PART I.

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INTRODUCTION.

TWENTY years ago Lord Macaulay complained of the want of English interest in India, and declared that in spite of the closeness of our connexion with that country, and the claims of its Oriental civilisation and varied riches, it was a subject not only uninviting but positively distasteful to most readers. Since his day India has grown and changed with amazing rapidity, and a variety of events—political, natural, educational, and religious,—have called aloud to England for the manifestation of that interest which a mother country should have in her adopted daughter. The massacre of the great Rebellion burnt the name of India upon all hearts, and made it for a time the expression of our indignation and our fears; but the famine and pestilence which followed them, destroying nearly a million of Hindus, purified while they strengthened the memory—stirring the hearts and drawing out the helping hands of English Christians. Missions and other instruments of philanthropy during the last twelve years have received a mighty impulse, being alternately the effect and the cause of a daily increasing zeal and love; while the breaking up of old monopoly, and the call to the intellect and energy of all British subjects in the army and civil and merchant services, have drawn a member or a friend of nearly every English family into the wide new field as a means of communication between Britain and her Eastern Colonies. The practical distance, too, between Europe and Asia has been so shortened that all difficulties of the traveller, except those of expense, are wellnigh removed, for the fifteen thousand miles and weary months at sea have given place to eight thousand miles, accomplished in six weeks, with the luxuries of a coasting voyage, and the comfort and punctuality of first-class steamers. And it is probable that within the next twelve months, when

the railway from Mirzapore to Nagpore is complete, and the British Postoffice has established the mail route by Brindisi and Alexandria, the six weeks' journey to Calcutta will be reduced to three.

But notwithstanding all these things done and being done, there is yet too much ground for the old complaint. From some cause or another the great part of educated English Christians do not care about, and do not know the present condition of India. Especially they do not know the great intellectual upper class of native society which is breaking down the mainstay of Hinduism, and substituting for the caste of Brahminism the more reasonable European caste of personal parts and merit.

The object of this present narrative is to bring this class before that part of the Christian public at home which it may be able to reach, in the hope that a greater interest in the modern Deists of India may express itself in the personal Evangelistic labours of some men among them who are specially fitted for the task.

To speak justly of present India without a word about the India of the past, the writer feels to be impossible. But the alternative seems to be to speak imperfectly or not to speak at all, and he has chosen the former. The history of India was indeed studied with the political events and private enterprise which have principally produced the present phase of native society; but becoming aware that a historical introduction, however important and however concisely written, would be very likely to prove a millstone about this little book's neck, the writer has determined to sacrifice the millstone rather than the narrative, and so the introduction, already written, has been abandoned.

To the few readers who appreciate our subject this explanation must apologise for the defects of which no one is more conscious than the writer.

A few words then must suffice to introduce the following narrative:—There are at the present day scattered over the whole of India tens of thousands of pure Hindus who speak the English language, read English literature, and affect English customs so thoroughly that, although they have never left the shores of their own country,

they would be almost as much at home in London as in Calcutta. They live as private gentlemen, or fill Government offices, or compete with Western merchants, with courtesy and ability and success which would satisfy us in our own countrymen. As to religion, they are for the most part Deists, having cast aside the frivolities and manifested lies of Brahminism, but retaining the dislike of the natural heart to the spiritual religion of Jesus.

The means which have produced this class have been partly our politics, partly our Gospel preaching, but chiefly education.

The history of the Sepoy army and Lord Dalhousie's laws of Settlement and Resumption, would tell us a good deal about them in a negative sort of way; for it was the closing of honourable employment to native gentlemen, the ruin of the hereditary Talookhdars or rent collectors of the soil, and the sudden expulsion of all from their paternal estates who could not produce their title deeds, that destroyed the native aristocracy, and presented to all who were conscious of power or ambition the alternative of discovering some new way to distinction or remaining on the dead level to which the policy of England had reduced their countrymen. From the shame and misfortune of the latter condition the intellectually upper class of India has escaped into the field of honourable enterprise opened by liberal education. Through the agony of a history of successive tyrannies and deepening degradation; through the crimes and mistakes of the nation last entrusted with her fate; through the hindrances of her enemies, and the help and hindrance of her wise and foolish friends, India has struggled on, under the guiding hand of God, to a state of mental light and culture, and so of earthly happiness, superior to any that she has attained before.

Whether in this state she is more ready to receive the Gospel, and so nearer to the happiness which is not of this world, or whether she has only increased her light to increase her condemnation, is one of the most perplexing questions of the day to those who study the national providences of God and the working of truth on the human soul.

Since Bengal, as it is concentrated in the capital, presents the results of the modern national movement in a way which no other part of India does, its history, society, and leading men claiming, by their salient points and marked features, a very special notice, we shall reserve our principal details until the course of our narrative brings us to Calcutta. There is the Brahmo-Somâj, and there the few men who, deservedly or undeservedly, have obtained an attentive hearing and drawn an interest around their thoughts and actions not only in India but in England too.

It was the privilege of the writer to meet some of these men, and to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ among them and their followers, giving them every opportunity of replying to his statements and arguments. But for the first seven weeks of his evangelistic tour the work lay among the humbler natives of Madras, and the account of its direction and results amongst them will occupy the whole of the first part of the narrative.

While English has greatly spread amongst the Hindus of all the Presidencies, and has become the principal means to wealth and respectability, the style of English, and the class by which we find it principally spoken, are by no means the same throughout the country. In Bengal, as we have remarked, the English-speaking men are practically the highest class, a philosophical turn of mind, as well as their mercantile or literary occupations, requiring and developing a knowledge of the master language such as the high schools and colleges alone can give. Throughout the whole of the north and northwest the Government offices and other responsible situations are held for the most part by Bengalees, and even in the country villages and stations in the jungle, the writer has more than once been startled by the hearty English salutation and unembarrassed flow of language of an educated Hindu.

In Madras the case is different. At first one would think it the largest field for an English evangelist. One hears English spoken on all sides. There is no necessity to learn a word of Tamil, for your servant can talk in your language much better than six months' study will

enable you to talk in his. In Calcutta you cannot take a step without Hindustani. Men who have been for years in the service of an English master will not betray acquaintance with a word from Europe: they fear to be taken for "Madrassies," which is something like being taken for rogues. Thus, while English in Calcutta is spoken by the highest class, in Madras it is spoken by the lowest as well, and this lowest class makes up the principal part of the audience which will attend to an English lecturer. From this circumstance, remembering that the knowledge of servants is picked up from any quarter by the ear, with a help from schools much inferior to the select institutions of the capital, our readers will perceive that while the most varied audiences may be obtained in Madras, for a generally appreciative audience they must look to Calcutta. Bombay seems to occupy a middle place between these extremes. It conveyed to the writer the impression of being the great practical middle class town of India; and while it is not characterised by the taste for theological speculation and acquaintance with abstruse English authors which we find among the leaders of the Brahmo-Somâj, perhaps its general command of our language, and the intelligent hearing which it will give to one who is able to attract a Hindu audience at all, are fully equal to the corresponding features of the more famous reformers of Calcutta.

The perfect command of English which many of the natives of India have acquired has excited the astonishment of those who have never, by years of study, been able to speak fluently in French or German; and consequently, among those who know the latest facts in India's social history without knowing fully the causes which produced them, there is an inclination to over estimate the accomplishments and the talents of the Hindu. Perhaps the estimate may be corrected by the statement of a single fact—Many of the educated men of India have been trained by the medium of English from their childhood, and have acquired its use *at the expense of their mother tongue.*

While the writer of this narrative was in Calcutta a distinguished man was selected on a special occasion

to deliver an address in Bengalee to his countrymen, and when one of his audience was asked afterwards how he liked the speaker, he replied that "he was *not well up in Bengalee.*" On another occasion one of the judges of the High Court complained that he frequently found his educated native clerks unable to translate a quotation from one of their own authors.

Yet whatever be the just estimate of the native mind, it cannot be questioned by any that the attainments and the talents of modern India are very considerable: and whether, with their negative Deism and pride of education, they are more or less hopeful than the apathetic and ignorant mass of idolaters who make up the bulk of the population, they are at least many steps nearer than the latter to the means sent out by the Gospel land of the West.

"Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," and therefore it is no small part of the work done when we are able to reach by the living voice—God's chosen instrument—those who are strangers either in mind or heart to the faith of Jesus. If this be the case we would press the question upon the Church in Britain —Has enough special thought and prayer been given, has enough special effort been made, on behalf of this interesting class of men so strangely brought within our reach? Are there not some possessed of means either in money or in faith, and to whom God has given leisure that they might consecrate it to his service, who might spend three months among the Deists of India, and confirm the testimony to those unsettled and unsatisfied hearts that "being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ?"

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

It was during the winter of 1865—66, while preaching as an evangelist in the North of Scotland, that the particular work among the natives of India, the notes of which I am now publishing, was suggested to me. A retired Indian officer, who did not cease to care for India when he left it behind him, expressed to me an earnest wish that some of the educated but unordained men whom God had raised up within the last few years as preachers of the Gospel, and who had gained a hearing with manifest results when prejudice had refused to listen to ordinary ministers, would carry the message to India in the same direct, simple, and undenominational way. I was greatly interested in his account of the large and growing class of educated Hindus, of whom I have already spoken. The suggestion to go out amongst them commended itself to me from the first; but fearful of running into such a work unsent and so unblessed, I kept the matter before me during seven months as a subject of thought and prayer, looking to the Lord to dispose my heart and my circumstances towards or against it according as it was his will that I should undertake it or not.

At the end of these seven months I had reason to believe that the Lord's hand was pointing me to India. The desire of the friend I have mentioned was unchanged; and, on my telling him my decision, he immediately expressed his fellowship with me by sending £100 towards the expenses of the voyage.

For the sake of health I sailed round the Cape instead of taking the short highway of the Overland route. The details of this voyage are no part of the work I have to describe, yet I found them to be a peculiar preparation for it. It will readily be imagined that three or four months of separation from congenial society; from the

service, the privileges, and the enjoyments of the Church at home, are a time of considerable trial. Such I found them to be; but I found them also to be very profitable. Perhaps no other experience would so well have prepared me for the work I was approaching than the prostration of body and soul; the loneliness; the surrounding worldliness and opposition; the sense of my own nothingness, which I was made to feel during those hundred and four days at sea. Notwithstanding this, or rather because of it, I expected a time of blessing; for I have observed, at least in my own case, that when God means to prosper us in his service he has first to send us down to the valley of humiliation. And if one may judge from the unexpected and uncommon interest of the natives, the testimony of Christians, and the enjoyment of the Lord's presence and power in one's own soul, I may say without hesitation that such a time I found my sojourn in India to be.

On the 21st of October we cast anchor in Madras Roads. It was the Lord's Day morning, so I remained on board until the next day, and after the excitement of arrival had subsided, and most of our passengers and of the multitude of wild, black, and almost naked Madrassies who had boarded us had left the ship, I had leisure, during a few quiet hours, to receive the first impressions of India, and to arm myself for a work, which was sure to be full of discouragement, by recalling the fresh instances of the Lord's faithfulness and grace, and the lessons of the past voyage.

Almost any land seems beautiful to one who has been wearying for months at the sight of "water everywhere;" and to this fact must be attributed whatever pleasing impression has been made on the mind of any lover of beauty on approaching Madras. Nature and art seem to have conspired to produce a town which neither affectation nor eccentricity would venture to admire. Commerce has indeed insisted on building a lighthouse, as in the first days of Madras she built Fort St. George; but these two features do little to relieve the dull monotony of the picture, nor are they in any way assisted by the so called Esplanade, which, with the Scotch church and

schools, is placed with singular consistency at right angles to the beach, so as to leave undisturbed the effect of that long unbending line of yellow sand. Behind the foreground of European houses lies the flat mass of "Blacktown," with a native population of six hundred thousand souls; the London Mission House and a few other schools and churches here and there maintaining a protest in the name of civilisation and the Gospel against surrounding idolatry.

Yet Madras, though not beautiful, is far from uninteresting. It is less Europeanised than Bengal or Bombay, being commonly spoken of as "the benighted Presidency." From this very circumstance it presents Indian life and scenery to a stranger with a peculiar force of novelty. Moreover, each of the three great towns has a style of its own in the "bungalows" or houses of its English population, and that of Madras is by far the most imposing. Calcutta gives us, as far as I know, the only example in India of an English street, the princely houses of Chowringhee and its vicinity being built close together, with but very little ground allotted to each. Bombay, with Poonah, is too often content with housing its highest servants in thatch-roofed bungalows of a very homely appearance; but while the offices and public buildings of Madras are not worthy to be spoken of, her dwelling-houses are uncommonly large and substantial, and have an air of privacy, and at times almost of loneliness, from the immense "compounds" or enclosures by which they are surrounded.

The result of this arrangement is, that throughout the greater part of European Madras there is no appearance of a town at all. But the broad and handsome roads which traverse this outer district, with river and parkland and palm groves, are in very pleasing contrast with what lies behind, and do much to redeem the character of the city.

Historically, this earliest of our three Presidency towns is the most interesting of them. It has a really heroic story to tell which ought to be more familiar to the ears of Englishmen. The associations of Fort St. George, and of most towns of any name in the adjacent country,

are equal, in political importance and the interest of personal adventure, to those of any place in modern history. It was here that British power in India was founded, and from here that it stretched out a hand to save, we might almost say to found, the future capital.

It was here that Clive served as a clerk and fought as a soldier—the instrument in God's hand, with the strangest and apparently most unfit materials, of defeating the schemes and armies of Dupleix, and deciding that England and not France was to have the privilege and the responsibility of the guardianship of India.

After escaping from the wild crew of Masulah boatmen and the disinterested native friend, known as a "shark," whose services as an interpreter it was impossible to refuse, and having passed through the ordeal of the customhouse, I was driven, in something very like a second-rate English cab, along the broad bright roads I have mentioned to make the acquaintance of an Anglo-Indian hotel. The heat on shore is much greater than at sea, and in one's first drive or walk all the senses bear testimony that one is far from home. In spite of being prepared for novelties the unwestern character of everything does take you a little by surprise. The hot air and luscious smell seem artificial; that bird sitting on the paling you almost suspect of having escaped from an aviary, till his repose of manner, as you drive close to him, reminds you that he is much more at home than you are. And those cows, with the very hump that gives a title to food and lodging in a menagerie in England—you have to think twice before you can regard them as common things. Thus, for a little while, there is a conflict between experience and reason; but this soon passes away, and in a very short time the stranger is quite at home, rather wondering at the force of his first impressions, as he finds that there are many things common to England and India, and that at least earth and water are much the same all the world round.

Indeed there is probably something of disappointment felt during the first hours of your acquaintance with India. You are in the East, and you naturally expect to realise the dreams of Bible illustrations or of the

"Arabian Nights." But you do not. That man, whose full dress is a girdle and an umbrella, may be curious, but he is not picturesque; nor does the explanation that his black skin is his natural covering supply the place of the flowing robes and tasteful colours your mind is dwelling on. The truth is, India is not the country to satisfy you with these things. At times you may see them. The Durbar will draw out much rich cloth and gold and jewels, while certain elements of those fancy scenes will always be within sight; but the land which realises the East of your imagination is nearer home. It is Turkey, or Egypt, or Palestine. The streets of Cairo present it in perfection; there is nothing in India to compare with them. What is not European in Madras is almost savage; what is not European in Cairo is civilised with the antique civilisation which set the world's fashions when the present nations of the West were painted savages.

The first private news I had on my arrival was, that the Christian officer to whom the only letter of introduction I had brought with me was addressed was at Bangalore, some two hundred miles from Madras; so I remained quiet for two or three days, enjoying the stillness of Valoo Moodelliar's Hotel, and waiting upon the Lord, in expectation of some door being opened for the commencement of my testimony.

Amongst my fellow-passengers on the voyage from England was the wife of Mr. H——, of the London Missionary Society. From him, I believe, I had from the first as much sympathy in my proposed work as from any of the missionary body in Madras. By his advice I determined, before taking any active steps, to go up and see the brethren at Bangalore, of whom I heard there were many, and particularly the Christian officer I have already mentioned.

The mode of travelling in India has greatly changed within the present century. Formerly the most wearisome of undertakings, it is now, throughout a great part of the country, as expeditious as travelling on the continent of Europe. A night or a day suffices to carry the traveller to Bangalore, which is exactly in the centre of

the peninsula; while in twice that time he can completely cross the country and arrive at Beypore, on the western coast. It is almost impossible to overestimate the moral effect which our railways produce, or will produce, on the minds of the natives. Without violence or authority they have struck one of the heaviest blows at caste; by a silent appeal to his pecuniary interest—an argument which every Hindu understands—persuading the Brahmin to crush himself in amongst Pariahs—the priestly prince to sit with the beggar. Moreover, its punctuality teaches the value of time—a lesson whose necessity a European can hardly believe in till he has seen a native contentedly sitting for an hour at his door, in the hope that at the end of that time his wares may be looked at; and—far from its least effect—the railway has obliged the religious Hindu to believe in the superiority of the men of civilisation over his ancient gods, while he compares the pretended works of Ram or his brethren with the bridges and excavations of the Ghauts.

During the hot months a day-journey by rail is very wearisome; and the night train, when there is one, is much to be preferred. Accordingly I travelled by night to Bangalore, the cool light of the moon showing plainly enough the few features of the country—the palms and mud villages of a great plain, and the low, black, un-English-looking hills which succeeded it. Some stations on the line deserve a passing visit, though the utilitarian spirit of a railway train cannot be expected to recognise their merit. Here is *Arcot*, one of the most familiar names in early Anglo-Indian history, suggesting the first maze of Indian politics with which England became practically familiar, in which the Nabob of Arcot was a Proteus-like being whom we cannot grasp or identify, being of one name to-day and of another to-morrow; now the protege of Clive, and now the ally of Dupleix. Arcot, too, reminds us of one of the most brilliant of defences, the few British soldiers, far away from the cheers or helps of home, in common cause with their faithful Sepoys, hurling back from a broken-down wall the furious multitudes of Mussulmans and the skilful officers of France. And Englishmen ought to know,

and ought to remember, that grand example of devotion in their Hindu soldiers, when they refused the poor pittance of rice which belonged to them, and would take nothing but the water it was boiled in, that their self-denial might add a little to the allowance, and so to the strength, of their English comrades. Such a recollection might qualify our abhorrence of the name of Sepoy, and make us search, perhaps not in vain, for causes of the great crime of India, which might lessen its guilt while they increased our own.

And we have had but a little nap, if the keen night air has let us sleep at all, before we are aroused by another name equally familiar with the last. We are at *Vellore*, and we have travelled over the ground from Arcot with much more haste, though with less need of haste, than Gillespie's troopers, at a similar hour of the night, when the news of the Vellore mutiny reached them, and they flew to save the survivors. Few in England can understand this contrast of character, this inconsistency of conduct, suggested by Arcot and Vellore. To do so one must understand at the same time the childishness of the Hindu, causing him to be led with equal ease by a loyal Englishman and by a rebel Mussulman, and his intense superstition and regard for his caste, with the continual and vexatious outrages upon these which were perpetrated by the thoughtlessness or obstinacy of British disciplinarians.

We need not rise again till we reach our journey's end; for although the whole of the ground is rich with history and incident, the feet of British armies have not left any British mark upon the wild Indian names of the places which they trod.

Our terminus is Bangalore. It belongs to the Rajah of Mysore; yet its principal features are a strong British cantonment and the houses and permanent churches of an Anglo-Indian town. For after destroying the dynasty of Hyder Ali in the death of his son Tippoo Sahib, the East India Company restored the old Hindu Raj, but took the sovereign under its protection after a fashion of its own, administering his government by its own commissioner in Bangalore, and insuring to the Rajah the

privileges of royalty which are most highly appreciated by Indian kings—plenty of wealth and freedom from care.

Bangalore being healthily situated on a plateau of considerable elevation, affords the nearest recognised "change of air" from Madras. Its semi-English character may be partly understood from the fact, that it is the kitchen-garden of the Presidency town, to which it supplies great quantities of the same vegetables as are looked upon as essential to a dinner in England. The orchard or fruit-garden of Madras lies farther off and high up on the beautiful Neilgherry hills, the sanatarium not only of the south, but even of many in Calcutta, where the hedges blush with rhododendrons; and no flower or fruit brought from England will ever be able to make the complaint of "the last rose of summer."

I remained four days at Bangalore, during which I had little opportunity of evangelistic work. Addressing the congregation of a little chapel on the Lord's Day evening, and reading and speaking a few words to the coachmen who were waiting upon the morning service outside the English church, some private conversation with poor natives, and an unwelcome and apparently fruitless visit to a rich one, were all the active service I could do.

I regretted this inactivity the less that my object in visiting Bangalore had been simply to consult with the brethren there about the way of commencing in Madras, and from their experience to learn something more of the character of the men I wished to reach. But I found little sympathy in Bangalore. The officer whom I had in the first place come to see—a Christian of long standing, and much used by God—was ill, as was also a member of his family. The other brethren whom I came in contact with (but who by no means represented the whole Church in the place) disappointed me. Not only did they seem to have no hope or interest in work for the Lord beyond their immediate sphere, but having taken up the doctrine of man's power to turn to God without aid and to accept the Gospel, they made a shibboleth of their views, and gave me to feel that there could be nothing in common between us.

Though in no way dependent upon the sympathy or information of these brethren, and enjoying more of the Lord's presence in the manifest absence of human helpers, I felt that their knowledge of the native character was not to be neglected; and as they and others agreed in asserting that the educated Hindus were a most hopeless class, and that there was little prospect of my getting even a hearing from them, I resolved to call their attention in the first place by a secular lecture, through which I might preach the Gospel to them as directly as from a Scripture text.

Accordingly, I sent word to Mr. H——, of the London Mission, who had kindly undertaken to act for me, to advertise a lecture on "*Life is Real: Life is Earnest*," stating at the same time my motive in visiting India, and the men whom I wished to meet.

Those who were at all interested in my work highly approved of this experiment, of which I confess I was much in doubt; but none could be charged with being over sanguine, for even earnest Christians seemed to be in despair about the educated Hindus, one of them saying that he wished me success, but that if I did succeed it would be a miracle; while another remarked that if there was a class of men in the world against whom the Christian missionary, after the manner of the apostles, might shake off the dust of his feet, it was the intellectual English-speaking natives of India. "They have," added this latter speaker, "heard all that we have to say, and they have chosen from our educational systems whatever will further their worldly interests, and deliberately rejected the rest."

No doubt this was true of many, and much more true of Bengal than of Madras, where, as I have already observed, the men of education are of a higher social grade and of much greater mental acumen. But to speak thus was to forget an important minority, who were not outwardly to be distinguished from the freethinkers of no-religion, but whose state of mind made it probable that the Holy Spirit was already dealing with them, and would bring some fruit from among them to perfection. I was told by one who should have known them that there were

probably at least a thousand natives in Madras in the habit of reading the Bible daily. From such a class one was warranted in hoping for blessing, for there was no appearance that God had forsaken them; while the character of the present dispensation, as described by an apostle, reminded me that this field of labour was no exception—God has no further purpose at present in visiting the Gentiles than "to take *out of them* a people for his name."—Acts xv, 14.

I soon followed my message to Madras, and on my return journey found myself travelling with a dear missionary brother—one of seven sons of an old and honoured missionary who had gone to his rest and had left all these behind him in the same work of the Lord. The circumstance reminded me of the Greek mother who gave up her seven sons for Sparta, and I thought how, when all things appear as they are, the world's judgment of such cases will be reversed, and the glory of the service of Jesus manifested.

This brother was stationed at Arcot, and with his family appeared to have exclusive direction of the Dutch Reformed Mission, which was carried on rather by evangelistic than educational means, with the aid of a medical dispensary, where the poor natives met with equally free expression of Christian philanthropy to the body and the soul.

And I would take the opportunity of commending this instrumentality to the notice of Christians at home. Its spirit seems to be the natural fruit of the Gospel, with whose story its practice singularly coincides; while the argument of God's blessing appears as distinctly in its favour as in the case of any Christian work.

In the large towns of our own country, especially in Edinburgh and Liverpool, it has drawn many hundreds weekly under the sound of the Gospel, with the frequently manifest result of true conversion; while to mention one among many instances of success abroad, the second state of Rajpootana has, by means of it, been rendered friendly to the Gospel, and the missionary admitted to an intimacy of personal influence with the sovereign.

The day fixed for my first address to the Hindus

arrived, and I was cheered by some little tokens of interest among them. While walking in the street two young men accosted me, without probably knowing more than that I was an Englishman, and handing me a paper, which turned out to be one of my own notices, asked me to explain the letters "D.V." They had been having some little discussion about them, and appeared to have concluded that they indicated some degree which they had not met with before.

The room for the evening meeting was the Evangelistic Hall of the Scotch Free Church, which was readily lent or let to me for the payment of necessary expenses. The educated natives knew it well, and were accustomed to come to it on the occasion of secular lectures. On this evening it was well filled, at least three hundred Hindus being present—a strange congregation to a European eye, with their uniform costume of thick white turbans and white robes contrasting with the blackest skin in India. The attention and evident interest with which they listened to an English address surprised me, being fully equal to what is generally manifested by an educated English audience, and I was gratified to find that the plain and pointed preaching of the Gospel seemed to hold their eyes and minds as much on subsequent occasions as the more varied subject of this evening. We must not forget, however, that there may be motives for this interest of which those know nothing who are listening to their own language. I have frequently heard it said that Hindus embraced such opportunities, even in some cases coming into a European congregation on Sunday evening, for the sake of a lesson in English. Again, they do seem charmed by fluency and command of language. Power in any shape secures their respect, often their worship. Their gods are embodiments of absolute power, without virtue, beauty, or any good thing, and in the same way they will worship bad men who have had the same characteristic. An officer in the Madras Presidency, distinguished by a ferocious temper, which made him an object of dread to the natives around him, was known to be peculiarly fond of brandy and cheroots. He died, and I was told on good authority

that the natives who had known him in life were in the habit of presenting offerings of brandy and cheroots at his grave. In the same spirit the Hindu will often break a cocoanut at the foot of a great Englishman's statue in Bombay. But whatever be their motives in coming to hear the Gospel, we have cause to rejoice when they come at all, since thereby Christ is preached to them. To return to the Evangelistic Hall at Madras. According to my promise, I gave a lecture on life: its reality and earnestness. Having brought before them something of the immense variety the world presents in nations civilised and savage, intelligent and stupid, energetic and slothful, I showed that, notwithstanding, the physical life of man is different from all other life, and that that life in all men is the same. I then told them the reasons that there were for all men being in earnest even for the sake of the things of this life, putting before them the lives and successes of the men whose earnestness had achieved great things, telling them how in England slavery had been abolished, prison discipline altered, orphans saved, and outcasts reclaimed; yet that we must not reserve our earnestness for great and special work, since only those who do the little things well are prepared for the great. If I had not had Christ to preach this might have been the limit of the lecture; but to a Christian it could only be the introduction. Accordingly, when I had got thus far I felt I had to draw aside a curtain and to show them realities about which they knew, or at least believed, nothing. Behind the curtain lay the realities of eternity, every one of which added to the weight of those of time. So I spoke to them about God and sin, about judgment and eternity; and then about the One who alone can make a sinner meditate upon these without fear—about Jesus as a Divine Saviour, the most precious and the central reality of all.

When I had finished, Mr. H——, who had kindly introduced me to my Hindu audience, and who with myself was encouraged by their number and attention, proposed to me to intimate another address for the following evening. I gladly acceded to the proposal, but

added that, my object in visiting India being simply to preach the Gospel, they must not imagine that I was going to give them another lecture; that if they came again it must only be to hear about Jesus.

This warning did not keep them away, the greater part of those who had been present the previous night coming again, and listening apparently with the same attention while I spoke to them from Paul's words in Gal. vi, 14—"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Amongst those who did not return were one or two men of position whose presence at the first address was noticed in the newspapers. The natural effect of such a notice on a Hindu would be to keep him away, as they are naturally timid and in great bondage to their relations, who are quick to perceive any danger of their forsaking the old faith. These men, however, came again more than once before I left Madras.

The Lord had by this time remarkably provided for my own comfort. Dr. V——, a Christian brother and surgeon-major in the army, had with his wife invited me to make their house my home, and I gladly took possession of the little one-roomed bungalow in the garden in Royapooram, where I had all the quiet which I desired, with the Christian society of my kind host's family close at hand. In this bungalow I had frequent conversations of much interest with natives who came to see me, the nearness of the district to Blacktown facilitating these opportunities; for however anxious a Hindu may be for conversation or instruction on the subject of religion, and however sincere in appointing an interview, the least difficulty of distance or weather or personal discomfort seems to be sufficient to turn him from his purpose.

There are two distinct fields open to the evangelist in India. Either by itself deserves the attention and might use up the energies of the best men we have at home; but there is no reason why the same man, if at all fitted by God to preach the Gospel, should not divide his attention between them. The educated native young men, now forcing themselves upon our notice as a great and increasing community, would probably be the sole cause

of his visiting India; but he would no sooner be amongst them than he would find the old field of his labour in England close beside him, in the large population of English civilians, officers, merchants, servants, and others, to which may be added, as more naturally belonging to this than to the other class, the great number of Eurasians of every grade—people partly of English and partly of Hindu blood.

It may not be desirable to call the natives to public meetings on many immediately successive evenings. Their interest would probably be better sustained by allowing occasional intervals between the opportunities specially intended for them; and these intervals might be made times of equally active work and yet of spiritual refreshment, by devoting them to evangelistic addresses amongst the Europeans.

This variety of work prevents the deadening effect of continuous contact with heathenism. There are many Christiansa mong our fellow-countrymen in India, and no external instrumentality will more strengthen our hands, or give us joy in our work among the heathen, than their friendship and their prayers. Moreover, the manner of putting the Gospel to those who are intellectually convinced of its truth, or assent to it from the accident of country or education, must be different from that in which it would be presented to the sceptic or the confirmed Deist; and the exercise involved in this changing from one class to another is very profitable for keeping both mind and soul awake and in activity, and for preventing the evangelist from getting into a narrow path of thought and energy when he should be ever receiving his impressions and his power through the medium of present circumstances.

Little opportunities of addressing Europeans and Eurasians were offered me at the very commencement of my work in Madras. I readily accepted them when I could, and found much enjoyment in a little schoolroom meeting composed chiefly of Eurasians of the Artificers' Corps, amongst whom there were many believers, and in a service for the employés of the railway which Dr. V—— established for every Lord's Day afternoon in his own house.

Meanwhile, the Hindus continued to attend the addresses at the Evangelistic Hall, though, except at the last meeting, their numbers were not so great as at the first, a suspicion of rain, a public holiday, or a national feast, materially affecting the attendance; but while there was a decrease in the Hindu audience, the number of English people who attended gradually increased, and the missionaries of all denominations were present on different occasions, expressing their sympathy with me in a work whose sole object was to spread the knowledge of Christ crucified. Having with me some little books of Gospel addresses, I had, at the close of my first meetings, given these away to any who cared to take them; but I had reason to think afterwards that this was a mistake, as they seemed to fall into the wrong hands, and I had but very few left for those who might be inclined to read them seriously in pursuit of truth; so on subsequent occasions I put a price upon them, letting the buyers know that whatever they paid in this way would be given to some of the poor people who were suffering from famine in the town. Often while this arrangement continued I had a little group of intelligent men and lads round the desk when the meeting had dispersed, some at once taking the books, and others, curious and undecided, looking at the addresses and hanging about as if they wanted something but could scarcely tell what it was. Many of these, I have no doubt, are just in the same state as the great class in our own country who are almost persuaded to be Christians. On one evening I noticed amongst them a young man of unusually frank and pleasing manner. Something that he said induced me to ask him if he was a Christian, but he answered quickly and with some pride, "No, I am a Brahmin—a pure Brahmin." "Are you an honest man?" I said. "Would you dare to believe the truth if you saw it in Christianity?" "Yes," he replied, "I would; but I wont take it from another man's argument, I must find it out for myself." He took a book of six addresses, paying four annas, or sixpence, for it, and said he must say good-bye to me, as he was about to leave Madras.

The day after this incident another young man called

upon me at Royapooram, in consequence of an invitation I had given to any who might wish for personal conversation. He was in a strange state of mind, apparently convinced that the Bible was true, and dissatisfied with himself, yet imagining or setting up one barrier after another in the way of open profession. His parents, of course, would be terribly grieved and angry if he were to become a Christian. This seemed to suggest his first question—"Did not Jesus remain in private for thirty years, subject to his parents, and without confessing who he was; and ought not I to imitate him in this?" When I had shown him the difference between our Lord's case and his own, and he was obliged to abandon that ground, he took refuge in another difficulty. Showing a silver band fastened round his ankle, he began to give me the story of it. His leg had, some years ago, been very bad with some unaccountable and apparently incurable disease. His father recommended him, when the doctors failed, to offer special prayers to Vishnu. He did so, and according to his own account, given apparently in much simplicity and perplexity, the idol actually appeared to him in his sleep, and, after reproving him for his former negligence towards himself, promised to make him well; and the promise was very soon fulfilled, in memory of which event he had ever since worn this badge of Vishnu's service. In explanation of this apparent mystery, I told him, and gave him examples, of the power of imagination in helping to cure, and even in entirely curing, some bodily disorders, and reminded him that the same power would fully account for the shape his dreams took on the occasion referred to; at the same time I would not say that there might not have been something more than fancy in the case. The Bible, of whose truth he acknowledged himself convinced, speaks of idolators as sacrificing to devils, and tells us in many passages of Satan's great power; and that it was not incredible that Satan took the opportunity of his foolish prayer and vow to Vishnu to make an idolator of him for life. Although this thought seemed to have force with him, and he urged the difficulty no further, the circumstance had suggested to him the next idea which he expressed, and

which had evidently taken great hold upon him—Vishnu had given him a sign. If Jesus were really the true Master he had a right to expect a still plainer sign from him. This he was waiting for, and he did not think he was called upon to confess himself a Christian till he had got it. I told him plainly that in that case he would wait till he died, for Jesus would certainly not give him such a sign as he wanted. "Why not?" he said. "The Bible mentions many such signs. Gideon had them, and David, and many others, why should not I?" I replied—"If you had to walk out late to-night it would be reasonable for you to ask for a lantern, since there is no moon; but if the moon were full I should think you foolish if you insisted on having any other light, and still worse if you were to make the same request in the daytime and in the blaze of the sun; yet this last is just what you are doing. In the early ages of which the Bible speaks—as, for instance, in the days of Abraham—it was very necessary for God to give private signs, for there was no written book to tell his will or what man ought to do. God gave Abraham a lantern when there was no sun or moon or stars, and the world was very dark. So we find him helping many others. But, meanwhile, the knowledge was increasing and the signs were getting fewer; and now, to-day, we are in the full sunlight. We have all the signs of the past as truly as those to whom they were first given. We have the history of God's way with the world; we have the prophecies, and the Gospel story, with the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and, in the midst of all this, there is a man here asking for a sign! He looked ashamed; and I closed the subject by reminding him in what company he had placed himself, namely, that of the wicked Pharisees with whom our Lord was angry for making the same unreasonable request.

It would be impossible to give the details of many other conversations, but this single example, given at some length, will show the strange lines of thought in which the minds of some of these young men are running, and the mixture of common sense and superstition, or Christianity and Hinduism, by which they are influenced.

But the majority of those who came to see me in private were already believers, and the intercourse I had with these was often very refreshing. Sometimes their difficulties brought them, but more frequently their sympathy with me in my work. Throughout this evangelistic tour the definite results which appeared were more frequently with the Christians than with the unconverted. Among the latter I had many evidences of deep interest; but those who know the Hindu character, and also the deceptions of the rocky ground in the work of the evangelist, will be content with me to wait for the principal fruit. The Christians, on the other hand, gave me constant encouragement, both by their visits and their letters, expressing their gratitude for spiritual blessing, many of them, according to their own account, having been roused from a sleeping and profitless state by the word which God had given me.

When I speak of native Christians, it must be understood that I refer to those who appear to be really converted. There is too much reason to fear that the greater part of the natives of India who bear this name have no true title to it. Although the spirit and institutions of India are as opposed to the Gospel as they could possibly be, and make the cost of embracing it very heavy to all who have anything to lose, there are those who can, or who think they can, get more from the missionary than they can forfeit to the priest or to society. These Pariahs—men of no caste—are in many places a source of much trouble; applying for baptism, or at least for instruction, and presently showing that their only object has been to obtain money or employment, or some other help. And besides those who have deceived our Protestant missionaries, there is a great population of Roman Catholic Hindus, who are undistinguishable, except by their name, from the heathen around them. The policy of Rome has been to make converts of any kind by any means. The simplest means was obviously to allow as much heathenism as possible, along with the name and baptism, which put the convert under the protection of a great religious power; consequently, the Christianity of these poor

Hindus is much like that of the Roman Emperor who offered to give the statue of Jesus a place in the collection of his gods. None of the natives of India are more miserable or savage-looking than the Masulah boatmen of Madras. By a crew of these I was one day rowed out to a steamer anchored in the roads. Another Englishman was with me, and I remarked to him that it was hard to feel a right interest in the spiritual state of these poor creatures; but he replied quickly, and with surprise, "Why, sir, nearly all these fellows are Christians!"

The Hindu Roman Catholics of the west coast are, for the most part, the fruit of Xavier's mission at Goa and other places. They generally call themselves Portuguese, and wear European dress and names, but even under this disguise the experienced eye distinguishes them from the Eurasians and recognises them as pure Hindus. They may often be seen on the Esplanade at Bombay, kneeling round a little stone cross, under which are lighted little pots, apparently of incense; or singing in parts, often very sweetly, some hymn in honour of the Virgin.

The reader may imagine what a stumbling-block this is to inquirers after truth, what a hindrance in the way of the Gospel.

It is pleasant to turn from these deluded men and nominal Christians, to the consideration of some of the real fruits of the preaching of the Gospel. That there are such is only denied by those whose hatred of evangelical truth makes them shut their eyes to any amount of evidence; and although these professed sceptics are numerous both in England and in India, it would be a waste of time to argue the question with them.

The Hindu national character is unquestionably of a low type. Centuries of immoral superstition, and of slavery to an immoral priesthood, could have only one result, and the English Christian who has grown up under the influence of the purest moral atmosphere on earth, might often be startled by the inconsistencies of a Hindu brother, and inclined to doubt the reality of his conversion. But God is more considerate than man, and before judging in such a case, we might profitably

consider the similar condition of the Church gathered out of the heathenism of Ephesus, and see how God, acknowledging its members as his children, and reminding them that they have put off the old man with his deeds, exhorts them to lie and to steal no more.

And if in the light of the Word we are able to receive many poor Hindus as brethren, in spite of remnants of heathenism still clinging to them, how gladly should we not acknowledge those whom God seems to have called out in a special manner, and who, in spite of the evil of their circumstances, have been enabled to speak and live for Christ with a boldness and consistency which would give them an honourable place in any Church of European Christians. I met with a few such men amongst Hindus and Parsees, and I know that they are represented among Mahometans also. They are not always the leading men in the native churches, or those whose names are known in England. Of the latter indeed I might say that unwise praise and promotion has sometimes destroyed their spirituality, and made them affected and arrogant. But the leading Christians I speak of are often found in a humble position, serving the Lord and owned of him in conversions in their own circle; neither ordained nor desiring to be ordained by any Church. Of one of them whom I met in the north—an evidently intellectual but silent man, whom it was difficult to draw out into public work,—a Church of England clergyman well acquainted with him remarked, "That man is fit to teach nine out of ten missionaries who are sent out to India."

One day a Hindu Christian gentleman found his way to my quiet garden-bungalow. He was a native of Jaffna and a contractor. His business had led him to Madras, where he arrived in a sickly state of soul. The Lord had used the word spoken in the Evangelistic Hall to restore him, and he thought this was a favourable opportunity for talking over and endeavouring to overcome a number of difficulties which had formerly troubled him in reading the Scriptures. These were much the same as one meets with under similar circumstances at home—as, difficulties about the language attributed to God, and about the crea-

tion. The former of these he illustrated by the case of Jonah and Nineveh, when the Lord, after pronouncing sentence upon the city, repented, and did not execute his judgment. I answered him by supposing a missionary to have landed in the Tamil country several hundreds of years ago, and showing him the only course that such a one could take. He would have to learn the Tamil language in order to communicate the message at all. And if he found that language very different from his own, and full of faults, still he must use it, and so use those very faults or go away. Just so had God to deal with men. The world only understood its own language, and if God would speak to sinners intelligibly, he must condescend to speak in it too. Applying this to the case of Nineveh, God knew the end from the beginning; but to have spoken in the language of heaven would have been to lay the whole plan bare, and to have taken away all force from the threatening.

This was only one of many little knots which we talked of together, and the Lord seemed to remove difficulties in the Word by the Word itself, so that the Jaffna merchant acknowledged that he saw things more clearly than before, and remarked with evident satisfaction—"You give us Scripture for everything." The same man encouraged me by what he said of the men he had recently come in contact with. His position and business gave him many opportunities of intercourse with educated and influential men in the native town, and he assured me that the evangelistic effort specially directed towards them had caused considerable interest amongst the Brahmins and others, and that a spirit of inquiry seemed to be astir among them.

I have spoken of little opportunities of addressing Europeans and Eurasians. The Lord's Day generally brought the privilege of preaching the Gospel to these in larger numbers, both in Madras and elsewhere. Although coming into the Indian mission field with no denominational name, and backed by no earthly authority, I experienced, with very few exceptions, the practical sympathy and love of Christians of every name. Advertised on one occasion as a Plymouth Brother, and on another

as a Mormon, I was, nevertheless, invited to the pulpits of Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Independents, and Baptists, while on several occasions my most intimate friends and fellow-workers were the missionaries of the Church of England. For the truth's sake I must say, that there appeared less of this spirit of generous fellowship, as well as less of other Christian graces, in the first stage of my journey than ever afterwards.

Madras had, a few years ago, the reputation of being the warmest part of the Church in India. I found it quite otherwise. With the exception of a few precious witnesses it seemed cold and lifeless, needing more than any other part of India the breath of God to quicken it into spiritual activity.

One more opportunity for evangelistic work I have yet to mention—it is that afforded by the various missionary schools. In two of these, at Madras, I had an interesting, and, in great part, intelligent audience, and I had reason to believe that the Lord blessed the word spoken on these occasions in more than one instance.

At this time I had much enjoyment in the acquaintance of two army officers, earnest and loving brethren in the Lord—Major M——, stationed at St. Thome, and Captain G——, of Fort St. George; but as both of their stations were very far from Royapooram, I saw much less of them than I could have wished. No one who has come much in contact with our army at home or in India, within the last few years, and who is interested in the Lord's work, can have failed to notice the great increase of witnesses, of every rank, raised up within it. In many parts of India they give the principal, and, in some, I believe, the only, public testimony for Christ. In most of the military stations which I visited during these five and a-half months, I found officers, often of very high rank, as manifestly on the side of God and right living as the most devoted missionaries.

Major M—— rode over one morning, many hours earlier than one thinks of visiting in the cold west, and proposed that we should make use of his house for an evangelistic effort among his immediate neighbours. As I have already said, Madras is scattered over a vast area,

so that each native district is like a separate little town, and must be treated as such if its inhabitants are to be reached in any numbers. A few stragglers might come in to Blacktown; but no doubt the greater part of those who frequented the meetings in the Evangelistic Hall lived in the neighbourhood. St. Thomé was especially a Roman Catholic district. No fewer than seven chapels were provided for its converts. A great part of the population was composed of Eurasians of the lowest class, and the Mussulman quarter of Triplicaine lay close at hand.

But nothwithstanding this variety in the population, we had little expectation of seeing any attend evangelistic addresses in a private house except those who were professedly Protestant Christians. Believers in England are now well acquainted with this kind of evangelistic work. They know that the Gospel has often been preached in the drawing-rooms of London, and most of our great towns, and that by the word spoken in these new meeting places souls have been born to God who would not come to hear the same message when as usual publicly delivered. But, as far as I know, this is a new instrumentality in India, and we were consequently in some doubt as to the way in which it would be received. But the Lord moved the people to come, and the room was well filled on four successive evenings. Although Indian houses have been little used for such audiences, they are admirably adapted for receiving them. In England our rooms are comparatively small and separated, opening generally upon a hall by a single door; but the Anglo-Indian's house, except in the sleeping apartments, might often be considered one large room, divided into parts by many doors and screens, which may be thrown open at will, and surrounded by a broad verandah, which may serve the same purposes as the rooms within. At all these addresses in St. Thomé we were glad to see a considerable body of Hindus, men of business or students in the schools, standing on both sides of the principal room, and listening throughout with as much attention as the Christians in our audience! The Roman Catholics at first appeared more than civil: one of them lent chairs

from his own house for the occasion, and expressed an opinion that his priest would be ready to do the same; and when the hour for meeting arrived this man ushered in twelve Hindus, remarking, with much satisfaction, to Major M——, "See! I have brought all these." The preaching of Christ was, however, too much for him. He was observed to look very uncomfortable while it continued, and before the close of the meeting he effected his escape, and did not return.

I was especially glad to notice four or five Mussulmans present on the second evening. These are the most difficult to influence of all the natives of India. Having a more reasonable and less impure creed than the Hindus, and being strongly moved by religious pride and enthusiasm, they look down upon the latter with contempt. Their theology is contained in the well-known sentence, "There is one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet." While the mass of the people of India are bowing to unsightly images of filth and iniquity, the Mahometan kneels down in the open field, and with at least an appearance of decency and devotion, worships his one God towards the setting sun. It is no wonder that to such a people the preaching of the Cross is foolishness. It is a rare thing for them to give it a hearing at all, and when, yielding to personal persuasion, or unwittingly, they do so, they manage to drown argument and prevent conviction by what appears to them the unanswerable question—"How can God have a Son?" It is much to be regretted that so little missionary work has been done or attempted amongst the Mussulmans of India; indeed, in some parts they seem to be entirely neglected. A few years ago a Mr. Aikman landed as an evangelist, or undenominational missionary, in Madras, but his attention being by some means directed to the Mussulman population, he was led to devote himself entirely to them, and I was told that he is now engaged in a controversial work upon the Koran, pointing out its inconsistencies, and endeavouring to shake their belief in its inspired character.

I have said that there were several Mussulmans listening to the Gospel in Major M——'s house. Two of

them attracted my special attention. They had come in early, and being put into seats at a distance from any door, and rapidly shut in by those who came after, they were obliged to listen to the address throughout. I spoke on this occasion from the words, "Called into the fellowship of God's Son Jesus Christ our Lord," my design being to show something of the grandeur of the Gospel scheme, and how ignorantly they misrepresent it who think it is all contained in a childish dogma, that God sacrificed his Son for the sins of men. As I showed what the Bible taught about believers sharing Christ's position of acceptance before God, these two men listened with an interested but excited manner. The doctrine seemed to stir both contempt and anger, and they turned frequently toward each other and expressed their opinion in sharp glances and words, and even laughter. Their conduct affected me strongly. I never saw more plainly illustrated the world's reception of God's message. I could scarcely see anyone but these men: our eyes met; it was as if we three were alone engaged in a spiritual conflict in that full room. Abruptly leaving the first part of the subject while the sneer still lingered on their faces, I showed them the Christian's union with Jesus as rejected by the world. The example was before me, and they felt that I was using them. They seemed struck by the new thought, ceased their contemptuous manner, and listened quietly to the end. Major M—— asked his servant who they were, but the boy was himself a Mahometan, and did not conceal his anger at them for coming into a Christian meeting, so he said they did not understand a word of English, and only came in to amuse themselves. But the same men came again next evening, and listened to the Gospel from Isaiah lv, and the boy then acknowledged that they were well-educated men, in English employment, and that they had been so interested in what was said the previous night that they had come to hear more. These were not the only Mussulmans who attended. The evening after this a Moulavry, or Mahometan priest, appeared with five or six disciples. The priest himself did not understand English, but told me by an interpreter that, having heard of me in Madras, he had come to pay

me his respects, and that he would come next morning and have some private conversation. This proposed meeting, however, did not take place. While he was talking, some one went off with his shoes; and as he wore stockings—an unusual circumstance,—he must have had an unpleasant walk home through the mud, unless some of his followers came to his assistance. To this circumstance, and to the heavy rain which fell next morning, I was willing to attribute the breach of his engagement. But though the Moulavry did not come, others did, and the morning passed in most interesting conversation with them. Several young men amongst the Hindus had shown plain signs of deep interest during the preaching of the Gospel; but some of them were under strange counter-influences. On the third evening a paper was handed to me, as if from a number of Hindus, with a request that I would answer the questions it contained in writing. I was surprised at the tone in which it was written, which seemed to me rude, at times almost insolent. The questions, too, were strange ones to come from a heathen. One of them asked what Scripture authority I had, as I rejected tradition, for resting on the first day of the week, and another, whether I obeyed all the precepts of the Bible, and if so, how it was that if any were sick I did not send for the priest of the church, that he might anoint them with oil, according to the Apostle James. It was impossible not to see the hand of a Roman Catholic in all this; so when the young man who had given it to me appeared, I charged him at once with being a Romanist. He denied the charge, but said that a Roman Catholic friend had helped him. At first I had determined not to answer the paper; but again considering that my silence might be misunderstood, and also that as it was my last day in St. Thomé, it would be well to leave a testimony behind me, which might possibly reach the eye of some of the priests themselves, I wrote a full answer to all the questions it contained, and left it with the Hindus. Two of these called on me this last morning, besides the young man already mentioned. The latter at first came alone, and before he left acknowledged that all his questions were answered,

and that he was convinced by the evidence of Christianity which I put before him. But he had not been gone more than a few minutes when he returned with these others, one of them a clever, conceited Brahmin, speaking good English fluently. I could not resist the impression that this man had turned the other back with him to show him how his cleverness would conquer where the other had failed. But the Lord, from whom I had been specially seeking wisdom to meet any who might come, shut his mouth before his two friends, so that with some appearance of wounded pride he took his leave.

I had for some time been conscious of a want in the instrumentality at work amongst the English-speaking Hindus. They know nothing of the evidence of the Gospel. Before leaving England, I had wrongly imagined that at least those who had been educated in missionary schools were well acquainted with it, and that nothing was now required but preaching Christ to the heart and conscience. But now I felt that an appeal to their minds was needed as well; and remembering that Apollos "mightily convinced the Jews, *proving* from the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ," and, when there was no common authority of Scripture to appeal to, Paul "*disputed* daily in the market" of Athens, and on another occasion in the school of Tyrannus, I earnestly sought for some means of bringing before the young men to whom I had found such ready access the proof of the Gospel of Christ, or the reason for the hope that is in true believers. Although some part or phase of Christian evidence might be put before them on every occasion of preaching the Gospel, yet the shortness of time, as well as the imperfect knowledge of the language with many, made it impossible to enter fully into an argument; besides which, I desired, especially among the more simple Hindus of Madras, to preach very prominently those truths of the heart rather than of the head—Sin and "a Saviour, Jesus." Accordingly, I felt it was desirable to write and circulate amongst them a summary of Christian evidence, which might be quickly read and easily understood; and it occurred to me that the conversation I have last narrated might afford a suitable introduction. As I used this

little pamphlet very much afterwards, both amongst those whom I did and those whom I did not reach by word of mouth, and moreover, as it contains the proof given in part in different addresses, which I am unable to show in any other form, I shall give it to the reader in an appendix to this book. It was printed by my kind friend Dr. V——, while several other friends, both English and Hindu, offered to translate it into the native tongues.

The Monsoon, or rainy season, had set in before I went to St. Thome. The time for its commencement, according to the calendar, is the 15th of October. If it had been punctual this year, evangelistic work amongst the natives would have been impossible; for rain in India is a very different thing from rain in England. To illustrate this difference, I may say that in some parts, as at Mahabaleshwar, in Bombay, three hundred inches of water falls during four months. The native gentleman's dress, too, is quite unable to stand the lightest shower, so that if rain is falling, or at all likely to fall, it is useless to attempt to draw him out of doors. As it happened, I only lost one public meeting through the rain, and this loss I did not regret, for having come to town myself, I found amongst the few who were standing about the hall two or three cases of anxiety of soul, of which I should have known nothing had the evening been fine. One of these was an English sergeant, and another an Eurasian student from Ceylon.

But the setting in of the Monsoon made it advisable to close the evangelistic work in Madras by addresses directed especially to Europeans. These were given in the Baptist Chapel, Newtown, on four successive evenings, during which I saw more evidence of the Spirit of God moving the people to anxiety about their souls than on any former occasions. Some weeks afterwards, while in Calcutta, I received a letter from a deacon of this chapel, telling me of a young man of the Artificers' Corps who had been turned to the Lord at this time from an openly profligate life. Very shortly afterwards he was seized with cholera and died, as my correspondent said, "giving testimony to the power of Christ to save unto the uttermost." I was also much encouraged

before leaving the town by receiving a letter from one who had on three previous occasions written anonymously, expressing the misery of a conscience for the first time awakened, and begging for public and private prayer, but who was now humbly rejoicing in Christ as a newly-found Saviour.

I had reserved one evening for a final address to the Hindus. Happily there was no rain, though the sky was cloudy. The room was very full, since interest in the work had manifestly increased among Europeans, while the fact of its being the last opportunity seemed to draw all the Hindus out who had attended before. The subject which the occasion suggested to me was the Lord's warning to the Jews—"The word that I have spoken the same shall judge you in the last day."

While the audience was dispersing, a young man—a Brahmin, came up to me with an earnest, impassioned manner, and said he wished to speak privately with me. When we had gone aside he said, "Sir, God has been very gracious to you; he has also blessed me, for I was a pure Brahmin till he saved my soul." He afterwards told me that he had, since his conversion four years ago, fallen into a cold and worldly state, and had only recently been restored by means of a word about Peter's denial, spoken by a faithful old missionary from Bangalore. His chief purpose in speaking to me now was to ask that he might accompany me to Calcutta. "Do let me go," he said, "I will follow you to Africa, or all over the world." It was impossible to tell whether such a request was made in the flesh or in the spirit; so I told him to come next day to Royapooram, and in the meantime to lay the matter before the Lord. He came, bringing with him a little copy of Wesley's hymns, which he begged I would accept as a token of his love. With regard to his thought of the previous evening, which was as strong as ever in his mind, I showed him how unlikely it was that the Lord wanted him in Calcutta or in England; how he had ready access to his own people through his knowledge of Tamil and Mahratta, while he would be unable to speak a word to Bengalees. When I saw him again

this thought seemed to have decided him to remain, for he at once entered into various little services in Madras, seeking and obtaining permission to visit the sick in the hopital, where he presented the interesting picture of a Hindu going from bed to bed of English sailors and soldiers, and speaking to them about Jesus; applying for similar admission to the gaol, and preaching the Gospel in the streets. In this last work he was helped by a young man, a fellow-student, of whom he gave me an interesting account. He had received a Christian education, but was not a Christian, as he constantly denied that there was any such thing as the forgiveness of sins; but during an address which I gave to the Wesleyan schools he had been convinced of sin, and led to the Saviour, proving the reality of his conversion by going into the streets three or four times a week to preach Jesus to his ignorant fellow-countrymen. When my Hindu brother told me this circumstance, I remembered how, on the occasion referred to, I had felt obliged, after I had opened my Bible to speak on a particular text, to put it aside, and speak to the young men and boys who were gathered together only the words which should be given me at the moment. Had the Lord caused that change merely for the sake of this one poor soul?

My public work in Madras was now finished, and I was free to leave it on the first opportunity. Successive accidents, however, to the steamers between Galle and Calcutta detained me yet a few days; but this rest enabled me to write and leave behind me the little pamphlet ("Does Man Need a Saviour?") which I have already referred to.

And now I had closed a short but solemn time of work. The object for which I had left England was in part accomplished. It is true I had not reached the leading spirits—the most intellectual and educated race of India, but I had reached Hindus—English-speaking, Deistic Hindus,—and I had preached Christ to them. I had come out with much hope. The blessing which had crowned the work of the evangelist during late years seemed to give ground for hope. Was not the Lord's word and spirit the same in England and in India? I

had come out, too, with some special means, though apparently without means. The fact that I was unconnected with any human society—unpaid for preaching the Gospel—told manifestly on the minds of the natives. They saw that whether what I preached was true or not, I spoke it because I believed it, and they listened as men only listen to one who is in earnest. But the question that was in my own heart is rising to my reader's lips—What was the result?

If you mean, dear reader, what was the apparent result—how many cases of conversion there were, or what change on the face of native society—I say plainly, the result was very small. It was small, indeed, compared with what I myself had hoped. I looked to see more manifest conversions, for I had seen them at home —seen them when preaching the Gospel with no more faith or enjoyment of God, and with much less trial of faith than I experienced now; but I only found myself in the society of which the greatest disciple is unworthy, while the least is admitted to it, when I had to say, "My judgment is with the Lord and my work with my God."

Yet I am far from acknowledging or suspecting that the preaching of the Gospel was without effect on these Hindus. To do so would be to substitute sense for Scripture. I have confidence that the Lord who gave the opportunity, and who gave faith in himself for a blessing, did more than appeared on the surface. Missionaries have told me that their most steady converts were those who were long deeply but silently influenced, while those who appeared to be immediate fruit generally in time of temptation fell away. While I should be very unwilling to accept this as a constant rule, I believe it has more truth in India than elsewhere. In bringing us to the Saviour, God works through, rather than in spite of, our character and circumstances. The national character and circumstances of the Hindu are very peculiar. He is timid, prejudiced, and sophistical; and in most cases subject to such a pressure of external influence, and threatened with such a social punishment, that until he has sat down and fully counted the

cost, and found Christ worthy of it, he dares not breathe a syllable or betray a sign which would imply that he is spiritually interested in the Gospel.

As is the experience of the novice in every work, much of my learning was the unlearning of what I had previously believed. Questions which seemed very simple in England became very knotty in India. Wise men and pious men were here and there working on what seemed strange systems, and not only working on them but ready to defend them by arguments of Scripture and of success, which, if they did not convince, at least commanded a respectful hearing.

I still believe that there are weapons used in the mission field, and forces impressed in the name of Christ, which are not according to the mind of his Spirit; but I would suggest that those of us who have not had personal acquaintance with the perplexities and peculiarities of the mission field should be more careful about love than judgment, and should not allow our hearts to get cold or our hands unhelpful to those who are in the actual battle with heathenism, because we do not understand or approve of all their ways. Moreover, the experience I have mentioned does not at all hinder me from inviting other evangelists to go out and preach in hope. The Lord might give a sight of blessing to one which he saw was not good for another, or it may be that the effect of this untechnical way of preaching the Gospel is so distinct that a reaper may be wanted after the sower.

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CALCUTTA.

We have spoken generally of the result of English influence upon India. Calcutta demands a few moments of special notice. The contrast it presents to Madras is very marked; the latter, though for long, and till lately, first in the statistics of Christian effort, being at the present moment the most backward of all the Presidencies, while Bengal, whose life and energy is concentrated in Calcutta, is by far the foremost. The character of the people and the providences which have directed their later history have tended to produce the one result of their educational supremacy. There is a principle of compensation in nature which takes under its protection, and sometimes in the strangest ways, those who are destitute of the usual means of defence. It is this which provides the deer with swift feet, the skunk with ill-odour, the cuttlefish with ink, and the hedgehog with spines.

To the same principle the Bengalee is indebted for his ingenuity and subtlety of mind, which has, on a hundred occasions, been more than a match for the physical courage and force of which he is utterly destitute, but which have so markedly characterised his enemies both of Asia and of Europe. But I would here carefully distinguish between mental strength and mental ingenuity; between capacity for sound reasoning and a talent for sophistry. The result of my own observation has been that the Hindu, especially the Bengalee, has nothing of the former, while the latter is his distinguishing characteristic.

The practice of defending himself by his wits rather than by his arms, and the hopelessness of attaining to

distinction by any other means, made the weak, plastic, subtle Hindu of Bengal more likely than any other inhabitant of India to avail himself of any means of knowledge which might be imported from the West; and when it happened that the principal opportunities and inducements to learning—the secular and Christian colleges and high schools and the opening doors of government offices—were given to Bengal, the leadership of the northeast was at once established.

Long before the English Government had discovered that it owed any duty at all to India, and while its high servants were openly advocating the maintenance of ignorance and idolatry, a few missionaries had taken shelter under the Danish flag at Serampore. There during forty years, in which their countrymen in office alternately persecuted and patronised them, they carried on the double work of preaching the Gospel and creating or strengthening, with all their energies, whatever machinery might help to break down the superstition of India and spread the knowledge of any truth. In 1819 they had baptised more than twelve hundred persons, of whom the greater part were adult natives. They had sent out whole editions or portions of the Word of God from their own press and of their own translating, in nearly twenty Indian languages. The outcast children of mixed blood were gathered into a "Benevolent Institution," to the number of two or three hundred. Education was stimulated not only by their village and town schools, but (in 1820—21) by the founding of a native college. The Agricultural Society of India was their work, and so was the first Bengalee newspaper.

We need no further evidence than these facts to prove that the consecration of these mighty men of faith to Christ in the battle with heathenism shook the whole of India directly or indirectly, and greatly prepared the way for those who were coming after.

A holy influence began to be strongly exercised about the same time on the Europeans in Bengal by Heber and other good bishops of Calcutta, and by such Church

of England chaplains as Henry Martyn and David Brown. The latter is said to have been the first to gather a regular congregation of English people to public worship on the Lord's Day.

Then government began to move in the right direction. Still opposed to directly Christian effort, it was escaping from the delusion that the ignorance of the natives was the great safeguard of our empire. Exceptionally enlightened Governors-General, like the Marquis of Wellesley, had already acted in opposition to this strange theory; but it was not till the administration of Lord Hastings that the great influence of the English Government was thrown into the scale of civilisation and secular enlightenment. Under the auspices of Lord Hastings, the Hindu College, the Book Society, and the Calcutta School Society, sprang into existence. To the first of these the Deists of Bengal owe a great deal of good or evil.

The object of its founders was to provide the youth of India with a first-class education in Oriental and also European literature, with an absolute exclusion of the Bible and Christian teaching. They thought by this means to preserve the old system and to incorporate into it the advantages of the new. But the result has been gain to neither, but the formation of a distinct class of religionists who look with almost equal contempt upon Brahminism and Christianity. The knowledge of science, even in its simplest elements, made continued belief in Hinduism impossible; but the Gospel having no voice in the matter could not build a new edifice on the ruins of the old, and had to see natural religion, with the glaring features of conceit and self-sufficiency, seat itself on the throne so long occupied by blind superstition.

Meantime one man from within the ranks of native society—by far the greatest Hindu reformer of whom we have authentic history, whose talents and influence have been tardily recognised by his countrymen since his death—was acting in concert with English and native educationalists, and with weapons of his own, wielded

with no ordinary energy, was sapping the foundations of the established idolatry. Rammohun Roy was a Brahmin gentlemen, gifted with great talents, strong common sense, and deeply religious spirit. The first of these put the languages and so the religions of surrounding nations within his reach; the second rejected the latter as unworthy of human greatness, while the third kept him searching without satisfaction until he fell back upon the discoveries of his own unaided reason, and lived and died the apostle of Unitarianism in India.

The now well-known Brahmo-Somaj of Calcutta acknowledges him as its founder. His assaults upon the national religion, especially the first trumpet blast "against the idolatry of all religions," while it raised thousands of enemies, gathered round him a little circle of friends, with whom, in 1818, he commenced in his own house that strange prayer meeting which was the germ of the Brahmo-Somâj, and in which the one God was worshipped according to the light of nature. Ten years later the religious society was openly established under its present name. At first the personal influence of the founder was all that held it together, for during the years which Rammohun Roy spent in England it lost all vigour, and after his death almost ceased to exist. But the spirit which had created it being still in Bengal, although having no such genius to do its work, the Brahmo-Somâj did not die, but began to gain strength from the steady progress of western education; and having struggled on for some years under another name, it again came before the world and claimed an attention which it has ever since maintained and increased, with the name which Rammohun Roy first gave to it.

But what especially disappoints us in Hindu reformers, and even in their one great leader, is a want of certainty in their first principles—a want of truth at the starting point. It has been proved again and again that the oldest form of Hinduism was Pantheistic, and the present members of the Brahmo-Somâj do not, I believe, offer any contradiction to this statement; yet Rammohun Roy

asserted that it was pure Deism, and that his object was to lead his countrymen back to the religion of their forefathers. Again, the men who are now vehemently preaching "the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," are "bowing themselves in the house of Rimmon;" for the most notorious among them, while appearing as the champion of liberty and breaker of the chains of caste, is so enthralled himself that he cannot or will not eat with his own wife.

The greater part of this religious fraternity are young men—some of them very young—whose teaching in government schools has created disgust at superstition, an interest in English literature, and a consciousness of power with the desire to exercise it. The rooms of the Brahmo-Somâj provide exactly what they want—the English library, the Deist prayer meeting, the opportunity for debate and congenial society. No one would expect such an association to show a fixed system of theology; but one might have hoped from the few thoughtful and earnest men who have guided its counsels, something more definite than it has ever attained to, and changes less violently abrupt and contradictory than have characterised its short existence. To describe the doctrines of Brahmoism is impossible. Its followers consider it to be a religion, and talk of it as something not only differing from, but "beyond Christianity;" some indeed profess to be seeking and advancing, but the commoner language of Calcutta is that of intellectual pride and hopeless self-satisfaction. Yet the one permanent characteristic of this faith, if we may for a moment allow it the name, is its antagonism to the old idolatry in its belief in one God, while every attempt at defined doctrine, regarding man's human nature, way of acceptance before God, and future life, has been an exposure of darkness and weakness, and an opportunity for disunion and self-contradiction that testify of the absolute need of revelation more loudly than any voice has done from without. It is of little use to mention particular doctrines that have been laid aside or taken up by the Brahmos

within the last twenty-five years. The abandonment of the Vedas as inspired authorities, of the belief in transmigration of souls, and of the absorption of the soul in the Deity, seem to be great strides towards truth, and have raised sanguine hopes in the breasts of the Christian friends of India. But when we see that the movement is the effort of human energy and the very crown of native pride, and that its limits are superstition and natural religion, and its direction from the former to the latter, we shall understand that everything that has happened was to be expected from human causes, and that little more can reasonably be hoped for, except by the supernatural interference in individual cases of the same Spirit of God that has converted many of the blindest worshippers of Shiva and Vishnu.

From beginning to end, the characteristics of the Brahmo-Somâj will be—*Deism and uncertainty.*

If anything could make us take a more hopeful view of the Deists of India, it would be the two epochs of Dr. Duff's work in Calcutta from 1830 and the present bold position and proselytising spirit of the advanced liberal party. But neither of these seems to afford any reason for qualifying the opinion we have given. The former was an example of the same sovereign intervention of God as we have to acknowledge in times of revival at home. The spiritual interest and the genuine conversion of some of the Brahmo leaders at that time, and especially of the controversial editor Krishna Mohana Bannerjea, were neither the fruit nor the natural sequel to Brahmoism. By the medium of our own language, and in the fierce excitement and persecution raised against Hindu reformers by the mass of the people, God spoke with convincing and converting power in the same "still small voice" as had been sounding in their ears before, and has been ever since, with little apparent result. A few were then gathered out to Christ, but Brahmoism claimed and held the most.

As to the work and character of Keshub Chunder Sen, the leader of the liberal party, they are nothing beyond

the goal of natural religion, and therefore give us no problem to solve.

Baboo Keshub is a gentleman of private means, residing in Calcutta. He is apparently about thirty years of age, is a man of superior talents and education, and, if he be a true man, is characterised by a deeply religious spirit and an earnest desire to raise his countrymen from the degradation of idolatry. He and his followers are not satisfied with quiet speculations about the truth in their own homes or in the rooms of the Somâj. They believe in aggression, and so have taken upon themselves the work of missionaries; and either in Bengalee or in English, the educated men of most of the great towns of India have heard the doctrines of Brahmoism and natural religion from the lips of Keshub Chunder Sen. It is interesting to notice that when engaged in such labours the Hindu has no advantage over the Englishman beyond the boundaries of his own province. When the Bengalee visits Madras, or Bombay, he is dependent upon his knowledge of the language of England for a hearing from his own countrymen. The aggressive principles of this forward section of the Brahmo-Somâj, together with their nearer approach to the doctrines of Christianity, has produced a rupture in the original society, so that there are now two distinct and widely-differing schools in Modern India, whose disciples boast the common name of Brahmos.

Two or three years ago Keshub Chunder Sen delivered a lecture in English in the Hall of the Calcutta Medical College. His subject was—"Jesus Christ: Europe and Asia," and the manner in which he treated it created considerable sensation at the time, both amongst hopeful Christians and fearful Hindus. Having before me a copy of the lecture which the Baboo gave me in his own house in Calcutta, I shall extract a few sentences as the most effective and the fairest way of showing the attitude towards the Gospel of this spokesman of the liberal Somâj.

"Here" (in Palestine) "Jesus Christ, the greatest and

truest benefactor of mankind, lived and died. Here he originated that mighty religious movement which has achieved such splendid results in the world, and scattered the blessings of saving truth on untold nations and generations. . . . . In addressing you on this momentous theme, I cannot however forget that I am a Brahmo. I will not dissemble my convictions, which differ, as you are aware, from the orthodox opinions of popular Christianity. . . . I am no hater of Christianty, much less of Jesus Christ. I cherish the profoundest reverence for the character of Jesus, and the lofty ideal of moral truth which he taught and lived. . . . The world presented almost one unbroken scene of midnight darkness on all sides. A light was needed. Jesus Christ was thus a necessity of the age: he appeared in the fulness of time.

"Under such circumstances Jesus Christ was born. How he lived and died; . . . how his words spoken in simple but thrilling eloquence flew like wild-fire and inflamed the enthusiasm of the multitudes to whom he preached; how, in spite of awful discouragements, he succeeded in establishing the kingdom of God in the hearts of some at least; and how ultimately he sacrificed himself for the benefit of mankind, are facts of which most of you here present are no doubt aware. . . . He laid down his life that God might be glorified. I have always regarded the Cross as a beautiful emblem of self-sacrifice unto the glory of God—one which is calculated to quicken the higher feelings and aspirations of the heart and to purify the soul; and I believe there is not a heart, however callous and hard soever it may be, that can look with cold indifference on that grand and significant symbol."

These quotations will give the reader an acquaintance with Baboo Keshub as he was some three years ago. Though he carefully retains the name of a Brahmo, it would be difficult to say in what he differed from those who call themselves Unitarian Christians among ourselves. But this position was untenable. It was a

dazzling height to the reformers and sceptics below; but it was necessary to abandon it, and to advance or retreat, for common sense insisted that it made Jesus Christ too little or too much. The Baboo preferred to retreat, and in a subsequent lecture on "Great Men" he disappointed the hopes of his Christian friends by repeating his praises of Jesus, and neutralising them by associating with his the names of heathen statesmen or sages who claimed his natural admiration.

Thus the Deists of Calcutta are interesting, perplexing, and disappointing. Few men reach them with much influence for Christianity: few are specially suited to the work. If not strong in mind, they are ingenious; if not logical, they are subtle. Few of them have read the evidence for Christianity: most of them have read much against it. Paley and Butler are almost practically unknown, while to thousands the name of Thomas Paine is a household word.

Some statistics as to the present amount and progress of education among the men of this class may be necessary to convey a right idea of their importance in society. A quotation from the report of the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* will supply this information as correctly and concisely as any other informant. "The lesser examinations of the Calcutta University have been going on during the past week. There are no less than 1,350 candidates for matriculation (all above sixteen years of age) and 426 for the 'little go.' The number for degrees and honours will be at least 200. Thus some 2,000 young men, all examined in English, and a large proportion in the classical languages of Europe and Asia —Latin, Sanskrit, and Arabic—are the annual fruit of the higher education in India. In Bombay the number has doubled this year, having risen to 602, of whom 458 were for matriculation, 59 for the 'little go,' and the rest for graduation."

Having endeavoured to introduce these modern Hindu gentlemen to my readers, I shall now resume the narrative of my work among them.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

CALCUTTA.

Towards the end of my stay in Madras, it occurred to me that it was possible to bespeak a hearing in the capital by a letter "to the English-speaking Bengalees in Calcutta, and particularly to the members of the Brahmo-Somâj."

At the close of one of my last meetings in the Evangelistic Hall, Mr. R. C., a civil servant of responsible and influential position in Calcutta, and a well-known servant of Christ, made himself known to me, and offered me, most seasonably, his assistance in commencing my work in Bengal. I gladly accepted his offer, and wrote the following letter to the Baboos, Mr. C. engaging that it should meet their eye through the medium of the English newspapers:—

"Gentlemen and Friends,—I am on my way to Calcutta for the sole purpose of meeting with, and if you permit me, of addressing you in public on the all-important subject of religious truth. What I heard in England of your forwardness in education, your rejection of unreasonable fables, and your belief in the one God, moved me to leave my home occupations and to make a three months' journey simply for the purpose I have mentioned. I am not a missionary in the ordinary sense of the word, being in connexion with no society, and receiving no salary from England or elsewhere.

"As a man of some education—a graduate of Cambridge—I sympathise with you in your intellectual war with time-honoured follies and manly assertion of what is true. As a Christian, I believe you fall far short of the truth which gives real happiness in this life, and which alone gives any happiness in the next. As I have but a few weeks to spend in

Calcutta before returning by Bombay to England, I earnestly request that those of all classes who can understand English will give me the opportunity of addressing them which I seek. If I am wrong, you have strength and intelligence to resist the error; if I am right, you will have no cause to regret the meeting. Give me credit for some of the honesty and earnestness which I ascribe to you, and the belief in which has greatly influenced me in undertaking the present journey. Let us meet as earnest men about the most real and weighty matter that can occupy the attention of Bengalees and Englishmen.

"I am, Gentlemen and Friends,

"Yours very sincerely,

"JAMES F. B. TINLING."

I soon followed my letter to Calcutta, though for a time it appeared as if I must remain another fortnight where I was. The delay of the mail steamers had so increased the number of applicants for berths, that when three vessels arrived on the same evening in the Roads all available room in those which were whole was immediately occupied, and I owed it to an accident which caused a delay of two hours that I managed to reach the broken-down *Mongolia*, which lay two miles from the beach, after obtaining a tardy permission to make the attempt. The *Mongolia* was towed all the way to Calcutta, so our voyage was not a very speedy one; but I had not been long on board before I saw some of the Lord's purposes in causing me to find a passage in this ship and not in any o her. We left Madras on Saturday, and I had an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the passengers next morning. There were many of these on board, although one-half had escaped to the other steamers, and I had frequent opportunities of speaking to individuals among them of the truth of Jesus.

A large ship's company at sea provides much work for one who seeks for souls, and many interesting glimpses of the joys and sorrows of others. Deprived of the occupations and the privacy of home, and obliged to live under the eyes of strangers, and dependent upon one another for many little services and for most of the enjoyment which is usual on board, the inhabitants of this little ship-world are more ready to receive a word spoken in the

name of Jesus with wisdom and love than those whom we meet in the ordinary circumstances of land-life. Then there is opportunity for the study of character, for waiting a fit time, and for repeating the testimony, which we seldom have on shore. Often we are surprised at the readiness with which a word is received where we expected only a repulse. Here is one of such cases, in which we find ourselves engaged in a conversation on secular matters. From agreement in taste to deeper sympathy the transition is not difficult. We discover that our fellow passenger has had some sore trouble: she has lost children. We naturally speak about the sympathy of Jesus—the necessity of that sympathy to enable her to bear her trouble. She evidently has not enjoyed that, and yet she knows or thinks it to be a real thing, and shily suggests the difficulty of being sure about such matters, and gives us the opportunity we were seeking of telling the old, old story, in the hope that it may come with new power. But what a change of company we feel when sitting a few hours later in the dark beside that young doctor smoking his cigar amidships. He does not seem very likely to listen quietly to "religious talk." He is just beginning a new life, full of health and with bright prospects. But the Gospel of Christ suits all men, so we have hope of him also. We begin to converse about his line of things, and express all the interest we feel in what he is living for; but he is a man of sense, and he will not be offended when we say a word for something more—when we plead for purpose, reality, definiteness in life, and argue that to serve Christ is most manly as well as most profitable, and that to serve him we must know him as our own Saviour.

Then there are religious people here and there—some truly religious, some educationally or self-righteously so; but even the latter are ready to talk with us about the truth, and need no gradual introduction of it to make it tolerable. They are not hypocrites, but they are deceiving themselves, for they are trusting in their own works to make them acceptable before God. Here is a

great opportunity. The Word of God is living and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart. If anything will convince them of their danger and false position it is this, so we have cause as well as opportunity for using it. And so there is interesting work for this various company, which is far more various than we have described it. Many a face in it rises before me, and I am tempted to give more time and space to the description of their spiritual features; but already I may be accused of having wandered from my subject, though indeed any part of the work of Christ can hardly be said to be irrevelant to it. But I will return to it more directly, only remarking before I leave the *Mongolia* that I esteemed not the least of the privileges it was the means of affording me, that I made the acquaintance and enjoyed the friendship while on board of Mr. D——, of Monghyr on the Ganges, a humble-minded but not unknown servant of Christ. I had afterwards the privilege of renewing this acquaintance on my journey towards the northwest.

Part of our company, including myself, embraced the opportunity offered us of making the last hundred miles in another steamer; and in a quiet little party of half a dozen, we followed the windings of the famous Hooghly from morning till evening, arriving in Calcutta on Saturday, a day and a-half before the friends whom we had left behind.

Classical rivers seem to be above receiving any assistance from nature. The mud-banked Hooghly is as exclusively indebted to history for its fame as the Nile or the Tiber. Yet the scene as the stranger approaches Calcutta is lively and pleasing. If he can recall his first impressions of Madras he will say Calcutta is beautiful. This was certainly the result of the comparison in my own mind. The river, merry with native boats, and freed from its mudbanks by the buildings on either side, lay shining in the evening sun. Looking towards Calcutta, the eye first rested on the glorious *Maidan* or

plain, five miles in circuit, bespeaking a favourable impression of the city which it introduced; Chowringhee and the Esplanade, with their princely European houses, lined the farther sides of the plain, while the native town was thrown behind and out of sight, its existence only testified by the uncertain, hazy, smoky something which conveyed a suitable impression of size, and formed an effective background, a part of the picture which, after experience, proved to be the only one which it was fitted to assume.

I said that my first experience in Madras had been that of difficulty, chiefly through the want of interest manifested by Christians. This had not caused me distress or failure, for I was enabled to trust in the Lord throughout, and even to enjoy the opportunity of proving his faithfulness and resting upon his bare word. Just as they were wanted, openings and friends were provided, but I could not to the last speak of any very definite expression of sympathy or corporate action of Christians in Madras.

In Calcutta it was quite otherwise. I enjoyed from the very first the most hearty and practical sympathy of a large number of God's people, particularly of a little circle in Chowringhee into which my acquaintance with Mr. R. C. introduced me. This kind friend had made known the object of my proposed visit, both to the Hindus and to European Christians, and had already enlisted the hearts and hands of some of the latter in the name of the Lord. Immediately on my arrival I was received as a guest by Mr. L——, a judge of the Supreme Court, one of the examples not now so uncommon as twenty years ago, of men of high position in India honoured as good public servants by the state, and yet confessing allegiance to a higher Master.

In this hospitable house I remained through the five weeks which I spent in Calcutta. On the Monday morning a number of the friends of whom I have spoken formed themselves into a little committee to consider what might be done among our fellow-countrymen of

the upper class in Calcutta. It is true that I had come to India with almost exclusive consideration of the English-speaking natives of the country; but I have shown how already in Madras the opportunity and the desirableness of giving part of my time to the English and Eurasian population had been pressed upon me. In Calcutta the need for workers among such was even more strongly felt, and the opportunity earnestly considered by the friends at this morning meeting. As might be expected, there is a more decided upper class both of Europeans and natives in Calcutta than there is either in Madras or Bombay. To bring the Gospel to the unconverted in this class and of both races was our desire and aim. Accordingly, it was decided to hold a drawing-room meeting in Mr. S. M.'s house, on the evening of the 4th of January, for the purpose of hearing "a New-Year's address." Private invitations were sent to a large number of persons, nearly one hundred of which accepted them and came to the meeting. I gave an address on the Lord's parable of the barren figtree. The novelty of the work, or the power of the word, produced so much apparent interest in many, that I felt justified in giving notice of a second address in the same drawing-room on the evening of that day week. On after consideration we thought it better to take new ground, and fresh invitations were issued for Mr. H.'s drawing-room, in which we had met every morning for special prayer for Calcutta.

On the second occasion we had the gratification of gathering under the sound of the Word sixty or seventy of the class which we sought to reach.

But although I have described these meetings in Chowringhee first—and they were the peculiar feature of my work in Calcutta—the notice of them was necessarily so long that the work among the Hindus was commenced some weeks before the evenings I have referred to. In reaching the Brahmos and other educated natives, I was much helped by Dr. R., of the United Presbyterian Church, whose medical profession had given him a

friendly access to the houses of these men, which it was his desire to use for the Gospel. Immediately after my arrival, I made Dr. R.'s acquaintance, and after breakfasting with him on the first Tuesday morning, I set out, with his guidance and introduction, to visit some native Christian gentlemen, as well as the leaders of the Brahmo-Somâj. One of the former had, some five years ago, together with several brothers and other members of his family, openly professed himself a Christian. As the defaulters were connected with the best families in Calcutta, their conversion caused considerable excitement at the time. Baboo D., upon whom we called, was a remarkably intelligent and well-informed man. His manner was energetic: his English fluent and well-chosen. He turned to a well-filled bookcase, in which I saw many familiar names, and took down one of the recent writers on the philosophy of Christianity. The style of the book was abstruse, and the language such as few Englishmen could have followed without careful thought. But the Hindu read off two or three pages with extraordinary rapidity, as bearing upon the subject of our conversation, and showed by his correct emphasis that he perfectly understood his author.

There was less to please, though much to interest, in the other houses which we visited. The old president of the Somâj was not at home, but we were entertained by his sons, and by a friend of theirs, I believe also a member of the same family, who had recently returned from London qualified as a barrister by the Inns of Court. In this house a young lady was introduced by her brothers, and sat in the reception-room throughout our visit. Those who cannot divest themselves of English ideas while reading about India and Calcutta, will wonder why I mention such a little circumstance as this. But in truth it was a most significant circumstance, and if it stood alone would hint at a social revolution which was likely to overthrow the whole national system. The exclusion of women, though it dates no further back than the Mahomedan conquest (about 1000 A.D.), is a

national custom of the first importance, instituted originally for their protection against the conqueror, but perpetuated by the older article of faith, which esteems them of so inferior a nature as to be unfit for the society of men. The evident comforts of an Anglo-Indian home, and the charm of our countrywomen's conversational powers, have opened the eyes of some native gentlemen to the folly of the "Purdah," and they have determined to brave the wrath of priests and people and to liberate their female prisoners. Still the appearance of a Hindu lady before Englishmen is hardly known, although I was told that a short time before my visit to Calcutta some ten or twelve native gentlemen had met together *with their wives* in a social party. But the work is silently but rapidly progressing in the Zenanas (or women's apartments) of the native houses. Many English ladies are fully occupied in teaching these neglected women the commonest accomplishments of European life, the Baboos thankfully encouraging the work of kindness, as they cannot but feel acutely the contrast between their wives, who can neither read nor write nor sew, with the wives of even poor Europeans, and long for the sympathy at home which their own liberal education is daily making more necessary, and at the same time more manifestly wanting.

I desired to avail myself of the opportunities this morning's visits afforded of drawing the attention of the Brahmos to the superiority of the Gospel of Jesus to their negative and shifting Deism; but partly from want of interest, as I thought, and partly from a notion of their own superiority, they avoided the subject as much as possible. The English of one did not seem quite so much at his command as he wished, and he seemed to feel that his answers to my questions were unsatisfactory; accordingly, he followed me into a relation's house and courteously presented me with a little book, remarking that it contained his sentiments with regard to religion. The book was written in Bengalee, so that the present shut my mouth; but there were two

or three pages printed in English, with the names and philosophical phrases of Kant and Hamilton conspicuously displayed.

This element of speculative and abstruse philosophy with which some of the leading Baboos loved to characterise their religious opinions, I felt to afford one of the strongest of my arguments against them.

Religion is a thing not for philosophers but for men; not for the few but for the world; therefore it must be simple, for the world is simple, and whatever is not simple may justly be rejected without further evidence, for it is inconceivable that God should institute a religion which the poor of the world could not be made to understand. How gloriously does the Gospel of Jesus contrast with such "oppositions of science falsely so called!" It is a mystery indeed "which none of the princes of this world knew"—speaking of a plan, a work, and a result, grand beyond human conception, but its message to man is a simple story of love, supported by proofs easily understood and requiring nothing but an honest faith: so that a child can know God through the Gospel, while the minds of great men are agonising in the darkness of philosophy.

We found Baboo Keshub in his library, an English room in an Indian house. Two of his reporters or secretaries, as we supposed, were with him; for Baboo Keshub, though a private gentleman, is editor of a newspaper called the *Mirror*, the organ of his own section of the Brahmo-Somâj. This newspaper editing has been for thirty years a favourite business and amusement of the religious leaders of Calcutta. Ever since Lord Hastings set the press of India free, it has been the chosen and powerful means of attack and defence both with regard to the measures of government and the national religion. In times of great excitement journals spring into existence just to fight the one battle and die; but some have had a long day of respectable labour supporting and supported by the old religionists, or their enemies the iconoclasts and reformers.

Baboo Keshub had an interesting appearance, seated at his English desk and table with bare legs and Hindu costume; for he is one of those who believe very thoroughly in England, yet do not approve of their countrymen denationalising themselves by adopting the foreign European dress; and in this he seems to us more sensible than the native Christians who are in haste to increase the distance between themselves and their fellow-countrymen by the assumption of a dress which to them is neither useful nor becoming.

We had but little conversation at this time. I told Baboo Keshub my object in visiting India, and how I wished to meet such men as himself in public; but he was very reticent, and would not be drawn into much conversation. I observed that he had taken a very prominent position as a reformer, and spoke of his praise of Jesus; but Dr. R., who was with us, remarked, "he has withdrawn all that," and the Baboo did not deny it. He gave me a copy of his celebrated lecture, and we left him; nor did I see him again till I was far from Calcutta.

On this same day I visited the rooms of the Brahmo-Somâj. They consist of a hall for debate, a library and reading room, and as the rendezvous of the men who had brought me from England, they could not fail to be extremely interesting. How much folly and how much comparative wisdom had sounded within those walls! What a mixed assemblage had they often enclosed! How many had fled to them from idolatry in obedience to conscience; how many had refused the command of the same voice to flee from them to Christ!

Curiously enough the first book which my eye fell upon in the library was the "Essays and Reviews." It is only just to add that the answers to them, with such authors as Butler and Paley, were there also. But I had too much reason to believe, from all my conversations with these native gentlemen, that the outside of these books on Christian Evidence was all that was generally known.

Two days after this round of visits I gave my first public address to the English-speaking Bengalees. The hall of the General Assembly's Institution was lent to me most readily and kindly by the representatives of the Established Church of Scotland. It is a large building capable of holding a much larger meeting than was gathered in it that evening. Only about three hundred Hindus were present. None of the leaders had come out; nor, in spite of their knowledge of English customs, did any of those I had visited return my call. My subject on this occasion was, "What think ye of Christ?" Some Christian friends said the title of my address had frightened them, and had made them expect to hear a sermon. Another remarked that I was too decidedly Christian for them; but my own impression was that pride had kept them away. An editor of one of the newspapers I have referred to was conspicuous in the front of the audience, and a remark which he made at the close of the meeting I think worthy of being recorded. I had been exposing the inconsistency of those admirers of Jesus who deny his divinity, and pressing upon them the necessity of considering him to have been an imposter or the Son of God. This appeal gave rise to some conversation afterwards, and on my reminding the editor of the alternative, he replied, "of course we consider him to have been an imposter." This man was consistent in his judgment, but there are very few of similar education in India who would dare to indorse his language.

The attention of this first Calcutta audience was fully equal to that which I had met with in Madras, and from the superior quality of the Bengalees, was even more gratifying than the latter. Throughout an address of an hour and a quarter, their interest appeared uninterrupted. Yet I had learnt by previous experience to put little trust in this appearance of interest. It did not mean the same in Hindus as it would have meant in Englishmen. There were too many parts of the man reached before his conscience. The latter seemed almost inaccessible, and what was aimed at it so directly that

even a Hindu could not help seeing what was meant, was taken as a national accusation, and not a personal one, and resented accordingly.

The cold weather which at this time prevailed in Calcutta was a considerable hindrance to the gathering together of natives. It is a common mistake at home to think of India as everywhere, and always, very hot. But in truth a great part of India has six months of beautiful cold weather, and except in the south, there is a cool month or two in every part, while the inhabitants of the hotter latitudes have got their hilly regions to which they can fly when the heat below becomes too oppressive. During my own five months and a-half in India I was more troubled by cold than by heat, as a later part of my narrative will show; but already in Calcutta I experienced a wintry feeling before the sun was up and after it had set, which recalled to mind the cold of an English Christmas more vividly than I had thought anything in India could have done. Of course, when the sun was high the day had become warm, and it was not safe even at this season to be out without a shade so late as eight o'clock; but at an earlier hour, or late in the evening, it was hard to see the poor natives looking like butterflies in an icehouse, too poor or too foolish to buy warmer clothing—shivering with bare legs, their white cotton garments drawn across the mouth and over the head and wound round the body like a winding sheet.

But whatever reasons might be found in outward circumstances for the small numbers which attended these public addresses in Calcutta, I was not surprised that God should have arranged it so, since he thus contradicted a second time human calculation, and reminded me to look to himself alone. In Madras I have already stated that there was a general disbelief of success in drawing out the natives, yet that they were drawn out, and continued to exhibit more interest than anyone expected from them. With regard to Calcutta, the expectation of those who knew it was quite different. The common remark of such was, "You will have

a large meeting at the commencement, however they may attend afterwards," and one thousand—even two thousand—was mentioned as a probable audience. The result was utterly different. As to numbers, my meetings would be called a failure; yet the work had features of interest which I had not foreseen to balance the disappointment. I was driven to print addresses which the Baboos would not come to hear, but which I was told they read with interest. My time was given more to the Europeans of all classes, among whom many doors were opened; and although I was tempted to be disappointed that I could not reach the leaders of the Somâj, and especially Keshub Chunder Sen, who had been so much in my mind before leaving England, the Lord gave me the very opportunity I desired in His time instead of mine; in Allahabad, not in Calcutta.

After a few days' interval, I gave a second address in the General Assembly's Institution, my subject being "A Bird's-eye View of the Gospel," and its design to show something of the grandeur and symmetry of the Gospel scheme and the Christian brotherhood in all nations. Much the same audience attended as on the first occasion. The next day two Hindu gentlemen called upon me with showy muslins and smiling faces. They had been in my audience the night before, and had accepted my general invitation to visit me in private. I hoped at first that they were interested in the truth, but their errand was in the cause of injured pride. I had said something in my address about the dishonesty of the human heart, endeavouring to bring it home to them by some national illustration, while acknowledging that this dishonesty was in ourselves as well, and was not national but universal. But this explanation was not sufficient. Their pride was wounded; I had spoken against them. So these gentlemen waited upon me to convince me of my fault. It was long before they came to the point, although it was plain there was a point to be come to. At last, from circumlocution their language became personal enough. I had been preaching the Gospel: the

spirit of the Gospel was love, not judgment; inconsistency was very bad. I had been inconsistent, for I had accused them nationally of dishonesty. They were sure I wished their good, and must have been misled by their enemies, therefore they had come to set me right. I explained what I had said, showing they had misunderstood me, and then endeavoured to use the opportunity they had not intended to give, of urging upon them the claims of the Gospel. They did not like this; but it would never have occurred to them to go away. They tried to defend rationalism, and to establish the sufficiency of natural light without revelation. When I answered all their arguments they abandoned the ground they had first taken, and talked about trusting in the mercy of God. It was equally easy to drive them off this; but shutting men's mouths is not convincing them, and they went away much as they came. One indeed seemed ingenuous and hopeful, but the chief speaker was subtle, cynical, and impervious to the truth. The reception which the Baboos received was probably reported among their friends, for, although I invited any who might wish to come to my rooms—and after my first address several had asked where I lived, and whether they might come and see me—I had no more visitors of the same class.

My next meetings with the natives gave me much more satisfaction than the two I have mentioned. At the suggestion of my first Calcutta friend, Mr. R. C., we broke fresh ground at Bhowanipore, the missionaries of the London Society giving me a kind welcome to their rooms, and distributing notices of the proposed address to the natives in their neighbourhood. In speaking of them I am reminded of the comparison of Paul's hearers at Berea with those of Thessalonica. Yet the quotation would give them undue praise. I can only say they seemed less sophisticated, more willing to hear, and in some instances more honest. They were intelligent and educated men, like those in the heart of the city, without the ruinous prestige and affectation of the city Baboos.

It was New-Year's night when I gave my first address in the London Mission Library, the large and comfortable room being well filled by about one hundred and twenty Hindus. I need not notice similar meetings in the same place, or indeed in other places, except when they were marked by some special incidents.

On the evening of the 9th of January, I crossed the Hooghly to give a lecture in Howrah, which faces Calcutta, to what I thought, when accepting the invitation, was a Young Men's Christian Association. Arrived at the room, I found I had made a mistake: it was not a Christian Association, but a Debating Society, many of the members of which were heathen. I was all the better pleased with the opportunity; and after giving them a lecture somewhat similar to my first address in Madras, I made that an introduction to what I insisted was necessary to my speaking earnestly to them at all—the preaching of Jesus as a Saviour and the Son of God. For the first time I felt constrained to mention by name, and to warn my audience against, the man whose eloquence and novelty of doctrine were leading so many into a self-contradictory and powerless faith. When I had finished, the chairman—a native gentleman—remarked that as it was a Debating Society the members were in the habit of freely discussing the lecture of the evening, and asked if I had any objection to their doing so on that occasion. I readily gave the required permission, but for a time no one would offer any answer. The first to speak was a young native, who rose to suggest that there should be no discussion that evening. Many expressed their approval of his suggestion, but the chairman was of another mind. Somewhat irregularly, according to our notions of order, he rose without vacating his place, and on the spur of the moment made a long and rather eloquent reply. His opening startled me, and reminded me forcibly where I was:—"I am not a Christian," he said; "I am not a Brahmo; I am an idolater." Then, although professing admiration of Jesus, he continued, "I know the Bible denounces idolatry, but our Shastres

do not denounce it." Again: "We do not worship the piece of wood and paint that can be bought for a few rupees in the bazaar; we worship God in it and by means of it." This was no new argument; yet those who use it in England or on the Continent of Europe, would be offended if one were to apply the plain language of their brother Hindu to them and say, "You are not Christians, you are idolaters." There was great boldness and considerable talent in this man's address, but he overreached himself by taking too high ground. The precepts of the Gospel were not superior to those of the Vedas; the miracles and martyrdoms of India were equally well authenticated with those of the Bible, and the heaven of the Christian was in no way superior to that promised to the religious idolater. Among other rash assertions, he said Jesus never claimed to be the Son of God in any peculiar sense. This was a common statement among those who acknowledged the superior morality of Jesus without being Christians; and it was obviously necessary to believe this in order to escape from the grossest inconsistency. According to the rules of debate, I had the right to reply. Beginning with his statement about the nature of Christ, I read to him and to the audience the latter part of the fifth of John, merely asking the chairman under what circumstances this language would apply to him and similar sons of God: when it was said that all men should honour them as they did the Father, and whether all that were in the graves were at any time to come forth at the sound of their voice. I then replied to his assertions and arguments in detail, bringing forward the historical evidence of the Gospel, of which I found here as everywhere almost entire ignorance, and pressing the claims of our Lord and his Gospel again upon the consciences of my silent audience.

One man who was in this meeting—a heathen member of the Debating Society—wrote to me shortly afterwards, saying that he was convinced of the truth of Christianity, but feared he could not openly acknowledge his convictions in his own country; that he wished to get to

England for this purpose, and would be greatly obliged if I could give him any assistance. I confess my first feeling on reading this letter was that of contempt, mingled with a strong suspicion respecting my correspondent's motives; but I quickly remembered his nation and his circumstances, and these considerations modified my opinion. I wrote to him kindly and earnestly, showing him how the Cross always accompanies confession of Jesus, and that the man who could not confess him in India would fail in England too; and I laid before him a parallel case to his own in the life of Paul, who left behind him, and in the midst of their enemies, those Christians of Asia Minor who had no doubt shared his persecutions, and instead of taking them with him and seeking some safe place for them elsewhere, he reminded them (Acts xiv, 22) that "we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

While looking at the dark side of the picture, I may add another example of the disappointments which are sure to be experienced. One evening at Bhowanipore, immediately before commencing my address, I was accosted by a Hindu of very superior manner and appearance, and who spoke English with perfect ease. He came to request that I would not consider my address of that evening the last at Bhowanipore, as he was very anxious his friends—many of whom living at a distance had not yet been able to attend—might hear my lectures. I asked him whether he was a Christian, and he replied, apparently with feeling, "No, sir; I wish I were; but it is not every one who can be a Christian." I invited him to call upon me, and he agreed to come, but broke his engagement. I learned afterwards that Mr. R. C. had been accosted by him in the same way, and at first much interested by his using the very words he had addressed to me; but on making inquiry he found that he had the character of a hypocrite, who had once come under the power of the Word and been interested about his own salvation, but who had seared his conscience by resisting the truth, and so acquired the miserable character by which he was then known.

In pleasing contrast with this incident were the visits of a young native schoolmaster from a country district several days' journey east of Calcutta. He had come to spend a few weeks in the city, partly for business and partly for pleasure. He was far from being so quick-witted and fluent in language as the native clerks of Calcutta, but there was an appearance of honesty and manliness about him which was a rare and more pleasing characteristic. He was really interested about the Gospel. Some friend had taken him to hear one of my addresses at Bhowanipore: the truth seemed new to him and he came again. I tried to reach his conscience, and he did not shrink from such dealing as others had done. He had no Bible, so I urged him to get one and to examine its doctrines. When I last saw him he told me he had got a Bible, and was "searching."

Unwilling to abandon the hope of drawing out the men whom I had addressed in my public letter, I made one more effort in the centre of the city. Availing myself of the kindness of the Scotch Free Church Missionaries, I advertised a series of addresses on five successive evenings in the hall of their Institution in Nimtollah. The first two meetings made it quite plain that the Baboos were determined not to come out, and I therefore broke off the course in Nimtollah, giving notice that the last two addresses would be delivered in Bhowanipore. The contrast which this district presented to the city was even more striking on this occasion than before. The room on both evenings was crowded, and the interest appeared very great, especially when I addressed them in my last message, on the words of God to Ezekiel—"Whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning, if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head."

After the failure at Nimtollah, there still appeared to be one means untried of drawing out the Brahmo leaders, and that was a challenge to a public disputation. It seemed to me their reputation would not allow them to refuse this, while there was some hope, if they were

honest men, of the truth telling upon themselves, and a much greater hope of their defeat opening the eyes, or at least shaking the faith of some of their followers. Accordingly, I obtained a promise of the General Assembly's Hall for this purpose, and wrote to Dr. R., asking for the private addresses of the Brahmos, meaning to send the challenge to them separately, by private letters as well as publicly through the newspapers. Dr. R.'s answer expressed his hearty approval of my plan, and wished that circumstances had allowed it to be carried out; but it told me that Keshub and his friends had just left Calcutta for the northwest *on a missionary tour*, and that a challenge in their absence would be ill advised, since the leaders of the old party of the Somâj would certainly, in accordance with their principles, decline discussion. I may add that the writer further remarked that my addresses had produced a very favourable impression on the natives, such as ought to encourage me to continue them. But while I was thankful that one who knew the Baboos perhaps better than any other European in the city was able to speak of so much as a general impression upon them, I did not feel at all disposed to continue longer on the same field, and made up my mind to leave Calcutta at once, with a faint hope of overtaking the Deist missionaries in some town of thenorth or west.

Several native Christians called in the afternoon and evening of the last day. One came from the further end of the city, saying that he felt it would be wrong to allow me to go without acknowledging the blessing which his own soul had received: that he had been in a cold, barren state, and had by God's grace been restored. Like my earnest friend in Madras, he brought me a little book as a token of his affection. The account which another gave of his own conversion was very interesting, and deserves to be particularly noticed. He long took it for granted that people were Christians merely from want of thought, and that no man of intellect and education could ever be a Christian. But the consistent character, together with the evangelical opinions, of a well-known Christian professor in the University, affected him so forcibly as to

oblige him to become interested in the Gospel. The next stage—conviction of the historical truth of the Bible—was gained by the writings of the Unitarian Channing. His whole soul was by this time in earnest seeking after truth; and although with the evidences of Christianity he had at first taken up the error of the exclusively human nature of Jesus Christ, he saw before long that the two things were at variance. The Bible could not be true and Jesus a mere man. But Channing had shown him the Bible was true; and when he turned for himself to the Bible he saw "God manifest in the flesh." Thus the unseen hand led him, to use his own words, first as a bigoted Hindu, then as an obstinate Brahmo, till it made him a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Both this man and others gave me instances of much interest amongst men in the colleges and offices, who said they had never thought so much about Christianity before.

On the 16th of January I left Calcutta. I had spent five weeks in it, and those five weeks were a time upon which I shall always look back with pleasure. I would say again for the sake of removing an imaginary cross from the minds of any who may be thinking of similar work, that a visit to these great towns of India is more likely to be characterised by privileges than by privations. To those who are seeking to lead sinners to the Saviour there will indeed be much to weary and to disappoint, but this is an exercise of soul which the faithful labourer experiences everywhere, and is a precious though a painful part of the fellowship with Christ into which he has been called.

On the other hand, these great towns afford opportunities of evangelistic work, and privileges of Christian fellowship, which cannot be met with elsewhere. The foregoing sketch, though bare, will yet be sufficient to show a variety of classes and of characters which could not fail to interest the labourer who was permitted to deal with it. The upper and middle class of his own countrymen, in all the phases of so-called Christianity; the poor Eurasians; the obstinate idolater; the proud contemptuous Brahmo, silent or sophistical; the simpler

and more hopeful natives of a second rank, ready to hear, often seeming ready to believe; the Hindu country cousin from his far-off village school, struck by the novelty of the Gospel, buying a Bible and searching its contents—all these elements combined, present a whole which for national, mental, and spiritual variety, reached and dealt with by a single tongue, could not be equalled in any other city of the world.

In bringing to a conclusion this account of my work in Calcutta, I have decided to make known to my readers some facts which I had not the least intention of publishing when I began these notes.

My purpose in writing at all was to add to the information of fellow Christians respecting a very peculiar part of the mission-field, particularly in the hope of encouraging some labourers endowed with suitable gifts to go out, it might be only for a few months, and preach the Gospel in their own language. In doing this I have said nothing about pecuniary means, and I had intended to leave this part of the subject entirely to the principles and circumstances of my readers. But pecuniary means are so much connected with the difficulties of working in a country at such a distance from us as India, that the want of them presents an apparently insuperable barrier to many who are otherwise qualified for the work; and as there is no consideration but that of personal feelings to prevent the experiences of one evangelist being made known to others, I have thought latterly that I should scarcely be justified in altogether withholding information which might further the Lord's work in India more than anything else that I have written.

I would then remind those who feel drawn to such a work as I have been describing, that the silver and the gold are the Lord's. What they have been leaving for men of fortune may be done by men of faith. We are a great deal more independent of the world and its money than even Christians are apt to believe. One who knows God as his Father and Saviour has quite enough of promises respecting bodily wants to remove all

carefulness when he is engaged in God's work, and to make him depend upon God alone in any part of the world.

It may be to the encouragement of some if I say that I went out to India as an evangelist without any means either to remain in the country or to return to England. I have related at the commencement of this narrative the only pecuniary transaction connected with it at home. My friend Dr. C., who had proposed the work, sent £100 to defray the expenses of the outward voyage. Besides this, during the whole time I was in India, I had "no communication as concerning giving and receiving" with any Christian friends at home. I had but very few introductions in India: my work was thought by many Quixotic; and often where I expected sympathy I met with cold indifference. Had I depended upon men—upon Christian men, and even upon those recognised as most ardent in the work of the Lord,—I must have fainted and failed; but depending upon the Lord alone, I found most blessed exercise of faith, and such proofs of his faithfulness as they only know who are shut up to God.

I had not the means of continuing my evangelistic journey from Calcutta until the Lord put it into the hearts of some of his people to inquire about the matter. The question came from them: they thought that their help might be acceptable, being suggested, they said, by the mention of Dr. C.'s share of the work.

By their means, in this last graceful act of a consistent and hearty fellowship, I was freed from all consideration of money throughout the long journey to the other side of India. The way being now made plain, I left these friends and their city of palaces. Native bazaars and European mansions were soon left far behind, but not so the affectionate regard which had grown up among them, or the lessons they had taught.

END OF PART SECOND.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

BEING

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE FIRST

ADDRESS

GIVEN TO THE BRAHMOS AND OTHER ENGLISH-SPEAKING BENGALEES IN CALCUTTA.

My Friends,

I thank you for meeting me this evening; and I hope this is only the first of many similar opportunities you will give me of addressing you during the few weeks which I purpose spending in Calcutta: for I am sure we have enough in common to justify our coming together; and I can say for myself that my interest in you is sufficient to make me willing to give you as much of my time and labour as you are willing to accept.

Six months ago, India seemed to me a long way off: and as I heard and read in England what Hindus, and Hindus in Bengal especially, were saying and doing in matters of religion, I felt my heart burn with desire and impatience to reach them, and I wished that I could step over intervening seas and continents, and stand at once face to face with Brahmos and speak to them about the truth.

Well, though my desire could not be accomplished so quickly as this, yet it is accomplished: and I have found myself on Indian ground, first at Madras, and now in Calcutta, privileged to speak to intelligent Hindus in my own language about the greatest question which affects us in common as men.

In Calcutta, I cannot but perceive from all around me, that I am in the capital of India. Physically, intellectually, spiritually, what intense interest it excites! Yet I have but one object in visiting it, and therefore I must look at one view of it alone, merely glancing at the others as they may help me to appreciate this one. It is a common saying that the men who have made an impression on the world have been men of one idea. Life is short; our powers are limited. We cannot do many things well. It is our wisdom to look calmly round at the starting-point of life, and choosing one goal and one course, to keep to what we have chosen. A strong runner, whose name and history you know, once cast off garments and ornaments which most men would have counted valuable, never to retake them, and rushed forward in his life race, throwing back to us upon the wind the magic words, "To me to live is Christ." I desire to imitate him; for his choice commends itself to my judgment and to my heart.

I know that some men will say, "Keep your thoughts to yourself, and let society alone. If you think you possess the truth, enjoy it; but why try to force it upon others?" I reply, truth cannot let error alone. To the man who has really received it, that is, who has it in his heart, it is as impossible to restrain it within the bounds of his own being or his own home, as it is for the morning sun to restrain his rays, when they have pierced half way through the dark chamber. All truth must proselytise. Civilisation must reform the savage or drive him before it. Spiritual truth, when it dwells in a living soul, must do the same. There does indeed seem to be little conflict now between truth and error, compared with what there once was. The hostile

And upon this ground I make my first charge against your opinions as Brahmos. They would never suit mankind at large. But further than this, your religion appears to be as yet a *negative* one. I believe scarcely any of you would say that you had attained to a *final* and satisfactory system. In its very nature your union is tentative and progressive. True, it has emptied the house of the old furniture, but has it filled it anew? Are you not rather like men sitting down on the bare floor of an unfurnished house, smiling and congratulating one another that the old rubbish is no longer around you? Now I am ready to congratulate you too: all Europe congratulates you on abandoning a system that was unworthy, not only of men, but of children. But this is not enough. Our English Prince Rupert, and many another rash soldier, lost battles through thinking too soon that they were won. We must not rest till we have got hold of positive, definite, soul-satisfying truth. I believe you will say you are going on to this. But at what rate are you going on? or what prospect have you of attaining it? We must not live in order to find out truth; we want to know truth in order that we may live. But even if it were not so—if our whole lives might be worthily passed in this search—consider how short life is! Consider the vast changes nature requires men to go through in that little space. Physically and mentally, compare the babe with the man. Morally too, compare it, in its unconsciousness, with one who has earned the world's gratitude or the world's abhorrence. Nature is in haste: it gives us not thousands of years to think and to discover, but a space "as it were an hand-breadth." Who are those who are lagging behind, meditating when they should be acting; inquiring when they should be applying? Who but the world's philosophers—ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth?

My friends—you hope to discover truth by the mere effort of your intellect; you are treading on old ground.

Thousands of the world's mightiest ones have gone before you; their footprints in the path encourage you, but their corpses ought to make you start. They mounted the walls boldly at the command of a tyrant power; the same voice is now urging you on to the same effort and to the same fate. These men were giants, who can doubt it? but they were giants that failed.

If any one says they did not fail, I ask which of them discovered the truth? For their conclusions certainly did not agree. Could Confucius and Plato, Descartes and Spinoza, Hobbes and Hegel sit at this one table to-night, while a listening world stood round to receive their decision about truth, there would be no decision to receive. No two of them would say the same. Which then must you believe? Or will you rise up and grasp yourselves the problem by which they have been foiled? Brahmos, with much respect for your national and individual intelligence, I am persuaded it is a hopeless task. When you reach the end of this hand-breadth of life, your heart and conscience will say, with one of those great ones of whom I speak, that the next step is "a leap into the dark." Man may of himself find out much: but man cannot "by searching find out God." God must reveal Himself.

If I had come to India three hundred years ago, in the character in which I stand before you to-night, my way would have been much simpler than I now find it. I should have had no alternative but to tell you a simple story, as soon as I could make myself understood; and the result would have been what it was when Paul preached at Rome, when "some believed the things that were spoken, and some believed not." But now the case is very different: my first word to you, as you see it in the subject of my address, is an abrupt question—What think ye of Christ? Does this abruptness seem unsuitable? Let us remember the occasion on which the words were first spoken, and we shall see that the present is something of a parallel case. The Jews, to

or other Hindu is brought by such means to believe in and to confess the Saviour in whose name I come to you, the result will not be due to me, but to Him.

Now I would not for a moment forget the great difficulties that lie in the way of Hindus in searching after truth. You have been urged again and again to consider the claims of Christianity: but what is Christianity? You turn your eyes to Europe, and you learn that its nations are Christian nations: you look to the Government under which you live; it is a Christian Government. Are the people you meet in the streets Christians? You may know by the colour of their faces! However immoral, selfish or cruel, the white man assumes the name of Christian, and would be affronted if it were denied him.

Looking at the more religious part of this so-called Christian world, you see it divided into many sects, often separated by feelings of animosity. You hear the vast Church of Rome denying salvation to all outside her pale, while other Churches reject her claims with scorn and unite in declaring her, in the language of Scripture, "the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth." Christianity! it is one of the deepest sciences: one of the most hopeless studies in the world. The greatest minds might recoil before the inextricable medley. If they venture to enter her library they are bewildered by thousands of books. Volumes of sermons! Volumes of treatises! Volumes of arguments! Volumes of history! Her history alone defies the grasp of any ordinary mind. He who is satisfied with a superficial knowledge of it, traces it from an humble simple origin through successive stages of rapid growth: fierce conflict: glorious self-sacrifice; imperial power: foul corruption; and lastly a mixture of earth's best and worst. I do not plead for Christianity: I do not fight the battle of Christianity. Nay, in a sense, I am its enemy. I charge the thing that bears this name with much of the evil which I see in the world; in India and amongst Brahmos. I am impatient of the weary argu-

ments, the drawn battles: the exchange of meaningless and hypocritical compliments. I would say to it, "Away! give place to another—to one whom thou hast dishonoured, while professing to proclaim: supplanted, while professing to enthrone. Systems and doctrines: words and phrases: faith and philosophy: strange mass and mixture of truth and error—Christianity! give place to CHRIST."

This is, I believe, to cut the Gordian knot. From being the most difficult, it becomes the simplest question in the world. You are not asked to-night, "What think ye of Christianity?" but "What think ye of Christ?"

There may be some very young man here who has envied his elder friend or brother those powers of mind which enable him to appreciate the subtleties of Kant and Hamilton. I would say to such,—Be thankful: you have enough of mind (if you have a mind at all) to grasp and to decide the great question before us to-night; though you have not enough to tempt you to make your intellect your god. It is *a man*, not a doctrine that is before you: you have no other alternative than to accept or reject Him. When Jesus, the Saviour or Imposter, was given up by the Jews to the Romans, Pilate brought him out to his vacillating enemies with the words, "Behold your King!" and they answered definitely enough, "Crucify him!" Hindus, I bring the same Jesus before you: will you say the same? Remember you cannot deal with a person as with a system: with the latter, you may choose a part and refuse the rest, with the former, you must choose or refuse the whole. There may be features in a man which you do not like: but if you like him on the whole, you accept him as your friend. There may be features in Jesus which you do not understand, but are you prepared on account of these utterly to reject him?

Let me put the alternative yet more plainly.

There never was but one Jesus Christ, and that one is a distinct historical character. Though he is recognised and referred to by other histories, as those of Josephus and Tacitus, the Bible is the only book which fully describes his life, character, and pretensions. Whatever may be thought of the Bible's doctrines, it has all the marks and stands all the tests of authentic narrative. The independent testimony of enemies: the candour of its writers: the multitude of undesigned coincidences: the details of names and dates: the unity of statement through varieties of style: and the impossibility of deceiving men by a lying narrative in the very place and time when its events were said to have happened, put this beyond a doubt with any reasonable mind.

Thus Jesus Christ is quite different from many of the men whose names have become great in the world. He is not like Homer, speaking out to us from the mists of a fabled age, so indistinctly that even those who have the keenest sense are in doubt whether they hear the voice of one man or of many; nor is he like the kings or warriors of history, whose public acts are laid before us, while their ordinary life, which shows the man, is hidden in privacy.

No! the life of Jesus brings him before us under all circumstances. We see him alone with his disciples, and pressed by multitudes: in the exciting scenes of day, and in the calm of night; the subject of popular ovation, and the object of popular hatred: and I can scarcely believe that any Hindu here, however opposed he may be to the scheme of the Gospel, will be disingenuous enough to deny what it is impossible for him to disprove, that the man thus described is, for good or ill, *a complete, consistent, and indivisible character.* I do not here assert that he is the Son of God or the Saviour of the world, but I do assert that he said he was,* and that these pretensions and the claim to miracles

* Let any one who doubts this read John v, 21 to 29: ix, 35 to 37: xvii, 5: and for proof that the apostles taught the same, Matt. ix, 2 to 6: Luke ii, 11: Rom. i, 3, 4: v, 10, 11: 2 Cor. v, 19, 22: Eph. i, 7. 1 Peter i, 18, 21: 1 John ii, 2; Rev. i, 5, 6. These are a dozen passages taken almost at random out of hundreds.

which is the only support of them, were essential to the man. The whole fabric is so interlaced and interwoven that it is impossible to take out a single thread. The morality of Jesus is part of this fabric: the works of Jesus are part of this fabric: his sufferings and the assertion of his divinity and saviourship are so too. Tear out the foundation stone of that mighty column, and it will fall to the ground: you may say, "I only want the one stone; let the rest stand:" it cannot stand when its foundation is gone. So tear out the atonement and the divinity of Jesus from the Gospel, and nothing is left but a ruin. I know that there are Brahmos who admire the character of Jesus and the morality of his teaching, and they say: Take away these three things—this divinity: this sacrifice: those miracles: and we will accept him. Accept him! Accept what? An imaginary being composed by your own fancy out of the materials stolen from a real character!

Is this the result of Indian philosophy? Is this the logic of the reason-worshippers of Bengal? To extol the morality of a systematic liar: and to applaud the devotedness of the Prince of Imposters.

I marvel that men of intelligence do not see this. I marvel that in this town, by Brahmos, to Brahmos, such an unworthy inconsistency has been defended by eloquence and received with applause. Had there been another Bible or rival authority of any kind, there might have been a shadow of reason on the side of this trifling, but there is none. Men have gone to get a Christ out of the Bible, and when they have got him he is not the Bible's Christ!

Now, my friends, we have got rid of a great deal of confusing distracting matter which has been preventing or excusing you from coming to a decision. You have an excuse no longer. A man stands before you whose character, claims and evidence you well know. *Will you have him or will you not?* Between these two positions of absolute acceptance and absolute rejection

of Jesus, there is no conceivable spot upon which you can find standing for a moment.

Let us consider the first alternative—absolute rejection of Jesus! It is a bold position. In the face of a personal holiness which was never questioned by the bitterest enemies for five hundred years after his death: in the face of a morality confessedly unrivalled: in the face of historical and prophetical evidence: in the face of the testimony to his miracles and resurrection of men who from their position must have known the truth and who gained nothing by their assertions but "the loss of all things," and yet died to maintain them: in the face of the "greater works than these" alleged miracles, which the Gospel has done in revolutionising and civilising the world—in the face of all these things, the position of those who reject Jesus compel them to say—Jesus Christ and his apostles were liars and knaves. They voluntarily endured lives of hardship and deaths of shame for what they knew to be false. They have reformed half the world, but it has been by an imposture: they have made thousands happy, but it has been by a lie.

Now I know that few of you would dare to say this. The boldest enemy of the Gospel might well shrink from such words. The leaders of infidelity have tried how far they could go in this way, but even they have started back in affright. Volney could ridicule the idea of a saviour when on dry land, but could not help crying aloud to him for mercy in a storm at sea. Voltaire ventured as far as any man, when he said, "Curse the wretch;" but the yells of the dying coward bore witness that his infidelity was in the wish rather than in the thought. And, Hindus, do you think that you can be more consistent? Is there one among you that could with a steady hand strike against Jesus Christ the blow that he deserves, if he is not the Saviour? You pulled down the old family idols without fear of their revenging the indignity. Will you do what you can to pull down this other false god with as bold hearts?

If not, you condemn those who reject him; your conscience, your fears, your judgment refuses the first alternative! What then remains? I have shown you that there were but two positions to choose from: *you must accept him.*

And I am sure that I am not pleading alone for Jesus to-night: there are voices within you confirming what I say. I have been told that scarcely a young man passes through the Mission schools who has not been more or less convinced by the evidence of Christianity and interested in the question of salvation. There are doubtless those here who can remember such feelings in their own minds: feelings which have been quenched by pleasure or business, but which have been struggling into life again at the sound of the old truths.

Brahmo, I know that thou believest! Why hast thou not confessed the Son of God? Will men tell us Hindus cannot confess Christ? I reply, Then Hindus cannot be saved. If the Gospel be truth, the God of the Gospel will acknowledge no private assent to it. His word is: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God has raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." There is a cross connected with faith in Jesus everywhere. I would not underrate the difficulty and the trial which Hindus experience; but I say, they are not alone. We can point to those in England—Christian England—who have been driven from their homes and have suffered the loss of all things for confessing Christ. What! is that which we have believed and still desire to believe a libel against, after all a truth? Does the Hindu race stand alone for cowardice and weakness? Have women and children in other lands boldly confessed the name they loved in the face of enemies and at the loss of life; and shall the *men* of this country cover themselves with everlasting shame?

Oh no! Let them rather believe that He who demands confession from all, can alone give the courage to confess. "He gives power to the faint; and to

those that have no might he increaseth strength." Let those whose hearts and consciences answer my question of to-night with the second alternative, take this trouble to the privately acknowledged Jesus, and make it a test of his truth. And I am sure their experience will be that of one in old time who said, "In the Lord have I *righteousness and strength.*"

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THE

TOWNS OF THE NORTH.

THE great railway stations of India present a more lively scene than those of old England, even as represented by Frith. The English elements are all there; but it is to the mass of Hindus of all classes, from the rajah to the pariah, that we are indebted for the most striking features of a railway journey. The low natives, who seem to travel in great numbers, crowd the platform—noisy, dirty, wondering: driven on with difficulty to their right places by the "âge jâo!" (get along!) of the guard—one of the few, or at least the earliest phrases with which that official becomes acquainted. Once in the carriage, some of which are built in two stories so as to accommodate a double number, the railway travellers, except those of the upper class, who travel with the Europeans, are locked in and kept in durance to the end of their journey, looking out of the windows of their stifling prison at the sahibs or English gentlemen refreshing themselves at the various stopping places on the route.

The railway station of Calcutta is at Howrah, which I have already described as on the opposite bank of the Hooghly. From thence I started for the northwest on a line of rail which is continued without interruption to Delhi—1,017 miles from the capital. The first town of interest upon this journey is Serampore, the scene of the long labours of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, and

so of the first-fruits of the educational blessings which have elevated young Bengal.

After Serampore we pass Chandernagore, the old settlement and hope of our rivals the French, and Burdwan —the birthplace of Rammohun Roy. The last named place is also interesting from its being the centre of the richest coal district in India, and as it is only fifty miles distant from Calcutta, and the field is abundantly supplied with limestone and hard sandstone as well as coal, it is a peculiarly valuable piece of country. In 1861 this district alone produced 365,000 tons of coal, all the rest of India supplying only 66,000. It should be added, however, that the country had then been very imperfectly surveyed. This first day's journey I ended at Mongyr, where I was hospitably received by my kind friend Mr. D., whose acquaintance I had made on board the *Mongolia*.

Mongyr is a lovely little spot near the bend of the Ganges, where the great river, which has hitherto been running from west to east, turns more southward towards the sea. It is quite unlike Indian scenery in general, which is flat and uninteresting. The large grass-covered mounds of earth and ruins of a vast Mussulman fort, added to the natural undulations of the ground, produce a variety seldom seen in the plains of Bengal or Hindustan. Mongyr was much frequented as a military sanatarium before the extension of our frontier towards the northwest put it out of reach of the great part of the army. Though a little place, it is not without bright Christian testimony. There are several Europeans at Mongyr who love and serve the Lord: living in a simple and somewhat patriarchal way, they are known for Christian benevolence and the consecration of Oriental knowledge.

As soon as I arrived here I received a message from the Church of England clergyman at Jamalpore, requesting that I would give an address to the educated natives in his town. Jamalpore was only six miles from Mongyr, and I had to pass through it on my journey next day. Anxious to make the meeting fully

known, Mr. L. had sent round two Baboos or native gentlemen, one to the Europeans and the other to the educated natives in the place. The former seemed to leave the commission undone; the latter to do it well. Had the Europeans come there would have been no room for the Hindus who wished to hear. The schoolroom was quite filled with the latter; and in the audience I observed one, and I think two, of my fellow-travellers of the day before, with whom I had had very interesting conversations about religious truth, and who had accepted copies of my little tract on Christian Evidence. One poor Hindu at the close of the meeting appeared much affected. He listened with tears in his eyes while we urged him to obey his convictions and to give himself to Christ. He had been for some time in this state, proving that the Spirit who convinces of sin has not given up all those whom the laziness or unbelief of more favoured Englishmen have accounted hopeless.

After an hour of rest and refreshment, I started by the night train for Benares. There are at least two towns of considerable interest passed through on this journey—Dinapore and Patna. Each of these would have furnished an audience of English-speaking natives, but my purpose of reaching Bombay and devoting some weeks to the work there before the hot weather set in, would not allow me to stop. Darkness prevented me from getting any idea of either through the usual gateway of topographical knowledge; imagination, and a consciousness of being on the spot, faintly supplying the place of the experience of sight. The name of Patna is surrounded by many interesting associations, the earliest of which in authentic history is as hoary as the days of Alexander the Great, and shows his lieutenant, Megasthenes, living there when Patna was a rival city to the great and venerable Delhi. But we must not stop long in mind where we were unable to stop in body. We will move on without delay to Benares, for the train actually runs to Benares by a branch line from Mogul Serai. Some travellers in Italy

no doubt have felt with us a sensation almost of shame for their age, if not for themselves, on driving into ancient Rome in exactly the same way as they would into London or Birmingham. There are similar feelings excited by the transit across the Egyptian desert, but they are mingled with feelings of wonder and of triumph.

The train that carries the imaginative traveller to Benares has probably been the birthplace of many thoughts both of reverence and of pride. Although unable quite to divest ourselves of the former, we would confess that there is nothing which can lawfully claim our veneration in the sacred city of India but its antiquity. The ancient city of the Brahmins is connected with the rise of the three greatest enemies of Brahminism. Six or seven hundred years before the Christian era there arose here the founders of the three religious systems known as the Sankya, Nyaya, and Vedanta, and expressive of their opinions, the six schools of Hindu philosophy. The professors of these schools are established at this day in Benares. Gotama Buddha made this city his chief place of resort. While the new schools were still struggling with the ancient priesthood, this strange teacher appeared with his system, which was to surpass all others in the number of its adherents, and which at this day enchains the three hundred millions of China. After wandering over all India, he disclosed his doctrines and precepts to an admiring multitude in Benares, from whence they spread over one-sixth of Asia.

Here, too, Rammohun Roy studied the mysteries of the religion of his ancestors, and prepared himself for the war with ignorance and superstition which is so vigorously carried on by the educated youth of India at the present day.

The Ganges lies between the railway station and the city, and is covered by a bridge of boats which, however, has to be broken up when the river is swollen by the rains. Viewed from the opposite bank, the city has a peculiarly interesting appearance, with its numerous temples and minarets and celebrated ghâts or flights of

stone steps for the bathers in the holy waters. On the festival of Drivali the effect must be very imposing, for on that occasion the whole of the city is illuminated by innumerable little lamps fastened on bamboo frames to the windows and cornices of houses and temples.

The story of Benares is worth noticing as strikingly illustrative of Indian history. In the best days of the Mogul empire, almost the entire peninsula of India submitted to one master—the emperor or Great Mogul. The rise and fall of that empire afford an exact parallel to those of the kingdom of Charlemagne and his successors. The fabric was no sooner complete than it began to fall to pieces, and very soon in every division and petty state of the empire of the Mogul there was a titular and a real sovereign. The lords of a city or small territory were called rajahs, and these owed a kind of feudal service to the greater potentate of the country in which their small dominions lay, who again was only a lieutenant of the Great Mogul. The Rajah of Benares having revolted from the Mogul, had attached himself to the Nawab of Oude. Being oppressed by him, he appealed to the English during the governorship of Warren Hastings. He found our countryman, in money matters at least, like Rehoboam after Solomon; and Hastings having come in person to enforce his exorbitant claims, and ventured to put the rajah under arrest, the narrow streets and lanes of Benares became the scene of a tumult and a massacre of the English, in which our daring and able but unprincipled statesman nearly lost his life. By his amazing self-possession and judgment the position was regained, and Benares annexed to British India.

To one travelling from Calcutta towards the west, this city seems in several respects more purely Eastern than any previously passed through, an impression with which the long trains of camels and the occasional elephants, seen probably for the first time, have much to do.

Having arranged to stay only one day here, I made the most of the time; and arriving in the morning, I was able to give an address to the scholars of the London

Mission and to visit the different schools and other objects of interest in the city before the hour for the evening meeting.

From what I have said already it will readily be imagined that Benares affords as perfect an example of heathenism in its so-called worship as any spot in India. Thousands of Christians have seen that worship, yet I believe no one has ever ventured fully to describe it. The filthiness as well as foolishness of Eastern idolatry is inconceivable by any who have not come into personal contact with it. A sight of the golden temple was quite enough to satisfy the desire for experimental knowledge. A gilded outside and a filthy interior offered a true picture of more religions than that of India. A well, holy to the worshippers, but horrible to English nostrils with putrid flowers and other offerings; an inanimate priest, seated beside it receiving the gifts and bestowing the sacred water in return; a noisy, irreverent crowd of votaries, pressing in for the brief act of prostration or merely of salute, and out again as soon as this was performed; and the irregular sounding of a bell struck by each worshipper at his entrance, and mingling with the discord of human tongues, supplied the chief features of Hindu worship at Benares.

A large congregation assembled in the evening, composed chiefly of English residents, but containing many educated natives as well. Among these was the postmaster of the city, known as a decided Christian, and at whose house some little meetings of Christians were held. I found I had in this audience several graduates of our English universities, two of whom were very courteous to me as a Cambridge man, and invited me to stay longer in the city and allow them to be of service to me. Some of my hearers illustrated the peculiar advantage of such an evangelistic work in India, being drawn out to the preaching of the Gospel on this evening although quite out of the habit of attending it, one of them not having been in a place of worship for about ten years.

Early next morning I was on my way to Allahabad,

now become a provincial seat of government, and so rapidly rising in European population and independence. A new town, commemorating the administration of Lord Canning and the crisis of the mutiny, is growing up beside the ancient "city of Allah," and will be an exclusively English town with an English name.

Allahabad is a very sacred spot in the eyes of Hindus, for it stands at the junction of two sacred rivers—the Jumna and the Ganges. Indeed, there is hardly any place in India, except it be Muttra, the supposed birthplace of Krishna, which is regarded with greater veneration.

During one month in the year a great mêla or fair is held on the tongue of land between the two rivers; and at the time of my visit to Allahabad the crowd was beginning to assemble. One hundred thousand people are often collected on this occasion, and as the crowding and filthiness sometimes induce an outbreak of cholera, the Government has at times been obliged to interfere, and to disperse the multitudes. At this sacred fair a great deal of business is done by all kinds of traders. Booths are erected, and great quantities of goods displayed to be disposed of in these four weeks. The English Government charges nine rupees or sixteen shillings ground rent for each booth—a very considerable sum in the north of India, where a coolie's wages are sixpence a day; but it charges nothing, I was told, for the ground occupied by the idols.

Very filthy illustrations of heathenism are to be seen here in the fakirs or holy beggars who attend in great numbers such an opportunity for collecting alms. These wretched creatures sit generally in silence, almost entirely naked, with saffron-coloured earth rubbed into their body and their hair filled with holy sand or mud. One of these was sitting before a fire as we passed by in the early morning. The missionary who was with me, and whose earnestness and energy seized on the opportunity this mêla afforded of preaching the Gospel, observed the impostor, with an admiring group standing around, and

called out, "Is that what you call a self-denying life, warming yourself before a comfortable fire this cold morning?" The fakir replied, "This is my god." "Oh!" said the missionary, "your god, is it? Then I'll get a little water and put your god out;" whereupon there was a general laugh at the wretched fakir's expense from his own fellow-idolaters. This want of reverence for their own religion and readiness to laugh at their own expense I noticed on several occasions, particularly when this same missionary was preaching to the people and arguing with their priests and other spokesmen, who were readily taken in their own nets; but instead of accepting it as a hopeful sign of the lessening influence of idolatry, I could not regard it as any but a sad indication of want of conscience and of honesty.

An interesting circumstance occurred on our return from the mêla on the morning of which I have been speaking. A Hindu woman came up to us with her father and expressed a wish to buy a Bible. My friend asked her if she could read, thinking her request was that of idle curiosity, but she took the book from his hand and began to read it, saying her English mistress had taught her. The price the missionaries sold the book at was eight annas (one shilling), and although this was far below cost price, and was merely intended to make the books valuable and keep them from being taken and wasted, it seemed a great price to the poor woman. She and her father examined their stores and could only produce about threehalfpence between them. The missionary said she could bring the money and get the book next day if she still wished; and after some further thought about the price she said with decision, "Yes, I will take it, for it is the book that will save my soul." My friend said it was the first occasion in his long missionary experience of a woman asking for a Bible and showing herself able to read.

A very welcome piece of news had met me on my arrival at Allahabad. The Brahmo leader Keshub Chunder Sen was in the town delivering his Deist lectures

to his fellow-countrymen. He was to give an address on that first evening; but hearing of my intended meeting he postponed his until a later hour, and came with many of his followers to the Baptist Chapel, where a large English congregation was already gathered. As soon as this meeting was dispersed the Brahmos set off for the engine-room of the railway station, where Baboo Keshub was to give his English address. My friend and I made for the same rendezvous, and so did some four or five Englishmen besides; but this second meeting, with these few exceptions, entirely consisted of Hindus, who crowded into a dense mass within, besides manning the windows and the verandahs without.

Baboo Keshub opened the meeting with prayer—such a prayer as would have satisfied a Unitarian in England. He then commenced his missionary address. Whether he had a subject advertised or in his own mind I do not know; but I supposed if it were so that it must have been "Conscience" or "Religion."

If I had not already concluded that the present leaders and spokesmen of the educated Hindus had been greatly overrated by those who are interested in them in England, I should have had no doubt of it after this evening. The lecturer commenced with a definition and description of conscience. He said it was the same all over the world: in the Englishman and in the Hindu. It was the king; the judge; the executioner within the man. Dwelling upon this last character of conscience, he described the pains and horrors of remorse as the constant attendant of crimes. "But," he said, "conscience has become vitiated; conscience has been dethroned; now it sometimes even says right is wrong and wrong right; or rather," he added—apparently with a little confusion at the manifest contradiction of what he had said before about the unerring direction of conscience,—"our passions speaking in the name of conscience and as if they were conscience say so." In the further course of his address he dwelt upon the moral degradation of India, and expressed his desire that it might rise and retake the

position of which it was worthy. He used the word *dead* in describing it much in the same way as the Scriptures do of every natural man, and then he called upon his hearers for their own sake and for the sake of their country to rise and obey their consciences. His last position was again inconsistent with this, for he told them of themselves they could do nothing—they were powerless; only God could give any help, not the god of idolatry, but the one God after whom he himself was seeking more and more, and to whom he desired to direct them. His last appeal was an urgent call to prayer—to intense, honest, persevering prayer that God would show to them the way of truth. He closed as he began with prayer.

The moment he sat down, and before the audience had time to move, I rose and addressed myself to Baboo Keshub. I told him how his name was familiar to me before I left England, and how I had sought an opportunity of meeting him in Calcutta without success; and I asked permission to reply to the lecture which he had just delivered. After a moment's hesitation he said that he had no objection if the audience had not, and the latter loudly expressed their wish that I should speak.

I said that I deeply sympathised with Baboo Keshub in his desire to raise India from its moral degradation, but that he was struggling with an impossible task. Our human arms could move stones, but they could not move mountains, and the Brahmo was trying himself and calling upon them to try to move a mountain with the arms of a man. He had rightly described India and mankind. Men were, as he said, morally dead; and the conscience which he had magnified as their safeguard and their restorer was, by his own account, vitiated and dethroned. What, then, was this teacher telling them to do? Was he mocking them when he called upon them, and through them upon India, to rise, dead men as they were, and obey their (vitiated) consciences? I confirmed what he had said about their degradation and helplessness, and then I brought before them the doctrine of life

for a dead world—life in Christ; and I appealed to them whether, if we were right on our common ground, it was Deism or the Gospel which met the need of India.

The Brahmos listened with the deepest attention throughout my address of about twenty minutes, and the appearance of interest on the faces of their leaders, and particularly that of discomfort in one, made me hope that the truth had told upon some hearts and consciences. Keshub offered no reply; but another Brahmo, the secretary of the Somaj at Allahabad, said he felt himself called upon to speak, as he had convened the present meeting. Instead of dealing with the statements already made, he said that he would draw "a comparison of the three principal religions of the world—Mohometanism, Hinduism, and Christianity." An English missionary who was present objected aloud to the speaker as taking up the time of the meeting irrelevantly, but the audience, as I supposed, feeling the desirableness of an indirect answer to take off the edge of Gospel truth, espoused the cause of the speaker, and called upon him to go on. He had not ceased to do so, but throughout the interruption I have noticed had been steadily pushing his way through what appeared to be an elaborate speech. In the course of this speech and very shortly he remarked, "The question lies between natural religion and revealed, and I challenge anyone to show the superiority of the latter over the former." I instantly rose and asked if he would stand by these words. He said, "If you interrupt me I cannot go on." I apologised for appearing to interrupt him, but explained that my only object was to know whether he really meant to offer a challenge, because if he did, I accepted it there and then. His only reply to this was, with increased confusion, that the hour was late and he would not say more. The Brahmos called aloud, "Go on! go on!" but he replied again and again, "It is getting late," and left the platform without another word.

After a few words from the Baptist missionary, pithily illustrating the boasted light of nature by the thousands

at the adjoining mêla who were worshipping the waters of the Jumna and the Ganges, Keshub rose and said, "My brethren, I see you are getting excited; allow me to offer another prayer." This prayer, with which he closed the meeting, breathed a spirit of touching sadness. In it he confessed his own ignorance and helplessness, and besought God to show him the light of His revelation and grant him His salvation.

Such were the principal incidents of my only public meeting with Keshub Chunder Sen—one of the noblest opportunities I had of offering God's salvation by Jesus Christ to the Deists of India. The very next night a number of these same Brahmos appeared at the other end of the town where I was preaching, and amongst them the secretary whose speech I have noticed. He seemed deeply interested, and expressed a wish to speak with me in private. Keshub himself accepted an invitation to drink tea with me, and went afterwards to the chapel where I was to give a third address. One remark which he made I thought worthy of being remembered. He was speaking of Christian ministers and the inclination to regard them with superstitious reverence; and, he added, "*that would lead back to Brahminism.*" This one point of resemblance between the spirits of Hinduism and Popery suggested a parallel which might be made out without any help of exaggeration or fancy.

After preaching on the Sunday to the Europeans, I left Allahabad on Monday morning, intending to reach Lucknow that night. Although the train left at the early hour of 5.20, a young man was waiting for me at the station to tell me of the blessing he had got to his own soul. He said he was trusting in Christ before, but he hardly knew how: he was like the one who "saw men as trees walking;" but now he understood the work of Christ and his own position clearly.

Lucknow does not lie on the main line of railway, but some fifty miles to the north of Cawnpore, which is the nearest station. A branch line, however, was already laid down between the two towns at the time of my visit,

and was, I believe, to be open for public traffic in about a month—that is to say, in March, 1867.

Cawnpore, the name of which is so terribly associated with treachery and massacre, was by far the largest of our cantonments in Northern India until it was reduced by the extension of our frontier towards the northwest. There is one spot in England of which it might remind British soldiers, and that is our flat and sandy Aldershot. A native town of considerable size still remains, but I believe it is like Lucknow—much smaller than in the time of the Mutinies; and our own cantonment and civil lines were not long ago estimated as extending for six miles along the bank of the river. There is no spot on the Ganges more sadly interesting than this, the burial place of so many brave men: the scene of such deliberate treachery. The little old temple which marks the fatal spot from which Tantia Topee gave the signal to fire upon the boats, remains just as it was on that day of blood and perhaps hundreds of years before. It is the testimony of many that the calamities of 1857 were very generally acknowledged not only by converted persons, but even by others of our countrymen as a national judgment from God, and the inclination to accept them as such and to perpetuate the memory of the suffering and the deliverance appears in the numerous "memorial churches" of this date in various parts of India. The new church at Cawnpore is a very handsome structure—one of the largest and finest in North India.

The same spirit which raised this memorial has consecrated the ground surrounding the fatal well. That has been transformed into a spacious garden, in the midst of which stands the monument to the women and children who perished on the spot. The latter consists in a large octagonal screen of stonework in decorated Gothic, enclosing the figure of Resignation which stands on the mouth of the well, and bearing a simple inscription to the memory of the dead who lie below.

The only mission now established at Cawnpore is that of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Five

missionaries of this Society fell in the mutinies—two here and three at Delhi, the total number of the sufferers in India being ten. Before that time there was a Baptist Mission at Cawnpore, but it is now abandoned.

I had no acquaintance with any Europeans at Cawnpore, nor did I carry any letters of introduction with me, as I had intended to continue my journey without stopping till I reached Lucknow. But the mail cart to which I trusted for this last fifty miles having left before I got out of the station, I made my way into the town and to the Church of England schools, where I introduced myself to the missionary, whom I found at his work. He knew me by name and received me very kindly, inviting me to remain that night in Cawnpore and give an address to the educated natives whom he would gather together for that purpose in his schoolroom. I readily acceded to this arrangement, and had a very interesting evening with the Baboos whom this short notice drew together. When they had begun to disperse, one little group, by gestures and animated private conversation, made it evident that there were some who wished to reply. I had invited and urged them to do this at the close of my address, but they could not summon courage until the regular meeting was broken up. Then a principal man among them came forward and asked where in the Bible Jesus Christ claimed to be more than man. "I know," he said, "that his disciples make him out to be God, but we must take our ideas about him from his own words, not from theirs." I showed them several passages and proofs bearing upon their question, but they escaped or denied their authority with remarkable ingenuity. At last I mentioned the expression in John xvii, 5, where Jesus says in prayer, "Father, glorify thou me with *the glory that I had with thee before the world was*;" and I asked them "What was Jesus, or what does he claim to have been in that expression?" Their spokesman immediately replied, "That is not in the Bible." We showed it to him, and he stood looking at it for some time in confusion. I repeated my question, "What was

he?" and he said, "Of course, he was their Master;" "But what in his own person, in his own essence?" His final reply was, "Well, I never saw that verse before; I must think more about it."

In this short visit to Cawnpore I had the pleasure of meeting with one native Christian of very rare character and ability. He had been the means of the conversion of Saftar Ali, a well-known Mahometan gentleman of Jubbulpore, and now a decided and earnest Christian. N. K. usually resided at Benares, but had been working for some time at Cawnpore in connection with the English missionaries. He would take no remuneration, however, for his services, saying, "If I were to do so my brethren would not believe in me."

Next morning I was *en route* for Lucknow in a dâk gharree or Indian postchaise. This mode of travelling long distances is more comfortable than one would think. The conveyance is like a long English cab, but a board put between the seats and covered with a cushion makes a very tolerable couch, and in spite of such hindrances as the long bridge of boats, a feature common to Benares and Cawnpore, and the wretchedness of some horses and obstinacy of others, the journey of fifty miles was performed in less than eight hours.

It is scarcely satisfactory to mention Lucknow without describing it somewhat fully, with the associations of its painful but heroic story. But these are not the notes of a tourist, but of an evangelist; I must therefore refrain from anything like a detailed account either in history or topography.

Lucknow was the capital of the King of Oude, and the seat of the most contemptible, profligate, and oppressive government in India. England, whose claims to much of what she possesses in the East are scarcely supported by any argument but that of might, behaved for a long time, if we except the administration of Warren Hastings, with the utmost lenity to Oude, endeavouring, by means of some of her ablest and most honourable servants, to correct, or at least to check, the corruption

which had made the sovereigns of Oude utterly unfit to rule. At length the government of the country was assumed while the title of the king was spared and the surplus revenue paid to him. But the Home Government decreed a further step, and Oude was annexed to British India shortly before the outbreak of the great Mutiny.

Lucknow is more noteworthy in appearance than any city I have hitherto described; yet it must appear almost desolate to those who knew it before the devastations of 1857. The great palace of the king is a ruin. It is said to have contained five thousand of his wives, each of whom inhabited apartments of her own presenting the appearance of a separate house, and altogether making up one vast building resembling in plan the large colleges in our English universities. The city is full of smaller palaces, in one of which some German missionaries are comfortably quartered; but the chief attraction of Lucknow is, of course, the remains of the Residency, which are carefully preserved by the same good taste and right spirit which have commemorated the sorrows of Cawnpore. Each spot within the inclosure is honoured by the public mark of its peculiar associations. The place "where Henry Lawrence was wounded:" the place "where he died;" the wall defended by "the Martiniere boys;" "the apartments of the women;" with many other records, give definiteness to the story which can never be forgotten by Englishmen, and a sad enjoyment to one who walks over the scene of such sufferings and such triumph.

I had but a small attendance of natives in Lucknow, although the importance of the place and the Canning College, where I was addressed by some lads who spoke perfect English, might have led me to expect a large number.

But my delay in Cawnpore had caused those to whom I had written to contradict their notices of the meetings, and when I did arrive there was but an hour or two in which to repeat the invitation. However, I left some tracts and addresses amongst them to speak silently for *the truth which they had not heard from the living voice.*

After sitting up all night, disappointed by the dâk gharree which I had engaged to take me back to Cawnpore, I walked in the early morning to the postoffice and succeeded in getting a seat on the mail cart which had escaped me before. Where there are no railways the mail cart is by far the quietest mode of conveyance for a single traveller who can dispense with baggage. It is a little red dogcart driven by a Hindu, with a seiss or ostler seated behind, and who is changed with the horses at every stage of six miles.

The road from Lucknow to Cawnpore gave such a bad illustration of mail-cart travelling, from the fact that the railway about to be opened had caused all the good horses to be transferred to other roads, and none left but wretched animals unfit for work, that I will say nothing more about it at present. However, the poor beasts brought me safely to Cawnpore, very tired, indeed, with a day of more than thirty hours' length, and more loaded with dust than any traveller in England can imagine.

An Irish gentleman who sat down to dinner with me in Noor Mahomed's hotel afforded me an illustration of a truth I had already perceived—that the spirit of the men for whom I had come out to India was the spirit of our common human nature, not merely that of educated Hindus, and that such men as the Deists of Bengal might be found in every civilised country in the world.

My companion had travelled a great deal, and had spent many years in various parts of Europe, besides Australia and America. Desiring to turn the conversation upon religious truth, I observed that some men travel much and yet remain ignorant; and as he did not perceive my meaning, I added that I thought the truest knowledge and the key to all other worth having was the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. After expressing great surprise at my remark, and his opinion that I was a missionary, he allowed himself to be drawn into the subject which I had introduced, as I continued to speak calmly and earnestly, insisting upon the paramount importance of religious truth if there was such a thing at all.

He then threw doubts upon everything belonging to revelation, saying that he observed in all the countries he had visited a growth of materialism and disbelief in the fundamentals of Christianity, even to the questioning of the existence of God or of the human soul: that, for himself, he did not believe in human depravity or the anger of God, or the possibility of sinning against Him; he thought man could only sin against himself and hurt himself. I had to answer these and many other assertions and arguments just as if I had been speaking to a Hindu Deist: insisting upon the necessity of revelation and the evidence of the Scriptures, about which, although professing much interest in the subject and an acquaintance with the original languages, he was entirely ignorant. I told him why I had come to India, and his surprise revived at once. "What could it possibly matter to me what the Brahmos thought or did? This interest in other men's souls was a thing he could not understand." I did not expect he would; but his ignorance and astonishment were a valuable testimony. The natural man understood not the things of the Spirit of God.

Towards the close of our long conversation, having made a hard fight to maintain or justify his indifferentism, he accused me of resting all my belief on authority as opposed to reason. I showed him that here again he was wrong, since true Christian faith is founded on reason and not an enemy to it. "I prove the authority of my Scriptures," I said, "before I submit myself to them. I am a Christian with my eyes and ears open, hearing the cavils and objections of men, and persuaded in spite of them that the Gospel is a harmonious and reasonable scheme—the very thing needed by man; the very thing needed by the character of God." When we parted, he was so much interested as to declare his intention of coming to hear me speak to the natives in Delhi on the subject of Christian Evidences.

It was strange that the very next day, while travelling to Agra, I should meet with another British Brahmo. A Scotchman of the early religious associations character-

istic of his country, he had just escaped from the trammels of a religion which had not touched his heart, and, like the Irishman of the previous day, professed a real interest in spiritual things, acknowledged without shame a life of sin, which could not, however, provoke anger in a good God, and took upon him to censure and reject one-half of the Bible and its morality with a blasphemy of language which I do not recollect to have heard equalled by any heathen.

I have said little about the natural features of the country laid open by this route, and indeed there is little of interest to be said. For the most part it is a vast plain without even a background of hills or any luxuriance or variety of vegetation. How much a little spot of beauty is appreciated may appear from the fact that some small rocky hills covering a few acres, and upon which a sanitarium has been built, were spoken of as "the only bit of Swiss scenery in India." The distance from Switzerland in time and space would probably be needed to exercise and excuse imagination. At times the river, the trunk road, and the rail might be seen at the same moment, suggesting an interesting comparison of the ages and states which they respectively represented in Indian history, although the oldest is by no means abandoned, and the road is still lively with long trains of Hindu waggons, which there is no reason to think have suffered much alteration during the last thousand years. The birds of India, though inferior in brilliancy of plumage to those of Sumatra and the islands generally, afforded one of the pleasantest objects of interest on this long railway journey. After the flocks of commonplace crows and ragged grey kites which abound in the towns and cities, the flights of milkwhite cranes, and the majestic flamingoes and larger birds of kindred species stalking in the marshes of the open country, were very agreeable to the eye; while the little birds of elegant shape or butterfly plumage, like the king of the crows and the jay, might always be seen upon the telegraph wires or fences.

In Bombay a sombre contrast to all this grace and

beauty is presented by the deathlike array of vultures and ravens roosting silently on the tops of the trees and on the high walls of the Parsee burying places, digesting their last meal of human flesh.

I staid two days at Agra, the city of Akhbar. To those who know anything of the lions of India, the name of this city immediately suggests that of the Tâj, the tomb which the Emperor Shah Jehân raised to the memory of his favourite wife. There is a very perfect and beautiful model of this building in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; but the rich gardens which immediately surround the tomb, and the gateway to them and it, being of necessity unrepresented, the idea suggested by the model falls far short of reality. These tombs of India are the most wonderful and at the same time the most common of its great buildings. Such use of fine marble and minute ornamentation of colossal work are utterly unknown in Europe. In proportions the Tâj of Agra and similar buildings in other towns of India, more nearly resemble the Pantheon of Rome or that of Paris than any Western buildings used for sepulture.

The Pathans are truly spoken of as "building like giants and finishing like goldsmiths."

At a few miles distance from Agra are two towns of special interest to the antiquary and the Christian. The first is Futtepore Sicri—once the favourite residence of Akhbar, now entirely deserted; the second is Secundra, the seat of the Orphan Printing Press. This orphanage is conducted by German Christians, many of whom are in connexion with the English Church Missionary Society in various towns of India, and who seem to incline, through natural taste or talent, to this particular branch of Christian philanthropy. It is interesting to notice this characteristic of Germans, of which we see so many examples in their own country, and the particularly well-known one of Mr. George Muller in England. During times of special distress, as in the famine of 1861, these charitable institutions have saved many lives, and opened a career of honest labour and Christian knowledge to

many children who would otherwise have perished or become utterly destitute. It is a curious circumstance that this work of spiritual and physical activity at Secundra is carried on in one of the great tombs I have been describing—a striking illustration of the Gospel scheme which is to bring life out of the death of nature.

The Mutiny did much injury both at Agra and Secundra, laying the Mission buildings in ruins, and the transference of the Provincial Government to Allahabad took away a good deal of business from the little printers at Secundra. Other circumstances, however, balanced these misfortunes, so that the work is still continued with success.

I moved on to Delhi, leaving the addresses which I proposed to give in Agra for the return journey, as it was necessary to pass through it again on my way across the country to Bombay.

Delhi is, for history and antiquities, beyond comparison the most interesting city in India; indeed, after Jerusalem it is scarcely inferior to any spot in the East. Centuries before the Christian era its name is great in history. Yet the inhabited Delhi of any particular reign has never been suffered to grow old, as most of the Mogul emperors entertained a passion for building a royal city commemorative of their own greatness, and destroyed or abandoned that of the preceding reign.

Thus the most memorable of the ancient ruins are eleven miles distant from the present city, and the whole of the way between it and them is studded with tombs and dials and fragments of all descriptions. Being joined by a missionary whom I knew in Calcutta and a Scotch gentleman who was making "the grand tour," I visited several of these monuments which lay to the right and left of the road to Old Delhi, climbing to the top of the Janter Manter Dial and inspecting the quiet but stately tomb of Saftar Jang. The mention of this dial suggests some notes on the extremely interesting subject of Indian astronomy and mathematics. It is, however, too large as well as too doubtful a subject to enter upon here.

Those who are interested in it we may put on the track for private research by mentioning that the mathematical genius of India in historical times and the builder of the principal dials was Jey Singh, whose name may be remembered in connexion with Jeypore, the handsome city which he built with mathematical regularity in Rajpootana; that he discovered the error of the Portuguese calendar before it was known in Europe, and attributed it to the use of instruments of too small diameter. That in several branches of mathematics, particularly trigonometry and algebra, the Hindus were centuries before the civilised nations of the West; and that the exactness of some of their calculations respecting the sun and moon could not have been made without a comparison of modern observations with some of remote antiquity.

The Kutub Minar, which was the end of our drive, is considered to be the tallest independent column in the world. It is not a ruin, but is surrounded by ruins of many styles and ages, chiefly of an early Hindu period, but in some cases finished with the most exquisite art. The Kutub itself was either built by the Mahometans or converted by them into a minaret to commemorate their victory over Prithiraj—the last Hindu King of Delhi, in the year 1191 A.D. The three lower stories are of red sandstone ornamented with raised belts of Arabic inscriptions from the Koran; the upper stories are chiefly of white marble.

The view from the top of this pillar is extensive indeed, for one seems to look upon India rather than upon Delhi. The barbaric pomp, the childish vanity, the changes, the tyrannies, and the massacres of which the surrounding acres spoke, were characteristic of the country rather than of the city. Each ruin had some thrilling story to tell of India's sins and sorrows; but we must leave them and hasten back to the modern city with the ancient name. Though it is modern, its interest to Englishmen will always be greater than that of the hoariest ruins of early Hindus.

The ditch and the battered walls through which six thousand British soldiers forced their way, driving before them sixty thousand fighting men, besides the population of the city; the spot where their countrymen were massacred, and the grave of Nicholson; with other remembrances of the terrible crime and the terrible retribution of the Mutinies, make New Delhi as sadly attractive as Lucknow or Cawnpore.

I had expected to hold some public meetings in Delhi as elsewhere, but my arrangements were unsuccessful; owing either to the miscarriage of letters in the postoffice or to the mistake of the friend to whom I committed the matter. I could not stay long enough to allow of an address being advertised, as I had undertaken to be in Agra directly, so I was obliged to leave the old capital with nothing but the silent testimony of the printed addresses and pamphlets which I had written in Calcutta and Madras.

Returning to Agra, I was encouraged by very different fortune. The notice of an address to be given to the educated natives in the hall of the Missionary College was well responded to. The audience was equal to any I had had even in Allahabad. Many men of social and intellectual respectability were present, and they appeared much interested throughout a long address. According to my custom I invited them to reply, and sat down for a while to encourage them; but as usual, there was no champion for rationalism, and the meeting broke up without discussion.

Before going into the hall I had received a paper written by an M.A. of Calcutta University. It commenced thus:—"Sir,—I propose to hold a discussion with you this evening." As I was just going out I put it in my pocket without reading further at the time, and had gone to the hall in full expectation of seeing the self-elected champion by whom it was written. Something had made him change his mind; but now, as I was returning to the house, he appeared upon the scene with several friends and supporters. I asked what they wanted, and they

said they had brought me a paper expressive of their views, and containing objections to mine which they would like me to answer in writing. I expressed astonishment at their request, observing that only a few minutes ago I had given them the fullest opportunity of saying whatever they liked, and that not one of them had had courage to accept it; that my time was too valuable to me to allow of its being spent in writing about questions which, however trifling and easily answered, might give me manual labour of some hours. Considering their anxiety and the timidity which I thought might have prevented them speaking in public, I was willing to read their paper and answer it verbally, or to have a private conversation with them. But this would not do: the paper must be answered in writing. "Why," I asked, "are you so anxious about that?" After they had looked at one another, the chief speaker said, "We wish to publish your answer with our questions." "Now," I said, "that is surely great conceit on your part: for you quite take for granted that the correspondence would be to your credit. But do you promise to publish my answer, if I write one?" They tried to avoid my question and answered evasively, desiring me to believe that they would do so, without committing themselves. But I required a positive promise, and, holding the paper in my hand, I said, "I have not read your paper; I dont know what sort of questions it contains; but if you will promise to publish it and my answer, as you have proposed, I will engage to answer every question it contains before I go to sleep. Will you do so?" With evident confusion they said they could not, and the less prominent ones began to titter at the expense of their leader.

Notwithstanding the conceit shown in this interview and the exposure of his disingenuousness, the M.A. expressed a desire to have some further conversation with me. I told him if he came on the following morning at twelve o'clock I should see him.

He appeared very punctually, bringing with him a friend who, I was told, was a B.A. of Calcutta. The

latter did little more than listen, while the M.A. opened his batteries against the Gospel. I found my antagonist the most subtle and clever Deist I had met; yet his mind differed from that of other Hindus only in the amount and not at all in the nature of its power. He was quite at home with sophistry, but a stranger to straightforward logic. His talent was exercised in avoiding rather than in answering an argument, or in carrying the simplest truths into the metaphysical regions in which his own mind naturally dwelt. At one time he said he could disprove Christianity by a *reductio ad absurdum*. I begged he would do it. He said: "The Bible teaches that death is the consequence of sin; it also teaches that Christ came to deliver men from sin and its consequences; therefore, if the Bible be true, Christians do not die; but we know that Christians do die, therefore the Bible is not true." I handed my Bible to him and asked him to what passage in it he referred. He declined the book, saying he did not know it, but he gathered from "certain Essays and Reviews" that it taught thus. I said, "Perhaps your friend could find the place," but the B.A. confessed a similar ignorance. I then turned to the account of the creation and the fall, and read the words, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," and after that the statement, "Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years;" remarking that whether the writer of that account was an imposter or not, he would allow that he was not a fool, and therefore would not give himself the lie by making his story directly to contradict what he had begun by asserting. I said it was evident that he had not got the writer's meaning in that first assertion, and showed from the general teaching of the Bible that death in the highest sense is, with it, the death of the soul occasioned by sin, and consisting in alienation from God, and that, according to the same teaching, the man Adam, and in him the whole human race, died literally on the very day on which he sinned. This opening naturally afforded an opportunity of speaking of the Christ of the Bible as the restorer of life to the world.

But my visitor did not love such simple dealing with the question, and endeavoured to complicate it by renewed appeals to reason regarding the possibility or propriety of the plan of atonement. Although it was quite possible to meet him in his details with the weapons of analogy, or to appeal to his ignorance as much as he appealed to his knowledge, such a mode of argument would have been interminable. As it was our conversation lasted for two hours, and before we parted he made the two most important admissions which I can imagine short of an entire acknowledgment of the truth. I insisted on his answering or believing the evidence by which the Gospel is supported, and whenever he showed a disposition to get back to speculation I pressed him with prophecy, miracles, and conversion, as the things with the reality of which Christianity must stand or fall.

At length he confessed that he *could not account for or disprove the evidence, and that supposing Christianity to be untrue, he was at a loss to know how sin was to be dealt with*, since I had already extorted an admission that the holiness of God required that it should be judged.

Before leaving Agra I gave, as usual, an address intended more especially for the European residents. A flower show, however, proved too great an attraction to allow of a numerous attendance.

It may be necessary for a right impression in some minds of European life in India, to say that such things as flower shows are as natural to their exiled countrymen as to those who remain at home. The comforts and luxuries of life in India have of late years been greatly increased; and at the same time the domestic life of English ladies—the addition to whose numbers has largely aided our colonial civilisation—has thrown off much of that seclusion and inertness which characterised it at first. By means of *tatties* or screens, over which a stream of water is kept pouring, and through which the hot air must pass, the temperature of the houses is kept down in the hottest season to a mark endurable by most Europeans; while the proximity of numerous cool and

healthy hill stations to which it is usual for Englishmen to send their families at the very commencement of hot weather, makes the climate of India to many fully as pleasant and healthy as that of their own country. The hill stations are principally Simla, Missouri, and Darjeeling for Calcutta and the northern provinces; the Nheilgherry Hills for Madras and Poonah; and Mahabaleshwar for Bombay.

During the time of my short visit to Agra, the National Exhibition was opened. It was, I think, the second which had been held in the country; that of Nagpore being the first. Its object and most of its principal features were the same as those of the European exhibitions of the last sixteen years. But while the real enjoyment of such displays belongs chiefly to the practical or scientific visitors who dwell upon those things which the crowd passes by, and while it was most satisfactory to see that the principal attraction to the natives of all classes was the agricultural machinery, which would produce the happiest of revolutions in their culture of the soil, there was a larger provision for the tastes of the mere sight-seer than England or France could have afforded, not only in the variety and richness of Indian workmanship, but in the richly-dressed rajahs or native princes who mingled with and outshone the ladies of England in their display of cloth and jewellery.

It was hard to leave "*the towns of the North*" without even crossing the border of the Punjaub. Lahore was well worthy of a visit, and was said to contain many Bengalees of English education. Peshawur, too—the furthest outpost of our Indian empire,—looking into the celebrated Kyber Pass, and Simla, the sanatarium of the Court and the civilians of Calcutta, might have justified a stay of some weeks; but to have turned further to the north or west would have involved another season in India, or the neglect of the greater openings afforded by Bombay.

To those who can give more time than I did, or who prefer to break fresh ground, these towns, with many in

every Presidency, will afford abundant work. Everywhere there are some who speak our language, and almost everywhere a considerable disposition to hear, if there is little to believe.

For myself, I was content to stop at Agra, closing the third and preparing for the last part of my Evangelistic Tour.

END OF PART THIRD.

DOES MAN NEED A SAVIOUR?

IS JESUS A SAVIOUR?

FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH EDUCATED HINDUS.

WE had been considering the question of sin, as to its introduction into the world and God's relation to it; and sin must always be an important subject for sinners. I therefore ventured to dwell upon it a little longer, inviting my visitors to look at it from another stand-point, and asking the Brahmin:

"Do you think you ever committed any sins?"

Brahmin: "Certainly."

J. T.: "Then where are those sins just now?"

Brahmin: "Where? Well, I suppose they are *in me.*"

J. T.: "When are you going to get them *out of you?* In other words, how do you hope to get rid of them?"

Brahmin: By faith in God and sincere repentance."

J. T.: "Suppose you have a bill of one hundred rupees at the shop over there, and the merchant comes and asks you for his money, will he be satisfied if you tell him you are very sorry that you let yourself so much into debt, but that you will not take any of his goods on credit in future?"

Brahmin: "No, certainly. But there are plus quantities and minus quantities in the world, and the one neutralise the other. If my good deeds are greater than my bad deeds I shall find favour from God."

J. T.: Those plus and minus quantities are mere words; it will not be difficult to show that there is no such neutralising process possible in spiritual things."

Brahmin: "But let me give one illustration:

"There are certain boys at school: some of them are diligent and obedient, and therefore keep high up in their class, and they receive an actual reward: others are lazy and idle, and so get punished; but these latter may improve and be reformed and share the rewards of the others."

J. T.: "Very true; and if you can show that you are only under God as under a schoolmaster, your inference will be perfectly correct. But your conscience tells you, and the course of nature round about tells you, that you have to do with God first of all as *a Moral Governor*. When you have satisfied Him in that character: when you can prove that He is reconciled to you and that He looks upon you as your Father, then the idea of school, of discipline, and of reward for obedience will be in place.

"But first of all, where is the satisfaction for sin?"

2nd Hindu: "Will not sincere faith in God atone for sin?"

J. T.: "Let us see. Our consciences tell us that we owe a debt to God, for we have not given him that perfect obedience in the past that he had a right to claim. Now the question before us is, how to clear of this debt? Of course we cannot lay aside to the account of the past anything that we owe for the present. If I were in debt one thousand rupees, and were borrowing every morning from the same creditor ten rupees more and paying them every evening, the original debt would remain undiminished. Or if I were drawing a considerable income, but were unable to save anything of it from my necessary expenditure, the income and outlay would leave me the same debtor as before. Now let us look how much surplus you will have when you have paid your duty to God for a day, which you may lay aside as your own private property to meet a past debt.

"What is the *faith* you speak about but believing God—taking him at his word? Have you any right to doubt God?"

2nd Hindu: "No."

J. T.: "That is, you owe him absolute faith every moment. Therefore, instead of your being able to liquidate your past debt by the faith in which you trust, you are increasing it every time your faith fails of being perfect. And we shall find that repentance and good works are equally powerless to atone for past sins—that is, to pay the past debt. For repentance is not a change from sufficient goodness to a goodness more than sufficient; it is the change of mind (or, if you like, the change of life) of one who is conscious that he has been doing wrong, and who determines henceforth to do right.

"Is there any credit due to such a person? Does the rebel ask a reward when he lays down the arms of treason, or the thief deserve a testimonial when he becomes an honest man? Clearly we have in repentance only another part of our present debt to God.

"And so with all the good works we can do. The God who made us claims all the service we can give him: for at the very best we can only exercise the powers he placed in us for his own glory. Therefore it is evident that if once we get into debt to this God, we can never by any act of our own get out of it."

2nd Hindu: "But God is merciful; nay, he is mercy itself. He can forgive our sins infinitely!"

J. T.: "Ah! Now you take quite different ground. Do you mean to trust to this mercy of God or to the atonement of faith and repentance?"

2nd Hindu: "To both together."

J. T.: "But I have just shown the hopelessness of the latter, and you abandoned it and threw yourself on the bare mercy of God. You cannot go back again with any show of reason: you cannot trust to both."

Brahmin: "No, certainly; you cannot have both?"

J. T.: "Then you trust in the bare mercy of God and accept the proof I have given that you can offer him no satisfaction for the past whatever.

"Now I think we shall agree that that religion is likely to be the true one which represents God in the best and most glorious character."

Both Hindus: "Yes."

J. T. "Which is the better and more glorious of these two characters—that of mere mercy (which must be exercised at the expense of purity) or that of mercy and purity combined?"

Brahmin: "The latter."

J. T.: "The God in whom you just now expressed your trust must have the former: for he must make light of your sins in order to have mercy upon you. But if we could find a way in which he should punish those sins and yet be merciful to you, we should make a great discovery."

1*st Brahmin:* "But may not God punish us for what we have done wrong and receive us into his favour afterwards?

"To take an example from civil law. A man is guilty of theft: he is sentenced to so many years' imprisonment. When his term of punishment is over he is set free and is no longer guilty in the eye of the law."

J. T.; "Yes; and *when* the man who undertakes to settle his own matters with God has paid the penalty of his sins, he will be set free. But I fear he who does so has a black prospect before him.

"I was told to-day of some in a country district, where my host was lately staying, who lived in the grossest immorality, and were so dead to shame that they could mingle with their fellow-men and look them in the face without a blush. But no doubt there were those in that place who looked upon this way of living as wicked and disgraceful. And if I were to ask you respectable Hindus what you thought of it, I believe you would express great abhorrence. Perhaps one believing in the high morality of Jesus would even pass you in his censure. So that among men there are different opinions with regard to the hatefulness and guilt of crimes. But if we could get into the spiritual world amongst those who are quite free from sin, but differ in their intelligence and powers, the higher we got and the brighter the light into which we took these crimes I speak of, the blacker would they

appear. And who knows what punishment we should not see them to be worthy of by the time we reached the highest of all and saw them as they appear to the infinitely holy God! Are you sure that in his eyes the least of your sins which now, if you can remember it at all, only appears like a mote in the sunbeam, does not appear as black and hateful as the greatest crime or immorality to our partial sense of justice and imperfect sight; and if this is so, is it not quite possible that eternity will not be too long, nor the heavy judgments of God too severe to satisfy justice for the thousands of remembered and forgotten sins of which every man has been guilty.

"Surely, then, mere natural religion, which speaks of one true God, but tells men, conscious of imperfection, of no way of satisfying his justice but by faith and repentance, leaves us in great doubt and danger!

"But just at this point Christianity comes in, professing to be a revelation from God. *The direct evidence* upon which it rests we may consider afterwards. What I insist upon just now is, that it is *likely to be true* before all examination of its proofs, from the fact that it alone of all religions brings word of the very thing that man stands in need of. It speaks of God in a new character. The heavens and the earth speak plainly of him as a God of power and wisdom; but it comes forward to tell us that he is '*a just God and a Saviour*.'

"Its story is, that God, (whom it has described as 'of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,' and as one 'who will by no means clear the guilty,') 'so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"That this divine person took upon him human nature, not in the ordinary way of generation which would have imparted to his humanity the sinfulness of a fallen race, but by a miraculous conception; that he stood up as a second federal head or representative man (just as our experience points to some first federal head from whom we must have inherited an imperfection which is prior to

and independent of our good and bad actions; that, being without sin himself, by undertaking for and identifying himself with all who will receive him, he voluntarily bore the wrath of God due to them, and by offering up himself upon the cross, he made, once for all, a perfect and sufficient atonement for all sin. That the proof of the Father's acceptance of this sacrifice was his raising up Jesus from the dead and setting him at His own right hand as the High Priest and Mediator between God and man; and that this same Jesus will, at the end of the age, come again personally to this earth with great glory to receive his people to himself, to punish his enemies, and at length to complete and justify the moral government of God by giving to all men according to their works.

"Is there any improbability in this story to warrant the rejection of it by your countrymen or others, before consideration of its evidence? We have seen that God must be holy; that it is conceivable his holiness may require greater punishment of sin than we have thought of; that, nevertheless, man without revelation has nothing to trust to but his bare mercy, since all that he can do he owes for the present, and therefore cannot put to the account of the past; and to this we may add that no one has ever preached a religion or thought of a plan, besides Christianity, which allowed God at the same time to be infinitely holy and infinitely merciful—to punish the sin and to spare the sinner."

1*st Brahmin:* "But the plan of vicarious suffering seems to me unnatural and unjust, and so improbable."

J. T. "What if this idea of yours should be mere imagination, and we should see instances of vicarious suffering permitted and even arranged by the course of nature, *i. e.*, by the God of nature, who is the same as the God of Revelation, if there be one! A young man here, an officer in the Queen's army, has led a fast life, spent his money, got into debt, and has nothing but ruin before him. He has a respectable mother in England, living in quiet and comfort on a little private

fortune. The news of her son's disgrace and danger reaches her. What does she do? Does she argue that as he has sown, so he ought to reap? More probably she gives up half of her fortune to extricate him: she moves into a smaller house, and sacrifices many of the comforts to which she has been accustomed. Besides that, she suffers much grief and sheds many tears over him. And who knows but her self-denial may result in his restoration. Wbat is this but vicarious sacrifice? the just suffering for the unjust, and that by the natural law of a mother's love. Does any one blame that mother? Would you yourself say that she should have done otherwise? The world is full of such examples: probably by far the greater part of those who fall and rise again are helped up by the self-denying effort, or to speak with equal correctness, by the vicarious suffering of others. And if this is such a common occurrence in God's 'course of nature,' is it so unlikely as to be absurd that the same God, whose nature is love, should in the far more important spiritual world permit his Son to become a voluntarv substitute for sinners, and by taking hnman nature upon him, to roll away the reproach of sin by satisfying justice, and at the same time to vindicate his Father's character, and to give him opportunity for the exercise of mercy?

"In the same way it may be shown that anything else objected to in the scheme of Christianity has its parallel in the natural world; so that if you object to the former on account of these supposed difficulties, you must object to the latter also. Yet the latter is before your eyes, and you know that it is the work of God in spite of them. Therefore, before any consideration of the particular evidence for Christianity, there is nothing in its character either absurd or improbable. On the contrary, as nothing else has helped man out of the difficulty in which he is left by natural religion, and as Christianity comes professing to do so, and it is likely that God will, if possible, send some help, it deserves the most serious and attentive hearing.

"But this is just what men will not give. If the subject is pressed upon them, they point to a straw in their path, (such as the passover question which you started with,) and say—'I will not go a step further till this is removed;' and if one removes the imaginary difficulty, they are not slow in finding another and another; so that the time which would have sufficed for an honest and manly investigation of the general character and claims of the Gospel, and for decision one way or another, is frittered away in childish trifling; and the men who scoff at this religion and treat it as unworthy of an intellectual age, are found to be utterly ignorant of the great mass of evidence upon which it stands, and which alone can decide the question of its truth or falsehood.

"To say that the whole thing is so unlikely that no evidence could establish it, I have shown to be the very opposite of truth: men who see their position under natural religion are longing for the very thing that Christianity professes to bring. To object to it because it contains strange things, or seems to come to us in a strange way, is to be as foolish as the Persian king, who, after listening with interest to many stories of his traveller guest, drove him in a rage from his table, declaring that now he knew he was a liar, because he had told him of countries where the water in winter became as hard as stone. The person who takes this ground ought certainly to know no obstacles or strange things in nature. He should be able to explain and attach to general laws all the things in this world that seem strange to others. Earthquakes, whirlpools and volcanoes, glaciers and boiling springs, comets and meteors, should all be as regular and simple to him as sowing and harvest. But for the rest of mankind such a question as that of religion, such claims as those of Christianity, must be decided by evidence and evidence alone."

Let me now place some of the evidence briefly before you.*

* Although in this conversation we entered fully into the subject of Christian evidences, yet for the sake of greater freedom and fuller treatment of the subject, I prefer now to leave the conversation, and to address myself directly to the reader.

To begin with an undisputed fact—Christianity has obtained a footing in the world. From being preached by a single Jew of humble position, it has come to be professed by the most powerful and civilised nations. I do not enter into the question of the reality or unreality of national Christianity. The question before us is purely intellectual, and has only to do with evidence. These nations have given an intellectual assent to the truth of this religion.

Among those who have heartily received and earnestly propagated it, have been in all ages some men of the highest mental powers and literary attainments; and whenever it has been preached, there have been some who have accepted it at the cost of great personal sacrifice and without any offer or prospect of temporal advantage.

It has produced this result without any of the means to which other religions owe their success. Far from being carried forward by kingly authority or by the power of the sword, it was unpopular and fiercely persecuted during the first three hundred years of its history; yet, from the historical accounts of its enemies, it spread into every country and increased rapidly in spite of every effort to check it; many of its opposers, even from such high places as the Roman Emperor's palace and family, becoming persuaded of its truth, and sacrificing their fortunes and lives to their convictions.

The only means used to effect this revolution was preaching or declaring a piece of news, (the same as I have stated above, that God had sent Jesus as a Saviour into the world, and that whosoever believed in him was justified by virtue of his vicarious sacrifice) and working or professing to work miracles in proof of the message being from God. Every one who became a Christian was persuaded by one or both of these means, for there was no compulsion used, nor worldly inducement offered; on the contrary, the Gospel called upon all who received it to follow the Saviour in a life of morality, self-denial, and holiness of heart, such as no previous religion had ever proposed to men.

Therefore, the principal, though not the only evidence for Christianity, lies in the reality of those miracles and in the honesty of the men who professed to work them. There are those who will stop us at the very outset by the assertion that miracles are inconceivable under any circumstances. If these people mean that they are impossible, then they do not believe in a God at all; but if only that they cannot believe that God would work them, we would just ask them by what other means they can imagine a revelation to be introduced or proved, supposing one to be desirable; and that a revelation is desirable, and indeed necessary, I think an honest reader will confess from the consideration of natural religion which has gone before.

The common objection that such an introduction is contrary to experience, however it may sound, is nothing at all, for no one in the world has had any experience of a single case besides the present—*i. e.*, of God's way of dealing with another imperfect world like our own.

Now as to the reality of these miracles, the account of them, *i. e.*, of those said to be worked by Jesus, is contained in the four books called the Gospels, written and circulated, as may be proved by overwhelming evidence, in the age of the apostles, and therefore amongst the contemporaries and enemies of Jesus. In this and in many other points they differ from all other alleged miracles, which you may find, if you will examine, to be resolvable into false perceptions; assertions without a show of evidence; mere exaggerations; things explainable by natural causes; stories published in one country of what is said to have happened in another, or heard of for the first time, long after the age in which they are said to have been wrought, or asserted in confirmation of doctrines already believed.

The miracles of Jesus differ from all of these. They were worked in the face of enemies; their purpose being the introduction of a new and universally distasteful religion; and they are referred to in the histories of the times. They were either enormous miracles or

enormous impostures; for the feeding of 5,000 men, besides women and children, on five loaves and a few fishes, and the raising of a man who had been four days in the grave, can by no possibility be resolved into a false perception, or a mere exaggeration of the truth. Therefore, this Jesus was either the Bearer of a revelation from God, working miracles by divine power as the credentials of his missions, or he was both one of the greatest conjurors and greatest impostors that ever lived; at the same time that he was, according to Jewish and heathen history, a poor peasant, preaching and practising the highest morality, declining the worldly honour which the fevered mind of the people was ready to pay to any, and did pay to others, who gave themselves out as the *expected* Messiah; and at last submitting without resistance to be put to death on the ground of his spiritual claims, consistently maintaining the character he had assumed with his latest breath.

Surely, those who can accept this latter alternative, need most liberal assistance from that credulity which they are so fond of charging upon Christians. But their difficulties are not yet done. Within a few weeks of his death, the companions and disciples of Jesus, poor illiterate men, are found *in the very town and country which crucified him*, boldly preaching the story for which he died, and persevering in their assertions in spite of threats, imprisonments, scourging, confiscation of goods, and death by the sword, fire, wild beasts, and crucifixion. For proof of this you have but to consult Pliny the younger, Adrian, Tacitus, Suetonius, Aurelius or Epictetus. The last of these writers expresses his astonishment at these voluntary sufferings very naturally, asking, "Is it possible for a man to become indifferent to these things from madness or from habit *as the Galileans?*" We should think not. What was it then that these preachers made the reason or excuse of their energy and self-denial? Not only the teaching and miracles of Jesus before his death, but one new miracle in particular, sufficient of itself to show that they

claimed miraculous evidence for their religion, for it is asserted, referred to, rejoiced in, commented on, or attacked in every Christian and anti-Christian writing of the age—the miracle of *the Resurrection*.

These men, who in their own writings with a simplicity and candour difficult to account for, except on the supposition of their truthfulness, represent themselves as having been cowardly, doubting and unfaithful during their Master's life, now come forward before the world and declare with one voice, and at the risk and cost of their lives, that they have seen him, handled him, spoken and eaten with him many times, and under different circumstances, during a period of forty days, after the Jews had not only put him to death, but, lest his disciples should steal the body, had set a special Roman guard over the sepulchre; and that at the end of those forty days, after delivering to them a final charge he ascended up to heaven bodily in their sight. Now I ask, were those men *dupes or deceivers?* If you reject their testimony, you have only these alternatives to choose from. If you choose the former, you believe that eleven men during a period of forty days (separately, twos and threes, and altogether), were deceived by their senses of seeing, hearing, and feeling; when, if there was a doubt as to the reality of their impressions, they had but to go and look for the deady body which the Jews would have been but too ready to have produced if they could.

If on the other hand you say they were deceivers, you have the same difficulty with each of them as with their Master, which is to believe that they sacrificed everything for what they knew to be a lie, became imposters for the sake of teaching morality and holiness (which in all other respects they practised in their lives), and becoming the offscourings of society and abhorrence of all men, voluntarily sealed their testimony with their blood. But another man comes on the stage and increases your trouble.

Saul, the persecutor and bitterest enemy of Christianity, a scholar and a member of the Sanhedrim, suddenly

becomes a Christian, declaring himself converted by a miraculous revelation of Jesus in the heavens which, he is careful to maintain long afterwards, was an evidence perfectly independent of that upon which others believed. This man becomes the most devoted, consistent, and successful of the preachers of the Gospel, so that no one will deny the truth of his own assertion, "to me to live is Christ." Not to go over the same ground as before in the case of Paul, I would only ask any who are bold enough to ascribe his change to a sunstroke and madness, to answer or to find fault with the logic of his epistles, or to find another example of a madman shaking the foundations of long-established religions, and, by the thunder of his eloquence or the force of his story, planting communities bearing the name for which he lived in the very homes of Judaism, Paganism, and philosophy.

These men, then, were not deceivers, and they could not have been deceived. They had seen the miracles upon which they rested their story, and those miracles were the proof that the story was from God.

Upon this supposition and upon this only we can understand the dignity of character and the divinely exalted teaching which none can deny to Jesus.

Upon this too we can understand the cheerful enduring of persecution, braving of danger, love to one another, and joy in death which characterised the early believers. (With the spurious Christianity now in the world we have nothing to do. Since persecutions ceased, it is easy and even profitable to be a nominal Christian; but this false profession need be a stumbling block to no seeker after truth). Receiving the testimony that Jesus is the Saviour, we can also understand the prophecies still preserved by the Jew as well as by the Christian, which speak of a coming deliverer. We can see the meaning of Daniel's dates when—as it can be shown, putting a day for a year—he pointed to the very time when "Messiah should be cut off, but not for himself," and of Micah's warning that little Bethlehem should have the honour of

giving birth to the expected One. We can appreciate the scene pictured by David in the details of the pierced hands and feet, the parted garments, the vinegar and the gall; and the sublime, but otherwise incomprehensible words of Isaiah—"He is despised and rejected of men: a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs; but he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken."

As we have shown already that there is nothing in the character and scheme of Christ's religion stranger than many things which we see in nature, so we may show with regard to the evidence of it. It might have been louder and clearer, so might the evidence of the God of nature. The latter is not written across the sky nor shouted through the trumpet of an angel; why should we expect that the former will be? It is not God's purpose to force men to hear or to believe. He speaks in "a still small voice" sufficiently clear for those who are listening and seeking, though not for those who are careless. There are men so dull and unreasonable that, in spite of the earth and the heavens, they deny there is a God of nature; we believe they only afford a parallel to those who, in spite of the evidence of Christianity, deny that there is a God of grace.*

Hindu reader, what will you do with this Jesus? Will you accept him as your Saviour or reject him? Many in this country, Brahmos and other enlightened men, are trying to take a middle course. They wish neither quite to accept nor quite to reject Jesus. They put aside his

* Any reader who is interested and yet not satisfied with what has been said here, I would refer to the fuller proofs of "Paley's Evidences" and "Horæ Paulinæ" and Butler's "Analogy."

divinity, his atonement, his priesthood, and they talk, even with enthusiasm, of his teaching and example. But this is an impossible position to remain in. The Jesus of history and the Jesus of the Bible constitute a complete, consistent, indivisible character, who must stand or fall altogether. He called himself the Son of God, the *Way* to the Father, the Saviour of the world. His apostles must have known what he preached and dared not, in the face of the whole country that knew him as well as they, have altered the subject of his preaching. They went through the world proclaiming "a Saviour, Jesus:" "and *remission of sins* through faith in his blood," and declaring that there was "no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be *saved*." Therefore, if Jesus was not the Son of God and Saviour of the world, he and his apostles were imposters, and we are landed again in the old difficulty. Nay, this man of highest morality, whom you wish to give a place among the great ones of the earth, must be a liar unworthy not only of the homage, but even of the society of honest men.

Therefore again I ask, Hindu reader, what will you do with Jesus? I who speak to you am persuaded that he is all the Bible declares him to be—the very brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person. The proofs I have brought before you are, to my mind, sufficient to establish all his claims. Yet they are as nothing to the experimental, fresh, ever-increasing proof the true Christian has in the personal acquaintance of his beloved Lord. I want a God that can save, and I have found him in the Father of Jesus. I speak what I know: as one of many, I have put him to the proof in the wants and dangers of daily life. Alone—amongst strangers, having given up all to preach his Gospel, I have needed money—food—a home; and, with nothing to trust in but his reality and his faithfulness, I have told no friend but Jesus, yet an answer has always come. Are there any of the vanities of the heathen that can cause such rain? These are little things to speak of,

but it is the little things which prove our God. If Christianity be a delusion, it is the sweetest delusion that ever entranced the soul of man. If really received into the heart, it makes him to feel at peace with God; to believe that all his sins are freely forgiven; that he is united with the one who died for him, and so himself become a child of God; that all things here are arranged for his good, and that beyond there is waiting him eternal glory. But if Christianity be no delusion but a fact—Hindu, what then?

Then you are standing on the brink of destruction—a lost sinner—under the frown of a holy God; having nothing of your own that can satisfy his justice, and yet madly refusing the Great Salvation that he has himself provided and offered.

Appealing to your intellect, your conscience, and your heart, I beseech you, in the name of Jesus Christ, *be reconciled to God*.

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BOMBAY AND THE WEST.

I HAD now a journey before me full of interest and novelty, for it was time to make for Bombay. Unless I chose to return—nearly a thousand miles—to Calcutta, it was necessary to cross a considerable piece of country where there were no railways, no great towns, and only here and there an Englishman. The usual mode of performing such a journey is in covered carts drawn by oxen, in which bedding and everything necessary for a fortnight or a month's absence from civilisation is stowed away. The oxen on such a journey move at about three miles an hour, and are changed at stages of six miles. It will readily be imagined that such a mode of travelling is extremely tedious, and, although necessary when ladies or children are in the case, to be avoided by all means if possible.

To a single traveller who can bear fatigue it is possible to avoid it by means of the mail cart which I have mentioned already. I did not hesitate for a moment in my choice; and although I had a journey of eight hundred miles between me and Bombay, nearly five hundred of which had to be traversed with horses, I ventured to give notice of a public address there on the ninth day after leaving Agra.

The inconveniences of the mode of travelling I had chosen began to make themselves felt at once. The post was three hours behind its time, and I had no more tolerable way of spending the long and cold interval than lying down on a table in the office and trying to sleep.

From this position I was roused three times by the determined efforts of the postoffice servants to defraud me of my seat for the sake of some other traveller whom they were evidently interested in serving. As it was impossible for me to put off my journey, and I had secured the seat five dáys before, I firmly resisted their attempt, and told them that if they persisted in their conduct I would write to the postmaster-general. They had really got themselves into a difficulty, for they had accepted the money of this second person, who could now assert his claim as well as myself. My threat produced an immediate effect. Their spokesman from being rude became very civil, and showing that there was a serious difficulty, begged that I would be content with a seat on the parcel cart, which is exactly the same as the other, and promised to make its speed equal to that of the letter mail by putting in an additional horse. I at once acceded to this arrangement, and started about eleven o'clock at night on a drive of seventy miles seated beside a Hindu and drawn by two horses. The post roads throughout the country are generally good, but here and there, through accident or long neglect, they add seriously to the discomfort of a tinned seat on a small dogcart without cushion and with an iron rail behind. The great plain was no longer before us. We were approaching the river Chambûl, and as is frequently the case, the change in the ground gave warning of the proximity of the river. The latter had to be crossed by a bridge of boats. It was a savage bit of Indian scenery rendered more so by the darkness which sat upon it.

The road had slipped in many places and made driving dangerous, and all around were wild and gloomy hills that seemed to have been cast up by earthquakes and torn in pieces by torrents. The second mail cart overtook us, notwithstanding the injunctions to my gharreewallah (or driver)—a creature who raved and screamed through his nose at every change of horses, but did nothing to facilitate it himself, and so lost about ten minutes every six miles. However, we came up to our rival again, and

found he had run into a ditch, whence it required time to extricate him; his passenger having saved himself by jumping out and falling against a telegraph post. In the morning we arrived safely at Gwalior, where I spent the Sunday—a quiet day, not without enjoyment, yet sad from surrounding death, and the absence of everything that could remind one, unless it were by contrast, of the precious fellowship of a Christian home. Two soldiers from the fort—a great isolated rock of more than half a mile in length—were the only Europeans I saw. I entered into conversation with them, and heard from one the sad testimony that he had once believed himself a Christian, and had walked consistently with nine other soldiers of the same station; but that being afterwards moved to a place where he had to stand alone, not knowing one converted officer or private, he had fallen from his profession and for some time lived like the rest. He was touched when I spoke to him of the past and of the Lord's grief at his defection, and urged him to cast himself again on the Saviour both for salvation and for strength.

Throughout the day, and the night too, Hindu tom-toms and other instruments of so-called music, besides the old temples and hideous idols, reminded one that heathenism reigned in Gwalior. This was my first night in a travellers' bungalow. The house called by this name is something between a European hotel and an Arabian caravanserai. It provides necessaries, not comforts. The English Government has established such houses at intervals of from twenty to fifty miles along the great highroads, upon which there is no trade to encourage private enterprise.

The bungalow consists of two or more rooms—one for each traveller—furnished with a bed*stead*, a chair or two, a table, and a bason. A cook is in charge of the house and provides meat and bread, or more commonly unleavened cakes, at a reasonable charge. For bedding, towels, and everything else that is necessary, the traveller must depend upon himself. There is great variety in

the state of these places: some are very dirty; some are clean.

The bungalow at Gwalior belonged to the former class. There was a great stain as of blood on the floor: it was a wretched looking place to sleep in. However, I was tired and had a long journey before me on the morrow, so I made the best of my circumstances. My boots and leather bag served for a pillow, and my rug strapped round me made me warm enough to sleep till morning. My next day's ride was 131 miles, which we did in twelve hours. One of the chief dangers of the mail cart arises from the loose cattle—cows and camels—which are met upon the road. As the cart seldom goes at less than ten miles an hour, and these beasts are guarded by a very insufficient number of drivers, it is wonderful that accidents do not more frequently occur. We had gone about twenty miles on this second morning when a young cow ran in our way. A boy succeeded at first in driving her off the road, but she turned suddenly round as we came up, and with the strange inclination which appears universal in her kind, rushed into the danger which she saw. Of course men, horses, and cart tumbled violently over her. By the Lord's kind care I was little hurt, and only one of the horses seemed to have suffered much by the catastrophe. We were soon in motion again, the accident having fortunately happened close to the place of change. To this long journey I expected to have to add another fifty miles, for the bungalow at Goonah was fully occupied. I had turned my back upon it and was preparing for a fresh start when a servant came to say there was plenty of room. This information was owing to a very proper rule by which every person who has occupied the house for twenty-four hours is obliged to give place to a fresh traveller. The gentleman whom I was obliged to dispossess cleared out with much goodwill, arranging to sleep in his ox gharree which lay before the door, or to share the other room of the bungalow with a friend. Not only so, but having observed that I brought no bedding, he had some cushions and a pillow of his own

brought in to make my charpoy or cane bedstead more comfortable.

Hearing that there was neither missionary nor chaplain in Goonah, and so no prospect of the poor people hearing the Gospel, I recollected that I possessed a Hindustani Bible written in Roman characters; and having by this time acquired some knowledge of the language, although insufficient to enable me to preach in it, I stood up in the bazâr in the afternoon and read aloud the first chapter of Romans, the fourth of John, and other passages; and as soon as I had finished reading walked away to avoid a discussion which I was unable to maintain. I perceived that several natives of the Babu class had been listening, and as we happened to go the same way, they being in attendance on my friend at the bungalow, I had some conversation with them, and they received my tracts apparently with much gratification, one of them who could not speak English being disappointed that I was unable to give him any in Persian.

The Hindustani Bible I have mentioned is well worthy of the notice of all Christian new-comers to India, especially ladies, who have by this means, long before they can master a native language, a means of putting the truth before their numerous domestics and other dependents. How to influence these is a question much in the minds and consciences of many; and the habit of paying a native reader to spend an hour a week in reading the Scriptures to those in a house who care to listen to him, must evidently carry a much feebler influence than the English sahib or mem-sahib entering heartily into that work in person.

It is necessary when one stops at all upon these journeys to remain twenty-four hours or more until the next mail arrives. As its arrival is uncertain, I directed the officials at the office to let me know the moment it came in. When the hour passed without any warning I went out myself, and found the cart not only arrived but just about to start again after the usual quarter of an hour's rest. The clerks excused themselves

by saying that the overland mail had arrived, and on such occasions there was no seat for a traveller on the cart, as the usual one was required for an extra postman. The rule was plain enough; but there was a faint hope from an appeal to the superintendent of mails, whose house lay close at hand. I hastened thither, and found our countryman in this inland region *playing croquet*. After some difficulty he allowed me the seat as far as Beorah, which was all I wanted. Just at that moment, however, the cart flew past, and immediately the kind functionary became as anxious to stop it as if it had been for himself. His moonshee did actually succeed in stopping it, and just as I felt it was useless, because my bag had not been brought from the bungalow, that also appeared: everything was adjusted, and I passed over another sixty miles before midnight. The first part of this journey was such as to give a pain in the side before ten miles were over. The roads were scarcely fit for a bullock's pace, and besides the deep ruts and stones, the way was at all times so unlike a highroad that if I had come upon such in England, I must have doubted whether there was a thoroughfare at all. Then a steep descent and unusually wild scenery implied that a river was near, and the horses—the wildest pair we had had—were led down a narrow way, in which nothing could have passed us, to the banks of the Parbatty. There is no bridge of boats here as across the Chambûl; so the mails and ourselves had to be taken over on a raft. It was a beautiful scene in the moonlight, and the party crossing the silvery river from one black shore to another—the little red cart, the company of Hindus, and the English traveller—would have given a fine study to a painter, and have illustrated the graft of European civilisation upon Indian barbarism.

The bungalow of Beorah was the worst I had anything to do with. The cook was a Portuguese East Indian and very dirty. He was not to be found when I arrived, and when I had submitted to necessity and was about to lie down, he showed himself and brought a glass of water—the only thing he could produce in answer to my

request for some bread and butter and milk. I found afterwards that he could furnish some chapatties—the cakes already mentioned, and that in these districts, so little visited by Europeans, bread is never used.

Another discomfort of this bungalow lay in its being contiguous to the postoffice, the noise of which, together with the chatter of some wretched gossips who squatted in the verandah, made it impossible to sleep. At length I succeeded in silencing the latter, and had nothing to contend with but the postoffice and the cold, which in contrast to the heat of the day was very severe, and made night rather a miserable time. After expecting the cart for five hours I was off at three in the morning, having learned by experience how to make a comfortable meal on the journey. This way, which I would offer as a seriously important hint to similar travellers, was to order a grilled fowl—an article which can generally be had—breakfast upon one half of it and put the other in my pocket, with the remainder of the tea *without milk*. Upon this provision, during a journey of a hundred miles, in which there was only one stoppage of a quarter of an hour in length, I have dined with as much relish as I remember to have done under any other circumstances.

It is worthy of notice that the people of this part of India are incomparably superior to those of Lower Bengal. They are a handsome, manly race, with an independent spirit which claims respect. The drivers of the mail cart were for the most part men of this sort, and the two, apparently brothers, who drove me from Beorah to Indore were as bold a pair of Jehus as could be found in England. While the reins were in their hands we went over the ground at a reckless pace—one pair of small horses passing from milestone to milestone in four minutes and forty seconds.

But the horses are as worthy of notice as the men. They are wild creatures fit for no other service than the somewhat cruel one to which they are half broken. Whether it be hot season or cool, midnight or midday,

they must carry the English mail at a full gallop over their stage of six miles. They are, as the natural consequence of such training, vicious and almost untractable. Often while the traveller stands with his hand on the rail waiting for the end of some desperate demonstration on behalf of liberty, the cool Sikh or Mahratta driver cries, "Baith jâo, sahib!" (take your seat, sir!) and himself sets the example, with one horse held by main force in his place and another loosely attached to one side rearing on hind legs or turned completely round in the traces.

The last stage of this novel journey was not unwelcome, yet its road was the worst of all. It extended from Indore to Kundwah. Of the former town I will say nothing, though it is a place of considerable interest and importance as the capital of the independent house of Holkar, for the postoffice and the English Residency lay some miles from the native town, and I was therefore obliged to leave the latter unvisited.

It was well that this journey was the last; the experience of it convinced me that I could not have borne more. The road, distinguished in summer for tigers and jungle fever, lay across the mountains. At some seasons it is so bad that the cart cannot travel it, and horses with mail bags have to be used instead. Fissures in the rock are dashed through or jumped over. One acquaintance of mine had been twice upset upon it, and had three times sighted and once shot a tiger out of his gharree. Before I had got to the end I understood the feelings of one who said that in the same circumstances he had been so wearied that in the minute used to change horses he had lain down on the dusty road.

The scenery was indeed worthy of some personal inconvenience. Indore stands on a table land about two thousand feet above the sea. I looked earnestly after leaving it for the hills of which I had heard so much, but in front there seemed to be only one little hill, while the larger ones were left on the right hand. But the little hill concealed all. The moment we had passed it we were in the midst of the wildest scenery, descending

the ghâts by a zigzag road such as one sees in the illustrations of Peru. The horses slipped continually, and the road, cut into the side of the solid rock with an unguarded precipice on the outer side, was sometimes blocked up by bullock carts, which on one occasion we did not pass without knocking against two of them. We were not crossing a single line of hills, but we had got into the midst of a broad range, and it took several stages of our journey to put them behind us. They were awfully grand, refusing any vegetation but the thinly-scattered jungle, and rent in every direction by mountain torrents which had left their mark to speak of future as well as past work, but which then were dried up and gone. When I thought we had reached the bottom I found the steepest descent was yet to come. The horses were taken out and bullocks put into the cart. While this operation was being effected I walked forward to enjoy the scene alone. The moon was high in the heavens and nearly full; the great loose stones by the path seemed to speak for all the rest: it was a mountain-desert of rocks. I thought of Cuvier's Anecdotes, which had charmed me in childhood, and had an indistinct recollection of the rattling of such stones as the tiger leapt upon his prey. For forty miles our road lay through the jungles; but we had no such dangerous or romantic experience as to see the royal beast. Nothing worse than wild pigs, foxes, and jackals crossed our path.

As I stood alone waiting for the cart and oxen I heard a great noise below—a screaming, shouting, beating noise,—and presently a party of Hindus came in sight, urging on their mountain carts with four poor oxen in each, and leaving no method of excitement untried, even to twisting their tails into cruel knots.

At the very bottom of the descent we came upon a quiet native village; here and there in wild nooks we had passed such already. In most cases a fire was burning in every hut; and I learnt that the work so universally carried on was the preparation of the Indian sweetmeat which seems a necessary of life to the Hindus, but which

was not likely to tempt a fastidious stranger who had seen the finished article in the bazâr, or the long yellow ropes of an earlier stage drawn out and doubled unwearyingly over a nail in the wall or door. As we dashed through these villages the little boys ran out shouting, "Sahib, salâm!" and in a moment again we were in the jungle and the moonlight. Adding to the effect of this scene the brushwood in numberless places was on fire, sometimes on the farther side of the hills, and so lighting up the horizon with a strange unnatural glare.

I have already said that I was very tired when I got to Kundwah. I was determined not to spend another night shivering in a dâk bungalow. As this was the temporary terminus of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway I had some hope of finding a hotel, but in this I was disappointed. It was three o'clock in the morning when I reached the postoffice, and immediately turning my back upon the bungalow I walked to the railway station. Having roused some poor sleepy Hindus, I ensconced myself in a first-class railway carriage, and explaining that I was going to Bombay by the morning train, I persuaded them, with some difficulty, to leave me alone to try whether a night in a railway carriage was more tolerable than one in a traveller's bungalow. The result of the experiment was a conclusion that there was little to choose between them. Being without sufficient clothes I suffered as much from cold as I had done throughout the week, and was very glad when the sun was high in the heavens. I slept most of the day and the following night too, for by that time the thought had occurred to me to strap myself in between two railway cushions, and so I arrived in Bombay refreshed and well and ready for work.

It was the Lord's-day morning, and I was in a great city without knowing any place or any person. I was obliged at first to go to an hotel, and after breakfast I walked out in search of the house of a gentleman in the custom-house to whom I had an introduction. As all public offices were closed, I wandered about fruitlessly

for a long time, but at last I found myself in the house of a Church of England clérgyman, to whom I was directed as able to give me the information I sought. He was not at home, but his wife not only sent her boy to show me the house I was seeking, but having asked if I were Mr. Tinling, she told me that I was expected to give a public address on the following night in the building in which we were standing. Having found and introduced myself to Mr. A. T., I was at once in the midst of friends. The minister of the Scotch Free Church entertained me as his guest, and indeed more as a brother than a guest during the six weeks I remained with him in Bombay. In his church and in nine other churches or public rooms I had most interesting opportunities of addressing both natives and Europeans, while the hearty sympathy of many Christians expressed itself in several of those sweet social meetings for religious addresses, reading the Scriptures, or conference, which are so wisely used and justly prized by many in our own more favoured land.

Bombay is the largest city in India, containing now about a million of inhabitants, and although it came into our possession long after Madras and Calcutta, has many pretensions to become the capital of the Peninsula. While Madras offers nothing to vessels but a miserable roadstead, and Calcutta lies a hundred miles up a dangerous river, Bombay is adorned with a splendid bay and a capacious harbour. When the railway across the Peninsula is completed its importance will be greatly increased at the expense of the "city of palaces," and it would seem a necessary consequence that most of the trade and almost all the passengers now carried round the Cape to the latter will be landed at the port which is fifteen hundred miles nearer home.

It is as yet remarkably destitute of public buildings of any size or beauty, the house of the Asiatic Society being almost the only one. Yet there are churches with the much more important characteristics of a living ministry and earnest Christians making up more than one "spiritual house" beautiful in the eye of God. The change in this

last respect within the memory of its present residents is spoken of as most wonderful, the Christian element having increased full thirtyfold within the last forty years.

The two most agreeable parts of Bombay are the Esplanade and Malabar Hill. The Free Church manse stands on the former, the town being behind it, but kept at a distance by a grassy plain, which with the sands forms the pleasant riding course of the European residents. Malabar Hill is the fashionable quarter of the city. A high picturesque rock running out into the waves and breezes on the north horn of the great bay, it has become covered with beautiful bungalows, or villas, as they would be called in England. Rents there have risen from £60 to £600 a year: and one resident who entered his house when its value was £300, a short time ago refused an offer of £10,000.

Just above it are the strange burying places of the Parsees; and just below it the sacred town of Walkeshwar, unaffected by Christianity or civilisation, and inclosing the most awful exhibition of spiritual death. As "one could not be in Bombay without staying with Dr. Wilson," I spent some days on Malabar Hill, but for six weeks my home was in the beautiful little manse below.

Since Mr. Dhanjibhai Nourogi and his fellow convert were baptised some twenty years ago, a great change has come over the public mind of the Parsees with reference to Christianity. On that day the popular hatred of the Gospel was so strongly manifested that soldiers had to be moved hastily from one end of Bombay to the other —so hastily that lives were lost by the heat—in order to quell the tumult.

Now there seems reason to suspect that the whole Parsee population may at no distant time profess Christianity, merely with a view to their wordly interests. "They feel," said my informant, who was as competent to speak on the subject as any man in India, "that they cannot attain to social equality with Europeans while their religion remains a barrier." They have tried several means to this end; but now they seem persuaded that it cannot be effected without nominal Christianity.

One Parsee said that he was fond of a certain book of prayer which had come into his hands, but that his family were offended at him for using it because of the frequent occurrence of the name of Christ, and it had occurred to him that the matter might be compromised by substituting the name of Zoroaster for the one which caused offence. Meanwhile, changes more honest though less startling than these have been brought about by Parsee reformers similar to those who have battled in Calcutta with Hindu idolatry. By means of a newspaper of their own—the favourite weapon of the Brahmos—they have attacked and carried one point after another in the religion of their ancestors. It is extremely interesting to see among the different races and religions of India these simultaneous assaults upon her varied idolatries. Everywhere the onset is resisted with stubborn conservatism, but everywhere it is successful. One large tribe in Bombay—wanderers from the district of Cutch—determined that their girls should no longer remain in the ignorance to which immemorial custom had consigned them. In carrying out their determination their prince and the law were both against them, and they established their schools at the cost of expulsion from the privileges of their race and the sepulchres of their fathers. It is strange, under these circumstances, that Brahmoism has gained no footing in Bombay. Baboo Keshub has been there, trying to establish Unitarianism by enthusiasm and eloquence; but somehow it did not agree with the spirit of Bombay, and I could find no trace of his visit.

No town in India exhibits such a variety of races as Bombay. Of these the most remarkable for unlikeness to the rest and for importance in the community are the Parsees. Exiled from Persia, they have settled successively at Nonsaru, Surat, and Bombay. The commercial panic of 1865-66 ruined many of them, and greatly reduced the aggregate of their wealth; but I neither saw nor heard of any evidence that this calamity had led any of them from the unstable treasures of the world to "the unsearchable riches of Christ." There are, however,

some genuine believers among them, chiefly, it would seem, the fruit of the Free Church Mission, which in all the great towns has long been working on a large scale and with a powerful influence.

An institution in some respects similar to the Brahmo Somâj had existed for some years, and numbered, as one who had belonged to it told me, about two thousand members. But there is now no definite organisation of any kind. The University, the Elphinstone College, and the great schools continue to shake heathenism and to make Deists. Here and there a student becomes a Christian; but the general state of native society remains the same—doubting all that is old but establishing nothing new; business allowing little time and character little inclination to struggle out of uncertainty into truth.

I must confine myself to a very few general remarks upon the work in Bombay, making an exception of a single case, since the opportunities it afforded and the apparent results very much resemble those of Calcutta, which I have already described in detail. There was, however, a difference observable between the spirits of the educated men of the two great towns. Those of Bombay seemed more ready to hear, because more generally men of business, of a practical rather than a philosophical cast of mind. I had large audiences in the Money Institution and in the Free Church Institution containing many men of this class. One of them I may mention as an example. He was the editor of a Bombay newspaper, and in that capacity exposed the impostures and immoralities of the sect of the Maharajahs to which his own family belonged. Refusing to retract the truths he had written, he was prosecuted by those whom he had assailed. He gained his cause but lost his caste, and endured for the sake of reformation some of the greatest penalties that can befal a Hindu. Besides publishing the account of this celebrated trial, he had written a narrative of his travels in England, a book so much respected by our Government that it purchased a hundred copies to present to native chiefs, in order to make them acquainted

with our country. One passage in this book, which a friend translated for me, warns his readers not to suppose that a people so great and so enlightened as the English cannot be foolish in the matter of religion; "for," he says, describing the Gospel according to his own idea of it, "to believe that God would act thus is simplicity." Yet this man and many others, with evident interest in my addresses and ample opportuni ies of refuting them as far as they were able, never offered a word of reply.

The single case, which from its novelty I may describe in detail, occurred in the house of my host the pastor of the Scotch Free Church. By personal invitations about fifty of the intellectually leading men of Bombay—Hindus of many nations and Parsees—were gathered together in his drawing-room for a social gathering after the English fashion. There were besides some ten or twelve of the eldest students of the Scotch Institution. Many of those present were men of literary or scientific professions—lawyers, doctors, and editors of newspapers. Some of the younger men, particularly the students, were a little shy, and, from religious scruples, resolutely declined to eat or drink; but others were perfectly at home, conversed easily, and partook of refreshments without hesitation. After some time spent in conversations, I addressed them altogether. The subject was the old one upon which most of them had heard me frequently speak in public meetings; yet I enjoyed this fresh opportunity of dwelling upon the proof of the Gospel to a small audience of picked men, every one of whom might be expected to understand the evidence which none would examine for himself. I dwelt particularly on the partial nature of their rational reforms, charging them with neglecting altogether the *soul of India* while exalting and feeding its *mind*; and I urged them to refute what I had said or to state their objections to the Gospel. Dr. Wilson, the venerable head of the Free Church Mission, whose general and scientific knowledge and lifetime of labour in India has earned the deepest respect and affection of the natives, was amongst us, and he urged the many "reformers"

who were present, one of whom was the editor mentioned above, to accept the opportunity offered them. They preferred, however, to sit in silence. As strange as their silence was the report of our meeting given by one of themselves in his newspaper next morning, in which he said "the speaker exposed, in very courteous but most pointed language, the inconsistency of our reformers." Only one old gentleman spoke at all, and he did not represent the Deists. He said all his feelings and sympathies were on the side of Christianity. "But," he asked, "if that be really the only truth, how did it happen that Christ came into the world so late; that he came at first to only one people; and that he has left so large a part of the world still in darkness?" The reception of old Mr. D. P.'s question showed that the company had not been silent from want of interest. I immediately replied to him; showing by *analogy* the perfect resemblance between nature and the Gospel in the very matter of which he complained: proving the naturalness and reasonableness of the Bible story, supposing a manifestation of God in the flesh to be given at all, and reminding him that over against very questionable ideas of fitness there was the actual, and by them untouched, evidence of history and prophecy. No more was said on the other side, but all who were present heard an unusually full and varied statement of the truth, for one after another of the Christian missionaries and other friends who were with us added something definite and peculiar to the truth already stated. The sovereignty of God: his discrimination between those who have much light and those who have little, and the experience of one that the partial truth perceived must be acknowledged before a perception of the whole truth is insisted on, were urged with much practical force against the theoretic difficulty that had been raised.

While our company was separating I had another opportunity of discovering, what I can now confidently insist upon, that even among the shrewd and educated men of India there is a general want of reasoning power,

and an incapacity to apprehend an argument or a proof that would be convincing to a European mind.

A young pleader, to whom I addressed a few words as he was leaving the room with two companions, replied that if Jesus did the miracles that the Gospel described, Professor Vannick (a conjuror, I suppose, in Bombay) did things as wonderful. "What," I said; "has he fed five thousand men on five loaves and two fishes, and raised a man that has been four days in his grave?" "Well," he replied; "but what if another *were to do* the same thing? Could there be two Christs?" I give this scrap of conversation as an example of the reasoning to be met with from an Anglicised Hindu lawyer.

Some days after this I met old Mr. D. P. in the library of the Asiatic Society, and conversed with him about the Gospel. He saved me all trouble of bringing forward proofs by exclaiming against the unreasonableness of his own rationalist countrymen. "No evidence!" he said; "what more evidence could they have? The most satisfactory feature of Christianity is that it stands on historical facts. . . . If any religion is to bind the nations of the world together in one family it is the Gospel of Christ. . . . As I said to Miss Carpenter, 'Take away the divinity and you take away the vitality.'" "But, Mr. D.," I replied, "how is it you do not confess yourself a Christian?" "Why," he said, "I am an old man; I should lose everything; and I do not see any Christians—not even a lady—acting according to what they profess. If Christianity be true all should receive and help the convert, but it is not so."

Much earnest and successful effort has been lately made towards overcoming the national and time-honoured ignorance of the women of India, and many ladies are now constantly engaged, by the permission or at the request of Hindu gentlemen, in teaching the hidden inhabitants of their zenanas. But the zeal of reform has carried many into the quicker and more effectual way of

gathering their girls into public schools; and it must be remembered that these are not schools for the poor or outcast, such as for the most part compose the classes of the missionary, but for the children of respectable parents of high caste, whose first ideas would be utterly averse to allowing their girls to be seen outside of the women's apartments.

I was present at the distribution of prizes at one of these schools—that of the Student's Literary and Scientific Society; and the scene is worth noticing as an example. The house and its surroundings were partly native and partly English. A handsome drawing-room, built and finished as if for the west-end of London, was filled with a mixed company—English, Hindu, and Parsee. Outside a band of genuine native tom-toms and indescribable instruments performed. The prize girls, representing a school of 250 pupils, received their rewards from the hands of Lady Frere. They were of various ages, the youngest being very young, the eldest about fourteen or fifteen. They were richly but prettily dressed, with mantles of dark and light blue, scarlet and white, with brown or orange fringe; and the usual ornaments on legs and wrists, with nose and ear jewels, and gold bands on the back of the head.

The most remarkable characteristic of their appearance was the utter absence of that shyness which I expected to find in native young ladies. They were questioned in geography, and rapidly pointed out the countries and capitals of Europe on a map. They read aloud and sang before the company without any reserve, one girl singing a solo; but both their reading and singing were such as could never give pleasure to a European ear.

After about a month's work in Bombay, I paid a visit of five days to Poonah, which lies about 120 miles to the southeast. It is a town of much historical interest, being the ancient capital of the Peishwah, and the head quarters of one great branch of the once terrible Mahrattas. The last Peishwah was reduced to an unconditional surrender to English mercy, and received the

gift of a large life pension, in gratitude for which he remained our faithful friend while he lived. His son and heir by adoption was *Nana Sahib*.

Poonah is invaluable to our countrymen in Bombay. It is charming even in the rainy season, for it scarcely sees more at any time than English showers. When the heat becomes too great in Bombay Europeans can send their families to Mahabaleshwar; and before the torrents came down upon Mahabaleshwar they can move them to Poonah.

At the time of my visit the railway was complete from Bombay to Poonah. It was a remarkable piece of engineering, passing completely over the western ghâts; but the last few months have proved it to be insecure, as a great piece of the work has broken down, and the old mode of travelling on ponies or in palanquins has again to be resorted to. The Austrian railway from Trieste to Vienna, which is said to ascend a yet steeper incline, seems to show that there is no impossibility in restoring the line and making it secure.

The scenery opened up by this journey is very fine, particularly in the rains, when the steep sides of the mountains are clothed with sudden verdure; but the most interesting object near the line of rail is the rock-hewn caves of Karli—the most celebrated Buddhist remains in India.

Three of my fellow-travellers on this journey were natives; and when I asked Major W., who accompanied me, whether they were servants, he replied, "They are kings!" And in truth one of them was a small rajah or king, while the other two were his brother and his secretary. They talked a little English, and were very polite to us and merry among themselves; but the levelling railway paid them no special respect, for at a station where we stopped but a short time the "king" was in great danger of being left behind, and only regained his seat by a very undignified scramble.

Poonah, as a fashionable resort of Europeans, is a place of much worldly gaity. About April a round of

balls, concerts, &c., commences, and the entertainments are continued for four or five months.

There were, however, a few devoted servants of Christ in high places who had long prayed for some spiritual work among their ungodly fellow-countrymen, and had been encouraged from time to time by instances of conversions. One of these told me that they had read with deep interest the accounts of continued blessing at home, and had seriously entertained the thought of inviting one well-known evangelist to come to India, if only for three months. Similar assurances which I have had from very different parts of the country, show that there is a great and hitherto neglected field for evangelistic work; for these assertions are not made by theorists at home, but by quiet Christian men in the west and east and north of India who are experimentally acquainted with the want and with the opportunity.

The first evening in Poonah I addressed a meeting of Europeans from the sixth of Isaiah—a passage which I found so distinct and full that I afterwards adapted it to a Hindu audience under the title, "How God makes his servants."

The following evening the little hall of the Free Church Institution was crammed with natives. Considering that the thermometer at five o'clock in the afternoon had indicated 95° in the drawing-room, it will be imagined that preaching to a meeting where all one could get was standing room—and the verandah was as full as the hall—would be very trying. But it is important to notice that heat in India has not the effect of the same amount of heat in England. A July heat which has been generally felt as very oppressive, and has made many persons ill in London, would be generally enjoyable in Bombay or Poonah.

A Hindu newspaper, whose editor was in my audience of this evening, abused me heartily in its next publication, and complained that I had given no opportunity for a refutation of what I had said. It was natural that one should tire of repeating an offer which, from the uniform

silence of the unbelievers, had become a mere form. However, I noticed the complaint in the meeting of next evening, and called upon the objectors to speak; but there was no reply.

While at Poonah I addressed three meetings of natives and four of Europeans. Of the latter the most valuable opportunity seemed to be that in the Assembly Room, which had never been used before for such a purpose, but was generally occupied by the balls and concerts of the Poonah season. A remarkable interest seemed to be excited by this meeting, for we had all sorts of persons present. A large number of military officers and civilians of every rank, together with about three hundred English soldiers, occupied the room. I did not, as usual, choose a text, but spoke upon the true object of life and the glory of Christ crucified. After this meeting I remained a day longer than I had intended, in order to comply with an invitation to address the soldiers' prayer meeting. On this occasion there were about a hundred and fifty soldiers present, the usual attendance being about thirty.

Before returning to Bombay I received an invitation to visit Surat, and on the 20th of March I went there and remained for a week.

This was another railway journey of 180 miles, due north from Bombay, and therefore the line lay between the mountains and the sea. Although there was none of the climbing of the way to Poonah, the scenery was interesting, the ghâts rising on the right hand and the sea often visible on the left, some times running beneath us in rivers or broad lake-like arms, and crossed by bridges longer than we are accustomed to in England.

Surat was the first English settlement in India, and was in those early days a town of great size. Both native and European population have dwindled away to a very inconsiderable number, and the river, which once carried in and out so much goodly merchandise, has now receded far from the line of houses which were built upon its bank. From the flat roof of the house I saw the old

English factory still standing, the rival factories of the French and Dutch lying beyond it, and speaking of much greater failure. Notwithstanding its early connection with England, Surat struck me as one of the most undisturbed of Eastern towns. Among the large and disorderly gathering of conveyances at the railway station there was not a horse to be seen. My friend's private carriage was a waggon, drawn by two large white oxen. The narrow and uneven roads and streets would scarcely have suited animals of quicker space.

Walking down to the river side on the evening of my arrival I met an old Hindu, half blind and very short in stature, but dressed like a gentleman. The poor man shrunk up on one side of the path in the most abject attitude, salâming with both hands, and muttering what his gestures implied was a prayer that I would not hurt him. One seldom sees anything of this kind now; but such an instance painfully reminds one of what history tells of the early days of British misrule, as between and after the administrations of Warren Hastings, when whole villages became deserted at the approach of an Englishman.

I was told that the entire European station, with the exception of an invalid and one other individual, was present in the Presbyterian church on the Sunday evening. The meetings of the natives were small; but there could not be many in the town who were thoroughly conversant with English, and the attendance was proportionately as large as that in Bombay.

At the close of my second address a Mahratta offered a reply, or rather asked several questions in a bold and uncivil manner. It appeared afterwards that a Roman Catholic who sat beside him had suggested his speech, as indeed might have been guessed from the question upon which he laid most stress, viz.: *What Bible* it was that I wished them to believe, since there were so many translations claiming to be true.

When I had answered him, a young Englishman said he was requested to say on behalf of other native gen-

tlemen, that they had no sympathy with the captious spirit which had prompted the foregoing question, and that they were grateful to me for coming, and were determined to give what I had said their serious consideration. One of those called upon me afterwards, first showing his interest by keeping an appointment which I made with him at his request, and we talked together a long time on the Sunday morning. He said he had never heard much about Christianity or considered its evidences; but now that his interest had been excited he had many difficulties to speak of. Some of these were about the justice of atonement; the resurrection; geology and Scripture; how those could have the benefit of Christ's death who lived before his time; and God's way of dealing with those who have not heard.

With regard to his last question I told him men would be judged according to the light they had had, when he turned with a startled expression and said, with evident reference to his own case, "Then ignorance might have been bliss." On leaving he thanked me warmly, and said many of his difficulties had been explained.

After returning from Surat I remained nine days in Bombay, and occupied this time rather in writing some additional addresses for circulation among the natives, and in answering very fully a letter from a Brahmo in the north, than in public meetings. My last day in India was the 4th of April, and on that evening I gave a final address to a mixed audience of Europeans and natives in the town-hall of Bombay. The substance of that address I have appended to this pamphlet. On the following morning I bade farewell to India and sailed for Suez.

Since my return I have often been asked, "Why did you leave India when God gave you such an opening for work there?" The question is a natural one; I shall therefore answer it. I went out for an evangelistic journey, and for that alone. The work to which I felt called was to visit the English-speaking rationalists of the great towns, not to stay among them as a permanent mission-

ary, but to call them together and preach the Gospel, putting the proof of it before them in faith that one message would have the same power to them, if accompanied by the Spirit of God, as it so often has had in our own England. The natives felt there was force in the very principle and character of my mission, and expressed their surprise that a man should come all the way from England for such a purpose unpaid, and their conviction that I at least believed myself what I preached.

When I reached Bombay I had visited the principal towns throughout the country, and to go further would have been to begin again and spend another season, and that the hot season, in India. Even this reasoning, however, was not all that decided me to return home. I was ready to remain in the country or to go on to China, and being until a short time before I left without means to return to Europe, I resolved before the Lord to go to China for life, unless within the few remaining days he should send me the necessary £40 for my homeward journey.

It pleased the Lord to do this without any steps of mine, for within a few days of my resolution, and a week before the sailing of the steamer which I then proposed to return in if I returned at all, I received £50 from three different persons, one of whom I had only seen once at a meeting for reading the Scriptures, and another I had not known a week. I had then no doubt, from reason and special providence combined, that it was the Lord's will that I should return.

I have thus concluded my "Personal Narrative," and I leave it with my readers, requesting them to remember two things—first, that it *is* a "Personal Narrative," and that therefore much which might have thrown light upon the work, as the testimony of public journals or of individual Christians, is necessarily omitted; and, secondly, that the absence of startling incidents and apparent conversions is not a proof or presumption of failure, since in any minds, and particularly in Hindu minds, the Word

may be long silently working before it produces the open confession of Christ. The great stones of the Jewish temple were not laid in their places by a single arm or by one thrust of the lever.

A distinguishing characteristic of Christian work in the present day is the way in which particular classes of men have excited the interest and employed the energy of individual workers. To take the great example of London, we shall find there is scarcely one (I think we might say there is not one) of the many divisions of its population whose condition deprives them of the usual opportunities of hearing the Gospel which is not the peculiar object of prayerful, loving service on the part of some of the Lord's people. It would seem as if God were presenting the testimony of Jesus to the world more fully than ever hitherto; it may be because it is the last testimony that is to precede the coming of the Son of Man; and I would take this opportunity of expressing my own deep conviction that that event is near at hand. To those who feel it to be so there is more than ordinary impulse to earnest work. To them "the time is short."

India is part of our British empire, and deserves much of the care and labour which have expressed themselves in such variety of forms at home. It has unquestionably been much neglected. A few have given their lives to it: some when it was much harder to reach and to serve than now; but Christians in general, and even earnest Christians, still need to have their interest in its welfare created. Those who have the spirit of Daniel, confessing the sin of their rulers as their own, must feel burdened with a sense of responsibility when they think how England in the past has neglected the spiritual interests of India. But the door is still open, more widely open than ever, and the opportunity of the present is peculiar. Society in India has cast up a new form, and we might well have expected the Christian zeal which has done so much at home to have taken up the new thing with faith and love, and not to have been exclusively occupied with

the old. But the English-speaking natives of India are little known at home and little thought of. They are made in our schools, but when made they pass from our hands and are forgotten. One man, indeed, Dr. Duff, of Scotland, worked among them in Calcutta with happy results. But their educational supremacy, their rapidly increasing numbers, the earnestness of some, the satisfaction of others, and the spiritual ignorance of all, demand an attention which has never been given to them, and efforts and workers peculiarly adapted to their peculiar character.

"It has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." If this be true universally, why is there so little preaching to the Deists of India? We have tried to educate them into Christians, and no thoughtful man who has studied the work of God among the heathen will condemn the effort to win the young; but when the schools have failed we have let the men go despairing of doing anything more. "Is not My Word as a hammer?" saith the Lord. If there were real faith in the Word of God as the means, and in the Holy Spirit as the power, it may be that a few evangelists would stir the heart of India and shake the foundations of the Brahmo Somâj.

If indeed the conversion of India or the extirpation of Deism be the hope which alone would induce any to enter upon this work, I would advise such to let it alone. This hope has animated many on entering the field, and the disappointment of it has disheartened them. *There is no ground for it in Scripture.* The object of God in sending the Gospel to the Gentiles is "to take out of them a people for his name." The great part in every nation will reject it and remain in the folly of idolatry or the human wisdom of rationalism.

I see far more reason to expect Deism to reign in England than the Gospel to reign in India. Ever since man took his own wisdom instead of God's, God has placed the only hope of the world in a plan which to the natural mind is "foolishness." Man will not believe in

his own ignorance or incapacity. Throughout the whole history of the world, in heathenism, in Judaism, in the rationalism of civilisation, God has been insisting upon the ignorance and incapacity of man, and holding out the hope of the Gospel; and just when the world is most confident of success, the last trial will be over, and to the failure of the heathen and the failure of the Jew will be added the last failure of human nature in the nominal Christians of Europe and the professed Deists of Asia. Expecting that consummation, and believing it to be very near, we may yet "preach Christ crucified—to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness, but to them which are called both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Is there not enough of encouragement here to any who are thinking of India? There is at least as much as Paul had in Athens or in Rome. Some will believe the testimony, and their souls are worth more than the energy of the longest life.

Yet I would take other ground and say Christians should go and preach to these Deists, even if there were little hope of any conversions. There is a higher view of the preacher's work than that of bringing good to men: it is that of asserting the glory of God. He is not only a bearer of salvation: he is *a witness of the truth.*

"To this end," said the Lord Jesus, "was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth: he that is of the truth heareth my voice." The name of God is dishonoured among the Gentiles, not more by the filthiness of idolatry than by the presumptuous ignorance of so-called reason. Were it quite certain that no soul would emerge by faith from that double darkness, I believe the true servant of God would still "lift up his voice like a trumpet." The character of God is in the Gospel; the glory of God shines upon the cross; and therefore, for the sake of God if no longer for the sake of man, by a zeal for God if no longer with hope for man, he must preach

Christ crucified while he stands in this God-denying world.

May the Holy Ghost, who has in these last days raised up and blessed so many evangelists in England, put it into the hearts of some to go and speak a word for God to the Brahmos and Deists of India!

THE END.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

Notes of an Address given in the Town Hall of Bombay on the last evening of this evangelistic visit to India.

It would be strange if in these days of education and mental activity any one department of secular truth were denied the attention which is given to the rest: if men were in as great darkness with regard to any science as their ancestors of the middle ages: if for instance when history and geography are so perfectly understood that children in Europe and even in India are acquainted with facts and familiar with names which were unknown to Raleigh or Columbus, the knowledge of medicine should be as imperfect, and the practice of it in as poor repute as three hundred years ago. But among all the branches of what is called science such inconsistency is not to be found. All may not advance with equal rapidity, but all are advancing. One man directs his energies to one study, another to another. The world learns her lesson by means of both and reaps the benefit of the labour of all her sons.

But while what the world call science gets such fair and manifold attention, there is a study, a science, a department of truth, more worthy of these names than any which bear them, but which gets little notice. It is the knowledge of God.

Men are like children gathering flowers. One plucks off the head; a second takes with it a handful of leaves but a third carefully pulls up the root. The root of all

true knowledge is the knowledge of God. To understand the creation we must understand the Creator. It is true we may know something of the character of men by their public acts. Politics and speeches, or battles and despatches will give us some acquaintance with a statesman or general, but we should scarcely be able to determine from such acquaintance, what such men would do under peculiar circumstances or be ready to trust our own fortunes to those of whom we knew so little. But a knowledge of them in private would be much more valuable, and when we had seen them in the naturalness and littlenesses of every day life, and had been able to prove the principles upon which they worked and the objects which they considered worth attaining, we should be able to follow them intelligently in their public acts and also to trust them for ourselves according to the good or evil of their characters. It is thus that we must know God if our knowledge is to make us trust Him, not stopping satisfied with what we can learn from his works, but by somehow or another attaining to a private and loving acquaintance with him, which will give us the key to his works which otherwise we cannot understand. This is the knowledge the world needs; but it is the knowledge it does not care to possess. Nay it seems determined to resist every effort of its few true friends to rouse it to a sense of its necessity. It will allow them to speak upon any other subject in private or in public without offence, but except upon certain occasions and in certain places, when from custom or conscience the unpleasant subject is tolerated, all introduction of this truest knowledge is resented by the world as contrary to its rules and to its taste.

I lately took up a handsome book which was lying upon a friend's table. It was a book of astronomy. I asked the owner in what style it was written, and he said its most striking characteristic was that it excluded all mention of God. Indeed it seemed written to show how much man might know about the creation without acknowledging the Creator.

Such a poor ambition reminds me of the words in which an English historian describes one of our foolish statesmen, and as I have been told that many among you are acquainted with Macaulay's Essays, I will quote the passage I refer to :—

"The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great and whatever was great seemed to him little. Serious business was a trifle to him and trifles were his serious business.

"After the labours of the print shop and the auction room he unbent his mind in the House of Commons, and having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting millions he returned to more important pursuits—to researches after Queen Mary's comb; Wolsey's red hat; the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel."

But I do not expect that you will readily plead guilty to like folly, or acknowledge that the world you live in and are so well pleased with has been frittering away its time and trifling with the greatest realities in every age. Yet to me this appears quite plain, and I have hope of making it appear so to you. For I would ask, has the world in past times known God? To whom shall I look for an answer? If it were for myself I should be well satisfied to hear the Bible speak, for I believe it to be the unerring book of God. But wise men now want higher authority. Shall I then ask their consciences? I would do so if I could find them, but in India they seem too often to be dead, or at least to be out of hearing.

I will appeal to history—the history of the world, written by men of different times and countries, most of whom knew or cared nothing about Christianity. This witness is peculiarly valuable in our own day. Its voice is more clear and its testimony more distinct than ever they were before. Unlocked hieroglyphics, excavations, travels, have doubled our knowledge of ancient and modern times. There is no America to be discovered. The central wastes of Asia, Africa, and Australia have

been explored. Man is before us, under all circumstances, at his best and worst, under the influence of his varied instincts and discoveries, and I ask again, Has he found out God? Look at Egypt, perhaps the oldest of nations. Read her history and her character on her stones. They speak of a great people with skill and power and scientific knowledge; they speak also of a religious people whose gods were "birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." And let not any of my Deist-hearer, who is indebted solely to his reason for his faith, lightly condemn their theology; it was accepted by minds as great as his upon his own principle of the sufficiency of human reason. Perhaps Egypt was right and possessed the true gods, but if so what shall we say of Babylon and Nineveh and Persepolis, whose wonders have been opened to us during the past half century. Their "great gods," as Sennacherib's inscription calls them, have been dug out of their graves after thousands of years and they are not the Gods of Egypt! What shall we say between these rivals? One must be wrong. A vast nation, representing in its long history the population of a world, lived and died in the light of nature ignorant of God! Nay, must we not say this of both, and of hundreds of others besides, for innumerable candidates crowd upon the scene, each one with his own divinities. If any one had the truth, then all the rest believed a lie. Out of the ancient stagnant world of China; the hundred races of India; the savage but still human hordes of Africa and the islands; the followers of Mahomet; the scientific, skilled, and powerful Peruvians and Aztecs, with their sun worship and human sacrifices; the practical kingdoms of Europe, and the philosophers of every nation, who make to themselves a new nation out of their world of thought, there can only have been at best one happy exception. And those who believe, from the testimony of history, that God has been found out and known by men, must say what class or nation has made the great discovery, and in making their choice they must condemn the rest. The

advocates of human wisdom can thus say for it little more than is said by its enemy.

But some of you think more of times than of nations; you look upon the world as a whole, and feel sure that it is advancing; you study the spirit of the ages, and that of your own age gives you great hope. It is clear and bold and strong, and you are ready to abandon antiquity, and to acknowledge its failure, while standing on the ruins of its religion, you drink in the fresh air of the present, and gaze into the hopeful future.

But how can you thus abandon generations with whom you had made common cause against the assertions and claims of revelation? What does the world gain by disproving these if notwithstanding, it is, by its very friends, to be consigned to the darkness of ignorance? And is it conceivable that neither the world nor revelation has held the truth; that although there is universal belief and overwhelming evidence of the existence of God, He has made man with such care only to hide Himself from him? Even if we could believe such a thing, and that the knowledge of God is all in the future, the men who are passing into that future are fitter objects of pity than of envy. The lesson is before them, but it is not yet learnt. Have they a thousand years to live that they have so eagerly accepted the second part of a process whose beginning was thousands of years ago, and whose end they have not foreseen?

I do not believe that past ages will thus be sacrificed to the future. I believe that God has always been known by some, and might have been known by all; but I affirm that the testimony of history is conclusive that the nations of the world (unless it be in the case of one exception), have not known him.

The *morality of the world* affords another kind of evidence. If in any age it has known God, we shall see the result of that knowledge in its moral character. All truth works for good in the mind that receives it. Education, even in the things of earth, and time, and sense, must enlighten and so improve mankind. But

who that acknowledges this will deny that an understanding of the things of spirit, and eternity, and heaven, that is, of the things of God, if it be possible to attain it, will work still mightier results?

The former knowledge speaks to the intellect; the the latter to the heart. The former has made scholars, the latter has made good men. To know God is to have the conscience awake, yet at rest; the desires enlarged, yet satisfied.

The man who knows God must love Him, and loving, he will serve Him; and the only service which our reason or conscience will hear of, in spite of the childish ceremonies and hypocritical professions which men's lusts and fears have invented, is consistent holiness of life. We have seen such service, the evidence of true knowledge, in individuals, but we have never heard of it as having been at any moment a characteristic of the world.

The idea is contrary to all testimony and experience. Man is believed to be steadily improving, and yet, at this day, we know there are millions whose habits and desires scarcely raise them above the beasts. If we wish to see man at his best, we turn to the great cities which are the centres of civilisation. We look at London or Paris, or if you will, at the cities of India. In all, the palace and the hovel are near neighbours. We cannot look at the beauty and wealth and talent of which the world is proud, without seeing in the same glance the deformity and misery of shameless sin. Nay, the bright part of the picture will not bear examination. History warns us not to look too closely into those homes of greatness, lest a pleasing illusion should be dispelled, and we should add to the already innumerable examples of fashionable coverings of common sins and sorrows.

The world's morality then, like its history, confesses that the true God has always been, and is to-day, "The unknown God."

But I have been speaking generally. It may be desirable, before leaving this part of the subject, to look

at some particular example to which the world would be willing to confide its cause, and with which that cause would stand or fall. The occasion which suggested the subject of my address obviously affords one. Before Christianity exercised an influence over the nations, *Athens* may be considered to have exhibited the richest variety of earthly glory. If ever by his own power, man's mind could grasp, or his heart enjoy the knowledge of God, it would have been there. Nature put forth all her power; no stimulant of fact or imagination was wanting to develope man's resources. And what was the result? In many respects it was beautiful and glorious, but in the most important of all, it was utter failure. The story of Athens is sublime; the men of Athens were heroes. There have been no battles to surpass those of Marathon and Salamis; no peace triumphs to equal those of her Acropolis. Her poets and painters, her orators and mathematicians, have been the teachers of every succeeding age. But these successes only make her failure more conspicuous. In spite of genius, and force, and beauty, Athens lived and died without knowing God. A Christian preacher visited it, carrying with him the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We are told that his spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city (as a hundred other witnesses described it), "full of idols." By her gods which she made to herself, she condemned the rival gods of other nations, while she herself was condemned by each of her worshippers in their exclusive or special devotion to one divinity. Nay, if we could look at her as one, consistently and altogether, worshipping the united congregation of her gods, our conclusion would not be altered; for among those temples and altars, inscribed with so many familiar names, there was one reared by her own hands, on which she confessed her own ignorance. "As I passed by," said Paul, "and beheld your devotions, I saw an altar with this inscription—'*To a God Unknown.*'" Had that altar no meaning, or is its meaning lost? I think not. The language of nature needs no key. If men would

let the voice within them speak, it would speak in sympathy with Athens of the many gods and the "God Unknown;" or in equal understanding of those sad words, but also in happy consciousness of knowing and loving that once "Unknown God." I have called those words natural, and I have called them sad. They seem to escape from a heart breaking with dissatisfaction, and to be graven by a conscience clamouring for peace, at the cost of a humiliating confession. And I think we may hear a similar voice from India, though her confession be less honest and distinct. The religions of India were not born with thirty three millions of gods. These have been added one by one to satisfy the want acknowledged on the Athenian altar, but as each god received his name and his work, he added to the list of failures, and left unaltered the great void which he had been invented to fill. Athens, in the building of that altar seemed wisely to have given up the hopeless task.

Her gods that had names were well known; their fictitious history might be learnt from the national fables; their real history from the sculptor or the potter; but the supplementary god, who was to do what these could not do, they did not dare to name. To have done so would have been to have substituted another; to have defined and limited, and so to have left a want beyond; and there would still have been a necessity for heart and conscience to have raised an altar "*to a god unknown.*"

Thus far, and no farther, has the world without revelation attained. It has not known God, and no wonder; for to take a step farther, I venture to assert, that is was *quite impossible that wanting or rejecting revelation it should have known Him.* I know I shall get little sympathy from you in this statement, and you will confidently ask me to prove it. But after what we have seen of the history of the world in its worship and its morality; after it has been proved that as a fact, the world has not known God, but that under the most favourable circumstances we have met with darkness and contradiction instead of truth, and when we consider

that at this very hour the greater part of mankind has nothing better than an idolatry which the most anti-christian of my hearers would condemn as worthless and foolish, I think I might call upon you to prove that such power does exist or to acknowledge that the belief in it has been a delusion.

The question whether man can of himself find out God, may be answered by experience, or by abstract reasoning.

If the creed and practice of the world or even of any part of it had at any time been such as to satisfy and purify it, and to convince the conscience and judgment of the real lovers and seekers of truth among us to-night, although there would not be a proof, there would be considerable presumption in favour of man's power; but when we find that the opposite is the case, and that no longer to speak of nations whom we have found to be in hopeless and uniform darkness, the very individuals who are recognised and honoured as the exceptional cases of right-believing and right-living, are at variance in their creeds, and will not bear examination in their lives, we must insist upon it, and those who follow our reasoning will acknowledge, that *all experience and example are against the theory of human power.* And it would need to be a very strong argument—amounting indeed to a rigid mathematical proof, which would acquit from the charge of folly, the man who should go forth to the same task with the strength which has hitherto failed. Have we such an argument? Can the wise men who are here to-night, or the books of the wise ones who have gone before, do such a service as to produce it? I know you believe in your own power, but can you prove it?—prove it so as to justify your following the millions who have failed, and so as to quiet the fears of your heart and the warnings of conscience?

I never heard of any being boasted. But I know of many thoughts and possibilities on the other side which make anything short of such proof—any mere theory or impression, however plausible,—a poor and an unsafe protection.

A little difficulty sometimes undoes much wise calculation. To illustrate what I mean—you are expecting a friend to come along a certain road and you go to meet him. Do you think you will recognise him, or may he not pass you unobserved? You smile in ridicule at the idea; the thing seems simply absurd that you should not see and know your own friend. And yet the thing is possible, for your friend might come in the dark, and a little darkness left out of your consideration might render useless your information and experience.

Now I am far from allowing that poor sinful man is actually on terms of such acquaintance with God; but I say even if it were so, he might be utterly unable to recognise or understand him, under certain conceivable circumstances, and I believe the world in which we live and its present moral government present such circumstances.

You who believe in the all-sufficiency of Reason—you undertake to discover God from his works. I may say this of all, even of those abstract reasoners who shut out the world like Malesherbes, and decide what God must be and do, merely from the instincts of their own minds; for those minds to which they appeal are as truly the work of God as the material world. Now, what part of God's works do you know to enable you to form your judgment? You are yourself a speck, materially inappreciable in the universe, and while you understand but little of what you do see, all that is probable but a fraction—perhaps a very small fraction, of the whole. Moreover, there is no reason to believe that the part which you experience is complete in itself, and is monotonously repeated in other systems; but there is every probability that the whole universe is one harmonious scheme, worked by manifold intricate machinery, of which you have seen a few wheels or chains.

Deists and others who do not believe the Gospel, accuse Christians of assigning to God a narrow sphere, asking with contempt whether it be conceivable that the Ruler of all things should give his son for the redemption

of a single world. Now I am a Christian and believe all that the Bible says about God's love to men, and his costly way of saving them; yet I claim to hold a religion more worthy of God in its breadth and greatness than that of the objectors I have mentioned. I believe the work of Christ—"when God made his soul an offering for sin"—was a work not for one world, but for all worlds, and that its purpose was not so much the salvation of men on earth, as a manifestation of the character of God and of *the nature of sin*, which, given on one globe, but to be heard of by all, should for ever act as a lesson and a restraint to all intelligent creatures placed in a state of probation.

If this, *or any other scheme of vast proportions*, be conceivable, do you not see that there must be much partial knowledge—that is, there must be much ignorance—in any little world, until the plan be fully developed? But in the meantime we must know God, if we are to serve Him, or if we are to be happy. Here is the world's problem. We do not know him intuitively, for all men are, as they always have been, at variance respecting His character and His laws. Our efforts to discover him from His works breaks down when we find ourselves acquainted only with a fragment of them; and in that fragment discover that the ordinary laws of retribution are suspended by some stronger laws, of which we know nothing, and whose principles can only be seen in a future state.

Thus nature points us towards God, but she cannot reveal Him. She gives a burdened conscience, but no relief; a capacious soul, but no satisfaction; a yearning heart, but no divine object of love. She can sometimes see that God is One, and she has whispered it to certain nations; but most of these, like the ancient Druids of Britain, and the Aztecs of America have found the truth "too simple or too sublime" to be retained. And sublime truth as this is, it is not sufficient. To know that there is but one God, is not to know that God; the Deist may perish from ignorance, with the idolater. Is

there no voice that can supplement this knowledge—that can speak plainly and fully to us; that can deal with the question of sin, and say with authority what God will do with it? If God really loves man there must be such a voice, and if there is, it must be——— REVELATION.

Revelation then appears to my reason to be absolutely necessary to the knowledge of God, and so, a thing to be desired and expected. And all thought, and experience, and testimony, instead of weakening confirms this impression. It is not the enemy of Reason—a creature of another nature—holding its ground in spite of the latter, but it is its necessary supplement.

And yet, strange to say, this is the thing which modern India is determined to reject. Having attained to nothing more than men have grasped and lost a hundred times, she is satisfied. Her wise men are looking down to-day with contempt on the weak-minded few who still cling to the old-fashioned doctrines of Christianity. I thank God I have the honour of belonging to that few, and it surprises me not a little that if our cause is so bad, I have not been able to meet a man in India who can disprove it. I have invited such disproof, and have given opportunity for it in all the many cities of your country I have visited. And surely, if Deism is right, and the Gospel wrong, it would be easy to show it. For though I have proved from the world's history and human nature, that a revelation is necessary and so to be expected, yet any religion, professing to be such, must come with evidence appealing to man's reason, or it is not to be listened to for a moment. But such evidence the Gospel of Jesus Christ does bring, and I have as much confidence in insisting upon its evidence as in preaching its doctrines. But I am sorry to have to charge you with dishonesty in this matter. You dont know whether there is or is not proof for the Gospel, for you have never cared to inquire. It is always easier to sneer than to examine, but in matters such as these it is neither manly nor safe. I was in Poonah

some days ago with the same message as I bring to you to-night, preaching and proving the Gospel of Christ as a revelation from God, and no one offered a reply. But the hatred and contempt of the message was quickly expressed in a Hindu newspaper, which cried out that I had come with windy words and *no evidence*,—nothing but the old story of prophecies and miracles! Now I confess I felt something of indignation when I heard this, but I needed this fresh testimony to the unfairness of the human heart, and to the inability of mere evidence of God or man to convince the will.

A distasteful truth has no chance against a pleasant life, and if I did not believe that I had on my side a greater power than facts and logic—even the Spirit of the living God—however much persuaded in my own mind, I should long ago have despaired of persuading others.

Alas then for Revelation! Its cause is lost, for it has nothing to support it but prophecies and miracles! But I bethink me that there are men in the world who believe in astronomy with no better proof than that of books and telescopes; and there are men who receive strange stories of foreign lands merely on the testimony of those who have visited them. And the world and the Deists of India do not think these men fools, but they would think them fools if they did otherwise. And those who receive Revelation on the evidence of prophecies and miracles afford a parallel to the case I have mentioned, acting just as reasonably or unreasonably as the believers in astronomy and geography. They have received an assertion, not on the one hand inconceivable, nor on the other hand independent of proof, because it came to them supported by the only testimony of which the case admitted.

Will the rejectors of the Gospel, who have been unable to show revelation unnecessary, and whose practical failures and uncertainties are a strong presumption in its favour, tell me, if a revelation were to be given, by what other means is it conceivable that it could be

established than by miracles? If you think for a moment, my friends, you will see that there are no other means. Events in Nature, being the results of fixed laws, cannot prove the truth of anything beyond those laws. And the very essential characteristic of revelation is that it is above nature. Therefore, if it is to be proved at all (and I have shown that it is to be expected, and yet not to be received till proved), it must be by a suspension of ordinary laws—a manifestation of power accompanying the doctrine, which would prove that God was on the side of the messenger. Thus thought the Jew who, interested, but not yet converted to Jesus, came to him by night and said, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him."

These miracles may be worked in prophecy, or in healing, or in any other suspension of nature's laws. The Gospel comes supported by all kinds of miracles. Its prophecies are manifold; their antiquity and distinctness are unquestionable, and you cannot account for them or explain them away. The miracles of Christ and his apostles are equally many and plain. None of the enemies of the Gospel, none of the modern sceptical writers, as Colenso or Renan, to whom you are so fond of appealing, have attempted to deal with these miracles without outraging the common sense which they profess to take as their guide.

Therefore again, and for the last time, I invite you to have done with uncertainty; to face the evidence of the Gospel; and if you cannot disprove it, to believe it, and believing to accept the Saviour whom it brings to a lost world.

That Saviour, if he is anything at all, is the revealer of the Unknown God. In his character, and life, and death, he has taught and shown the One who sent him. He has settled the great question of sin, and solved the problem how God can be "a just God and a Saviour." To those who will receive them, he has left the words —"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."