for dissatisfaction; if we attended one of their funerals, it was only as friends; while the service was read by a Church Catechist, in no orders at all. I took possession of the new

ground last week, by depositing therein the remains of Joseph, the young man already named, and felt a melancholy pleasure while giving out Mr. Hoole's beautiful translation of the 51st hymn,—

"Hark, a voice divides the sky," &c.

I believe the full amount of good resulting from our labours on this Mission during last year, will not be known till the last day; but even now I know sufficient to induce me to praise God for the year 1849. Connected with it, there is one case I wish to mention to you, of more than ordinary interest. It was, I think, in the month of May, that a young Artillery officer was attracted by the singing in our chapel, and he resolved to come in: he did so; the word of God reached his heart; and from that evening he became a constant attendant on our public services. Very soon he obtained a personal interest in the Saviour, and became closely attached to us. I did not urge him to commence meeting in class, as we have no officers in Society, and there is a practical difficulty in uniting officers and common soldiers in the same class.— But he made the doctrines and principles of Wesleyan Methodism his study; and since the removal of himself and his corps to Pallacottah, he has resolved to abide by the consequences, and has become both in principle and in name a Wesleyan. As soon as I knew of his determination, I requested him to take charge of the infant class, the members of which were of his own standing, and introduced him to Mr. Little, Maargoody being our nearest Station to Pallacottah. He writes to me once a month; and his letters breathe the genuine spirit of Christian simplicity, energy, and love. Of course we know that the soul of a private soldier is as precious as that of an officer; but the influence of the latter is much greater than that of the former; and it is worthy of note, that the very month that removed from us our esteemed friend Major Woodward, the only commissioned officer in India who was out-and-out a Methodist, gave us Lieutenant George B. Prior.

I have been thankful to know that in many instances God has made me the instrument of good to officers and gentlemen in the civil service; but it is one thing to receive good and another to join the "sect every where spoken against."

China.

Herewith you have an order on the agents of the regiment (59th) for the amount specified opposite to each man's name in the margin, for a Wesleyan Missionary for China. Please to accept of it as a thank-offering for being preserved from cholera on board H. M. S. "Apollo," on her way out for this colony, during a period of eight months. Some give as a thank-offering for long suffering mercies. There is a good work going on here. On the 15th instant, being the Lord's day, I witnessed a most pleasing sight in the Chinese chapel,—three Chinese baptised by the Rev. Dr. Legge, of the London Missionary Society. Service commenced at seven o'clock, p. m. Dr. Legge gave out the hymn, a Chinese read it, then the whole congregation (about one hundred and thirty) joined in singing, led by a Chinese who leads at the English service in Union Chapel. A good number of Chinese attend even here, mostly youths. Dr. Legge then prayed, and preached on Christian baptism, all in the Chinese language. How apparent are the signs of His coming, who is the "Alpha and the Omega," "the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person!"

I find in no Society such an economy as our class, prayer, and fellowship meetings. Lord, grant that they may soon appear in China, to help forward the ark of the Lord!

There arrived here from America, within the last three months, a considerable number of Baptists and Independent Missionaries, nearly all of whom I heard preach in Dr. Legge's chapel, "Union," previous to their departure for their appointment. This appears to be the head-quarters for the different Societies.

The Bishop, with his staff, arrived here last month; and our esteemed Colonial Chaplain took his departure for England.

His Tuesday evening prayer-meetings did me good.

There are some native agents, both under the Church and connected with Dr. Legge. He (Dr. Legge) is a hard-working, truly evangelical Missionary. When he preaches in his Chinese chapel, one of the other Missionaries officiates in the Union chapel.

A few of the soldiers meet in my room, on Friday evenings, for prayer. We attend Union chapel regularly when duty permits.

If you can let me have the "Notices" in which this money is mentioned, you will very much oblige; not for my information, but for the sake of others, and to stimulate them at another time.—*Colour-Sergeant John Ross, 59th Regiment, Hong-Kong, May 18th, 1850.*

Family Circle.

The Brothers Cheeryble.

William and Charles Grant were the sons of a farmer in Ivarness-shire, whom a sudden flood stripped of every thing, even to the very soil which he tilled. The farmer and his son William made their way Southward until they arrived in the neighbourhood of Bury, in Lancashire, and there found employment in a print work, in which William served his apprenticeship. It is said that when they reached the spot near which they ultimately settled, and arrived at the crown of the hill near Walmesley, they were in doubt as to what course was best next to be pursued. The surrounding country lay disclosed before them, the river Irwell making its circuitous way through the valley.— What was to be done to induce their decision as to the route they were to take to their future home? A stick was put up, and where it fell, in that direction would they betake themselves. And thus their decision was made, and they betook themselves toward the village of Rausiotham, not far distant. In this place these men pitched their tent, and in the course of many long years of industry, enterprise, and benevolence, they accumulated nearly a million sterling of money; earning, meanwhile, the good will of thousands, the gratitude of many, and respect of all who knew them.

They afterward erected, on the top of the hill overlooking Walmesley, a lofty tower, in commemoration of the fortunate choice they had made, and not improbably as a kind of public thank offering for the signal prosperity they had reaped. Cotton mills and print works were built by them of great extent, employing an immense number of hands; and they erected churches, founded schools, and gave a new life to the district. Their well directed diligence made the valley teem with industry, activity, health, joy, and opulence; they never forgot the class from which they themselves sprung, that of working-men, whose hands had mainly contributed to their aggrandizement; and therefore they spared no expense in the moral, intellectual, and physical interests of their work-people.

A brief anecdote or two will serve to show what manner of men these Grants were, and that Dickens, in his Brothers Cheeryble, has been guilty of no exaggeration. Many years ago, a warehouse-man published an exceedingly scurrilous pamphlet against the firm of Grant Brothers, holding up the elder partner to ridicule as 'Billy Button.'— William was informed by some 'kind friends' of the existence and nature of the pamphlet, and his observation was, that the man would live to repent of its publication. 'Oh!' said the libeller, when informed of this remark, 'he thinks that some time or other I shall be in his debt, but I will take good care of that.' It happens, however, that the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. It turned out that the libeller shortly after became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his, which, had been endorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt.— The wantonly libelled men had now an opportunity of revenging themselves upon the libeller, for he could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without that he could not again commence business.

But it seemed to the bankrupt to be a hopeless case to expect that they would give

their signature—they whom he had so wantonly held up to public ridicule. The claims of a wife and children, however, at last forced him to make the application. He presented himself at the counting house door, and found that 'Billy Button' was in. He entered and William Grant, who was alone, rather sternly bid him 'shut the door, sir.' The libeller trembled before the libelled.— He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. 'You wrote a pamphlet against us once,' exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; instead of which Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the supplicant, who expected to find written upon it 'rogue, scoundrel, libeller,' instead of which, there was written only the signature of the firm, completing the bankrupt's certificate. 'We make it a rule,' said Mr. Grant, 'never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were any thing else.'

The tears started into the poor man's eyes. 'Ah!' continued Mr. Grant, 'my saying was true; I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet; I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and repeat that you had tried to injure us; I see you repent it now.' 'I do, I do,' said the grateful man, 'I do, indeed bitterly repent it.'— 'Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?' The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. 'But how are you off in the mean time?' and the answer was that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even the common necessities of life, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. 'My dear fellow, this will never do, your wife and family must not suffer; be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife for me—there, there my dear fellow—nay, don't cry—it will all be well with you yet; keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet.' The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade words; he put his hand to his face and went out of the door crying like a child.

In company with a gentleman who had written and lectured much on the advantages of early religious, moral and intellectual training, Mr. Grant asked—'Well, how do you go on in establishing schools for infants?' The reply was, 'Very well, indeed; wherever I have gone, I have succeeded either in inducing good people to establish them, or in procuring better support to those already established. But I must give over my labours, for what with printing bills, coach fare, and other expenses, every lecture I deliver in any neighbouring town costs me a sovereign, and I cannot afford to ride my hobby at such a rate.' He said, 'You must not give over your labours; God has blessed them with success; he has blessed you with talents, and me with wealth—if you give your time, I ought to give my money. You must oblige me by taking this twenty pound note, and spending it in promoting the education of the poor.' The twenty pound note was taken, and so spent, and probably a thousand children are now joying the benefit of the impulse that was thus given to a mode of instruction as delightful as it was useful.

Mr. Grant was waited on by two gentlemen, who were raising a subscription for the widow of a respectable man who, some years before his death, had been unfortunate in business. 'We lost £200 by him,' said Mr. Grant, 'and how do you expect I should subscribe for his widow?' 'Because,' answered one of them, 'what you have lost by the husband does not alter the widow's claim on your benevolence.' 'Neither it shall,' said he, 'here are five pounds, and if you cannot make up the sum you want for her, come to me, and I'll give you more.'

Many other anecdotes, equally characteristic of the kind nature of William Grant, could be added. For fifteen years did he and his brother Charles ride into Manchester on market days, seated side by side, looking of all things like a pair of brothers, happy in themselves, and in each other.—