

natural scenery is imposing. These are called "dagobas," and are supposed to contain or cover some relic of Buddha. The people make offerings of flowers to them, while yellow-robed priests are always on hand to receive more substantial offerings.

Buddhism, which has disappeared from India, where it once had a strong foothold, shows more vitality in Ceylon than in any other place where we have met it. We saw several new temples going up, a sight we have witnessed in no other land. Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch has been translated into Singhalese, and is freely quoted by the Buddhist priests in their attacks on Christianity. But bigoted as they are, the Buddhists hold Christian schools in such high esteem that they willingly pay tuition for the education of their children; and these idle superstitions will lose their hold on educated minds. Devil-worship also prevails to a considerable extent, as we were reminded by several boys in masks, who proposed to show us a devil-dance, or the style of worship of the prince of darkness. Usually in cases of sickness a priest is sent for to exorcise the evil spirit, which will not yield to ordinary medicine. Tam-tams, or drums, are beaten, a dance is indulged in, an effigy is burned to deceive the devil into believing that his victim is dead, so that he will look out for another, and sometimes, under the great excitement, the patient actually recovers.

The nutmeg-tree was among the strange things we saw on our way back to Galle. The nutmeg itself, inclosed by mace, has an outside hull not unlike that of a hickory-nut. When this outer hull bursts, the rich color of the mace is very beautiful. We caught several delightful whiffs while at Wakwella, and thought they were certainly "Ceylon's spicy breezes," but as they were never afterward repeated we concluded that it was the fragrance of

the flowers. The spices give forth their odors only when crushed. "Spicy breezes" is poetry.

We went to Colombo in the "Socotra," of the British India Line. The distance is only about seventy-five miles, which we made during the night. Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, a place of one hundred thousand inhabitants and considerable commerce, has no harbor. A breakwater is being constructed at immense cost, in the hope of securing a safe place for the anchorage of vessels. Here we took the cars for Kandy, some seventy-two miles distant, and the ancient capital of Ceylon. The railroad was, of course, thoroughly English, with compartment cars. We passed along much jungle land, with vines, shrubs, and trees, all matted in one impenetrable mass. Tigers are occasionally found there, but the wild elephants are confined largely to the eastern side of the island. We passed many rice or paddy fields, and saw the rice-harvest being gathered. In other fields were brick-yards, where buffaloes, tied to each other, were preparing the mud for the molder, by treading it under their feet. Men were fishing in pools of standing water. They had funnel-shaped baskets, open at both ends, and when the larger end was put down in the water the presence of the fish would be discovered by their beating against the side of the basket, when the man would thrust his hand through the other hole and catch them. This being the dry and hot season of the year, there were many of these stagnant pools. The monsoon rains, as the spring and autumn rains are called, coming as they do with the changes of the monsoons, or winds, will transform them into torrents.

The scenery becomes grand as we near Kandy. Bold bluffs and mountains appear on each hand, some remote, and others so near that we can see the coffee plantations on their sides, with the

planter's bungalow up near the top. Presently, with the help of another engine, we begin to climb the steep grade which leads up the mountain side. For miles we continue the ascent, often along the very edge of the precipice, more than a thousand feet above the valley. The view lacks the sublimity of Cape Horn or the American River *cañon*, in the Sierra Nevadas, but it surpasses both in beauty. What with the graceful palms and all kinds of luxuriant tropical vegetation, the mountain sides covered with the coffee-tree, and the wonderfully terraced rice-fields all through the valley, now green with growing rice, that which alone is needed to make the landscape possess every element of the beautiful is a lake or river half hidden by the rich foliage. As it was we caught glimpses of the silver sheen of the irrigating streams which wound among the rice-fields. Lying across the splendid stage-road, which first pioneered these mountain fastnesses, is a huge rock called "Kadorganawa," or "The Drawing of Swords." The natives had a legend that whatever people should go through this rock would conquer the island, and it was, of course, regarded as a strategic point. The English went through it by tunneling under it. The rock, with the road beneath, is a very prominent object from the cars. A monument to the engineer of the road crowns the summit a few hundred yards distant.

Kandy we found to be a gem. It is the ancient capital, and in addition to its fine natural location amid the mountains, the old kings beautified it yet more by a large artificial lake. The palaces of the former kings, as well as their pleasure-houses on the margin of the lake, still remain. It was a delightful place to visit. Sabbath morning early we went to the beautiful Wesleyan church, just as the Singhalese congregation were about to celebrate the

Lord's Supper. The native preacher had finished his sermon and proceeded with the communion service. The only words which we understood were "Gethsemane" and "Jesus Christ," but those were enough, and although Bishop Marvin and I were the only persons other than Singhalese who were present, we bowed with them, and received, amid peculiar emotions, from the hand of a convert from heathenism, the emblems of our Lord's death. It is Jesus who makes the whole world kin.

Of the subsequent English service at 9:30 A.M., and of the Wesleyan sermon, and the day spent in company with the Rev. J. Nicholson and the Rev. George Baugh, at the house of Brother Eaton, circuit steward, I cannot say more than that it transported us back to America, and for the time we almost forgot the twelve thousand miles that separated us from our native land. In the evening the Bishop made a few remarks, and the Rev. George Baugh preached his last sermon in Ceylon, having been appointed Chairman of the Calcutta District. A tea-meeting was held the next evening to take farewell of himself and family. Cakes and tea constituted the refreshments, and then followed many speeches, the two Americans adding to the number. The Bishop's was one of his happiest efforts. The Church here embraces many nationalities, no less than seven—English, Dutch, Portuguese, Singhalese, Tamils, Hindoos, and Americans—bowing at the Lord's table on Sunday night.

While at Kandy we visited the Botanical Gardens, and among other interesting things we saw India-rubber-trees, many different species of the palm, the chocolate-tree, the cotton-tree, sixty feet high, and bearing the cotton in a large pod, and the cinchona-tree, from the bark of which quinine is made. After taking breakfast with the Rev. Robert Tebb, the Wesleyan pastor here, we were accompa-

nied by him to a coffee plantation. The coffee-tree grows wild, but when cultivated it is not allowed to grow more than three feet high. Coffee-growing is the great industry of this part of Ceylon. One planter told us that he cleared twenty thousand dollars last year. Labor is very cheap, and in Ceylon, as in Japan, China, and India, laborers and servants of all kinds board themselves. Coffee at 6 A.M., breakfast at 11 A.M., tiffin at 2 P.M., dinner at 7 P.M., and tea at 9 P.M., is the order of the meals among foreigners in all the East. It is not strange that a preacher was reported at Conference as sick from *digestion!* We also visited the temple which contains Buddha's tooth, the audience-chamber of the former Kandyan kings, their tombs, and other objects of interest. Our drive led us by some of the immense ant-hills made by the white ants. Many houses have floors of cement to protect against their inroads.

On returning to Colombo we were entertained by the Rev. John Scott, Chairman of the Wesleyan Mission in South Ceylon. We visited the schools of the Church Mission at Cotta, and also Wesley College. The latter has over two hundred students, and, aside from two English teachers, is like other such schools here, successfully conducted by the Singhalese. Near by are located the Wesleyan Mission Press—a great power in Ceylon—and the first Wesleyan church erected in the East. Among the tablets on the wall one bears the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of the late Rev. Thomas Coke, LL.D., of the University of Oxford, General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions, who was an ardent lover of immortal souls, and a zealous and persevering friend and advocate of Christian Missions among the heathen. By his instrumentality, liberality, and personal exertion, the Wesleyan Methodist Missions were introduced and

established in all the four quarters of the globe. Their success in the conversion of sinners lay nearest his heart, and was one of the chief sources of his joy while on earth. Thousands of real converts will hail him blessed in the great day. His last principal undertaking was the introduction of this Mission to Asia. For this purpose, like that primitive and eminent missionary St. Paul, he withstood the earnest entreaties of numerous friends, and at the advanced age of sixty-seven years he left his native and much-beloved country, under the express sanction of the British government, and bearing letters testimonial from several of the principal characters in the state, being accompanied by six other missionaries—the Rev. Messrs. Lynch, Ault, Erskine, Harvard, Squand, and Clough—and burning with fervent zeal for the conversion of the inhabitants of India, he was followed by the tears and prayers of anxious multitudes. His constitution, however, sank under the change of climate, and from intense application to preparatory studies. He died on the voyage, May the 3d, 1814, happy in that Saviour whom he had so successfully preached to others, and his mortal remains were interred at sea, in latitude two degrees twenty-nine minutes south, and longitude fifty-nine degrees twenty-nine minutes east.

"This tablet, inscribed by his surviving missionary companions and sons in the ministry, is designed as a public and constant memorial of their increasing respect, affection, and reverence for his person and character. August, 1816."

It was a high honor to stand for a few moments in the first Methodist pulpit in this part of the world. Was it not our first American Bishop who had led this forlorn hope to Ceylon?

It was a great privilege also to address, through an interpreter, several hundred native Christians at

Morattoo. The Bishop preached some forty-five minutes, and I followed in a talk of fifteen. This place was once as notorious for wickedness as it is now for piety. A native preacher, by the name of Silon, inaugurated the work here in 1841, by house to house visitation among the people. Many were converted, and the people themselves built a church, costing two thousand five hundred dollars. The Church now numbers over four hundred members. They never meet without taking up a collection. Even on this week-day afternoon, when we were there, they adhered to the rule. For neatness in dress and general attention they would compare with an average American congregation. After the service they rose in a body to assure us of their prayers for our safe and prosperous journey, and many came forward to take us by the hand. We also visited another church in process of erection, about a half mile distant. This, too, is being built wholly by the natives, at a cost of three thousand five hundred dollars. During one week two hundred carpenters of the place gave their labor *gratis*, and finished all the wood-work, the people providing them with food. The building is of stone, and will hold about four hundred persons. We were much pleased with the native preachers. We took tiffin with our interpreter and his wife, at the comfortable home of one of the Singhalese members. They speak English fluently, but preach in Singhalese.

We passed Morattoo again on our way back to Galle in the royal mail-coach. Our ride of seventy-two miles was accomplished in about ten hours, and by means of twelve relays of spirited horses. Our way led by cinnamon gardens, through cocoa-palm groves, between the roots of a large banyan, which actually covered the road, and by marsh and sea-shore. Several huge lizards, from four to six feet long, which we at first mistook for alligators, crossed

the road as we hurried on. Stopping to give them chase, our passengers found them very fleet, but not wholly impervious to a bullet. The cinnamon gardens look like groves of young peach-trees. When allowed to grow the cinnamon becomes as large as an apple-tree, but its sprouts are constantly cut off on reaching a height of three or four feet, and the bark is removed for the market, while the wood is sold for fuel. I was told that the largest market for the cinnamon is in Catholic countries in Europe, where it is used in making incense.

Bishop Marvin preached at Galle on yesterday in the interest of the Wesleyan Extension Fund. We afterward embarked on the "Australia" for Madras and Calcutta, the Rev. George Baugh and family, with several pleasant companions from the "Geelong," as fellow-passengers. We have kept in sight of Ceylon all day, and shall sight India to-morrow, arriving at Madras on Wednesday morning. Our ship, which is quite a large one, runs between Calcutta and Southampton. She brought out a large passenger list for Australia, connecting at Galle with the monthly steamer for Sydney.

On the "Australia," Bay of Bengal, Feb. 12, 1877.