

THE LEIPZIG MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

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The society of which I give an account in the present article has its seat in the city of Leipzig. It has grown out of a union which was founded in Dresden, in 1819, and which stood in connection with the Basel Mission. The broad-hearted evangelical inclination that governed the union in its first period was gradually supplanted by a strong confessional Lutheranism, and it consequently withdrew from Basel, founded a mission school of its own, and expanded into the *Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Society*. This took place in 1836. Twelve years later the institution and the direction of the mission were transferred to Leipzig. The mission found its field of labour in India, south of Madras, where it was permitted to gather up the remnants of the decayed Danish Mission of Halle. This, the first Evangelical mission, had come into life one hundred and seventy-five years before. As long as effective missionaries were sent out from the school of the well-known philanthropist, A. H. Francke, in Halle, it had, under the Danish patronage of the Colony of Tranquebar, laboured with rich blessing far and wide in the land. Numerous Christian congregations had been formed in different parts of the Tamil country, where Rationalism became prevalent at a later period, and at last took the direction of the mission into its hands. It has a touching sound to hear how an old missionary wrote: "If they cannot send us believers as successors, they might as well let us die out." The decline was, however, in a measure delayed through the agency of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in London, which supported the last believing missionaries. But this society sent no missionaries itself, and most of the Tamil stations that were left finally fell to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which immediately introduced the Anglican High Church forms. Many of the members of the congregations, however, held to their old Lutheran Church forms and would not adopt the new ones. The Christian Tamil people were like a scattered flock, and only about twelve hundred souls could with some trouble be kept together by the Danish preachers in Tranquebar.

The Lutheran Missionary Society now attached itself to this remnant. An agreement was entered into with the Danish officers by which its missionaries should undertake, in connection with the preachers in Tranquebar, the direction of the still remaining Lutheran congregations. When Denmark, a few years afterward, sold this colony to the East India Company, the Society came in as the heir of the old mission, and the revenues, buildings, lands, etc., of the mission were given over to it. Besides these, the Lutheran missionaries acquired the station of Marjaveram, which was given up to them by the Church Missionary Society; and another station at Pudukotta was transferred to them by the American Board. They also established themselves in Madras and collected at various points little groups of persons who themselves or whose fathers had belonged to the old German congregations. Gradually these points of attachment were found all over the Tamil country, and now, after forty years of labour, the remnants thus searched out have been built up into a considerable church. The twelve hundred souls whom the first missionaries received have increased to twelve thousand, who are distributed in 400 places, within the jurisdiction of eighteen mission-stations.

Tranquebar is still the principal station, and the consistory to which all the churches are subordinate has its seat there. The whole Lutheran Tamil Church has thus acquired a well-organized constitution. The central school and the printing-office are also at Tranquebar. An extensive Christian literature in the Tamil language, existing from the earlier times,* and the new translations with which a missionary is particularly charged gives the printing establishment constant employment. We also mention the seminary, in the neighbouring town of Porevar, where catechists, teachers, and Sunday-school helpers are trained. Complete theological instruction is given, and pastors are prepared for ordination in the highest class.

*The Leipzig Mission adheres to Fabricius' old translation of the Bible, and has declined to take part in a new translation which has been begun by the other missionary societies labouring in this field.

Many of these native preachers have approved themselves very conspicuously in their office.

Our space does not permit us to speak here of all the stations which the Mission has established over a large part of the Tamil country. Many of them have arisen at remote points, by means of members of the churches, who, following the roving propensity of the Tamils, go as labourers to other places. The Leipzig missionaries have gone wherever a little group of Tamil Christians could be found together and have founded a station there, even though a station of some other missionary society may have been existing at the same place. This practice, originating in a strong confessional tendency, has naturally provoked an uncharitable rivalry at some points.

There is another feature which has tended to make the Leipzig Mission unpopular with all the other missionary societies labouring in India. It is its attitude with respect to Hindu caste. This mission is the only one which tolerates that custom within certain limits, regarding it as a social institution which cannot be set aside at once by Christianity, but the gradual abolition of which must be expected to result from the Christian renovation of the popular spirit, working from within outward. This view has provoked considerable controversy, which could not be without damage to the mission. It would not, however, be right to put the Leipzig on the same level with the Catholic Mission of Robert de Nobili, with its notorious system of accommodations. With all its confessional exclusiveness, in which it resembles in many respects the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, although its tendencies are not so Romanizing, it is carrying on an evangelical work. The Word of God is bringing forth beautiful fruits in the congregations, which have been gathered chiefly from the Pariahs. Here are only two examples.

The heathen Indians have no regard for the truth. False testimony in the courts rules to a fearful extent. But these Tamil Christians have learned to give honour to the truth, in spite of all threats and persuasions, and recently nine other persons were won to Christianity by a single case of steadfast testimony against an unrighteous judge. One of the missionaries was asked by the poor townsmen for a favour. He gave them money; they would not take it, but said that they meant that they wanted books of the Holy Scriptures. The way the converted bear the oppressions of their heathen lords for their faith's sake is often touching. The Leipzig Missionary Society was for a long time accustomed to send out only scientifically cultivated theologians as missionaries. Only very recently has another rule been adopted and a special seminary for the training of missionaries has been established in connection with the mission house at Leipzig.

The auxiliary societies in Europe are not merely confined to Saxony; but contributions flow in regularly from the Lutherans in Bavaria, Hanover, and Mecklenburg, even from Sweden and Russia. The total receipts last year amounted to \$56,860.

Finally, we have to remark that, in the endeavour to hold emigrating members of the churches to Lutheran forms, a station was founded a few years ago at Rangoon, in British Burmah, although the rivalry of two denominations (American Baptist and English Episcopal) were already to be lamented there. The consequences of this practice must lead to a complete division of forces, for Tamil Christians are also emigrating to Mauritius, Natal, the West Indies, and other places.

That the Leipzig Mission at one time made a transient effort to carry the Gospel to the natives of Australia is hardly worth mentioning. On the other hand, one of the directors of the Society, the late Dr. Granl, deserves to be named as a distinguished writer on missions.

JENNY LIND'S CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

Once at Stockholm Jenny Lind was requested to sing on the Sabbath, at the King's palace, on the occasion of some great festival. She refused; and the King called personally upon her—in itself a high honour—and as her sovereign commanded her attendance. Her reply was—"There is a higher King, sire, to whom I owe my first allegiance." And she refused to be present.

"DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH HIS RECK."

The speech that day doth utter, and the night,
Full oft to mortal ears it hath no sound.
Dull are our eyes to read, upon the ground,
What's written there; and stars are hid by light.
So, when the dark doth fall, awhile our sight
Kens the unwonted orbs that circle round,
Then quick in sleep our human sense is bound,—
Speechless for us the starry heavens and bright.
But, when the day doth close, there is one word
That's writ amid the sunset's golden embers,
And one at morn; by them our minds are stirred:
Splendour of Dawn—and evening that remem-
bers—
These are the rhymes of God; thus, line on line,
Our hearts are moved to thoughts that are divine.
—R. W. G., in the *November Century*.

THE STORY OF CHUB.

Everybody about the depot knew Chub, the basket boy, for he was always limping through the rooms crying, "Apples! Peanuts—peanuts—ten cents a quart! Apples—two for a penny! Right this way, Mister, for your fresh baked peanuts and ripe red apples!"

Where Chub came from, or to whom he belonged, was a mystery. He was always at his post from early morning till nine at night. Then he would disappear, but only to return punctually the next day.

He wasn't at all communicative and said but little to any one in the way of conversation. Yet everybody liked him; his pale face and withered limbs were sure to appeal to their sympathies. I used to like him myself, and it always pleased me to see him get a good day's custom.

But it's over a year now since Chub sold apples and peanuts at our depot, and I miss him yet. There is a real lonesome place over in the corner; here he used to sit and eat his lunch at loontime. It was his favourite seat, and it never seems filled now.

I often hear our agents and Simons remark when they glance in that direction: "It seems kind o' lonesome not to see Chub around."

I remember as if it were yesterday, the lady coming in leading that little witch with a blue silk bonnet crowning her curls. It was the sweetest baby I ever saw. As she ran about the depot laughing and singing she happened to espy Chub limping his rounds. She ran right up to him, and putting out her tiny hand touched his crutch.

"Oh, oo poor 'ame boy," she cooed, "I've dot a tias for oo."

Chub's face fairly glowed with delight as he bent his head to receive the kiss from the rosebud lips. He reached her a handful of peanuts, which she took and placed in her little sack pocket.

"Ise love oo, poor 'ame boy," she said, softly, "tause oo was dood to me."

"Come here, Birdie," called the lady.

"No, mamma, no! Ise doing with poor 'ame boy," she said resolutely, sticking close to Chub.

But the lady came and took her away, and Chub hobbled into the other room.

The lady was busy with her book and didn't notice her child slip out, but I did, and every now and then caught stray glimpses of the little figure as she ran up and down the platform.

By and by we heard a whistle. 'Twas the fast mail going up, but it don't stop. I thought of the baby and so did her mother.

"Birdie," she called, but no Birdie answered. Just then I glanced out, and there stood the little one in the silk bonnet right upon the track.

I fairly stopped breathing from very terror. The mother ran forward shrieking. "Will no one save her? Will no one save her?"

"Yes," shouted a voice. I saw Chub limp wildly out and snatch the little form from its perilous position, and throw it on one side just as the train thundered by.

The baby was saved; but upon the track was a crushed and mangled form. They lifted him sadly, and laying him down upon one of the seats, went for help.

It was too late; for he only opened his eyes once and whispered, "Is she safe?"

They brought her to him, but he did not heed. She stroked the still, white face with her tiny hands, and cooed in sweet baby fashion as she looked around upon the crowd:

"Poor 'ame boy done fast seep! done fast seep!"
—*Detroit Commercial Advertiser*.